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Motion Picture

S-M

AUGUST

25 CENTS



CONSTANCE BENNETT

WHY GARBO PLAYS DUMB!

DO HOLLYWOOD HUSBANDS *TRUST* THEIR WIVES?

America Wants WILL ROGERS for *President*

PN1993
.M5
M STREET

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN TOO!

Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan



THEY CALL IT "ATHLETE'S FOOT" BUT IT ISN'T A JOKING MATTER

● Many a man and woman has paid large doctor bills and limped around for weeks because of an infection that started with a slight itching sensation between the toes.

They made the mistake of not taking more seriously this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot." Neglected, the skin between the toes soon became unwholesomely moist. It cracked—then blistered, perhaps turned red, peeled and finally became so raw as to cause pain when shoes were worn.

It's a real infection; don't YOU take chances

Nine times out of ten this infection, popularly called "Athlete's Foot," comes from a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*, which health authorities estimate to have preyed on at least half the adult population at some time in life.

Be on your guard; you may be the next victim because you are bound to encounter *tinea trichophyton* wherever you go. It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on shower bath floors, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, beach walks, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say, the *tinea trichophyton* germ thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, when once it becomes embedded in the toes. This parasite is so hardy, in fact, that socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it.

You can, however, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet, rubbing it well between the toes, morning and night and after every bath. For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also shown its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep on using it,* because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. At drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 477 Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

---

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

TRANSATLANTIC



THRILLS let loose in a super-whirlwind, on a gigantic ocean greyhound. Love and dalliance, intrigue and millions. Edmund Lowe, a gallant gambler, guarding the gorgeous Lois Moran through the tangled plots of a gang of gunmen. Radio ruin for John Halliday, as a banker at play with a famous dancer—the fascinating Greta Nissen. Gilded, glamorous, dangerous life in the palatial maze of a liner in mid-Atlantic. A great masterpiece of direction by William K. Howard—a supreme creation of heart-gripping suspense—and a voyage of superb adventure.

FOX

Maurice Chevalier in ERNST Lubitsch's

"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT"

a Paramount 20th Birthday **JUBILEE** *Triumph*

Based upon "The Waltz Dream" by Leopold Jacobson and Felix Dormann, and the novel, "Nux Der Prinzgemahl" by Hans Muller.







CLAUDETTE COLBERT

CHARLIE RUGGLES **MIRIAM HOPKINS**

***Music by* OSCAR STRAUS**

Irresistible! Gay Maurice, debonair as ever, laughing his way in and out of love as beautiful Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins play at hearts with him. Produced by Ernst Lubitsch, whose sure deft touch and surprise situations make his pictures such a delight. You'll go out of the theatre feeling happy as a lark, a sparkle in your eyes, a song in your heart. It's *that* kind of picture—don't miss it! *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP. ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

Motion Picture

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

AUGUST
1931

Twentieth Year
Volume XLII, No. 1

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

$20.00 Letter

Commercial Advertising Another Menace

PITTSBURGH, PA.—As if there weren't already enough menaces in the movie houses, we have of late acquired another—I'm referring to the commercial advertising which is fed us in the guise of entertainment. Now, Mr. Producer, in view of the fact that we pay our hard-earned coins to be entertained by our favorite movie stars, is it fair to punish us by forcing us to witness these awful atrocities of the screen?

It only goes to prove that the motion picture has not progressed as much as you would have us believe, because isn't it a fact that we had exactly such atrocities in the early movie days? Those whose memories will carry them that far back will recall the painful minutes spent between pictures at the old Nickelodeons, watching colored and stilted pictures with ads, inviting us to have our prescriptions filled at the corner drug store or telling us where to get a delicious creme-de-light frappé as well as the neighborhood baker and butcher ads.

No doubt, these advertisers pay huge sums of money for the screen display they receive, but in the long run, are the profits received from this sort of thing worth it? For if the producers gave the matter a serious thought, they'd know that the majority of movie houses are not vacant because of a depression or miniature golf or ping pong, but because the public is tired of being roped in, as it were.

Let commercial advertising be confined to newspapers and magazines where it rightfully belongs and where we can read it if we care to and if not we can pass it up.

Now then, all those in favor say "Aye!"

N. O. L.

$10.00 Letter

In Mighty Poor Taste

PALM SPRINGS, CAL.—When I attend a good talking picture my hat is off to the industry. But when a director cheapens a picture like "New Moon" by the introduction of a risqué song I keep my hat on—and pull it over my ears as a gesture of disgust!

Tibbett's voice is Hollywood's answer to the music lovers' prayer. People who go to hear him enjoy beauty and art and object to smut. I am not moralizing on risqué songs. I am objecting to them as being out of harmony with good music. Wallace Beery's or Victor McLaglen's pictures provide a better setting for that sort of thing for you expect rollicking, rough stuff from them. But not from Tibbett even if sung in a foreign tongue.

Not only was Tibbett badly introduced, but they made Grace Moore wade through the mire with him—a bad start which even her lovely voice and personality could hardly erase. When she sang the song after him our hero gasped, "Do you know what you are singing?" which left no doubt that the song was decidedly off-color and you wondered just what sort of princess this was!

Presumably it was done to inject some "Hollywood pep" into the picture but it was much like serving a hot dog at the beginning of a lovely dinner. *Nellie B. Parker.*

$5.00 Letter

They're Done to Death

DULUTH, MINN.—In the old slavery days a slave owner was asked why he worked his slaves until they dropped dead of exhaustion. And the slave owner replied that it was cheaper to work a slave to death and then get a fresh one than to conserve the energy of the original slave.

This seems to be the psychology of the picture producers in relation to their stars. Because Buddy Rogers made a hit as a sweet boy they've worked his smile until it is nauseating. Because Ruth Chatterton made a sad mother once they've worked her mother love and disillusion until the twist of her mouth make's one's fingers itch to strangle her and cease her misery. Because Powell went big as a suave crook in a picture or two we've got to suffer with his suave crookedness until the box office returns scream "stop" and the exploited actor sinks into the junk heap and the producers begin all over again on another victim.

But I suppose they figure it's cheaper to wear their stars threadbare than to bother using a little brains. Sad as it is for the cast-off stars who really could be quite versatile if given half a chance, it is sadder still for a long-suffering public who the producers seem to think are a bunch of morons incapable of judgment anyway, that we're going to grin every time the hero gives us the smile, and that we're going to cry every time a popular actress makes a wry face. *E. I. Paul.*

Just An Old Movie Custom

SEATTLE, WASH.—My temper is frayed . . .my patience exhausted . . .

The backs of my shins are raw . . .

In "Unfaithful" I wondered what Ruth Chatterton saw on a car door to arouse her suspicions . . .

In "Kiki," I wondered how Mary Pickford set the valet's bathrobe on fire . . .

I failed to see Ann Harding run away from Clive Brook in "East Lynne" . . .

Some plays have been absolutely spoiled for me; I felt that I was seeing a movie composed of gaping gashes left by the censors' shears . . .

I've cussed loud enough and long enough . . .

I've purchased seats in exclusive and seclusive areas . . .

But . . .

Is it any wonder I can't regard life with unsullied cheerfulness?

And all because . . .

Some people believe in slow and perpetual motion while coming in or leaving their seats . . .

And because . . .

Theater-managers don't have rigid rules regarding the seating during the performance. *Kay Matthews.*

'Twas A Great Year

LUDLOW, KY.—Maybe the last year *was* feverish and hectic, but wasn't it a great one?

Any year that could produce such pictures as "Disraeli," "The Love Parade," "The Trespasser," and "Holiday" could be called little less than great.

So let us forget the chaos, the struggle, the bitterness and disappointments, forget the bewilderment, the failures and the heartbreaks, forget the pictures where the sound track didn't run along smoothly, or failed entirely, and the times when the voices of your favorites didn't sound just as you expected them to, forget Janet Gaynor's misunderstanding with Fox, and Clara Bow's troubles . . . and theme songs!

Forget them all, because it was a great year, and . . .

Janet is again co-starring with Charlie Farrell in another romance on the screen, Charlie Chaplin has released "City Lights," and the song writers are making numerous trips west to east with no return tickets in their coat pockets, and Buddy Rogers is still single, and Richard Arlen is getting the breaks he has long deserved, and our Gloria grows more and more glorious, and Clara is going to keep right on making pictures, despite all predictions to the contrary . . . and what more could any fan ask from a year that produced such pictures as "Disraeli," "Holiday," "The Trespasser," and "The Love Parade?" *Mrs. Jessie Johnson.*

A Natural

SCRANTON, PA.—Congratulations! At last I have seen what I term a natural motion picture. That is to say, natural in movement, natural in acting, and natural in general atmosphere. What is it? Why, "The Front Page" with that cool, calm, and collected Adolphe Menjou in it and doing some real acting

A good motion picture, just as in good literature, should lift the audience

(*Continued on page 100*)

Prizes For Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, and Five Dollars for the three best letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 150 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

New War Won by Germany

BERLIN—German scientists have at last won one of the longest drawn out battles of history—the age-old battle of man against his beard. Now modern man need no longer take chances on slashing face or fingers with dangerous razors, which open the way to infection. A new compound removes the wiriest, bristliest beard in a few minutes without pain or pulling, without razor, soap, bay rum, or hot water.

New York Adv. Club Startled

NEW YORK—Members of the local advertising club attending a series of lectures given by Mr. Arthur Freeman, nationally famous merchandising expert, were recently startled to learn that the hypothetical article which had been the subject of seven lessons or lectures, was now actually obtainable, that is, a powder which would remove the beard without the use of a razor, had really been invented while the class was working out plans to advertise such a product which Mr. Freeman had had the vision to see would some day be perfected.

Sensational Novelty at Leipzig Fair

LEIPZIG—A sensation was created here by a new hair and beard remover which takes the beard off a man in a few minutes without the use of a razor. At the demonstration on the fair grounds 28,000 packages were sold in 4 days and the local police force was called out to maintain order among the thousands who clamored for a chance to buy this amazing depilatory, said to be the first painless, harmless and odorless hair remover invented.

New Godsend for Blind

NEW YORK—The latest marvel from Germany, a depilatory called SNOW, is proving a blessing to blind men who can not handle a razor safely or properly, usually relying on some relative to shave them. SNOW removes the beard completely in a few minutes after being dabbed on the face. There is no sensation whatever, no rash or burn. You just lay it on the face for a little while and wash it off again—and presto! the beard is gone.

Good News for Women

BERLIN—Women the world over will rejoice in the announcement of a new and perfect depilatory which will remove hair from face or limbs without the slightest pain or danger, without pulling, electric needles, dangerous razors, smelly depilatories, X-ray treatments, etc. This new marvel is already being exported in huge quantities to Holland, England, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Switzerland and the United States where it will be sold under the name of SNOW instead of Rasofix.

New Business Needs Men

In these days of low wages it is gratifying to hear that business is increasing by leaps and bounds in some lines, and that salesmen and agents are breaking all pay records. The Rasofix Corporation of America, 299 Broadway, New York, can use hundreds of men in all parts of the country to introduce their sensational new depilatory SNOW to men who abhor the old fashioned razor-shaving as well as to women who are disgusted with ordinary, smelly, caustic and expensive hair removers. Write the above firm if you need big money and are willing to work 5 hours a day for it.

No More Shaving!

No Razors! No Cuts!

No Bother! No Waiting at Barbers!
And What A Skin!
Smooth! Pink!
Cool!



1
The Beard!

2
Snow Applied!

3 T

one—

two—

three—

and the beard is off—without a razor!

Sensational Pow

Now Makes Shaving Unnecessa

Think of it—the quickest and slickest, closest and smoothest "shave" you ever had—without using a razor! A face so smooth you never knew you had such soft skin! Instead of shaving every day use this delightful discovery once or twice a week. It "breaks" the whiskers off slightly below the skin while a razor cuts them off above the surface. You just cannot believe it till you try it for yourself. And why not—when you can do so without risking a penny?

SNOW
The FACIAL Depilatory

The only hair remover applied swiftly and easily with a brush. Just follow the simple instructions. $1.00 package lasts from one to two months

MILLIONS SOLD ABROAD

Not a
eats of
compo
beard s
off. Tho
now actually enjoying their facial glorification (which, by the way, may now be performed at night, because the beard barely grows overnight). In contrast with razor-shaving, SNOW tends to retard the growth of the beard and to make it much lighter, thinner and softer. Endorsed by European authorities as perfectly harmless. Silver Medal Winner at Strasbourg, France.

ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR TOUGH BEARDS!
No rash—no itch—no pimples

—WOMEN—



Women delight in this new and gentle depilatory which may be used on face or limbs with great speed and freedom from pain or undue stench. A $1.00 package is four times larger than most others.

INQUIRIES

Inquiries are invited from Dealers and Beauty Parlors

FREE

RASOFIX CORPORATION OF AMERICA *Trial Coupon*
299 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Dept. 399

Please send a large box of SNOW and a special fibre brush. Enclose $1.00 (or I will pay $1.15 on delivery). You are to refund the full cost if for any reason I am not delighted with the results.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



DICK



DOLORES



BEBE



DOUG

We Ask You --Messrs. Warner!

What are you going to do with Dick and Doug and Bebe and their playmates?



WALTER



JOHN

An Open Letter
August, 1931

DEAR Messrs. Warner,

Something has always been happening in this dizzy town of ours, Messrs. Warner, but you're the men that lit the fuse for the biggest explosion in theatrical history. You are the smart boys who started the talkies and no one has had a peaceful moment since. It was you that started most of Broadway out prospecting for gold in the Hollywood streets. It was you that made the fans get used to a lot of new faces. And it was you that saved the screen from disaster.

Let's not kid each other. If there hadn't been a striking new development, the motion picture theaters were in for an even further drastic drop in attendance. Actually, boys, during the closing days of silent pictures I saw three or four people walk into a legitimate theater—and in Los Angeles, too. They didn't even peer over their shoulders to see if anyone was looking. Things were actually that bad.

You contributed a great chapter in the colorful history of the screen, and you also contributed chapters that couldn't make history. Your early Vitaphone productions were experiments, but the public was so interested in that little talkie gadget that it wouldn't have made any difference if you'd dramatized the Congressional Record.



LORETTA



JOAN



DOROTHY

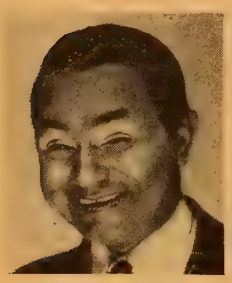
You're in a Tough Spot

THERE has never been a studio with so impressive a list of contract players. It's all right to try to corner the star market in Hollywood, but after you have it chased up a tree, what are you going to do with it? All the stars in the world aren't much good unless they have good stories—and good stories don't come out of slot machines—even if I have thought so at times.

Personally, I admire your daring, but it seems to me that you have too many stars who are similar in type. It does seem to me that Bebe Daniels, Barbara Stanwyck, Dolores Costello, Constance Bennett, Kay Francis and Dorothy Mackaill are going to be hard to classify into distinct grooves. And, golly-golly, how I would hate to undertake looking up worth while stories for that sextette of pulchritude and artistic temperament! And none of them is going to sit idly by and see the others get all the fat parts. It's going to be a heckuva task keeping peace in that big Burbank studio of yours.

Your male stars are not so confusing. Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Edward G. Robinson, John Barrymore,

(*Continued on page 86*)



EDWARD



GEORGE

DOROTHY MACKAILL



in

THE RECKLESS HOUR

WITH CONRAD NAGEL - H.B. WARNER

JOAN BLONDELL
WALTER BYRON
JOE DONAHUE
DOROTHY PETERSON

Based on Arthur Richman's play, Ambush. Adapted by Florence Ryerson

A John Francis Dillon Production

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE Picture
REG. TRADE MARK

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Love and lies lead her to the reckless hour with one man—to marriage with another . . . Too proud to accept a marriage bargain, she pays the check, and sets out to collect from the world of men . . . But her desires are stronger than her hate. Gorgeously gowned Dorothy Mackaill as the model who makes her reckless hour pay dividends.





A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



IT'S WRITTEN in the STARS



Leo's crown fits him better than ever!

IF only you could take a peek through the telescope with Leo, what a thrill you would have watching M-G-M's brilliant stars, directors, writers and technical experts—all busy on the greatest production program in the history of this company. Week after week during the coming season new M-G-M hits will come out of that miracle city known as the M-G-M Studio. Mighty productions that are destined to take their place with such M-G-M triumphs of past seasons as "The Secret Six," "Reducing," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Anna Christie," "The Divorcee," "Min and Bill," "Paid," "Strangers May Kiss," "Trader Horn." *It's written in the stars* that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again prove during 1931-1932 that it is the greatest producing organization in motion pictures.

"More Stars Than There are in Heaven"

METRO-



1931-1932 Will Be M-G-M's CROWNING GLORY

These famous stars and featured players will make the coming year the greatest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer history:

Marion DAVIES **Wallace BEERY** **Joan CRAWFORD**
Marie DRESSLER **Greta GARBO** **John GILBERT**
William HAINES **Buster KEATON** **Robert MONTGOMERY**
Ramon NOVARRO **Norma SHEARER** **Lawrence TIBBETT**
Alfred LUNT **Lynn FONTAINE**

Dorothy Appleby	Reginald Denny	Neil Hamilton	John Miljan	Irene Purcell
Lionel Barrymore	Kent Douglass	Helen Hayes	Ray Milland	Marjorie Rambeau
Edwin Bartlett	James Durante	Leila Hyams	C. Montenegro	C. Aubrey Smith
William Bakewell	Cliff Edwards	Jean Hersholt	Polly Moran	Ruth Selwyn
Charles Bickford	Phyllis Elgar	Hedda Hopper	Karen Morely	Gus Shy
Lilian Bond	Madge Evans	Leslie Howard	Conrad Nagel	Lewis Stone
Edwina Booth	Clark Gable	Dorothy Jordan	Ivor Novello	Ernest Torrence
John Mack Brown	Ralph Graves	Joan Marsh	Monroe Owsley	Lester Vail
Janet Currie	Charlotte Greenwood	Adolphe Menjou	Anita Page	Robert Young

In stories by the world's most brilliant writers. Directed by men who are making screen history.

You'll Soon APPLAUD

Marion DAVIES
in "Five and Ten"

Norma SHEARER
in "A Free Soul"

Marie DRESSLER
Polly MORAN
in "Politics"

Robert MONTGOMERY
in "The Man in Possession"

Greta GARBO
in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"

and many others

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

GOLDWYN-MAYER



LET D&C LAKE LINES PLAN *Your Vacation*

ENJOY a journey on the Great Lakes that will ever live in your memory. More than 280,000 passengers sail on D & C Steamers every year bound for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, St. Ignace or Chicago.

D & C operates six of the finest (two of which are the largest) side wheel steamers in the world, daily between these points of recreation and romance. Low fares. Radio on all steamers. Marvelous cuisine, including delicious fish dinners. Dancing, deck sports, bridge, afternoon teas, social hostesses on Mackinac division. Dancing on Buffalo division.

SEND FOR
"VACATION DAYS"

A free illustrated booklet describes all trips in detail. Address E. H. McCracken, P.T.M., 14 Wayne Street, Detroit, Mich.

NIGHTLY SERVICE	1 WAY	R. T.
Detroit-Buffalo	$5	$10.00
Detroit-Cleveland	3	5.50

Meals and Berth Extra

EXTRA DAY TRIPS between Detroit & Cleveland every Tues., Thurs., Sat., June 30 to September 8.

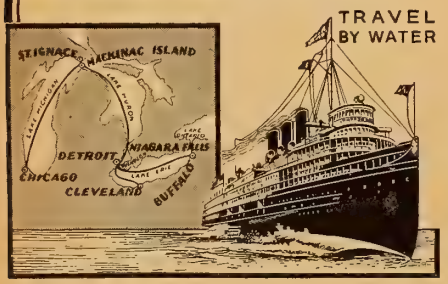
3 SAILINGS WEEKLY—Beginning June 30 between Detroit, Mackinac Is., St. Ignace & Chicago.

Detroit-Chicago	$24.50	$44.75
Detroit to Mackinac	12.50	22.50
Chicago to Mackinac	12.50	22.50

Meals and Berth Included

Tickets and reservations at any authorized R. R. or tourist agency. Unlimited stop-overs. Autos carried at freight rate and half for round trip.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION COMPANY
3 DIVISIONS
DETROIT & BUFFALO; DETROIT & CLEVELAND; DETROIT, MACKINAC IS., ST. IGNACE & CHICAGO



WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY CAN BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Ames, Robert—playing in *Nancy's Private Affair*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *The Secret Call*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—recently completed *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Ex-Bad Boy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in *Ex-Bad Boy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *Nancy's Private Affair*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—playing in *Heaven On Earth*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Baclanova, Olga—playing in *The Great Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bakewell, William—playing in *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bancroft, George—playing in *Rich Man's Folly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *My Sin*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Barrymore, John—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Spent Bullets*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—recently completed *Daddy Long Legs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—recently completed *Sea Eagles*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *Bought*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Hush Money*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Blane, Sally—playing in *Annabelle's Affairs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *Women Love Once*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *Strictly Dishonorable*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—recently completed *Kick In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, Bill—playing in *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—recently completed *Traveling Husbands*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—recently completed *Waiting at the Church*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bronson, Betty—playing in *Lover Come Back*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *Silence*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—playing in *Local Boy Makes Good*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *Spent Bullets*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Bushell, Anthony—playing in *Five-Star Final*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Carillo, Leo—playing in *Lasca of the Rio Grande*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Cantor, Eddie—playing in *Palmy Days*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Personal Maid*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chandler, Helen—playing in *Spent Bullets*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Chaplin, Charles—last release *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Laurels and the Lady*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—last release *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Ina—playing in *The Greeks Had a Name for Them*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Secrets of a Secretary*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Collier, Jr., William—playing in *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—recently completed *Helga*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—playing in *I Take This Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—recently completed *The Next Corner*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Costello, Dolores—recently completed *Expensive Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Coghlan, Junior—playing in *Penrod and Sam*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—recently completed *This Modern Age*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Fifty Fathoms Deep*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lily—playing in *The Sphinx Has Spoken*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *The Honor of the Family*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Davies, Marion—recently completed *Five and Ten*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Lady of the Lions*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *The Reckoner*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Douglass, Kent—playing in *Waterloo Bridge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—playing in *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in *The Great Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dove, Billie—playing in *The Age For Love*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Laurels and the Lady*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—last release *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *I Like Your Nerve*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Let's Play King*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *Confessions of a Co-Ed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Fox, Sidney—playing in *Strictly Dishonorable*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Francis, Kay—recently completed *The Next Corner*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—recently completed *Cheri-Bibi*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gleason, James—playing in *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Goudal, Jetta—playing in *The Plutocrat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Green, Mitzi—playing in *Let's Play King*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—recently completed *Just A Gigolo*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 102*)



Who Will Qualify FOR THE *Opportunity to Win?*

$8,275.00 in Prizes

FOR purposes of publicity, a nationally known $1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve $500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question — "Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, **and only one,** is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.

Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of $125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of $625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,
Room 14, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By MARION MARTONE

1. John Gilbert gave Hollywood something to talk about when he began paying some special attention to a beautiful blonde; who is she?

2. Ina Claire, John Gilbert's former spouse, is going around places, too. Do you know who her gallant escort is?

3. Who is the movie actress who was recently accused of beating another less known film player?

4. Can you name the girl who is Mack Sennett's sweetie?

5. What does Pola Negri weigh despite the fact that when her return to the screen was announced, people said she was too plump?

6. Who is the lucky lady whose salary has jumped from $1500 to $5000?

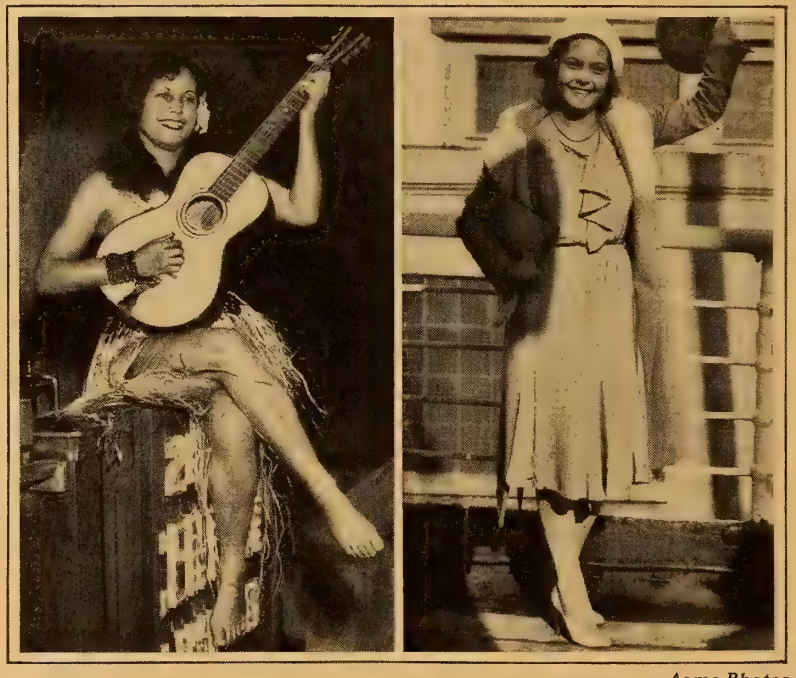
7. Why has Helen Wills put her foot down on having newsreel cameramen on the courts of a tennis club while she is playing?

8. Can you name the sweet young thing of the films who is a descendant of a pirate's bride?

9. Who is the player of character rôles who is the composer of "What an Irishman Means by Machree"?

10. Do you know the name of the movie star who was at one time famous as the "Harrison Fisher Girl"?

11. Do you know whom Lady Inverclyde will marry when she gets her Reno divorce from Lord Inverclyde?



Acme Photos

19. Who is this exotic South Sea Island beauty shown above, in a grass skirt, her native costume, and in American attire?

12. Who is the first resident of Hollywood to go to Reno to take advantage of the speedy six-weeks' divorce?

13. What is the name of the girl who profited by Clara Bow's recent nervous collapse?

14. How does Tom Mix manage to keep his name constantly in electric lights?

15. Who is the old man who made his début as a film actor at the grand old age of seventy-two and to whom is he related?

16. Whom did the Dartmouth College seniors pick as their favorite movie star?

17. Can you name the Hollywood couple who have admitted they were concealing some news about themselves and what is the secret?

18. Who is the actor who, after visiting in England, refused to appear at a command performance for the King?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 91)

GUIDE *to the* BIG SHOWS!

FROM THE CITY OF MAGIC COMES A GLORIOUS ARRAY OF GREAT ATTRACTIONS AS A GLAMOROUS NEW SEASON OPENS!

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE" . . . Richard Walton Tully's volcanic dramatic spectacle in all its splendor! DOLORES DEL RIO and thousands in the cast.

FANNIE HURST'S "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION"...Great author of "Humoresque" now shows us the soul of a city . . . drama rising from teeming streets . . . thunder in its voice . . . laughter on its lips . . . a sob in its throat!



"FRONTIER" . . . .
Tumultuous panorama of Onrushing America with the stars of "Cimarron," RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE.

"MIRACLE CITY" . .
The Glamour . . . Ecstasy . . . Heroism of those fated to dwell in Hollywood's Glass Houses!

"MARCHETA" . . .
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in Romance 'neath the burnished skies of old Madrid.

. . .

COMING SOON!

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"
Created by the men who made "Cimarron," Wesley Ruggles, Director; Howard Estabrook, author.

"TRAVELING HUSBANDS"
A gay tale of wandering men and wondering wives . . . Evelyn Brent, Hugh Herbert, Constance Cummings.

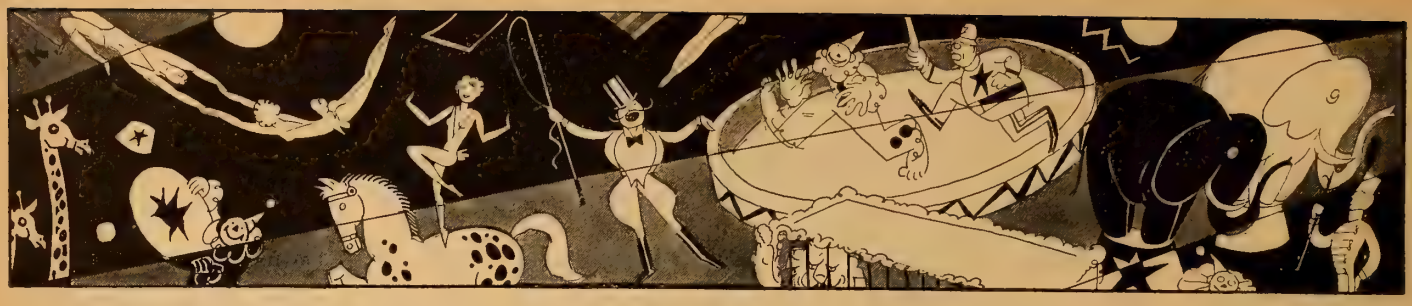
"SPHINX HAS SPOKEN"
With Lily Damita, Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim.

RKO Radio PICTURES

Don't miss a one of them! . . . or better still tell the manager of your favorite theatre that you want to see all these RKO RADIO PICTURES at his house!

RKO-RADIO PICTURES

TUNE IN! on the "RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR" over N.B.C. Coast to Coast Network
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT 10:30 P.M., New York Time



The Hollywood Circus

The Show Must Go On — By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

We wish to correct the impression that the **Barrymore** characterization of *Svengali* was a tie-up with the House of David. That hirsute trimming was **John's** conception of the part.

With studios holding out the poison ivy wreath to us essayists, I can see where I am going to have to rely more and more upon **Dummy,** the newsboy in front of **Henry's** Cafe, for hot gossip tips.

M-G-M discovered they had lost four bathtubs one night to thieves. Another night a piano disappeared and some Oriental rugs. It was then they added twelve policemen, and barred agents, et cetera, from the lot. Experts think it was an inside job. The Mayfair (ultra-whoopee) Club is closed on summer Saturday nights. The star and executive members had to have something to do. They probably reverted to the ancient Saturday night custom. No soap was missing, however.

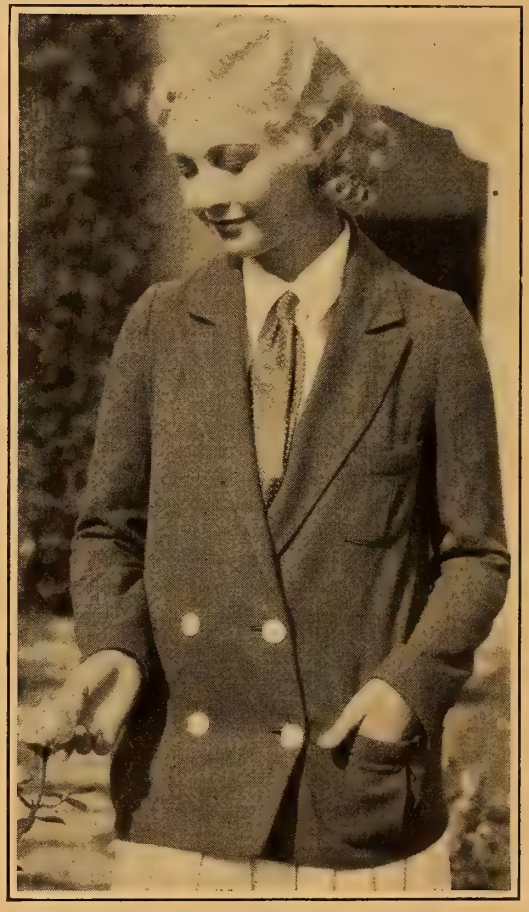
Dixie Lee, wife of Crooner **"Bing" Crosby,** has two peeves against "Cimarron," and why not? In the first place, the dizzy lady, played by **Estelle Taylor,** bore the name of "Dixie Lee." And the town gossip, bitter-tongued, was called "Mrs. Wyatt." **Wilma Wyatt** is **Dixie Lee's** real name.

Robert Montgomery, by his own admission, so mystified M-G-M officials by his antics in his initial film test that they sent word to him in New York to come West immediately. They wanted to know what all those funny actions meant. **Bob** held a dinner party spellbound telling about it. That is, almost spellbound. There was another actor present who wanted to tell about **his** first screen test.

Without breakfast, **Robert** reported for a filming. "Be funny," the director ordered, because it was rumored that **Robert** was a comedian. "I can't on an empty stomach." Food was brought and **Robert** ate, humorously, for the camera. "Not funny enough," was the verdict, wherewith **Robert** grabbed a cap, seized a plate for the wheel and did a piece about a man careening around corners and zooming up streets in a speeding motor. The studio executives, when they saw the film, wondered what the strange young man was doing with the plate. And that, children, is how your Uncle **Robert** came to Hollywood.

Facts of Life Department

Clark Gable, under the roaring lion banner of M-G-M will be the matinée girls' latest heartache. He has that Something . . . There may be better actors at M-G-M and Universal but the office help just loves **John Mack Brown** and **John Boles,** at respective, and respectable, studios. "They're so-o polite!" moan the stenogs. Both are boys from the Old South, sah! and to the manners born . . .



Take a look at Helen Twelvetrees. Take a look at the left hand. She kept it hidden this way for three weeks so Hollywood wouldn't see the new wedding ring. These girls will be playful

Hollywood may make bums out of most of us, but not **Catherine Dale Owen.** She insists on being billed in a casting directory as **"Miss Catherine Dale Owen"** . . . And it's **Mr. George Arliss** to you . . . If that's the sign of excellence in acting, maybe we should call him **"Mr. Walter Huston"** . . . No column is complete without mention of **Greta Garbo,** so here it is. **Will Rogers** calls her "Grabo" which is not bad, not bad . . . **Conchita Montenegro** from Spain says that "garbo" means "graceful" in her language, and it's all right with us . . . **Madge Bellamy,** silent film belle, has a roving commission to write articles for **Mr. Adolph Ochs** of the New York *Times.* She's going to wander over Europe and make her headquarters in Switzerland. Well, that's where **Voltaire** lived, too . . . **Milton Sills** was offered the lead in "Death Takes a Holiday" prior to his tragic demise . . . **Mary Brian,** they do say, was so wounded when Paramount dropped her from its contract list that she spent days at the beach before she would see anyone . . . Warner Brothers close their studio cafe during mid-afternoon. They don't want their strong leading men drinking soda pop on company time . . . **Chic Sale** didn't have any new ones to tell at the Thalian Club dinner-dance at the Cocoanut Grove. Living up to his name, **Harpo Marx** takes harp lessons and works so hard he has to revive his teacher who hasn't got his endurance . . . **John Ford,** returning from a Manila visit with **George O'Brien,** murmurs "'Sfunny, the longer you look at native women, the whiter they seem to you." . . . Contrary to what you have heard, **Jean Harlow** does not perfume her knees . . .

Charlie Chaplin, who is not to be bothered by time or kings, shot 628,000 feet of film when he made "City Lights." He released eight thousand. Sixty-two thousand feet left for mandolin picks.

This month's Diogenes degree goes to our **W. S. Van Dyke,** director, whose life is furrowed with reports that "Trader Horn" was made in darkest Hollywood, instead of Africa. Arriving in San Diego he was met by the usual doubts. "Ladies and gentlemen," he answered via radio, "you are right. 'Trader Horn' was made in Hollywood. I used colored movie actors for the cannibals,

(*Continued on page 83*)



BARBARA STANWYCK

IN

NIGHT NURSE

BEN LYON
JOAN BLONDELL

From the novel *Night Nurse* by Dora Macy . . . . Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett . . . . Additional dialogue by Charles Kenyon . . . . Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Utterly revealing! *Night Nurse,* by the author of *Ex-Mistress,* is a human document—the story of the woman who must do men's bidding in the long watches of the night . . . After the first hundred shocks nothing gets under her skin . . . She learns how to take them or to laugh them off . . . A nurse's thousand and one nights! . . . Not to be missed! . . .

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

"Elegance is the new watchword"



BRIDE OF A GRANDSON OF THE LATE MR. AND MRS. POTTER PALMER . . . THE FORMER SEÑORITA EUGENIA MARTINEZ DE HOZ

says Mrs. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER

A SPANISH BLONDE! Velasquez would have thrilled to paint her . . . imagine the exotic charm of clear pale olive skin with golden hair and amber eyes . . .

She is the captivating young bride of a grandson of the late Potter Palmer, famous in Chicago history . . . and her elegant distinction recalls that of the celebrated Mrs. Potter Palmer, who ruled as arbiter of Chicago society some two generations ago.

Fresh from Paris on her recent first visit to America, with trunks and trunks full of chic frocks and hats, and all the rest of a trousseau in the grand manner, Mrs. Palmer talked of fashions, of beauty care in France.

She summed it up in one vivid phrase. "Elegance," she said, "is the new watchword. More than ever, women are groomed with fastidious attention to detail."

"But your wonderful skin?" we asked. "How do you ever keep it so smooth and fine of texture?"



POND'S EASY WAY TO A LOVELY SKIN

"Daily treatment!" replied Mrs. Palmer, with her flashing smile. "Yes, that's all-important, but it's really very simple . . . for Pond's four preparations are all one needs to keep one's complexion exquisite."

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method:

1—Amply apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the dirt to the surface. At bed-time, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2—Wipe away with Pond's CleansingTissues, *softer*, more absorbent. White or peach color.

3—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and reduce enlarged pores.

4—Always before you powder, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and forms a *wonderful protection from sunburn.* Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!

Tune in on Pond's Friday evenings 9.30 P.M. E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

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JOAN MARSH

Joan Marsh is somewhere around seventeen. She's young enough to be heading for high school—and is heading for stardom instead. She's the latest eye-coaxer, and how she's stealing pictures! Mr. Menjou, be on your guard in "The Great Lover"!



Fryer

NOEL FRANCIS

You can't stop these Follies girls. Once old Dr. Ziegfeld glorifies them they stay glorified. The latest peach to be plucked from the Ziegfeld orchard, and ripen under the kliegs of Hollywood, is Noel Francis. Take it from us she's going places after her fine work in "Smart Money"



Shalitt

MAURICE CHEVALIER

Welcome back, Maurice! That was a long vacation you took, and you were a long time making "The Smiling Lieutenant." It's worth waiting for since it has that Chevalier touch. You're the only movie singer that fifty million Americans will pay to see and hear—



WILLIAM BOYD

William (Stage) Boyd is individual. When he thought up a title to end the confusion between himself and the other Boyd, he also thought up a way to tell you he did some acting before he ever saw Hollywood. He was a Broadway star and he'll be a screen star after "Murder by the Clock"



Ball

GRETA NISSEN

They used to call Greta Nissen the "fluffy blonde." She has conquered English and been "discovered" all over again. You must know that curly-headed blondes are rare in Hollywood. It seems good to see "the other Greta" back and getting such breaks as the feminine lead in "Transatlantic"



Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

Loretta Young was only seventeen a year ago, when she eloped with Grant Withers. Now look at the girl! She has grown up on us. And she's holding up her head with the best of them. She's the girl to play opposite Edward G. Robinson in "The World Changes"



Fryer

JEAN HARLOW

Seldom does a picture appear that isn't decorated with the arresting personality of Jean Harlow. That the screen was famishing for such enticing charm is proved in the stampede of producers for her services. You can hardly wait (can you?) to see her in "Goldie" and "Queer People"



Bull

GRETA GARBO

What is the secret of Garbo's success? Is her amazing popularity due to the air of mystery that envelops her? Beyond a doubt, she is a greater actress off the screen than on. She keeps you guessing, playing 'possum. What is the explanation? Read the story on the page opposite

WHY GARBO PLAYS DUMB

Solved! the riddle of Hollywood



BEING dumb is a pastime with Garbo. She has succeeded well in her little game of hide-and-seek. It is said the producers themselves are now taking part. That's what Garbo wants. She lifts those long natural lashes and smiles knowingly. And her lips remain closed.

Every month of her elusiveness adds to the Garbo coffers. It fans the flame of gossip to a fever heat and her name is constantly kept before a curious public.

This mysterious Swedish girl is mistress of intrigue. She's not so dumb and she's making hay while the sun shines. When it sets, the Garbo fortune and future will be assured.

There's no denying Greta's talent on the screen. And to those in the know, she's equally clever off. She proves the truth of "Silence Is Golden."

Garbo Preferred is her policy. She will never permit her stock to fall by any false move on her part. When she reaches her mark and leaves Hollywood and the movies to fight it out alone, she may remove the mask of mystery and tell all. If she does, it will make a knockout story.

Garbo is playing dumb and living a hermit-like life for two reasons. She has a natural dislike for crowds and prefers quiet to commotion. She is, at the same time, making one of the biggest movie salaries in the business.

Her blah-blah attitude has put her in a unique spot in the film firmanent. And she knows it. She has retained her public without the slightest inconvenience to herself. And she loves it.

Clever advice, cleverly heeded, is the basis for the success of this well-planned campaign of mystery. No sooner has one rumor gone the rounds than another waits to take its place.

No "Yes" Girl

GARBO neither denies nor confirms. She watches the effects. Strange as it may seem, they always pan out well—and Garbo smiles.

Now they whisper that Greta's going home. She looks amazed. Maybe so. Maybe no. What of it?

Garbo is not thinking about Sweden now. Nor about many other things of which she is accused. She's busy making hay in California sunshine—piling up a fortune—playing dumb!

What satisfaction she must enjoy, sitting—as she does—on top of the movie world while thousands kneel at her shrine! How can she revel in it all and still be dumb?

By HARRY D. WILSON

So cleverly has Garbo blended her natural dislikes toward public attention with her campaign of silent propaganda, that it is amazing how she is able to survive many of the situations that befall her.

The story goes that Lady Mountbatten, during a visit in Hollywood, expressed a great desire to meet her. An invitation to a brilliant party staged by filmdom's leading lights brought a brief regret.

A note from Mary Pickford, written by the star herself, it is said, urging Garbo to dine with her, their titled guest, and Mr. Fairbanks, was in vain.

Although a neighbor of Norma Talmadge for many months, Greta and Norma have never met.

Another story says a Swedish man of wealth, living in Chicago, spent a small fortune seeking a few words with her on the telephone. Not until he sent a rare set of Swedish books that she adored was he rewarded—with an autographed picture of herself.

Her Hiking (Hiding) Attire

GARBO loves the outdoors. She hikes among the hills and canyons near her Santa Monica home. She runs along the surf each day at sunset.

But even so, her mystery must be kept. She piles her hair beneath a tan beret. Her shoes are low. She wears a mannish walking-suit of brown, with leather jacket. Her stockings match the suit. Amber goggles hide her eyes. She swings a stick with masculine effect.

Despite her camouflage, she is sometimes recognized and pointed out. If she catches you looking her way with curiosity, she is off like a deer and soon out of sight. Building up the legend that has proved so profitable. Working at being mysterious.

Residents of the canyon have learned her daily route. They tell you where she is, according to the time of day.

If it's bright and the air is warm, she's on the beach. If there's fog and dampness, she seeks the shelter of the hills.

Garbo is more patient with her canyon neighbors, whose eager eyes are focused on her every day. She is tolerant of their stares, but never stops to speak.

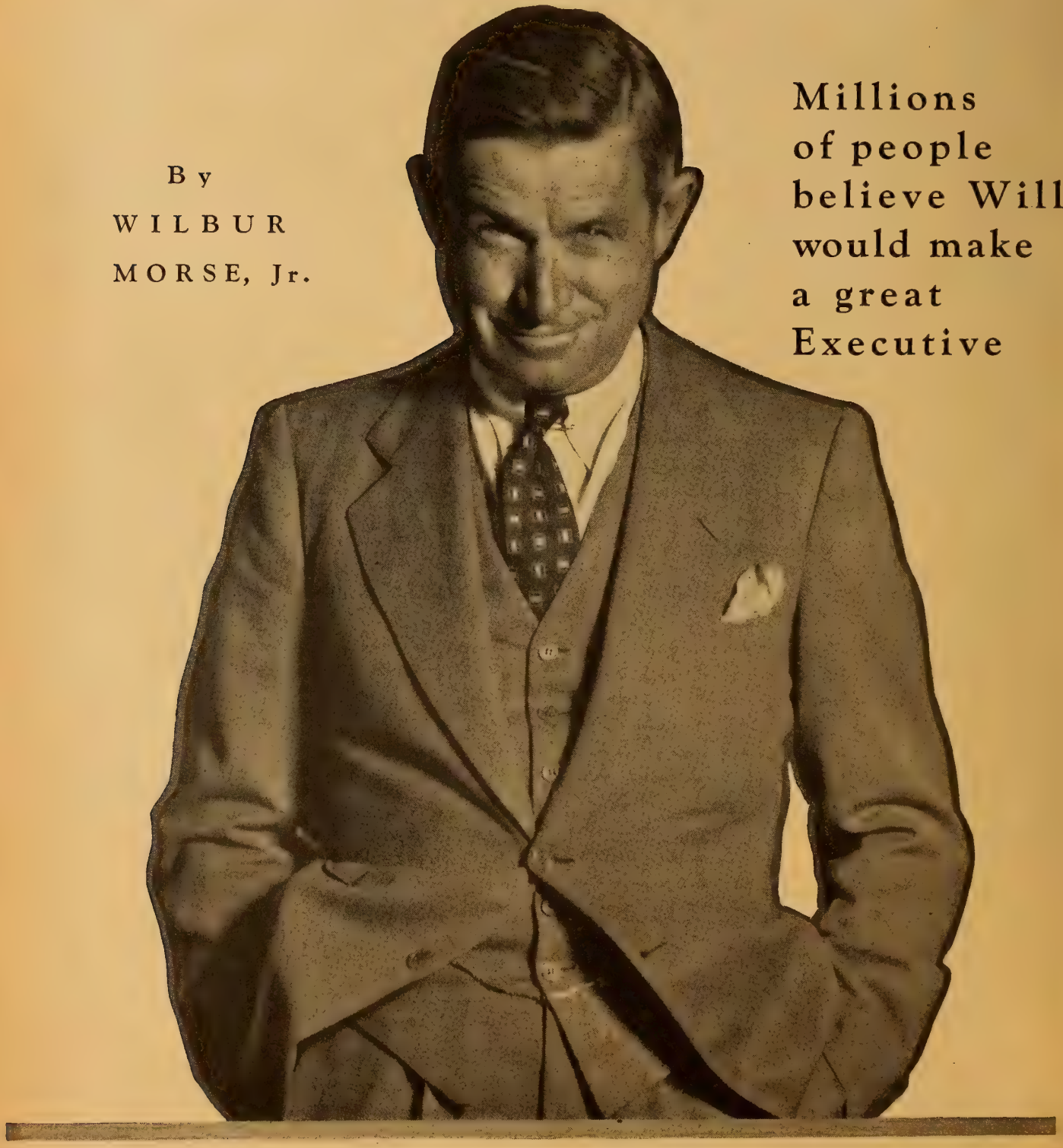
When Garbo passes through the canyon, there is quiet. A grapevine signal whistles through the trees. Dinner pots are left to

(*Continued on page 93*)

AMERICA WANTS *Will Rogers* FOR PRESIDENT

By
WILBUR
MORSE, Jr.

Millions of people believe Will would make a great Executive





Daily Oklahoman

Oklahoma's legislators turn out on the capitol steps to welcome Wilbur Morse, Jr. and the "Rogers-for-President" car (above). Will's home state seconds Hollywood's nomination!

IF THE "man in the street" had his say and could vote for a candidate of his own choosing—a candidate not controlled by the party bosses—Will Rogers, an ex-cowboy from Oklahoma, would be elected the thirty-second President of the United States.

And stranger things have happened.

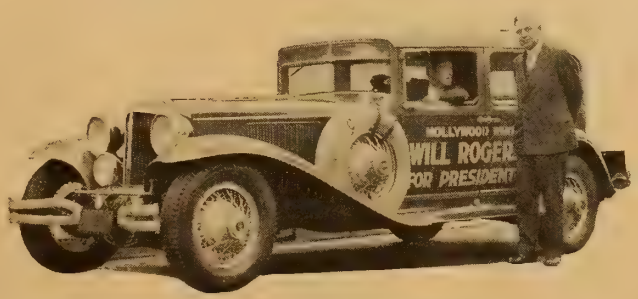
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE does not pretend to be a political oracle. It is merely reporting the personal sentiments learned first-hand from party leaders and voters throughout the country. A high-powered car nosed its way across the continent for two months last spring—toured from Hollywood to New York and return—with its driver inquiring of voters and officials just what reception would be given the candidacy—the possible candidacy—of Will Rogers for a Presidential nomination.

Everybody Knows Will

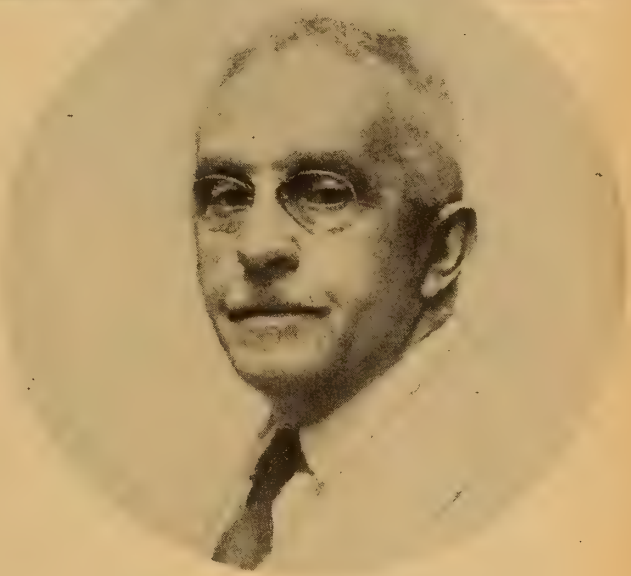
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE learned that Mr. Rogers is universally known and admired; that his humor is as widely applauded as his humanitarian benevolences are widely appreciated; that his sagacity is as envied as his shrewdness; that his sane viewpoints are as respected as his delightful debunking of stuff-shirted institutions amuses; that his potential ability as an executive is as unquestioned as his character as a gentleman; BUT—

Could Will Rogers be elected President?

National Democratic Committeemen, the delegates who choose Presidential nominees at the national conventions, Governors of States, whole State Legislatures, even members of that august body of Congress that Will so loves to kid, declared they would vote for him personally, indeed even support him actively in any concerted campaign that might bear his standard; BUT—



Mayor Porter of Los Angeles starts Wilbur Morse, Jr. and the "Rogers-for-President" car on their nation-wide tour



Gov. Cross of Connecticut endorses Rogers *because* Will has a sense of humor

"Will Rogers could never be elected President," they all said. Doubtless they are governed in their belief—a belief which has been registered in the minds of Americans for half a century—that a candidate for President of the United States must be serious and dignified—that wit and humor are not in keeping with functioning as the executive of the highest office in the land.

It is an interesting experience to tour the United States, asking support from politician and "the man in the street" for one of those "favorite son" candidacies.

A newsreel of Mayor James J. Walker, soapboxing in Palm Springs in Will Rogers' behalf, preceded MOTION PICTURE'S

motor party across the continent from Hollywood to New York. Peach blossoms and Governor William ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray welcomed the party in Oklahoma; budding apple trees and Governor Wilbur L. Cross were the reception committee in Connecticut. In Chicago, rain and Mayor Anton J. ("Clean 'Em Up") Cermak cast a chill into the enthusiasm of the little party of political pioneers. But in New York some borrowed California sunshine and the warmth of Jimmy Walker's smile again revived sinking spirits and drooping standards, just as they had so auspiciously launched the tour at Palm Springs a month before.

He Will Be Named

LET this be well-understood and remembered: Will Rogers *will* be a candidate in the next Democratic National Convention.

Rogers' name will be given that convention to vote on, seriously and in humble tribute to his recent relief tour of the Southwest, by committeemen from Texas and Oklahoma. If MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has had a share in putting that tribute into some tangible form, it herewith thanks Mr. Rogers for the privilege.





International

New York's Mayor Walker, while vacationing at Palm Springs, made the first speech in the "Rogers-for-President" campaign. Perhaps you heard it in Paramount News

Rogers will receive a certain number of votes on the first ballot—the first of that long parade of ballots out of the chaos of which the convention will finally choose a nominee. The reporters will call those early votes "complimentary votes." But the men who cast those Rogers votes at the convention—like the millions of men who wistfully wish for the opportunity of casting Rogers votes at the polls—will do it because they honestly believe Will Rogers would make a great President.

Here are some of the statements this magazine gathered, acting as a reporter on Hollywood's question of what would happen to a "Will Rogers For President" campaign:

MAYOR JAMES WALKER, of New York City: "At least, you have the advantage of proposing a candidate whose name is known. Most men now being mentioned as Presidential possibilities would have to be introduced, through the press, for several months after their candidacy was announced.

"He'd Never Disappoint"

"WILL (as a President) would never be a disappointment. He is a natural philosopher. Will is the type of fellow who, probably, every day that he has met with success, finds himself at night with the lights out and his head on the pillow, tickled to death that he got away with another day. That's a sense of humor."

GOVERNOR WILBUR L. CROSS, of Connecticut—the first Democratic Governor that state has had since Queen Marie first bought a pearl—also alluded to that Rogers sense of humor. He said:

"It would be a fine thing to have a man with a sense of humor in the White House. We haven't had one since Lincoln."

There was a tendency, among political philosophers, to compare Rogers with Lincoln. One of the several of those who bracketed them was ex-Governor Jim Ferguson of Texas. He had his say editorially in the peppery paper he publishes in Austin, the capital of his political-minded state. Said Mr. Ferguson:

"He's the first honest, human and humane statesman this country has had a chance to elect President since Lincoln."

Pretty enthusiastic endorsements? You haven't heard the half of it.

He'd Scare the Republicans

UNITED STATES SENATOR SAMUEL SHORTRIDGE, of California, declared: "As the nominee of the Democratic party, Will Rogers would be the greatest threat the Republican party has had on its administration hold, since Woodrow Wilson defeated Taft and Roosevelt."

It was Senator Shortridge, in fact, at the very start of the "Will Rogers For President" tour, who predicted that while the "man in the street" and, secretly the man in the silk hat, might like to see Rogers nominated and elected, the vested interests of party organization—either Democratic or Republican—would never permit the office of Chief Executive to fall into the hands of a humorist.



Acme

Above, Will Rogers "in civilian clothes" on the porch of his Beverly Hills home. Left, in Washington, cheering up Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi

Jed Adams, Democratic boss of Texas, said: "Of course, I'd like to see Will Rogers elected into any office he wanted.

"Personally, under his humor, I see in Rogers one of the shrewdest political minds of the generation. Yet, the men who boss the votes of conventions would never permit a Rogers candidacy to get any farther than a first-ballot compliment."

Pennsylvania Democrats felt much the same way, as their sentiments were expressed by Major Joshua Bullitt, one of Philadelphia's most respected citizens and one of Pennsylvania's few remaining Democrats. Said Major Bullitt, who has spent most of his active life in politics: "I'd vote for Will Rogers quicker than any man I know—regardless of what party's ticket he was running on. But his very honesty would, in the end, defeat his candidacy. They don't like either honest or humorous men in control of party politics!"

Opinions Here and There

OTHER figures of political importance, or personal prestige, in their respective communities, gave the following answers to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE's inquiry as to what they

(*Continued on page 94*)

A Hay-hay Maker From Texas

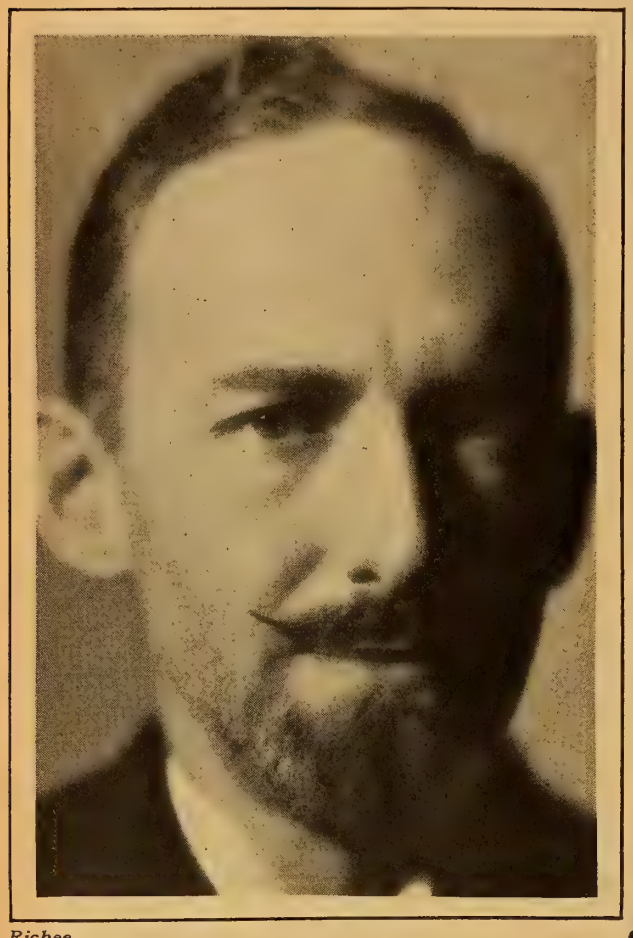
Rosalie Roy, in her new silk pajamas, steps right out and shows us city slickers how the barnyard glide should be done. Rosalie hails from Waco, down where the Rangers range. She farmed out to the movies as an extra. You can watch her strut in "Young As You Feel," where she made herself a featured player



Autrey

The TAYLOR MURDER

S. S. Van Dine (creator of *Philo Vance*) says Hollywood's most famous unsolved mystery would make a fiction thriller



Richee

S. S. Van Dine, America's star detective-story writer, doesn't solve the Taylor mystery. He won't even attempt it. But he tells you what clues he'd use, if he did

"TRUTH, as it applies to murder mysteries, is indeed stranger than fiction. No author, however clever, could possibly build from his imagination a murder mystery half so clever, so complicated and so baffling as those that actually take place. The author, in devising his plot, has only a few dollars at stake. The real murderer, in planning his crime, faces loss of life or liberty as the penalty for failure to cover his tracks."

The speaker was Mr. Willard Huntington Wright (S. S. Van Dine to you!), creator of *Philo Vance* and author of such mystery thrillers as "The Greene Murder Case," "The Bishop Murder Case," and others. A former Los Angeles police reporter, Mr. Van Dine has specialized in fictional murder, its perpetration and its detection.

"To prove my contention that actual murders form the best plots for fictional thrillers, let me take an unsolved murder that took place here in Hollywood a few years ago. Hollywood—with its color, its glamour, its great numbers of interesting personalities and its romantic appeal—would make a great setting for a mystery story. I'd like to do one some day.

"The case I refer to," continued Mr. Van Dine, "is the Taylor murder mystery. What a yarn it would have made, if conceived by an author instead of actually happening! It contains all the elements of a great mystery thriller. Of course, an author would have to change many of the details in order to make out a convincing case against the murderer. The very fact that Taylor's murder has not been solved demonstrates that these changes would have to be made, for it is essential in a mystery story that the reader be thoroughly convinced of the guilt of the person on whom the author tacks the blame.



Mabel Normand, comedy star, was a great friend of Taylor—and had left him not long before he was shot

Underwood & Underwood

Taylor a Mystery Man

"TAYLOR, himself, would be an ideal *corpus delicti*. Few more interesting men have been 'murdered' by detective-story writers. The mystery of his life and his various contacts with people were made-to-order for plot development by an author. All authors 'murder' characters that will tease their imaginations into working out plots that will lead to various exciting suspects. The affairs of the murdered man must be the beginning for speculation and must contain clues that will lead the detective to a solution. Therefore, as I have said, Taylor would make an ideal victim for a detective writer.

"The valet, Sands, would make an interesting suspect, although an old hand at writing would certainly not pin the guilt on him—for the reason that there is now an unwritten law that valets and other servants must not be the culprits of a murder story. Sands, however, would serve excellently to confuse the clues and perhaps lead some of the less sophisticated readers away from the real culprit. On the other hand, Sands might be built up into a character far more important than that of a valet—that is, an entirely different relationship might be added to his valeting duties so that it might be legitimate for an author, who had conceived Sands, to hang the crime on him.

CASE

By

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



Mary Miles Minter (left) was Taylor's protegée. Her career was ruined by the unsolved mystery. Below, new and exclusive view of Taylor's house today, arrow indicating room where he was shot. A small figure in man's clothes was seen leaving the house that fatal night. Was the killer a woman?



Witzel

William Desmond Taylor, director, was a man of mystery. No one seemed to know much about him. When he was murdered, no motive could be established. A great character for a mystery thriller, says Van Dine

"An ideal suspect would be a beautiful comedy star. She would have glamour and, providing she was not made too sympathetic, it would be possible to play up her character in such a way as to make her the legitimate culprit. However, if an author had conceived such a person as the culprit, he would necessarily have to build up a strong and convincing motive. And here, too, the author would have to add details and sidelights to the actual case itself.



Longworth

The Other Woman in the Case

"A DRAMATIC star, known to be in love with the murdered man, would also be an excellent suspect. But here, again, many of the actual facts connected with the Taylor affair would have to be changed to meet the requirements of fiction. As the case stands, neither of the two motion picture actresses could possibly be made into the culprit by a fictional writer unless their natures, their relationships with Taylor, and various other points about them were altered.

"The Negro servant, Henry, could never be legitimate material as a suspect for the same reason that Sands (merely a valet) could not be pointed out in the last chapter as the murderer.

"The small figure, which might have been a woman in man's clothing, who was seen leaving Taylor's apartment that fatal night, would have vital significance to a fiction writer. This figure, properly woven into the plot, might almost be the deciding factor in a purely fictitious solving of the case. The fact that the figure is mysterious would lend itself well to fictional elaboration.

Personally, however, if I were writing such a story, I would not have this figure the actual murderer, but rather a suspect—a false scent, so to speak, which might eventually lead to the determination of the real culprit.

"Sands disappeared, but in view of the fact that he had various other police charges hanging over him, I can attach no particular significance to his disappearance. He would probably have acted the same way, guilty or innocent. And the fact that he has since remained in hiding, as well as the fact that certain cigarette stubs were found outside Taylor's apartment, do not, in any direct way, connect him with the murder.

The Clue of the Cigarettes

"I DO not know all the details of the cigarettes, but if I were using them in a fictional detective story, I would not only try to point suspicion toward the user, but would make it possible for other suspects to have had access to them. By this method, the trail would be more or less confused and suspicion dispersed.

"To have a man run away from a crime is always a good way to point suspicion to him in fiction, but rarely would the author make the fugitive the culprit. The clue would be too obvious and it is quite possible that this clue in the Taylor case is too obvious

(*Continued on page 92*)





Pola Comes Back to Hollywood

IT WAS all very impressive. The hotel clerk referred me to the Captain of bell-boys. The Captain passed me to the hands of his assistant, who corrected my inquiry concerning Miss Negri to "Madame" Negri. A telephone conversation was established which brought forth the news that Madame was expecting me in her Ramposa bungalow suite. The three of us, the Captain, the assistant and I, formed an impressive entourage along the flower-decked walks of the Ambassador Hotel grounds toward Ramposa.

Not since the days when a star was a STAR, a figure of a world apart, have I been so excitingly escorted into a presence.

Three years away from Hollywood . . . three years of what Hollywood believed to be a waning in the Negri glamour . . . but Pola has not forgotten how to be a personality!

Vases of yellow and red roses, and a bowl of orchids; ribbon-bedecked baskets of fruit with welcoming cards attached; the heady scent of the perfume she uses all signified that Pola, the passionate and colorful, was re-entering the Hollywood scene again.



Top left, as Pola looked several years ago. Top right, as she looked in "Loves of an Actress." Above, as she looks to-day

What did it matter that the wait before Pola put in an appearance was a little staged? What did it matter to be allowed a theatrically effective moment to digest the abundance of flowers, the sweetmeats, the shining silver bottles on the serving-table? The star-gesture has always been more effectively printable than the camaraderie of the new school, who have forgotten to be glamourous in being Even As You And I. I waited.

Her Time Has Come

IT was so quiet that the insistent ticking of a small clock on the desk was startling. Later, Pola was to say: "Time is so very important

The vivid Negri has been away from Hollywood three years. Only an unhappy married life kept her from returning sooner



By NANCY PRYOR

to effects—and success. I feel that now is the time I should first be coming to Hollywood. Before, it was not my time."

In the meantime the little clock has ticked off successes and failures in Pola's recent life. That hour, for instance, of the thrill of her first Hollywood entrance after the success of "Passion"—the much-publicized quarrels with Gloria Swanson over studio cats and dressing-rooms—the theatrical effectiveness of her "romances" with Chaplin and Valentino. And the clock ticked on to other hours, neither so vivid nor exciting, that embraced the many indifferent silent films she made for Paramount—and the past two years that saw her fame on the wane as she emerged from a short retirement into European stage contracts.

But more of that later.

It would not be fair to dismiss the entrance of Pola into her hotel suite—and the Hollywood picture again—so casually.

She came into the room softly and unexpectedly, her black head thrown back, one white arm extended in greeting. Her broad Slavic face was chalk-white in the make-up she has always affected, the red splash of her mouth curving back over her strong smile. She looked amazingly young and vibrant—ten years younger than that tired woman who left Hollywood three years ago with an unrenewed contract. "It is nice," she said huskily, an accent clinging heavily to the words, "that you should come." Pola was receiving!

She Swoops to Conquer

IF there are rumors to the effect that her experiment in talking pictures is merely a trial and that her art is on probation, there is nothing in her manner to indicate she is conscious of such a condition. It is Pola, the conquering, who greets you upon her return to Hollywood with exciting tales of her London success, plus the news of a mysterious romance with "a most prominent American."

She sat near me in a high-backed chair, her bobbed head accentuated by the chair's tapestry and the red collar of her red-and-blue lounging pajamas. The smoke of her cigarette curled upward like incense. Even the most blundering could see that this was neither the time

(*Continued on page 84*)

Remember Pola as the sinister siren in "Bella Donna" (right)? Maybe you'll be seeing her like this again. She's still the same Pola — except that next time she'll marry an American

News *and* Gossip



WHEN they were in London, Countess Landi, mother of Elissa, entertained Charlie Farrell and his bride at dinner. The green-eyed Elissa is by way of being a mystery. In her studio biography the third line reads curtly, "Refuses to discuss her parentage." She wants to get along without benefit of her background. Voluble about her soul, her emotions and her art, the accomplished Miss Landi receives personal questions with such hauteur that interviewers cringe away from her icy disdain. Which has given rise to extravagant rumors, of course. One tale has it that she is closely related to the late Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria. She is married to a young London barrister, and, after she is bored with pictures, plans—we are told—to return home and raise a large family.

LILA LEE, who dieted herself into a sanitarium while slenderizing for her picture rôles, looks as chubby as she did in the old days, when she was called "Cuddles" on the stage. Someone told us that the first thing she said on returning from Arizona was, "Oh, dear! I'm getting so fat, I'll have to start reducing." She plans to rest several months longer and then her friends prophesy that she and John Farrow will be married and go on their long-postponed honeymoon.



Newly arrived from Broadway, Lillian Bond is making a big hit for a little girl. And those old eyes don't have to look twice to see several reasons why. You can reach her at M-G-M

It isn't often that you see nine stars at once. Left to right: Groucho Marx, Fay Wray, Jack Oakie, Mitzi Green, Stuart Erwin, Carole Lombard, Eugene Pallette, Norman Foster, Skeets Gallagher

Peggy Shannon (right), from New York, was waiting at Paramount for a small part, when Clara Bow fell ill once more. Peggy was rushed into Clara's rôle in "The Secret Call" and, if she clicks, she'll be a star



Acme

ROLAND YOUNG is about to give the world another book. This time it will be about Hollywood characters, which will make it Not At All for Children. All we have heard of it so far is this couplet:

"The Director
But for the grace of God, an actor"

IT IS whispered that the movie studios who went to bat with the government to fix up passports for their foreign players from Spain, France and Germany, have asked the same government to look into these passports and have even pointed out flaws in them, now that foreign versions are no longer going to be made with foreign casts. They tell me that some of the foreign actors, who did not take kindly to having their contracts broken, have been reporting at the studios for work with high fevers from flu and bronchitis lest their employers find a loophole to ask the government to deport them on the score of ill health.

of the Studios



Stagg



Meet the waiters at the Embassy Club, which is one place where the stars hang out (and hide out) at mealtime. What these boys don't know about our favorites wouldn't be worth the telling!

Rumor says that the pretty little girl at the left has a name that isn't hers. Signed by Fox, she said she was Margaret Campbell, but the studio renamed her "Peggy Ross." If she leaves, the "PeggyRoss"staysbehind

And this is the most comic-pathetic story of all: Several proud Spaniards, celebrated on their native stage, have been set to playing the voices of the dogs in Spanish versions of animal comedies!

WE always like to listen to the words of our Great Men. Here is a message from Vice President Curtis to the RKO Convention, and as you see, it brings out an amazing fact and opens the way for serious thought.

"Talking pictures are valuable because they give you a chance to see and hear at the same time," says the Vice President of the United States of America.

SO Marion Davies threw another party—and on the same evening the Wampas-Writers held their naughty imitation of the famous Washington Press Club "gridiron dinner." Running it a severe competition, too, for no movie player invited to Marion's house would dream of not accepting the coveted invitation. As though dressing in costume all day before the camera were not enough, the stars like nothing better than dressing up evenings at a masquerade. Joan Crawford carried off the prize, a wrist watch, for the most unique costume. Blonde Ina Claire was lovely as a Spanish lady (Ramon Novarro assures us they have blondes in Spain), Natalie and Connie Talmadge were dressed as the Gold Dust Twins, Frances Goldwyn wore the garb of the Father of Our Country, and Virginia Valli Farrell also sported breeches and smalls. Gene Markey was the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lew Ayres was a trapper and Marion herself wore a ballet costume.

"THE Wampas Roast," said Arthur Caesar sadly, "turned out to be only a vegetable plate. The dinner came close to being disastrous. It is said that several producers, unable to see the humor in vulgar take-offs of their personal habits, are considering dispensing with the services of the witty publicity men and scenario writers who were so clever at their expense. Al Cohn, president of the Writers, resigned during the heat of the affair, and comic stunt after comic stunt was pulled without a single laugh from the big audience. When Hollywood admits it's shocked, the party was rough!"

Is the spirit of "good clean fun" coming back?



Back from her vacation in Honolulu, Dorothy Mackaill is still sticking close to the sea. Waiting, perhaps, for the boy-friend. But who's the boy-friend? Neil Miller or Walter Byron or—?



Louise Brooks hasn't changed much, has she? Oh, yes, she has! A little in looks (note the hair brushed back) but more in acting. She learned plenty during her long sojourn in Germany. Now she's *earning* plenty. Did you see her in "God's Gift to Women?"

Fryer

THE Bobby Jones golf shorts are going like wildfire. Which revives the expectation that Helen Wills Moody will soon succumb to movie offers and throw her amateur standing over the windmill. She is said to be dickering for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and when she gets it she will start putting greasepaint on the face that one producer has called the "best movie type among the off-screen celebrities." Meanwhile Hollywood is indignant and apprehensive. All that money going to people not in the profession! And it is said that Bobby Jones, confronted with the necessity of painting his lips and beading his eyelashes, has not helped matters by saying some pretty hard things about acting as a man's job.

WALTER BROWNE ROGERS, the face on the posters of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and the one of the youthful soldiers who did not get a movie contract from the picture because of illness, has returned to Hollywood. He has seen his book about movie extras, "When Do We Eat?" safely in a publisher's hands, and is living in the home that Jean Harlow formerly occupied. There are disadvantages in occupying the house of a platinum blonde as Walter reveals: "I'm continually picking long white hairs off my coat and the davenport and the easy chairs. So far, I've collected enough for a watch fob and I'm beginning on a chain now—"

MONTAGUE LOVE, among his other accomplishments, is a painter of dogs and horses. Such a good painter, indeed, that he belongs to all sorts of dignified art societies in London, where his work is well-known. Recently he gave an exhibition in Los Angeles, and was charmed to read the review of the "art critic" on the local paper. "Mr. Montague Love," this expert authority on art wrote, "shows some very charming studies of pixies and gnomes in his present exhibition."

CAN it be possible that Sam Goldwyn really said, "If she's a fashion plate, I'm a Chinaman!" in his annoyance over Gloria Swanson's unscheduled departure for New York? It was the end to her argument with United Artists about whether her next picture should be Ursula Parrott's newest love-and-sex opus, "Love Goes Past" or—as Gloria prefers—"Rock-a-bye." The inference is obvious. No one looking at Sam would take him for a Chinaman. However, the studio dispatched Laura Hope Crews after her post-haste with orders—they say—to make peace. And Gloria wired she was starting for the United Artists' lot at once.

VON STROHEIM spent five months writing dialogue for his silent picture, "Blind Husbands," only to find that Universal had decided against remakes. And now, having indignantly refused to direct "Boulevard" (the German picture purchased with him in





Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante) above, peek out of the hatch and shout "Is breakfast ready?" The setting is their private launch. It's a hard life, mates! Is Anita Page (left) signalling to that ship that ought to be in pretty soon or trying to make the wild waves wilder? Her modernistic bathing suit is a birdie—the latest thing

mind), and, having refused to play the heavy in "The White Captive," Von has a "mad on' and is enjoying his greatest luxury—being mistreated. Every day he may be seen on the Boulevard, monocle quivering, cane gesticulating, as he tells someone what he thinks of Junior Laemmle.

Which explains some merry gag-artist's flash of genius at Junior's twenty-third birthday celebration. A handsome florist's box was brought in and found to contain an elaborate bunch of dried everlasting flowers with the card, "Love, from Von."



Fryer

Well, well, well—Carmel Myers going in for ballet-dancing? That IS a surprise. Maybe she's through being a Sinister Siren. And, again, maybe she's trying to get us off our guard. She plays the temptress in John Barrymore's latest, "The Mad Genius." Watch her!

ONE of the things I wonder about: whether Junior Laemmle's secretary really does make his social dates for him from a list of ladies she thinks suitable, as I have heard? And whether she checks them off after they have been out with Junior once, so as not to repeat and start gossip? If so, Junior has an efficient secretary. One of the "catches" of Hollywood, so far he has never been reported engaged.

POOR Clara can't even have a nervous breakdown without starting a lot of gossip. Now they're hinting that she had a furious quarrel with Stuart Walker, the new director, on the first day's shooting and he threatened to put the titian-haired Peggy Shannon in her place. Clara, so the story goes, defied him and he was as good as his word; whereupon, to make her departure from the cast plausible, Clara retired to a sanitarium. However—though the doctors, studio officials and Clara's friends do make her condition unnecessarily mysterious—there seems no doubt that Clara has been under a killing strain. Clara, herself, knew that she was not up to work after the strain of the Devoe trial and the recent poison-pen stories published in a local scandal sheet. She ran away from the studio to the Rex Bell ranch on the day the picture was first scheduled, only to be told in effect that she had missed one picture—and her career would suffer if she missed another.

Rex's mother, herself, went to the ranch to persuade Clara to come back to work, believing that once she got into the swing of her familiar routine she would shake off her nerves. In most cases this would have been good advice, but Clara had been through more than human beings are intended to stand. Now it is hinted that her absence from the screen may last for months. We hope it isn't true.

THE studio vigorously insists that her career is not over. And took measures when it was reported that one of the managers of a Paramount-Publix theater in the Middle West had announced to his audiences that his house would never show another Bow picture. There's a new manager in that Paramount-Publix theater now!





Dick Barthelmess is thinking of trying his hand at directing, and he's practising on the missus (above). At sun-drenched Malibu, Dick tells her how to act natural. In musical comedies, riding habits are always white. And when Mickey Flynn (right) graduated to Educational Comedies, she didn't lose her habit (heh! heh!). Like her style?

Duncan





Charles Rogers (near left) still calls his public "my kiddies," but he'll outgrow that. He has outgrown his sweet-boy parts, and plays a young "heavy" in "Lawyers' Secret." He's Buddy no longer

Wallace Beery (far left) is no fake aviator in "Sea Eagles." He flew his own 'plane to New York last spring, flew it back again at high speed, learning his mother was ill. But he lost the race with death

THEY said that fifteen women couldn't keep a secret. They were wrong. The Hollywood Women's Press Club—among whose members are Helen Louise Walker, Dorothy Manners, Gladys Hall and Dorothy Donnell, who write for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—gave a benefit bridge party for an unknown actress, once a famous star and now in dire need. They enlisted the support of all the studios in providing gifts for prizes, and raised a sum sufficient to provide a living for this star for a year, *without once mentioning her name.* Only three besides the club members and the beneficiary herself know who received the money. They are June Collyer, Mrs. James Gleason and Evelyn Brent, who acted as hostesses for the affair.

THE crowd of five hundred who attended the tea obviously came, in many cases, to see the movie stars, as well as to play bridge. Yet they recognized few of the famous players present.

"All afternoon," said Evelyn Brent, "women have been coming up to me and asking, 'Young lady, would you be kind enough to point out some of the movie people?' And I just waved my arms out vaguely and answered, 'Oh, they're scattered around.'"

In a prim little silk print and plain straw hat, Evelyn looked more like a high-school girl than a smoldering screen vamp. Thelma Todd, Sally Eilers, Natalie Moorhead, Lillian Rich, and the rest of the screen ladies present likewise passed undetected in the crowd, and the whole assemblage drew a breath of deep relief when Estelle Taylor appeared. Estelle, in scarlet and white, looked exactly like everyone's idea of a movie star. Her arrival made the occasion authentic.



Fryer

The much-photographed Joan Blondell can wear almost anything and still be attractive. You see her obeying the commandment that every little comédienne must sometime be a bathing beauty.

MRS. JOE E. BROWN won the raffle for the hand-made lace bedspread donated by Constance Bennett, Pathé star, and Olive Tell won an evening bag donated by Paramount. The other prizes, a hundred-dollar shopping certificate from Gloria Swanson, jewelry from RKO and Fox, a silver cigarette case from Sam Goldwyn, a white purse from Metro, photographs from Russell Ball, vases from Universal and First National, an overnight bag from Columbia, autographed books, and a golden centerpiece from Caddo went to people outside the industry.

NOW that the Neil Hamiltons have adopted "Patricia Hamilton," who was six weeks old when they first saw her, other young movie couples are feeling the urge to become parents in the same way. The latest to discuss the idea of adopting a baby are Dorothy Lee and her husband, Jimmie Fidler. Dorothy wants babies



Mitzi Green (near right), who's famous for her impersonations (as if you didn't know it!), presents her conception of Harpo Marx, the well-known blonde-chaser. Mitzi can also imitate Groucho, Chico and Zeppo



Now Ann Harding and Harry Bannister WILL be up in the air! They own not only the highest house in town, but a brand-new six-passenger 'plane (far right). Lee Miles, pilot, helped them bring it home

Acme

of her own, sometime, oh, yes! But she does feel that perhaps the public, who like to see her romping and cutting up on the screen, might find such actions incongruous in a mother.

"MY heart is in my mouth," Genevieve Tobin confessed to the microphone at the première of "Seed"—"and my mamma always taught me not to speak with my mouth full." That's a new one! On the whole, we rather prefer, "Hello, Everybody."

THEY say that Genevieve had to be coaxed to attend the opening at all, being a bit depressed by the undoubted fact that it turned out to be Lois Wilson's picture instead of hers, as star.

FIRST it's Bebe Daniels who sings over the air on a national broadcast of a famous cigarette. Next it's Gloria Swanson. And Estelle Taylor has also received an offer to broadcast, as well as to be the guest soloist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic next fall! She is the first actress to receive such an honor, if the plan goes through. Doris Kenyon was to have appeared in a concert of the Philharmonic series, but the sudden tragic death of Milton Sills prevented it.

"How much will you charge to sing for us, Miss Taylor?" they asked Estelle.

"Oh!" gasped honest 'Stelle, "*do I get paid for it?* I thought maybe you'd charge *me* something!"

THE Dempsey divorce hangs fire. We told you that they were still in love! Hollywood takes no sides. The last words that Jack and Estelle exchanged in person were friendly—a telephone conversation between Hollywood and Salt Lake City in regard to passport information. (Estelle was planning a trip abroad, you remember.) Since then they have sent messages through the newspapers. Jack has won some local criticism for bad sportsmanship in attacking a woman in print. Estelle has won praise for not replying. Round One looks like a draw. By the way, there wasn't a reporter or gossip-writer who was able to resist falling into ring talk in commenting on the Dempsey affair!

MAY ROBSON'S amazing success, in the "quickie" made by a free-lance company and immediately snapped up by Universal for release, has brought her out here to begin a new career at seventy-four. Though it isn't generally known,

(*Continued on page 88*)



Ball

If she can be appealing in itsy-bitsy things, she can be appealing in big things. That's the thought that Frances Dade is trying to get across to producers. And doing it right well

ARE *Reno* DIVORCES LEGAL?

S. S. Hahn, Los Angeles divorce lawyer, tosses a legal bomb and Hollywood is worrying plenty



Murillo

S. S. Hahn, above, advises Hollywood to repair its marital fences

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"ARE Nevada, Paris or Mexican divorces and marriages legal in California?" "Are we married or are we not?"

These, and other similar questions, and not the stock market, are keeping numerous movie couples awake nights or sending them scurrying to their attorneys or to the marriage license bureau to make certain that their marital affairs are in order. It's a pretty kettle of fish, if you ask me, and Hollywood's "Who's Whose" may undergo revisions that will make it resemble a mess of scrambled *oufs* before the smoke clears away.

Revising the old adage, the state of Nevada long ago adopted the motto, "If you can grant a quicker divorce than your neighbor, the world will beat a path to your door." The world, including Hollywood, has certainly beaten a path—a couple of them, in fact—to the famous little city of Reno where, in exchange for three months of your life, you could trade your old wife or husband in on an up-to-date model. A few of the more opulent ones went to Paris, but it was Reno, an overnight hop from Hollywood, that got most of the play. There the irksome shackles were stricken off and with radiant faces they turned again toward Hollywood to take unto themselves new mates without bothering to wait the one-year period which the state of California demands.



Douglas MacLean married Lorraine Eddy shortly after his former wife won a Reno divorce



Douglas MacLean's former wife, Faith Cole, cannot marry again before a year has elapsed

Others, duly and properly divorced in California, grew impatient and reversed the proceedings by slipping over the state line or across the Mexican border to have their premature nuptials consummated. In some of these out-of-the-state marriages, where public indignation was aroused, it was considered advisable for the returning couple to set up separate establishments and remain merely good friends until their union could be blessed by the sanction of California's laws. In other cases, since nobody raised a fuss, all went merry as a marriage bell and in one or two instances, these marriages have been in turn dissolved and the participants again been remarried.

Divorce Is Easy, But—

BUT three months in Reno is a long time—just to secure such a simple thing as a divorce. People began to complain. However, the legislature of Nevada decided to make the proposition more attractive. They not only reduced the period of "legal residence" from three months to six weeks, but legalized gambling as an added attraction.

"Now we're getting somewhere!" said Hollywood, preparing to go in for Reno in a great big way. "I think I'll get a divorce. You don't mind, do you, dear?"

The first of our headliners to avail themselves of a Reno divorce was none other than the old Manassa mauler, Jack Dempsey. On his arrival he announced to the world his intention to divorce his wife, the glamourous Estelle Taylor. A good time was being had by all when—BANG!—and somebody had to raise a question which threatens to spoil the fun. The man who threw the monkey wrench is none other than S. S. Hahn, famous Los Angeles divorce attorney!

"If Jack Dempsey obtains a divorce in Reno," calmly announced Mr. Hahn, "it will be void unless he remains a resident of Nevada after the decree is granted! If he secures a Reno divorce, returns to California and remarries, he can be successfully prosecuted for bigamy!"

Hollywood pricked up its ears! Frantic voices clamored into the ears of attorneys "If this is true about Jack Dempsey, what about us?"

"The Supreme Court of California," continued Mr. Hahn, unmindful of the fact that he was tossing a devastating bomb, "has ruled that in order to give jurisdiction in a divorce suit, the legal residence of the plaintiff must be bona-fide, and there can be no bona-fide residence when the plaintiff goes into another state solely for the purpose of securing a divorce and with the intention of returning to this state after said divorce has been granted! Other states, including New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, have passed upon

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The Pajama Season Is On

The way she's on the lookout for pictures to steal, Lilyan Tashman *ought* to go around dressed like a pirate. But this is only one of Lil's outfits. Like every other girl in town—and before most of them—Lil laid in a big supply. The whole story's waiting for you over the page

Hollywood's Newest FAD



When Hedda Hopper stepped into the restaurant in these slinky Russian pajamas, Cliff Edwards forgot to finish his lunch, and the waitresses stood about, getting some tips

WOMEN are wearing the pants in Hollywood to-day!

Despite wild protests from the men, the vogue grows. Some studio stylists still argue for the return of strictly feminine skirts, but pajama manufacturers gleefully announce the demands for this new-born garment are increasing at break-neck pace.

If the fad ever passes, it won't be because the girls are tiring of it, but because men who like their women feminine are raising the rumpus.

The old saying that one can wear rompers in the film colony and be formally dressed is becoming a reality, with smart shops along Hollywood's rialto giving over their valuable plate-glass windows to displays of every variety of female trousers from "Follies shorts" to "formal ballroom and dinner pajamas."

On the Boulevard, in the shops, at the Beverly Hills bridge games, in Grauman's Chinese Theater, by the swimming-pool, on Malibu Beach, in the patios, and under the bed-spreads, pajamas are the style.

While every woman secretly enjoys the freedom pajamas offer, some conservatives insist on drawing a line by declining to don them for formal dinner-parties and dances.

Dolores Del Rio, Ann Harding, Hedda Hopper, Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer, Lois Wilson, Genevieve Tobin, Marian Marsh, Billie Dove, Fay Wray, Anita Page, Dorothy Jordan, Leila Hyams, and Mary Pickford head this class.

"Pajamas At All Times"

THE rebels who refuse to accept any restrictions are principally recruited from the youngsters in the colony. Those who like to flounce their flouncing legs at even the most formal of formal parties include Dorothy Lee, Wynne Gibson, Joan Blondell, Sidney Fox, Evalyn Knapp, Alice White, Sylvia Sidney, Lola Lane, Dixie Lee, Frances Dee, Karlen Morley, Edwina Booth and others.

There are certain sophisticates who do not bow to the conservative. The class includes Natalie Moorhead, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Noel Francis, Ruth Chatterton, Marion Davies, Mary Astor, Virginia Valli, Kay Francis, Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, Ruth Selwyn and many more.

The outlaws are headed by Lupe Velez. Her constituents include Dorothy Mackaill, Fifi Dorsay, Lily Damita, Raquel Torres, Julie Sande, and Conchita Montenegro.

The Velez would think nothing of attending the coronation of a king in a pair of blazing red-and-yellow pajamas with three feathers stuck on top her head. She'd be likely to crash the royal gate with a swoop, outraging royal dignity and making them like it.

Adrian, designer of exotic clothes for M-G-M stars, says movies are responsible for the world-wide pajama vogue. (Paris papers please copy.)

"In pictures," he points out, "we have the opportunity to show reason for or against the introduction of new ideas. At the moment, there is great interest as to whether pajamas will take a place in the regular wardrobe of women to-day. We are showing their possibilities and the women are responding eagerly and naturally to them for various hours of the day. If such women as Greto Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford look and act natural in them, it stands to reason that other women all over the world are going to want some themselves."



Little Sidney Fox (above) stops passersby with the one-piece kind



Roberta Gale (right) does places and goes things in lace pajamas

When Aren't They Proper?

ANOTHER stylist, Travis Benton, who creates Paramount fashions, advises all women to include pajamas as an intrinsic

You see pajamas everywhere in the movie town. All the girls from Marie Dressler to Mitzi Green are wearing them

BY HARRY D. WILSON

part of their wardrobe, but to use discretion when wearing them outside their own doors.

"Women are welcoming the novelty of pajamas with huzzas and hosannas," says Benton. "However, they should never be flaunted in the face of convention and are entirely out of place in the public restaurant or ballroom, no matter how sophisticated the gathering or place."

Lilyan Tashman agrees with Benton so far as time and place are concerned. She welcomes the opportunity these trousered outfits offer women to be individual and daring, but does not like pajamas for public functions.

"It is far too intimate and informal a costume for that yet," she says. "I use the divided skirt or pajama suit for all entertaining in my home. I dine with my husband every night in pajamas. They are the ideal 'at-home' garb."

If she had a "peeve on" at the hostess and wanted to give her a good shock, she'd come in the swankiest pajamas she possessed, just to have her say, "She would—she's an actress." That's Hedda Hopper, but she adds confidentially, "I really don't think they're good taste for formal occasions."





Evalyn Knapp (above) plays a mean game of tennis in this outfit

Dolores Del Rio (left) sports pajamas that she designed herself

Dorothy Lee blazed the pajama-shopping trail a year ago when she appeared in them at the Broadway-Hollywood, according to Marguerite Floyd, studio contact woman for the big store.

"Others are beginning to follow suit. When the little Lee girl came in on that first occasion, she almost paralyzed business," laughs Miss Floyd. "But since then others come and go, leaving scarcely a ripple of excitement behind."

Platinum-haired Noel Francis goes shopping—sometimes—in blue tailored pajamas. Traffic slows down, but doesn't stop.



Natalie Moorhead dazzled not only George Duryea, but the orchestra, when she stepped out to a swanky dinner-dance at the Roosevelt in this chiffon suit of zig-zag stripes

They Flatter Mary Astor

"I'M for pajamas," states Mary Astor, "even if the men are beginning to protest. This year they are more like dresses. I suppose it was a hasty compromise for shocked masculinity. The better pajamas this year are highly becoming to most women. And how comfortable and handy they are! Cool, too—and there's no worry about skirts blowing up to one's knees and all that, you know."

Dolores Del Rio has designed some sports pajamas that she wears at her tennis parties. They're made of white linen trimmed with bands of burnt orange and marigold yellow.

"I think my mother ought to be given credit for this craze," says Dolores. "She has worn them in the house and garden for years—as far back as I can remember—so she's not the slightest impressed with all this pajama chatter."

"They lend the necessary harmony with pent-houses, airplanes, and the modern way of living," says Joan Crawford.

Marion Davies takes a definite stand. She's pro-pajama from start to finish. "Some fear trousers will react in making the girls too masculine. That's just a weak gesture of non-acceptance. Watch any of the little Chinese girls tripping about in their pajamas, high-heeled slippers—then you'll realize how ridiculous the idea is and that girls become more feminine by wearing pajamas," she declares.

"During my sojourn in Africa," says Edwina Booth, "I learned to appreciate the freedom of trousers. Since my return to Hollywood, I have become so accustomed to their comfort that I welcome every chance to wear them."

Are Short Girls Out of Luck?

TALL girls will be glad to hear Dorothy Jordan's remarks on this burning question of the day.

"The tall girls can wear any of the pajama styles," says Dorothy, "but for us little girls they look ridiculous. It takes a willowy figure to give them the needed dash."

Little Mitzi Green comes boldly to the rescue of the diminutives. "I think they look nice on me," says Mitzi, "and besides,

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You've One CHANCE *In* TEN THOUSAND

BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN





But look at Lew Ayres (left), you say. Didn't he crash the gates without much trouble? *Wrong!* He had had "pull" and had even played opposite Garbo, but he was two years getting his break

Hallie Sullivan (above)—pretty, talented, trained—has had only a few days' work in three years of constant effort. She's one of thousands. Arrow below points her out as "atmosphere" in a comedy



BELIEVE it or not, but Lindbergh had a thousand-to-one better chance of reaching Paris than you have of breaking into the movies

Only one-half of one per cent. of those who come to Hollywood to go into pictures ever see the inside of a studio!

An office boy in the United States Steel Corporation is more likely to become president of the firm than an extra to become a star!

Hundreds of trained, experienced men and women with talent galore—and as handsome as any star on the screen—are now working in Hollywood homes and stores as maids, garagemen, waitresses, cab-drivers and saleswomen, unable to make a bare living in pictures!

Nearly thirty per cent. of those arrested locally for such crimes as hold-ups, forgery and shoplifting came here to work in pictures. They were forced into crime to keep from starving!

The highest-paid "extra" girl in Hollywood earned an average of forty-seven dollars and fifty cents a week in 1930. She has been an extra for five years.

There are seventeen thousand extras—jobs for a few hundred.

And yet, despite these facts, every whistle-stop in the U.S.A. contains its quota of good-looking boys and belles who are saving to come to Hollywood in the expectation of pushing Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery off the cinema map.

"Nerts!" sneer these wise ones, when you tell them it can't be done. "Lookit what I saw in the papers, just last week!"

"UNKNOWN SELECTED FOR LEAD IN MOVIE EPIC!"

The Case of Lew Ayres

IF you "saw it in the papers," it must be true, for a press-agent wouldn't lie to you—not much. But just for fun, let's look behind the press stories that heralded the "discovery" of Lew Ayres.

Lew, according to the papers, was picked up in an orchestra in Agua Caliente, told to throw away his banjo and come to Hollywood and star in "All Quiet." Just like that—no trouble, no expense, movie stars made while you wait. They would have you believe that here was a boy, suddenly touched by the magic wand, who achieved fame overnight without wiggling a finger.

As a matter of fact, Lew *did* get his big break, but not until he had struggled and starved for more than two years, during which time even the influence of Paul Bern, a well-known director, could not put him over. For one whole week he had nothing to eat but peanuts.

Before you buy *that* ticket to Hollywood read this story and realize you have one chance in ten thousand of becoming a movie star



John Wayne (right) is pointed out as a shining example of "discovery." Did you know he was an extra for five years, couldn't make a living at it, became a prop-boy, and got his break through a friend?

It's no easier for a man. John Rockey (above) has had both New York and London stage experience, but in more than a year his only role was that of an extra (see arrow below) in "Reaching for the Moon"



Finally, through his "pull" with Bern, he was given a small contract with Pathé, but after an obscure "bit" with Eddie Quillan, he was released. When Bern moved to M-G-M, he wiggled his protegé into the lead opposite Garbo in "The Kiss"; but when that was over, Lew was once more thrust out into the cold. Bern then tried, unsuccessfully, to get the boy an interview with Milestone for "All Quiet." Somehow Lew managed to get a test. It was the last run, just as Milestone was ready to accept Johnny Harron, and it clicked!

It Took John Five Years

JOHN WAYNE, supposedly a raw, inexperienced prop-boy, was press-agented as having been selected for the lead in "The Big Trail" when Raoul Walsh saw him walking across the Fox lot. Hooey! For five years before his "break," John Wayne, under the name of Wayne Morrison, had worked as an extra, appearing in every football picture of note. Unable to make a living, he had taken a job as prop-boy, but he had formed a strong friendship with Edmund Grainger, son of a powerful Fox executive. It was the "pull" of that executive which secured for him a test for the part in "The Big Trail."



Yet when the publicity departments' dazzling "discovery" stories were printed all over the United States, a thousand boys left useful, happy futures as lawyers, businessmen, engineers and came to Hollywood to get their Big Chance.

And so it goes. Behind the scenes of every suddenly "discovered" "unknown," is a story of heart-breaking struggle, preparation, dearly-bought experience and "pull" of some sort. Jean Harlow, the platinum-blonde sensation of "Hell's Angels," worked for several years as an obscure extra in Christie Comedies before she got a "break," through her friendship with Ben Lyon.

When the story of the "Unknown Blonde" who became a star overnight was printed and broadcast, a thousand girls gave up their futures as wives and mothers to hurry to Hollywood and get their chance at fame.

These Go Begging

WHEN beauty, talent, experience and training go begging on the streets of Hollywood, what chance has the inexperienced and untrained newcomer? Hundreds of men and women who possess every attribute of picture success are filling menial positions to avoid actual starvation. Every Eastbound train carries its quota of the more fortunate ones who can and will go home. Even those able and willing to pour thousands of dollars into the kits, gambling on the hope of success, lose far more often than they win.

Let us consider the case of one among seventeen thousand—one girl who came to Hollywood to get her Great Chance. If ever a combination of beauty, talent and money should bring success, they should have brought it to Hallie Sullivan. Her experience shows, if nothing else, how futile it is for the average girl, dependent upon her own resources, even to try.

Born in Chicago, Miss Sullivan has received stage training since childhood. Talented to begin with, no expense was spared to give her the best of instruction in singing, dancing, dramatics and general cultural accomplishments. She was the leading member of the "Wig and Mask Club" of De Pauw University. A remarkable photographic subject, her pictures have been exhibited by the Professional Photographers' Society in New

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Do Hollywood Husbands Trust Their WIVES?

BY GLADYS HALL

WHAT would *you* say about your wife, Mister Smythe, if you read in the papers that she was the siren of the ages, the girl-friend of, say, Buddy Rogers, a second Bernhardt, a mysterious sphinx, as ugly as mud, as beautiful as creation, a Woman with a Past or any one of the things screen stars are supposed to be?

Wouldn't you be *surprised?*

Does any Wife ever seem to her husband to be a sphinx, a siren, ugly as mud or a second Garbo? The "No's" have it? Thank you, gentlemen.

Have you ever stopped to realize that most of these glamourous, glorified screen women are also WIVES? And you boys know doggone well that wives are wives from Hollywood to Hongkong.

Evelyn Brent, Ann Harding, Joan Crawford and Ruth Chatterton are also Mrs. Harry Edwards, Mrs. Harry Bannister, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Mrs. Ralph Forbes in the order given. Let there be no confusion, please.

They have homes and run them. They live in a world of three meals a day, servant problems, laundry lists, relatives, colds in the head and income taxes just as you do. Their husbands may be their fans, but they are, also, their husbands. And a husband can drown out a fan any day. What, then, do these husbands think, what are their reactions when they read naughty things, startling things, gooey things and gruesome things about the Little Women who share their bed and board?

If a story accuses some glorified lady of having a past, does Friend Husband start grave-digging?



Lilyan Tashman (above) may be a vamp to you, but she's just a pal to Edmund Lowe



If anybody runs down Leila Hyams (right), her husband, Phil Berg, always says: "He must be crazy!"

If a story announces to the world that such beauty has never been seen since Helen went to Troy, does Friend Husband fall in love all over again?

If a story calls the Little Woman plug-ugly, does Friend Husband take off his specs and go head-hunting?

It all depends on what they see and hear. Some husbands are broad-minded, while with others jealousy is easily aroused



Harry Edwards smiles when the boys call Evelyn Brent (right) a smoldering siren



Doug., Jr., yawns at all "love-life" stories about Joan Crawford (above)



William Seiter thinks critics are too good to Laura La Plante (left)

Let's see—

Joan Crawford told me that, recently, a scurrilous story came forth with a lot of bologna about her and an ex-boy-friend of hers. So ex was this departed wooer that he was practically out of her life before Doug came in. Anyway, Joan long ago told Douglas the full saga of her puppy loves. So when young Douglas hears such tosh, he says "Oh, phooey!" yawns, and goes to bed.

When writers, hard-pressed for copy, rehash the amours of Bebe Daniels with Jack Pickford, or Ben Lyon with Marilyn Miller, these newlyweds laugh—and go up in the air. In a 'plane.

Some husbands, of course, are thin-skinned where their wives' lives are concerned. Some husbands are so thin-skinned that they suffer if the Little Woman comments on the charm of Clive Brook or Ronald Colman. They just don't *like* it, that's all.

Not long ago a pen-pusher from the Middle West came to Southern California to look over Hollywood and write little pieces for his home paper. In one he described Ann Harding as homely and middle-aged. Husband Harry Bannister took up the cudgels. He gnashed his handsome teeth. He flung tooth-brushes and things into a suit-case, preparatory to a trip to the lair of the liar. He was all set to trounce him plenty. Ann dissuaded him—in the midst of brimstone and blue haze. When I come right down to it, I can't tell you what the husbands say. I mean,

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Carole Lombard

Carole Lombard has caught on—and she's going to be elevated to stardom. (Mr. Paramount's in the wings, ready to pull the ropes.) When Ruth Chatterton leaves, Carole will take her place. She has the figure and the voice and—with William Powell for coach—the emotion.

DANGER *In* HIS EYES

They're all making way for Clark Gable, the new he-man star. With the Valentino eyes and smile he has every woman helpless



Bull

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

THE following data about Clark Gable are not to be regarded as the delirium of a woman who is only human after all. These are cold facts, almost statistical, the result of sober and dispassionate observation. You needn't hesitate to believe every word.

Since Clark Gable came to Hollywood, there has been a great unrest at the Metro studio. It is noticeable in every department, affecting all women—from stars to secretaries.

Girls sigh and powder their noses a good deal, with a flushed and flighty air.

Every woman who talks to Mr. Gable comes away from the meeting with a sort of stark look in her eye.

In his pictures, interest is apt to focus on the heavy instead of the heroine. Yet stars want him to work in their pictures, even though they know he may steal them.

The effect is universal and infallible.

All this simply proves that women love menace. And that in spite of all their modern theories of equality and the single standard, the arrogant male has the strongest appeal for them, as he always has had, and always will.

Clark Gable is six feet tall. He weighs two hundred pounds. No waist. No hips. But his shoulders are tremendous, with the comforting sense of not being padded.

His eyes are light gray and vivid, astonishing in his dark face. They are naturally provocative, and they have that well-remembered droop of Valentino's. He has Rudy's same enigmatic smile, and the same strong animal magnetism, felt immediately by men and women alike. But he lacks the sleekness of Valentino. Clark Gable is never languid. He's rough, male and vital.

Continuing with this cool and detached estimate of the man, we find that he is the product of the two professions he has worked at—a cross between an actor and a lumberjack.

How the two were ever reconciled in one man, only Mr. Gable will ever know. Perhaps in time the actor will triumph. At present, the lumberjack is holding his own.

The Life of a Lumberjack

CLARK was born in Cadiz, Ohio, thirty-one years ago, but he really lived in Akron, where he was brought up and educated. When he was a young boy, he went with his father to the oil fields of Oklahoma. At home he had been prop boy, scene shifter, and general handy man for the local stock company. When it seemed that oil wasn't really his *metier*, he joined a cheap repertory company as an actor, and toured the United States, playing one-night stands in all the small towns. Like all other repertory companies, they were eventually stranded far from home, without a cent. It happened to be in Portland, Oregon.

"I couldn't get away," said Clark, "so I got a job as a lumberjack, and worked in the woods for months to save enough to get back to civilization.

"Those men were as hard as nails, in body and mind. I wasn't used to any exercise at all, and my hands were like this"—he indicated the white table cloth. "I worked for a great big Swede, who had huge hands like iron. He was on one end of a big saw, and I was on the other. I didn't want to admit I couldn't keep up with him. I worked, bent over, until at the end of the day I couldn't stand upright—literally. And my hands were so raw and stiff that when I woke up in the morning I couldn't straighten them out—I had to put them in hot water before they'd uncurl.

"At the end of eight months, I was as hard as any of them—both my hands and my mind. I was so young then, that it was very easy for me to be influenced by these men. I was only seventeen or eighteen. You know when you're young and unformed you easily absorb what you hear, and take on the characteristics of your associates.

"I had sense enough to say nothing and listen hard. Those men had a rough philosophy of their own. I used to sit there by the hour and listen to them talk about the world as they saw it.

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You May Worship *But* Hollywood





Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard will be lovers to you in "I Take This Woman" (above). But to Hollywood they're two players who had to do plenty of rehearsing to act That Way (right)

The stars may be perfect to you—but not to their neighbors

WHEN Hollywood puts on its best bib and tucker and goes to the movies, it doesn't see the same things that you see. To an audience of high-school girls and boys, housewives and husbands, courting couples and kids, the figures on the screen are glamourous beings of a world of romance. To a hard-boiled Hollywood audience of directors, studio technicians, scenario writers and actors they are merely neighbors, wives or ex-wives, rivals, friends. They are "even as you and I."

If the players in a picture are just "home folks" to Hollywood, the picture itself is merely a good or a bad piece of work and the comments of the famous audience at a filmtown premiere are simply shop-talk. In Hollywood, glamour is greasepaint, romance is a successful script, danger is a good job of cutting, and beauty is—sometimes—a matter of careful lighting and camera angles.

You may sigh, "If I could only meet a man as handsome as that!" Hollywood yawns, "He won't be able to paint out that double chin much longer. A good toupee, though, isn't it?"

You may say enviously, "It must be wonderful to be as beautiful as that!" Hollywood retorts with "Oh, yeah? But those eyelashes she's wearing make her eyes small."

Sitting in your home-town movie theater, you chilled as tiny human figures in "Dirigible" stumbled, snow-blinded, along the brink of ice precipices so sheer and bleak that the eye shrank from looking at them. Hollywood watched the same scene with the critical gaze of fellow-craftsmen, viewing an expert piece of work. "Dunning Process," it murmured. "Swell photography! Those thrills are box-office, all right."

Did Dolores Surprise You?

WHEN your ears heard the voice of Dolores Costello back on the screen after two years in "Expensive Women," when your eyes rested on her taking a bath in her first scene, you may have said, "I'd forgotten her voice was so good and she was so beautiful." Hollywood, to which loveliness of face and voice is an old story, watches the same picture and comments, "Barrymore has been working with her, getting her voice down a whole register. Looks like a real comeback—"

In a recent animal feature, you gasped as you watched the native gun-bearer spear a charging lion through the head just in time to save the lives of the hero and heroine. "What risks those actors took, going to Africa among those savage beasts!" you shuddered. "That was a close call! That wasn't faked!" But Hollywood, which knew that this par-



Greta Garbo as you see her—a glamourous creature, who is the last word in feminine allure

The STARS Says "*OH YEAH?*"

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN





When you see "Alexander Hamilton," you'll forget that *Hamilton* and *Betty Schuyler* are George Arliss and Doris Kenyon (above). But Hollywood will think of how the scene was shot (left)



Greta Garbo as Hollywood sees her—a girl whose mannish clothes betoken the athlete, not the siren

ticular scene was shot on the back lot of a studio with an aged lion from a local menagerie, was inclined to pity the animal instead of the actors. "Came like a tame dog when the trainer called him," the story went around, "expecting a bone. Three cameramen fainted before they managed to hit him and kill him."

Garbo No Mystery

IF a man can't be a hero to his valet, a woman isn't a mystery to her neighbors. Hollywood doesn't see Greta Garbo as a strange and seductive enchantress, but as a carelessly-garbed, athletic Swedish girl who tramps the Boulevard in stout shoes and mannish coat and stops to stare, fascinated, into the ten-cent-store windows.

Valentino may have been the Great Lover to a romance-starved world, but in our town he was a young Italian who was strangely morose for a Latin and was hoodooed by bad luck.

No, Hollywood doesn't see the movie stars as you see them. To the natives, Marlene Dietrich is not the seductive siren of "Dishonored," swaggering on lovely silken legs, but a homesick German girl, anxiously repeating a simple English sentence over and over, until her German lips can frame every difficult "w" perfectly.

Gary Cooper is not the debonair sharpshooter of "City Streets," but a boy burning with fever who got out of a sick bed to make retakes of a couple of scenes and save the studio time, which is also money in this game. "Gary looks thin in a dress suit!" Hollywood whistles. "It was a tough break when 'Morocco' turned out to be Marlene's picture after it was promised to him—but now that he's well again, he ought to show 'em!"

George Arliss is not *Old English* or *The Millionaire* or *Alexander Hamilton*. He is simply the cleverest actor in Hollywood—one who knows every trick of the trade—an expert creator of illusions. Those who see him work aren't staggered by his amazing popularity. He's a hard and careful worker.

Knowing exactly how pathos is produced doesn't hamper Hollywood when it comes to watching sentimental pictures. Few audiences are so satisfactorily tearful. Hard-boiled supervisors, movie producers who have spent the afternoon planning how to break a contract, and players who know every trick of glycerine grief weep copiously over the woes of the white-haired mothers and shrill-voiced kiddies on the screen.

Our Tears Outnumber Our Laughs

WHEN "Skippy" was previewed in the Paramount projection room, the sniffles from the studio audience drowned

(*Continued on Page 101*)



Chidnoff



Fryer

Of course, Ben Lyon always seemed to like blondes. But Bebe Daniels changed from dark (far left) to light (near left) to please Doug Fairbanks. She couldn't be brunette opposite dark Doug—and she hates wigs

WHAT! No

Hollywood goes blonde in a big way and there's no telling when it's going to stop



You used to hear about "dizzy" blondes. Now, you hear about busy ones. The busiest in Hollywood—in demand at every single studio—is Jean Harlow. The platinum thatch did it

IT couldn't have been Anita Loos who started it with her hint about the preference of gentlemen, because that's old stuff by now, and Hollywood is just recently going blonde with a vengeance.

It couldn't even be the cut-rate drugstores with peroxide and white henna at half-price.

But it must be something!

There are more synthetic, sympathetic and even authentic blondes to the square lot in Hollywood right now than there are in Sweden and other places where they really grow them.

Brunettes are going blonde. Red-heads are going blonde. And real blondes are going blonder. Such decidedly brunette personalities as Bebe Daniels, Joan Crawford, Georgia Hale, Ruth Chatterton and Sally Blane have suddenly become as pastel in appearance as Lillian Gish or Ann Harding. And where there is so much dyeing for the sake of art there must be a good—and perhaps subtle—reason. What is it?

Casting about in the realm of logic, it might be pointed out that the sensational success of such charmers as the Misses Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow, Ann Harding, Ina Claire, Carole Lombard, Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich has definitely set the popular screen type all to the blonde. The sophisticated blonde seems to be "the type of the hour" as Mr. Ziegfeld would put it. Both screen stories and current fashions are being cut to their personality—and what is worse, in Hollywood, than being out of fashion?

Not since the early days of Mary Pickford's and Mary Miles Minter's curls has there been such an epidemic of blondeness for the camera.

Where Are the Real Blondes?

OUT of all this type-tinting a peculiar situation is developing:

The authentic blonde type—and by that we mean the natural blonde—is being submerged. In the personality category, blondes have always stood for fragility and daintiness, *a la* Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh and company. But Hollywood to-day is offering





Joan Crawford also has a good alibi for changing from brunette (far right) to blonde (near right). Her cameraman told her she ought to do it. While she was about the matter, Joan also acquired a blonde personality

BRUNETTES?

BY DOROTHY MANNERS



There's one Hollywood type that's even rarer than a brunette. That's a blonde who was born that way. Joan Bennett (above) is one of the few. And she's still popular, too

sophisticated blondes, mental blondes, physical blondes and blondes with brunette personality. In short, it appears that we are not only losing the authentic brunette from this year's screen—but the authentic blonde as well. In a town full of new blondes only Ann Harding and Joan Bennett stand out as the unadulterated blonde type.

As for the rest, it doesn't take a fortune-teller to see they are all dyeing to be blondes. But why?

Bebe Daniels created nothing short of a sensation when she walked into the first Mayfair party of the season with her new blonde hair. Hollywood nearly fell out of her respective chairs. Bebe, of them all, had been a brunette among brunettes. Dark brown eyes, blue-black hair, cream-colored skin—the perfect Latin-American type.

Always on the search for romantic motives, the gossips weren't long in remembering that Ben Lyon's former fiancée, Marilyn Miller, was a decided blonde; and come to think of it, Ben had always seemed to admire blondes. That, they decided, may have had something to do with Bebe's decision. Certainly Bebe's blonde head beside the dark one of Ben's made an effective and complimentary study in contrasts.

No Wigs for Bebe

BUT when the truth came out, it seemed that Bebe of the Spanish blood had gone blonde not for romance, but for business. Not for Ben, but for Douglas Fairbanks and "Reaching for the Moon." As Bebe explained it to a friend:

"They wanted a blonde to play with Mr. Fairbanks because he is so very dark. Our tests together, with my natural black hair, were not at all effective. There was not sufficient contrast between the types. At first I hesitated. I was not sure I would look well as a blonde. It was finally decided that I should make a test with Mr. Fairbanks in a blonde wig.

"These tests were much better, pictorially. Edmund Goulding was enthused about the wig and asked me to use it throughout the picture. But I've worked in wigs before. They are heavy, hot and uncomfortable, and usually they are not becoming. Suddenly I decided that if I looked well in the wig, I would look just as well with blonde hair of my own. If at the end of the picture I found I did not like it, I could always have my hair dyed back to its natural color.

"At first I wasn't sure I liked it. I hardly recognized myself. But as the picture went on, and I got used to the new color scheme, I grew to like it. When you stop to consider that most of the male stars and leading men of the screen are dark, it is certainly pictorially effective for the woman to be blonde. I think I shall remain one."

(*Continued on page 92*)



Fryer

What MARRIAGE Has Done to Young Doug

Is was the best thing in the world for him and marked the turning point in his life

BY CHARLES GRAYSON

HE is lazy, twenty-three and very blue-eyed. He is a brand-new star, proficient in several mediums of self-expression, and given to extravagant clothes. Talking, he continually presses the end of his nose with his thumb, and he has enough weaknesses of character to be charming.

He used to have more of the latter, but that was before his marriage to Joan Crawford. A friend of this youngest of the house of Fairbanks, one who has known him for years, once explained this development of Doug's to me.

"Before his marriage, Doug was just a kid. All his life he had been sheltered, developed on the order of a hot-house plant. Except for a period at a military academy, he had even been kept from the normal contacts of school life. He had had tutors, private lessons—away from other boys and their natural roughness.

"Joan brought the outside world to him. She knew it, had been up against it. She transmuted some of her strength, her force of character, to Doug. It was the best thing in the world for him, that alliance."

One of his boyhood acquaintances was of the same opinion.

"Doug grew up in an atmosphere of protection," he said. "He had before him always the manner in which his father was guarded from rebuffs. For example, I remember being on the elder Doug's athletic field one afternoon with Junior and his father. Somebody suggested some races. But before we ran them Chuck Lewis, Senior's trainer, came over to us kids and said: 'Listen now, don't you beat the old man; if you do he'll be sore as hell.'"

He'll Take the Risk

WITH such an example continually before him, it would have been lamentably easy for the son to drop into the habit of assuming that a Fairbanks is beyond the needs of competition. But young Doug didn't. Largely, I think, because he loves life far too much to shun any facet of it. And now Joan has further equipped him for battle. Witness his attitude toward his new contract:

"I look forward to it," he insists. "I know the dangers of stardom—know that several players here in Hollywood have refused the distinction recently, preferring to stay in more obscure spots where they will last longer. But I'm not afraid. As a matter of fact, I think I have a greater chance of lasting longer in a position of authority.

"The usual actor is nothing more than a puppet told what to do, and he must do it—or else. But not so a star. A star has the deciding vote in story selection, director, and course of production. He actually is *creating* something. He knows what he is doing because he has worked out the method of production beforehand. It may be dangerous—but it is also very, very interesting."

Recalling Doug's former tendency to overact, known vulgarly as "scenery chewing," I wondered if he might not be tempted to fall into the loss of perspective that ruined Nazimova, when that celebrated lady was given the final say on all that pertained to her pictures.

He laughed. "At one time, perhaps——back at the period when I was doing things like that screwy brother in 'A Woman of Affairs.' But not now. I'm no longer carried away, doing a part. I've found that to be fatal. You lose a sense of everything that you're doing——a terrible error when you must always remember that there are certain lines within which you must move, and that there are other people in the scene. Ranting around, you're liable to block out whoever is in the scene with you and ruin the bit. I play everything for effect now, and I know what the response from my audience will be, as a pianist knows what response he is going to get from the strings when he touches the keys. I'm beginning to get the technique of playing on the most difficult instrument of all—others' emotions.

(*Continued on page 90*)



What goes on behind the scenes of "The Vice Squad"? A little long-distance love-making? Don't be silly. Remember Kay Francis is now Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna. And don't forget that Paul Lukas is always a gentleman. They're just plain happy that both of them will soon be starred



Clive Brook says all men are photographed three ways—with their collars on or off or open at the neck. In the above portrait Clive opens his collar (that he-man touch, you know), while on the opposite page he sports a stiff collar and all the trimmings of a jolly old bean

Found! An English Caveman



Clive Brook reveals his true self. He's not what you think. At heart he's a raging British lion

By GLADYS HALL

CLIVE BROOK surprised me. He did more than surprise me—he floored me. I had come to lunch with him all prepared to act according to Emily Post and at least eleven of the Ten Commandments. I looked up branches of the Family Tree and was elegantly manicured as to hand and head. I gathered my garments about me as aristocratically as possible and went forth to meet a charming manner, a frocked coat and a pair of striped trousers.

I found that beneath the smooth exterior of frocked coat and striped trousers, beneath the familar rôles of elegant barrister and physician, there hides a caveman.

He didn't call himself a caveman. The man has a sense of humor.

He did say, "I must have had strange ancestors. I have all but uncontrollable desires to do the most horrible things. No, I couldn't tell you. Really not."

Nor would he. Thus increasing for me the horribleness of those suppressed desires. I shall die wondering, no doubt. And it may interest him to know that death will not be any the easier for that.

Here is, believe it or not, an Englishman who is, at heart, restless and uncivilized.

He does not believe in conventions. He laughs at morals. He does not believe in marriage. He and his wife would never have married at all, if it had not been for his wife's father—an English doctor with traditional theories. He would have dared to beget children and to bring them up as free and independent souls, outside the walls of wedlock—and proud of it.

More Like Jack Than Jack Is

HE said, "I am probably a great deal more the way Jack Gilbert looks than Jack Gilbert is himself. Perhaps, inside, he is the way I look."

I supplied the word. "Genteel?"

"Ahhh!" he groaned, "I knew that was it. I've tried to dodge it, but I've suspected it all along."

He isn't satisfied with being a movie actor. He thinks he has been in Hollywood too long. He groans at the mention of playing doctors and lawyers. He liked being a bit frayed at the edges in "East Lynne." Sinking into the mire was amusing.

He wants to take a year off and travel or something. He wants, then, to come back and do something worth while. It is quaint, he admits, to *want* to do something worth while, but there it is.

If he had life to live over again, he would be a writer. He'd like his son to be a writer. A life with freedom (says Clive!).

He admits that his contempt for morals or, rather, his disinterest in them might suffer a blow if, when his daughter grows up, some chap should come along and suggest a free union. What we can do for ourselves, we agreed, what we think for ourselves, does not seem to apply to our children. We also agreed that the trouble with the conventionless life is the people who live it. Usually a messy lot. Long-haired men. Short-haired women, rather unbathed and unpleasantly violent.

He believes in glands rather more than he does in gods. He reads about

(*Continued on page 94*)

The Picture

REVIEWS OF THE



THE BLACK CAMEL

Another Charlie Chan Thriller: Third of the *Charlie Chan* mystery stories to reach the screen, "The Black Camel" is a pleasurable evening's entertainment for everyone. Warner Oland again enacts the suave Oriental detective.

The murder of *Shelah Fane*, a Hollywood motion picture star, in her Hawaiian home, is the case that now concerns our Chinese sleuth. Charlie pursues his way unperturbed until at last he discovers the murderer. The finger of suspicion, of course, points to a score of people, the most sinister of which is a movie-colony soothsayer.

Things move along at a rapid rate and you are left guessing the outcome until the end. We feel that more could have been made of the opportunity for travesty, but perhaps mystery fans prefer their criminal suspects straight.

Oland as *Charlie Chan* is an example of perfect casting and Bela Lugosi adds the soothsayer to his list of screen villainies.



THE SMILING LIEUTENANT

Grade A Fun With Chevalier: It's getting so that it's a long time between Chevalier pictures, but if they can all be as amusing as "The Smiling Lieutenant," we can wait.

As in the case of "The Love Parade," the setting is a mythical kingdom, the result is a satire of romance and royalty, and the songs and incidental music advance—not retard—the action. You see, Ernst Lubitsch—that expert at sex, satire and scene-building—is again directing.

The lieutenant loves a girl violinist (Claudette Colbert) and he smiles to her across the street as the Princess' carriage passes by. The frumpy Princess (Miriam Hopkins) suspects him of laughing at her, but he tells her she is beautiful. She proposes and he has to accept. Chevalier, himself, is at his clever best—whether miming, singing or dancing. Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins gaily vie for second honors. George Barbier is a most amusing king.



THE MAD GENIUS

Barrymore Hypnotizes Again: Another macabre characterization for Barrymore, strongly reminiscent of "Svengali" in plot construction. A thwarted master of the dance, club-footed and embittered, projects his own burning genius into the person of a physically perfect, commonplace youth and—by hypnotic power—makes of him another Self.

The atmosphere of the picture is feverish, unreal, theatrical, filled with cardboard loves, greasepaint hates. Yet the sheer force of Barrymore's personality sweeps the onlooker from his critical moorings.

Marian Marsh's second appearance with Barrymore confirms the belief that here is a docile little girl whose blonde prettiness photographs well, and whose talents depend on the director. A newcomer, Donald Cook, as the boy dominated by the cripple's fierce desires, strikes an immediate note of success. People will be asking about him.



ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS

One Farce That's Funny: Just for fun, you should see this one. On the musical comedy stage, it was known as "Good Gracious, Annabelle." Now, with only one song left, it has been transcribed to films as a fast, funny farce.

Annabelle, you know, is the young lady who simply can't do anything with money except spend it. Her extravagances cause her to pledge some mining stock that turns out to be extremely valuable. In order to recover it, she is forced to pose as a cook in a millionaire's home and things are further complicated when her husband arrives. It's a mad, merry mix-up.

Jeanette MacDonald makes the charming *Annabelle* a delight. She seems well on her way to the place of the screen's leading comédienne. Roland Young is a most amusing wealthy drunkard, playing with his sure sense of comedy. Even Victor McLaglen unbends to join the fun.

Parade

Newest Pictures



SMART MONEY

The Star Walks Away With It: Ordinary rules of the cinema do not apply to Edward Robinson. He may play a character that is everything a hero should not be—and the audience loves him for it. In this rôle of the small town barber shop sport who comes to the Big City and makes good, beating those city fellers at their own game, he is another Little Caesar. The word has evidently gone forth from the Front Office to make him "sympathetic" with results in dialogue and action that would be maudlin in less skillful hands.

Better than any other exponent of gang characters on the screen Robinson makes us feel the *loneliness* of those who defy the law. He stands out sharply, a small defiant figure pitting his wits against the world, betrayed by the woman he has saved from suicide, abandoned by his gang—and accepting his fate philosophically.



A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE

Interesting Enough: It's theatrical. But this is not a criticism—but a compliment. There is a poise and sureness of touch about the work of this little actress, Twelvetrees, that relieves the critic of apprehension. One begins to enjoy her even before she appears. Without lost motions or wasted emotions she makes the tawdry part of the street-walker turned spy, believable—while the picture is going on if not in retrospect.

Comparison with the Dietrich spy picture "Dishonored" is inevitable. Lacking the brilliant direction and glamourous detail of the latter the more sympathetic love story of this picture—formerly called "The Registered Woman" holds the interest to the end, although severely straining the plausibilities by what is evidently a compromise ending between the sentimental souls who demand happiness for their screen characters and those stern moralists who demand the opposite.



THIS MODERN AGE

Sex With A Capital S: Reminiscent of "Strangers May Kiss," this picture goes beyond that one and comes dangerously near the boundary line of good taste.

It is the whoopee thing with a preachment against loose morals. Joan Crawford (gone blonde) is a modern American gal in Paris, engaged to an upstanding compatriot. Her mother's scandalous affair with a Frenchman causes the engagement to be broken and Joan confronts her mother with the necessity of choosing between lover and daughter. The mother refuses to give up the man, so Joan leaves on a week-end trip with a chap who has been proposing such a trip.

Joan turns in her usual dashing performance and Marjorie Rambeau is superb in the debatable mother rôle. As the two men in Joan's life, Monroe Owsley and Neil Hamilton contribute excellent work. But the cast, however capable, is unable to cover the entertainment defects of lines and plot.



FIVE AND TEN

Davies Out Of Her Element: Why put a star comédienne in a melodrama where she is required to emote? Marion Davies is most satisfactory in this film version of Fannie Hurst's novel in the scenes where she and Leslie Howard play lightly with a devastating love. The rest of the picture has an inclination to drag.

Richard Bennett (father of Constance), in the pattern part of the manufacturer whose absorption with business ruins his family's happiness, struggles bravely with ancient lines. Kent Douglass' boyish charm manages to survive a banal death-bed scene. Stripped of style, however, Fannie Hurst's story proves one of the oldest movie plots on record. It is dressed up, however, in modern style.

Marion Davies generously shares the footage with a fine cast, in which Leslie Howard's unique personality and brilliant nonchalance stands out.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



UP FOR MURDER

Fairly Entertaining: Moviegoers with any kind of memory will identify this immediately as the talkie version of "Men, Women and Sin," in which Jeanne Eagels and John Gilbert were starred several years ago. Words have improved the plot immensely, and Lew Ayres is believable as the innocent young reporter who brings the woman society editor of the newspaper a perfect rose.

If Lew is able to look sufficiently ga-ga for the boy who loves the mistress of the newspaper publisher, Genevieve Tobin manages expertly the difficult task of making his faith in her seem possible, while convincing the audience that she is a hardened adventuress. The best scenes are at the beginning where for a little space she is a truant from sin and shame and plays the woman he thinks her. The melodrama of the rest of the story follows familiar paths.

The publisher is conveniently killed, the boy is taught the world's ways by suffering, the woman is redeemed by self-sacrifice so that the happy ending somehow doesn't seem odd.



THE LAWYER'S SECRET

Your Buddy Becomes An Actor: In order to confront Clive Brook, as the family lawyer, with a two-horned dilemma, a most complicated plot has been evolved. Charles Rogers, the weakling son of a wealthy family, gets into a gambling den rumpus, during which a murder occurs. A sailor—splendidly played by Richard Arlen—is arrested for the crime and about to be hung. The family lawyer, engaged to Rogers' sister (Fay Wray) is told the secret of the boy's connection with the shooting, but professional ethics prevent him from telling what he has heard.

It gives Charles Rogers a chance to shake off the juvenile epithet of "Buddy" once and for all. He is good—very good—as the cowardly boy who is willing that an innocent man should hang, rather than get into trouble himself. And Clive Brook is his adequate, personable self, as always.

But "The Lawyer's Secret"—though it holds the attention—is important for only one thing: the introduction of a new star, Mr. Charles (No-Longer-Buddy) Rogers.



JUST A GIGOLO

Too Sexy To Be Amusing: Add to life's little mysteries—why "Dancing Partner," from which "Just a Gigolo" is adapted, was ever deemed good screen material. It may have been an amusing stage play, but as a picture it isn't comic.

The basic theme is not one that lends itself particularly well to film treatment. Brutally, it tells the story of a wastrel for whom all women are easy. His father wants him to marry, but the son has had too many experiences with other men's wives to want one of his own. Finally, however, he agrees to meet the girl of his father's choice, and, if he is unable to have an affair with her inside of thirty days, he will marry her. He poses as a gigolo and, as she fails to succumb to his advances, they plight their troth. The moral points to marriage as a last resort.

Treated with a more deft or farcical touch, the story might have been passable. As it stands, it is suggestive. And certainly William Haines is not the man to have played it. Nor is Irene Purcell, the girl.



GOLD DUST GERTIE

Lively Plot With Noisy Fun: A hilarious farce built around a novel comedy plot. A flirtatious young lady designer of bathing suits is employed by a stern old-fashioned manufacturer who will not countenance new fangled and daring bathing wear, and who has a horror of divorce. Naturally, then she cannot divulge the fact that nearly all the executives employed by him have been married to her at one time or another! You can imagine what fun Winnie Lightner has in a situation of this sort.

The laughter is practically continuous so why cavil over the time-worn devices of the wrong people in the right bedrooms—and other tried and true gags? The great charm of this Lightner gal is that she seems to be having a swell time, herself. When the hidebound manufacturer himself succumbs to the designer's charms the plot gets out of hand. A sequence on a palatial yacht furnishes a refreshing background for fast and furious mistakes and provides a setting for the bathing suits to be displayed. Okay if you like noisy fun.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews

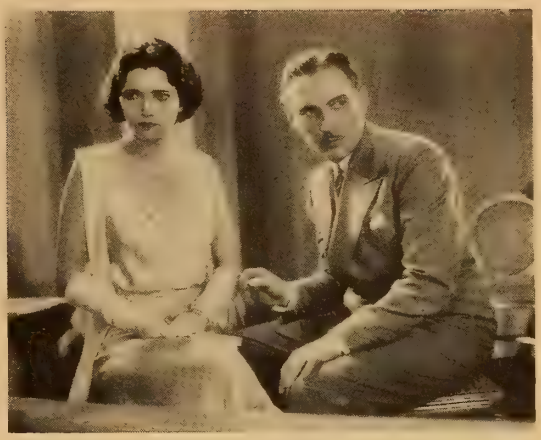


CHANCES

Young Doug Looks Thin In Thin Story: What has happened to Doug, Junior, in this picture? He looks thin to the point of emaciation—there is hardly room for his famous smile on his face! A weak and wandering story conducts him and his brother—played exuberantly by Anthony Bushell—through the usual No Man's Land scenes of the typical war picture, to a most distressing ending.

Two brothers love the same girl, one nobly gives her to the other—and then on leave from the trenches rather despicably cheats on him. Of course, he redeems himself (according to movie code) by crawling out under shellfire to rescue him. But a lack of sureness in the directorial touch is painfully apparent. One is left wondering just what the story proves.

Rose Hobart, as the heroine who promises to marry one man while loving another, just misses a Shearer type of beauty. The war is as noisy and expensive-looking as most picture wars. Doug, Junior's English accent is realistic, but he should eat more carbohydrates.



THE VICE SQUAD

Lukas Good In Sordid Story: The first production to feature Paul Lukas does not get the handsome Hungarian off to a very auspicious start. The story, though maintaining a certain level of entertainment, is built about a tawdry and unsympathetic character. If Lukas is to win widespread popularity, it must be by means of other characterizations.

Oliver Garrett, one of New York's ace crime reporters, and Paramount's ace-writer of underworld stuff, has designed an unsavory plot, dealing with the efforts of the vice squad to compile a record list of arrests at the expense of unfortunate girls of the street. The practice of employing stool pigeons to further these arrests, and the attempt by the head of the squad to frame a nice girl (Kay Francis) with the same charges faced by the others, makes the Law the "heavy" of the piece. While such instances may have happened as are set forth in this picture, why stress the sordid fact?

Lukas is an interesting figure and with good material should go far. Let us hope he has better luck next time.

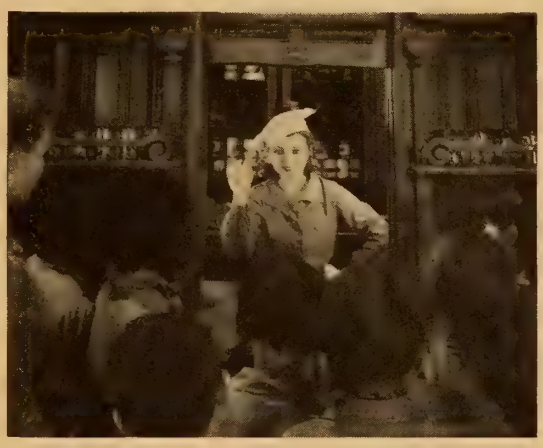


DONOVAN'S KID

Gangland And Tears—And Jackie Cooper: Sentimental to an extreme and hardly able to bear close analysis, this remake of Rex Beach's "Big Brother" is nonetheless entertaining. Richard Dix has the rôle formerly played by Tom Moore, and Jackie Cooper, best known as *Skippy*, does the Mickey Bennett part to perfection. Needless to say, young Jackie steals the picture, lock, stock and barrel. What a kid!

The story, as you may remember, is that of regeneration through the adoration of a boy. The youngster is adopted after the death of his real brother by a roughneck thief. For the kid's sake, the gangster goes straight; but when welfare officers take the lad from him, he goes berserk against law and order. Accused falsely of a crime, he traces the real culprits and is shot in a fight. Near death from his injuries, he loses his incentive to live until the boy returns.

The picture barely escapes being maudlin. Capable acting and direction save it and Master Jackie Cooper makes it a candidate for your preferred list.



DADDY LONG LEGS

Made-To-Order For Janet: The old Jean Webster story of the little orphan girl and her anonymous benefactor has been dressed up to supply the vehicle for Janet Gaynor's first picture since her illness. It is material excellently suited to Janet's talents, and with Warner Baxter in the rôle of the gentleman who feels himself a bit too old to fall in love with the sweet girl-graduate, it is evident that the box-office return on this production will be well above the success-line.

Her long rest appears to have done Janet much good. She is sweet and appealing as the little slavey, and even more charming with the advantage of better clothes in the closing sequences. There is little action and no melodrama or smart dialogue, but if you are a Gaynor fan, you won't be looking for these things. You will be satisfied that this charming little star has made so satisfactory a comeback. The supporting cast—particularly in the instances of Una Merkel, John Arledge and Elizabeth Patterson—is excellent.

It's entertainment for the entire family.

Shop *at the* Movies



You *know* you'll be smart if you copy Norma Shearer

(The large hand in this scene from "A Free Soul" is Lionel Barrymore's—he was too shy to appear on a fashion page!)

Have you seen "A Free Soul"? And did you notice that the stunning sports suit Norma wears is the kind you can easily assemble yourself?

Start with a colored skirt and add these three smart items. First, a white jacket . . . which you can wear also instead of a long coat. Second, a white knitted beret, and third, one of the new thin sweaters. Be sure the sweater has short sleeves and a ribbed band at the waist like Norma's. Knit your own if you can—it's the fashionable thing to do.

Speaking of jackets . . . and everybody is this year . . . I have sketched one that is both swagger and practical for outdoor sports. This would be exactly right with a sports costume such as Joan Marsh wears.



If you have longed for one of the expensive leather sports jackets, you will agree with me that this is a find . . . for it is made of a new material that feels and looks like suede, and it costs only $5.50. I'll be delighted to buy one for you if you like. Sizes 14 to 20; 34 to 42. In white, light blue, light green and a natural chamois color.

It isn't expensive—particularly in this year of cut prices—to dress smartly, and it isn't necessary to sacrifice quality for appearance. It's difficult to tell the difference between these skillful copies and the Hollywood originals.

The polo shirt is the sporting thing to wear!



Joan Marsh wears the very newest type with a zipper closing at the neck that can be worn open or closed. This is the smartest shirt for active sports. It should be worn with a separate skirt, cotton overalls or beach trousers. It's a great little outfit for motoring or even playing around in your garden.

The sketch shows one from a New York shop that is identical in style. This one is of cotton mesh and may be white, green, maize, pink, or blue. Priced at $1.95; sizes 34 to 40.



If you want me to get you either Joan Marsh's jacket or shirt as sketched, send me your exact size, the color you prefer, and a check or money order for the amount specified. Address me care of Motion Picture Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City

With Sally Dean

Like this dress? Rose Hobart wears it in "We Three"



It's a perfect dress for summer afternoons and almost any occasion . . . whether you climb ladders or sip lemonade.

And it's a particularly smart dress. In the first place, it's of cotton (all *knowing* dresses are this summer), and it's dotted. It's wise enough to have a short, perky peplum, puffed sleeves, and above all a ruffle-trimmed square neck . . . and you know how flattering that is.

In fact, it's a charmingly demure kind of dress that makes every man in sight want to protect you. Which means that it is the smartest possible kind of dress for the summer of 1931.

And cotton, praise be, is not only fashionable and cool; it is also economical. A dress like this one costs only $5.95 in a New York shop.

Let's make the most of a summer when it's smart to look feminine, and easy to be thrifty.

For going places and doing things in the daytime, it would be hard to find anything smarter at double the price. It's that rarity—a real bargain.



Rose Hobart wears the classic white buckskin sports pump with black calf trimming and leather heel. The similar shoe above right has a newer design. Wear this type of shoe with a white panama hat like Joan Marsh's.

If you prefer one of the new fabric hats . . . like the stitched white linen hat sketched . . . you can match it with a shoe of the same material like this white linen opera pump with its cunning bow. Either would be charming with Rose Hobart's dress. Both shoes are from Queen Quality.

Rose Hobart's dress in dotted voile, with white pleated voile ruffle trimming the square neck and puffed sleeves, is priced at $5.95. In Copenhagen blue, or peach, with white dots; and white with red dots. Sizes 14 to 20.

If you would like to have this dress, send your exact size, the color you prefer, and a check or money order for $5.95 to me, care of Motion Picture Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Please write me any time for information about the clothes shown, or others you have in mind. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. Things that might be difficult to find, I have offered to buy. There is no charge for my shopping on these. Send just the price mentioned in each case. Your order will be filled promptly, and all articles will reach you postage prepaid

Sally Dean

Elissa Landi has what it takes to win--even in Hollywood--being

Blonde Brainy and Beautiful



By CHARLES GRAYSON

ELISSA LANDI is the name and with any sort of luck at all she will go places, for she has what it takes. Make no mistake about that. Fine things have made up her past, form her present, and are in her future.

Born of Austrian parents in Venice, Italy, and educated privately in England, she was being familiarized with the modes and manners of the best in European life when the usual small miss is begging momsie for the Elsie books. She began to live early and intensely. So much so that it is all but impossible to believe that this girl, with the unlined face and clear eyes of extreme youth, has written two strong, careful novels and is engaged upon a third; that she has married—studied three years for the Russian ballet—developed a fast game of tennis and a way with horses—established herself as a star on the English stage—traveled so extensively that she knows the Continent like the palm of her hand—been featured in pictures in England, France and Sweden—become an accomplished pianist and singer—mastered the French, Italian and German languages in addition to English—dazzled New York in her début there—and appeared so well opposite Charles Farrell in "Body and Soul" that Fox is preparing to zoom her on up to the spectacular heights of movie fame.

Why Not Live While Young?

"WHY is it that so many young people put off into the dim future the interesting things of life?" she wonders. "Why don't they get in and live—up to the hilt of their possibilities—while they are youthful enough and strong enough to do so? I've always felt that waiting is wrong. One gains nothing by saying: 'I'm going to wait until I'm old before I learn to ride horseback'—unless it is impossible to ride. That isn't the way one *ever* learns anything—by neglecting it!"

Smoking an incessant chain of cigarettes, she speaks with a softly clipped English accent. Her whole manner is one of almost breathless verve; her movements quick and animated. She leans forward when she speaks. And what she says, crackles.

Seldom in repose as she is, however, it is in her occasional moments of quietude that one realizes how thoroughly right it is that Landi was born in Venice. It is a setting for romance. And Landi is a romantic figure. Elinor Glyn, in seeking her for two productions in England, thus declared herself. And who can deny the Madame?

How She Reached America

IT was, in fact, at the termination of this film contract in England, that Rouben Mamoulian asked Elissa to read the part of *Catharine Barkley*, the heroine of the dramatization of Ernest Hemingway's novel, "A Farewell to Arms." The director immediately cabled Al Woods that she was the woman for the part, and the next day she was engaged to come to the United States to play the rôle on Broadway. And that was where Fox executives discovered her.

"A Farewell to Arms" did not enjoy a long run, but Elissa Landi, as the war nurse, left an indelible impression.

"There was greatness in that play," she told me; "a greatness intensified by the fact that the two leading characters met and loved entirely divorced from their respective pasts. We knew nothing about them; they merely appeared—and lived. True greatness needs nothing to explain it, nothing to lean upon. It just is!

"We all know that occasionally in the progress of the race a great figure will loom up, to leave a deep and perhaps lasting

(*Continued on page 103*)

It's time you knew the *truth*

about soaps you use on your face

Palmolive tells you, willingly . . . it is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatsoever!

YOUR complexion is priceless. Don't expect it to remain lovely if you abuse it with wrong soaps.

What are wrong soaps? Find out for yourself by asking what soaps are made of. Demand to be told.

Some soaps, mild in appearance, may roughen and irritate the skin. They cleanse, perhaps—but at what price?

Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No! Vegetable oils? No! Olive and palm oils? No! Few soaps tell you *what* they are made of. Palmolive does.

Palmolive has no secret

Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatever. No artificial coloring. No heavy fragrance to mask other odors. It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united to recommend it.

Nothing else like olive and palm oils

What these experts prize in Palmolive is the skin effects no ordinary soap can ever bring. Nothing in all ages has compared with a blend of olive and palm oils for skin care.

Experts know that! But you need not be expert to practice this simple but vital precaution. When *you* buy soap—just ask what it's made of. You'll learn why millions turn each year to Palmolive—and Palmolive alone—to Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion.



Hoare of London
The famous Marguerite Hoare, of London, says: "My solution to the problem of daily cleansing, is Palmolive Soap. Olive and palm oils have actual cosmetic value in themselves."



Desfossé of Paris
Desfossé says: "Palmolive is so effective because of a unique blending of the olive and palm oils it contains, agents which cleanse and soothe the complexion, and at the same time bring out natural color."

Read what these experts say about this vegetable oil soap. They are world leaders in beauty culture. Their word in beauty matters is law to thousands of the world's loveliest women.



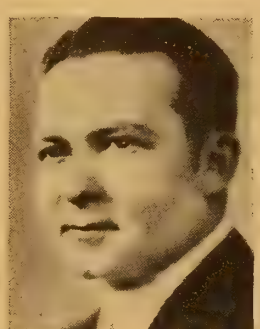
Cain of Minneapolis
Myndall Cain gives this advice: "The modern woman uses make-up, of course. She must guard her lovely complexion twice as well as before. For this purpose we advise home treatments with a soap made of the vegetable oils of the olive and palm."



Pierre of New York
Pierre dictates the laws of beauty to the most fashionable of New York's social set. "It is the vegetable oils of the olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate," he says.



Mrs. McGavran of Kansas City
Mrs. M. B. McGavran, famous exponent of beauty, says: "Repeated experiments have convinced us that vegetable oils in soap are best for the skin. That is why we say, use Palmolive. This soap has a bland, yet penetrating lather."



Rohde of Chicago
"It cleanses as only an olive oil soap can—effectively, but with a gentleness that prevents skin irritation. Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest possible help."



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

NAZIMOVA

"I am



NAZIMOVA

Who would guess looking at these recent photographs that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House,* became a favorite of the screen in such hits as *Salome,* and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard.*

SAYS,

over 40 years old!"

Famous stage and screen star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"ONLY the woman who *looks* it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

Nazimova is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap regularly.



Well does the beautiful *Nazimova* know how unimportant birthdays can be. She says: "A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢



Five Feet of STARDOM

Sidney Fox is a tiny trouper with big ideas. There's no stopping her

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

"MY greatest cross," Sidney Fox lamented, "is that my face and body don't match my mind and soul. People expect me to be an ingénue, a baby doll, and they're terribly disappointed when they find I'm not." Sidney is full of contradictions. To amplify her rather bi-sexual name, she is billed as "Miss Sidney Fox," giving her a dignity that makes the first glimpse of Sidney a real surprise.

She is only nineteen. She belongs to the petite, dimpling—not dumpling—school of actresses, whose shortness makes them cute instead of voluptuous. Warm dark eyes, rich dark hair and luscious coloring are flatly contradicted by a mouth too firm to indicate anything but strength of character, high mentality, and singleness of purpose. Sidney's whole air is intensely purposeful—the only thing about her that helps one to believe she's only nineteen.

"At parties," she continued, "I've seen men ask to be introduced to me, and I knew they thought I was attractive, but after talking to me a few minutes they'd turn away in dismay. Men, in Hollywood especially, don't like intelligent women."

The only difference between Sidney and intelligent women whose faces match their minds is that men at least ask to be introduced to Sidney.

Besides, it's not so bad as it seems. Sidney is lively and fun-loving, and her intelligence, when she can be persuaded to forget it, is really not at all terrifying.

Still, she is pretty ascetic. She has snubbed the fripperies of fame in a way that seems almost ungrateful. It's as if *Cinderella* were deliberately to spurn the glass slipper and the coach-and-four.

Little Miss Fox set out to fend for herself at an early age. After finishing high school she moved out and went to work. At the serious age of fifteen, she was determined to be a lawyer, and had wheedled herself into a secretarial position in the law office of an old friend of the family. Later, growing more frivolous, she was secretary to a newspaperwoman, and, as a side-line, wrote advice on styles and on love to people who undoubtedly knew much more about it than she did.

"I knew I was going to make something of my life," says she, crisp and forceful. "I knew I wasn't just going to settle down and marry and have children. I want that, too, but not until I've proved I can make something of myself in another way. I wasn't sure just what it was going to be, at first."

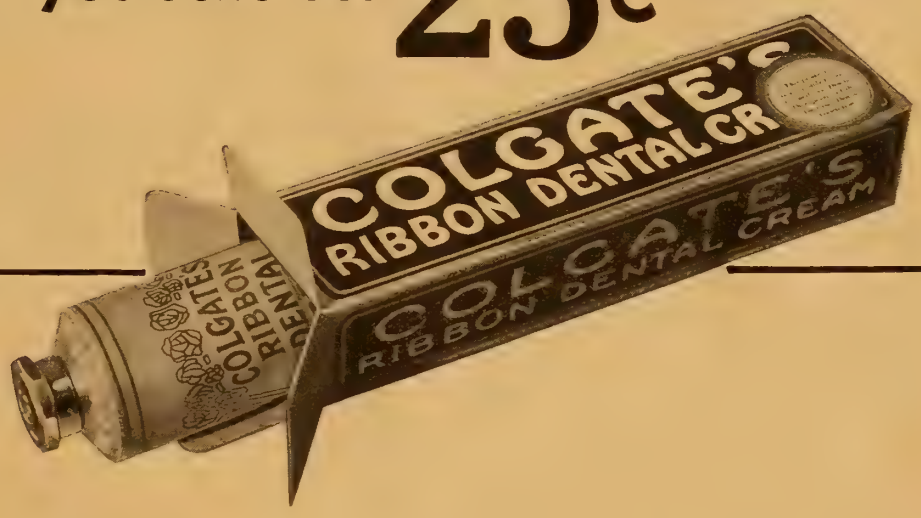
It was hard to decide whether to capitalize on brains or beauty. The brains won out for awhile, until people began to say, "You really *ought* to go on the stage, Sidney. You have the looks. I know you'd be marvelous."

(*Continued on page 96*)

THIS TOOTHPASTE

KEEPS MORE PEOPLE'S TEETH CLEAN THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD—AND HAS FOR OVER 30 YEARS . . .

yet sells for 25c



ACCEPTED
AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION
COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy

COLGATE'S has *healthfully* and *completely* cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

And now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—Colgate's has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

Always Goodbye—Elissa Landi becomes unhappily involved with a jewel thief, and proves again that she is a good actress—if not a sensational one (Fox).

Bachelor Apartment—Suave Lowell Sherman loves and leaves them, until Irene Dunne comes along. Old stuff, but well-acted (RKO).

Beyond Victory—A combination of short stories telling why men enlist and why war should be abolished. Jerky and unsatisfying, despite James Gleason and Bill Boyd (RKO-Pathé).

Big Business Girl—Loretta Young and Frank Albertson are married, but pretend they aren't—with the usual developments (F. N.).

Born to Love—Constance Bennett has to marry unhappily to give her war baby a name, and then Joel McCrea returns. Tearful (RKO-Pathé).

Broad Minded—Joe E. Brown and Buster Collier try to evade women, with little success. Comic in spots (F. N.).

Charlie Chan Carries On—That smooth Oriental detective (played by Warner Oland) solves some good murder mysteries aboard a ship (Fox).

Cheri-Bibi—John Gilbert, playing a romantic magician, makes a great comeback (M-G-M).

City Lights—Charlie Chaplin's latest version of a wistful, comic little tramp. Silent and funny (U. A.).

City Streets—Even Gary Cooper enters gangland, in a melodrama notable for its photography and the acting of newcomer Sylvia Sidney (Par.).

Clearing the Range—Hoot Gibson trails a bank robber and get his man. A fair enough Western and better than most (Hoffman Prod.).

A Connecticut Yankee—Will Rogers gets a crack over the head, and wakes to find himself in King Arthur's court. Mark Twain's clever nonsense brought up to date (Fox).

Cracked Nuts—The ever-dizzy Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler as rivals in a South American revolution. Wisecracks aplenty, little action (RKO).

Daybreak—Ramon Novarro becomes worldly and wise, but finally learns about love from Helen Chandler. Pretty sexy for Ramon, though well-done (M-G-M).

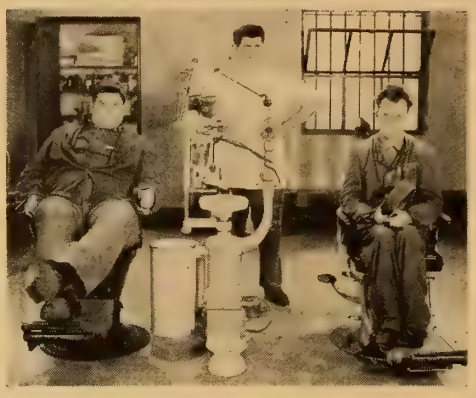
Dishonored—As a quick-witted spy who makes the mistake of falling in love, Marlene Dietrich scores another hit (Par.).

Dude Ranch—Some stranded ham actors hire out to a ranch-owner to play Wild West. A half-way successful Oakie comedy (Par.).

Everything's Rosie—Robert Woolsey, in his first solo starring picture, plays a carnival trouper who brings up an orphan (named Rosie). The gags are ancient, but Woolsey puts them over (RKO).

Fame—Father (Lewis Stone) and son (John Darrow) change jobs, and each learns a lesson. The interesting story drags (F. N.).

The Finger Points—Starting as a reporter, Richard Barthelmess ends up a racketeer—in a none-too-realistic gangland (F. N.).



Laurel and Hardy venture into feature-length comedy with "Pardon Us"—a laugh riot staged in a prison

The Flood—That old-timer about the wife who's unhappy until the river breaks loose. Eleanor Boardman and Monte Blue fail to click (Col.).

A Free Soul—A strong story about a wealthy girl who thinks she loves a gunman. Norma Shearer heads the fine cast; but Lionel Barrymore, returning to acting, steals the picture (M-G-M).

The Front Page—The fastest-paced talkie yet made—a realistic melodrama laid in a Court House reporters' room on the eve of an execution. Adolphe Menjou surprises in a hard-boiled rôle (U. A.).

God's Gift to Women—In one of those vaudeville versions of Paris, naughty Frank Fay pursues nice Laura La Plante (W. B.).

The Good Bad Girl—A gangster's girl tries to leave him—and Mae Clarke again shows you some good melodramatic acting (Col.).

Gun Smoke—Some gunmen run up against some cowboys, with a resultant great slaughter of gunmen. Fair enough, thanks to Eugene Pallette (Par.).

Hell Bound—If you can bear one more excellent character sketch of a gang chief, Leo Carillo is worth seeing (Tiffany).

High Stakes—A woman marries for a dire purpose, and Lowell Sherman cleverly exposes her. Entertaining melodramatic farce (RKO).

Indiscreet—Gloria Swanson kisses and tells, and that, of course, brings complications. If you like Gloria clownish, you'll enjoy it (U. A.).

Iron Man—The rise and fall of a boxing champ (Lew Ayres), battled over by his manager (Robert Armstrong) and his girl-friend (Jean Harlow). It packs a punch (Univ.).

Just a Gigolo—William Haines pretends to be one, while trying to win a bet that all women are unfaithful. Too sexy to be very funny (M-G-M).

money-mad detective, steals away from the star, Bebe Daniels (W. B.).

Meet the Wife—Laura La Plante's long-lost first husband (Lew Cody) comes back, after she's married to Harry Myers. Amusing tomfoolery (Col.).

The Millionaire—George Arliss adopts Yankee speech and habits, entertains as a wealthy invalid who regains his health in a gas station (W. B.).

Misbehaving Ladies—Despite the title, a pleasant little farce about a small-town girl (Lila Lee) who makes good as a princess (F. N.).

Monsters of the Deep—A straightforward real-life adventure story—picturing the capture of some of the most dangerous fish afloat. A relief from gangster films (Talking Picture Epics).

Night Angel—Nancy Carroll, who looks like the coming great star, plays an unlucky girl for all the part is worth (Par.).

Pardon Us—Laurel and Hardy venture into feature-length comedy with a rib-tickling take-off of prison pictures (M-G-M).

Party Husband—Newlyweds Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie try to lead separate lives, with semi-amusing results (F. N.).

Playthings of Hollywood—An attempt to capitalize on the scandal-sheet versions of Hollywood—which doesn't get across, despite the presence of Rita La Roy (Hollywood Pictures).

The Prodigal—Lawrence Tibbett returns to the old plantation, falls in love with his brother's wife (Esther Ralston). Tibbett's best break, both in story and in music (M-G-M).

The Public Enemy—Showing you how gangsters are made and what they are—and making no bones about it. You'll like newcomer James Cagney, even in his unsympathetic rôle (W. B.).

Quick Millions—A truck-driver discovers how to racketeer and goes high-hat. Spencer Tracy's performance almost puts it across (Fox).

The Reckless Hour—Dorothy Mackaill missteps with Walter Byron, but gets Conrad Nagel anyway. Nothing new, but it has a kick (F. N.).

The Secret Six—A half-dozen honest citizens band together to end the reign of gang-leader Wallace Beery. Notable for his miming (M-G-M).

Seed—Charles G. Norris's novel with the birth-control theme left out. But Lois Wilson, John Boles and Genevieve Tobin make an interesting triangle (Univ.).

Sheer Luck—Jobyna Ralston briefly returns to the screen to be pursued by a typical villain (Philo McCullough), rescued by a typical hero (Nick Stuart)—(Big Four).

The She-Wolf—May Robson, coming to the screen as a woman who isn't so hard-hearted as she seems, may give Marie Dressler some sleepless nights. She's that good (Univ.).

Shipmates—Despite a trite story about a talkative gob, Robert Montgomery's first starring venture is the best Navy film yet (M-G-M).

(*Continued on page 77*)



Lola Lane turns in the best performance of her career in the well-made gangster film, "Hell Bound"

Kick In—Clara Bow, turning dramatic, scores a hit—though Regis Toomey has the bigger part. They're a young couple trying to go straight against big odds (Par.)

Ladies' Man—William Powell shows you what a gigolo is like. Dramatic, but depressing (Par.).

Laugh and Get Rich—Except for a hokum ending, a neat little comedy about boarding-house life. Introducing a new laugh team: Edna May Oliver and Hugh Herbert (RKO).

Laughing Sinners—Joan Crawford changes from a heart-broken cabaret-dancer to a heart-broken Salvation Army convert. Hard to believe. Previewed as "Torch Song" (M-G-M).

The Mad Parade—An all-female cast—topped by Evelyn Brent and Lilyan Tashman—enact a feeble drama about nurses in the front lines (Liberty).

The Maltese Falcon—A good mystery picture, which Ricardo Cortez, as a



Mary Brian and Geoffrey Kerr—a promising newcomer—make "Waiting at the Church" a neat comedy

MODESS VACATION SPECIAL

A summer thrift idea

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . 90¢
12 Regular in each

1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . . 25¢
6 Modess Compact

Total Value $1.15

ALL THREE FOR 79¢



OUR Vacation Special—a travel package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular—was so popular last summer that we decided to offer it again. It has all the charm of an irresistible bargain—$1.15 worth for 79c.

And the two types of Modess featured in this Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear when less thickness is necessary.

The travel package of Modess Compact is a very useful thing. The amount of room it takes in a traveling bag is hardly noticeable. It comes in very handy when you need a few extra Modess to see you through. You can tuck it away in a bureau drawer and save it for a guest accommodation.

Why worry about summertime protection? You can wear Modess under your sheerest dresses with an easy feeling of perfect safety—perfect comfort. The softly fluffed filler is cool and evenly absorbent. Modess will never be conspicuous, because the edges and corners are carefully rounded and it smoothly fits to the figure. It is deodorant—easily disposable.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



modess



Hurrell

ANITA HAS SHAPELY EYEBROWS, TOO

It's all right, Anita—don't you worry! The looking-glass gives you back just what you give it—and you have no cause to complain. Of course, you can't see what we see—but all of us know you own shapely arched eyebrows. It looks from here as if you're in form to be a picture Page for years

The Case of Miss G—

[National Beauty Clinic Report No. 459]



Every statement made on this page has been examined by a leading New York skin specialist. The statements are taken from the reports of fifteen of the country's outstanding dermatologists, who conducted, on the faces of 612 women, comparative tests of Woodbury's Facial Soap with ordinary toilet soaps or beauty aids.

The Editor of this magazine has the names of these doctors on file, and they are, of course, available to any genuinely interested inquirer.



A typical Case History

TAKEN FROM PHYSICIANS' REPORTS IN NATION-WIDE BEAUTY CLINIC

Gives thrilling proof of simple way to Skin Loveliness

Let every woman who seeks beautifying aid read this Case of Miss G . . . of California. Her age is 20. Her occupation, dancer. And she has tried dozens of ways to rid herself of excessively oily skin and coarse, enlarged pores.

Then, as one of 612 women, she volunteered to assist 15 of America's leading skin specialists in a recent nation-wide Beauty Clinic.

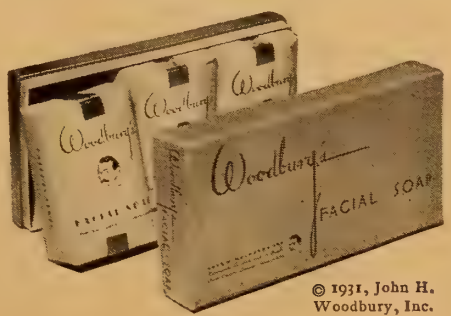
Her prescription was exactly the same as that of all others. On the left side of her face, her usual skin care treatment. On the right side, every night—thorough cleansing with warm water and the soothing lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Regularly, her dermatologist checked results. In a week, the Woodbury side was less oily, pores began to shrink. In two weeks, the pores were noticeably smaller, the skin drier and smoother. Three . . . continued improvement. Four . . . and her doctor reported that the Woodbury side was once more smooth, clear, fine. The untreated side was still rough, oily and coarse.

Again and again these doctors confirmed what millions of women know . . . that Woodbury's is more than an ordinary toilet soap . . . it's an incomparable beauty treatment in soap form.

In 115 cases of oiliness . . . 106 cases of acne . . . 81 cases of dry, harsh skin, Woodbury's brought improvement where all other methods failed. Even women with normal skins found that the regular use of Woodbury's made the skin brighter, fresher, clearer, lovelier.

If Woodbury's Facial Soap cost a dollar a cake instead of only 25¢ it would still be the most economical way to skin loveliness. Woodbury's may be purchased at all drug stores and toilet goods counters.



© 1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

USE THIS COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
908 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
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FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



HOW I PLAY GOLF

The biggest thing in shorts since the talkies came in—that's one way of describing this series starring Bobby Jones. Their appeal is not limited to the golfer, just as Bobby's own appeal is not limited to the reader of the sport pages. His warm personality and his Southern accent get across in great style; and if you think you are a golfer or might be one (with practice), you'll get some valuable tips from him. But don't get the idea that it is all instruction, and no entertainment. Each one of the series has a narrative, with a touch of comedy, and Bobby does a little acting. Movie stars are his fellow-golfers (W. B.).

DON'T DIVORCE HIM

In case you think the life of a divorce lawyer is all nectar-and-ambrosia these days, you'd better see "Don't Divorce Him." A big-time barrister, who caters to discontented wives, has Clyde Cook for a clerk. Business is terrible, because kind-hearted Cook persuades wives to drop their suits. His boss discovers this, and tells him he's fired unless he can get a certain doctor into court by three o'clock that afternoon. Cook's pursuit and capture of the hard-boiled surgeon, together with the courtroom climax, are excellent slapstick. And good slapstick is as rare as gloom in Reno (Educational).





HERE'S LUCK

Ever since he played the gangling *Tjaden* in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Slim Summerville has been reaping a minor fortune in comedy shorts. He's always in the army, and he always seems funnier this time than he was last time. That's real clowning. For the purpose of the present fun, he's a private in the Army of Occupation in Germany. There's the usual top sergeant, and the usual girl—in this case, Gretchen. Slim thinks up a new trick to play on the sergeant, and fools with a Big Bertha shell until it begins to fizz and blows up a brewery. Somewhat silly? Maybe so. But Slim makes you laugh (Universal).

AIR TIGHT

When Hal Roach's young comics outgrow Our Gang, they become Hal Roach's Boy Friends. And they continue to be comic. For one thing, their boss gives them good stories to work with. (It's a habit of Hal's with all his comedians—Laurel and Hardy included.) This particular laugh-opus has an up-to-the-minute idea: the boys organize a glider club. The president of the club, one Alabam, takes the air by mistake and the comedy revolves around his frantic efforts to avoid a crash, with frantic instructions from his pals below on how to stay aloft and how to come down. The lines are good, and the action fast (M-G-M).





YE OLD-TIME NEWS FLASHES

Two of the world's most common remarks are "Those were the good old days" and "Times have certainly changed." The words are uttered with a certain wistfulness, as much as to say, "Too bad those days couldn't have lasted forever." And then Mr. and Mrs. World see something like this, and have the time of their lives, smiling at how primitive everything used to be. This collection of antique newsreel shots shows you the bathing "beauties," the fire-fighters, and the horse-cars of yesteryear. You see Houdini defying death, and Wright trying to fly. (Vitaphone Varieties).

THE GHOST PARADE

With mystery movies on the up and up, it was obviously Mack Sennett's duty to turn out a mystery satire. And here it is. Quavery ol' Andy Clyde has inherited an empty house in the country, that's supposed to be haunted. Taking along his dizzy secretary (Marjorie Beebe), he goes out to the place, to show it to some prospective buyers. The things they see and the things they hear persuade them to call in the country constable—none other than Harry Gribbon, who looks like a lion and behaves like a mouse. The three of them see everything from gorillas to walking skeletons. Fast-moving and funny (Educational).





THE SPIRIT OF 76th STREET

Good comédiennes are scarce in shorts. Most of the girls in the brief comedies are there for purposes of decoration, not for laughs. Helen Broderick, from Broadway, is an exception. She's there to make you snicker from the first shot to the last. She plays a dumb city female whose wisecracks—delivered with a wry voice—are devastating. And the script writers must like her, too, for they always give her good lines. In her latest, she's a manicurist who visits a spiritualistic séance in a state of disbelief, and upsets the medium with her cracks. A good laugh at the table-tippers (Vitaphone Varieties).

FROZEN FACES

Do you have a little electric refrigerator in your home—or are you thinking of getting one? Here's a neat satire of a home that has all the latest gadgets—including a refrigerating system, a sprinkler system, and a heating system. During a big party, while the hostess is showing the guests all the comforts of her household, something goes wrong. A mechanic is sent for, and Billy Bevan—no mechanic—arrives. The guests alternately freeze, roast and take a soaking—and have plenty to say about it—while Bevan tinkers with the machinery. The situations and lines are both packed with laughs (RKO-Pathé).



Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 72*)

The Sin Ship—The late Louis Wolheim both directed and starred in this blood-and-thunder sea yarn, but it's just another melodrama (RKO).

Six-Cylinder Love—A bit of froth about a young married couple and their difficulties when they buy a big car. Spencer Tracy sells it (Fox).

Skippy—Percy Crosby's cartoon kids come to life in the persons of Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and other talented youngsters. Not to be missed (Par.).

The Smiling Lieutenant—Maurice Chevalier's famous grin gets him in trouble when a princess comes along. Light-hearted and gay (Par.).

The Spy—An ex-Russian nobleman (Neil Hamilton) versus the Soviet. It has suspense (Fox).

Stepping Out—Long-legged Charlotte Greenwood extracts some wheezes out of that old-timer about the wives who also went haywire (M-G-M).

Strangers May Kiss—With a story built along the same lines as "The Divorcée," Norma Shearer ranges the entire scale of emotions, but has the picture stolen by Robert Montgomery (M-G-M).

Subway Express—A mystery thriller, in which a murder occurs and is solved (by Jack Holt) in a crowded subway train. Novel (Col.).

Svengali—As a hideous hypnotist, whose power over Marian Marsh is phenomenal, John Barrymore turns in his best talkie performance (W. B.).

Tabu—F. W. Murnau's film farewell—a sensitive and silent presentation of a love tragedy in the South Seas. Art with a capital A (Par.).

Tarnished Lady—Stage-famous Tallulah Bankhead comes to the talkies and shows she's unusual, despite a moth-eaten story about a woman who marries for comfort, then regrets it (Par.).

Three Girls Lost—Three unbelievable small-town girls—Joan Marsh, Loretta Young and Joyce Compton—get in trouble in the big city. Thin (Fox).

Three Loves—A morbid German melodrama, in which a siren wrecks the lives of three men. Made in Germany three years ago, with Marlene Dietrich—then undiscovered—trying valiantly to make the siren believable (Associated Cinemas).

Too Many Cooks—Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee demonstrate the inconvenience of having relatives when in love. Wheeler minus Woolsey isn't so humorous (RKO).

Too Young to Marry—As in real life, Loretta Young has trouble marrying Grant Withers. Weak comedy, except for O. P. Heggie as her father (F. N.).

Trader Horn—You learn what inmost Africa is really like, and see a good adventure story well-acted by Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo and Edwina Booth (M-G-M).

Traveling Husbands—A melodramatic comedy about two wandering salesmen and two girls (Evelyn Brent and Constance Cummings). Not much (RKO).

Up Pops the Devil—Norman Foster stays home to write, while his wife (Carole Lombard) earns the family's keep. Amusing little domestic farce (Par.).

Virtuous Husband—Elliott Nugent forgets his mother's advice and becomes a he-man husband to Jean Arthur. Silly in a sly way (Univ.).

Waiting at the Church—Amusing light comedy about a chorus girl (Mary Brian) who plots to wed for money and the wealthy boy-friend (Geoffrey Kerr), who also has a plot up his sleeve (RKO).

White Shoulders—Wealthy Jack Holt returns from the outposts of civilization with a craving for "white shoulders," falls hard for Mary Astor but almost loses her to Ricardo Cortez. Good melodrama (RKO).

The Woman Between—Lily Damita marries an older man, falls in love with her stepson. Slow-moving drama of a woman's sacrifice (RKO).

A Woman of Experience—As a tragic spy, Helen Twelvetrees presents another excellent—and sombre—performance (RKO-Pathé).

Women of All Nations—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen together again, fighting over women in general and Greta Nissen in particular. Rowdyish, but funny (Fox).

Young As You Feel—To cure his sons of their wildness, Will Rogers steps out himself. An old story with new—and good—gags (Fox).

Young Sinners—Another view of those wearisome "wild parties" the young people are supposed to favor, redeemed by the acting of Thomas Meighan in a secondary rôle (Fox).

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Waiter! Bring a *Menu!!*



Stagg

A Plate Of Spaghetti For Eddie Cantor

Here's your chance to share the favorite dishes of the stars (even actors must eat) at Hollywood's Brown Derby

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THE Brown Derby is more than a Hollywood institution. It is not only a place to meet, and talk over contracts and plan divorces and further romance under the bronze derby-hatted lights; it is also a place to eat. It is famous both as the spot where Jim Tully battled Jack Gilbert and the spot where you can get Special Hamburger brought sizzling to the table, in copper frying pans. It is a place where the stars gather at lunch time and after the premières to be seen—and to relish some caviar.

Twenty-four hours every day you will find some celebrity seated in one of the leather-padded semi-circular booths. Late at night it is likely to be Charlie Chaplin, wistfully brooding over a platter of steamed clams. In the small hours of early morning it may be Wally Beery or Edward Everett Horton—still in his putty-colored make-up—who has dropped in after an all-night session on a studio set, meeting Jimmie Gleason just starting out for "location," and breakfasting on bacon and eggs. At lunch time every booth is filled with the famous, and if you reserve a table you had better be on time. Nick, the headwaiter, will tell you with engaging frankness that five minutes is the limit he'll save space for you unless you are *somebody*.

Nick knows everyone, who is anyone, by name, holding up two, three or four fingers to the favored who press through the hungry tourist ranks and pass the silk cord at his nod. Nick, it is, who knows the food preferences of every picture player. "The caviar is very good today, Mr. Sherman—a new shipment just in." "Good day, Mr. Nagel—I told the chef to save out some Cape Cod oysters for you."

"Sure, we have specialties of the house, fresh from all over the world—we bring our celery in every morning by plane," Nick nods, "but mostly the movie people ask for plain food. Though Adolphe Menjou likes *pâté de foie gras*, you can be pretty certain that Buster Collier will want anchovy salad. Chicken is the favorite with most women stars. Dolores Del Rio, for instance, always asks for breast of chicken with mushrooms, and Lola Lane prefers chicken livers, while Aileen Pringle takes hers à la King. Gloria Swanson likes creamed chicken hash and Dorothy Sebastian asks for chicken chow mein from our Chinese kitchen. Her husband, Bill Boyd, though, prefers to start off with a plateful of clams and follow them with scallopine of veal."

Steamed clams are popular with most of the big he-men of the screen. Victor McLaglen and John Boles nearly always eat a dozen or so as an appetizer, while George Bancroft begins with clams and follows them with roast beef rare or veal cutlets. Wallace Beery likes plebeian stews and hamburger-de-luxe and Harry Carey calls for pancakes and sausage, no matter what time of day it may be.

Think of a movie hero eating hash! But that's what you can see Lew Ayres doing almost any noon hour when he isn't working, and probably Thelma Todd will be lunching with him on avocado salad. You would imagine John Barrymore might like caviar and broiled lobsters, but *who* would imagine that the suave and sophisticated Lew Cody lunches almost daily on calf's liver and bacon? Perhaps you think that when Gary Cooper is hungry he pounds on the table with his six shooter and shouts, "ham and eggs," but no—Gary goes where he can get broiled Eastern lobster. When Lupe is with him she calls for tamales as does her countryman, Don Alvarado. Even if they are newlyweds Ben Lyon's luncheon order is different from Bebe Daniels'. Ben likes spaghetti and Bebe likes lamb chops and creamed spinach—at any rate she *eats* the spinach! It's good for the voice, as well as the figure, says Bebe.

A few years ago the movie colony was diet mad. All the Hollywood

restaurants printed menus with food reduced to calories, and proteins and carbohydrates carefully labeled. But according to Nick this isn't so any longer. The day of the lamb-chop-and-pineapple and tomato-and-hard-boiled-egg combinations is past in Hollywood.

"Though the stars do eat a lot of bran," Nick admits, "bran muffins, bran cereals for breakfast, bran bread. They say it keeps them from getting overweight without hurting their health. They like iced tomato juice too. And the chef's salad is a favorite with Sally Blane and Sue Carol, and a lot of others. It's made of finely chopped ham and tongue and hard-boiled eggs on lettuce and watercress."

What do comedians eat? Bert Wheeler keeps funny on pork chops and applesauce, while his partner in giggle-getting, Robert Woolsey, takes crab meat, Newburg. Olsen and Johnson both choose imported goose liver and Harry Langdon likes lobster. Harold Lloyd and Eddie Cantor run true to comic form (remember Chaplin in "City Lights"?) and take spaghetti.

Phillips Holmes may photograph like Apollo, but he eats hot cakes and bacon for lunch. The athletic Douglas Fairbanks calls for eggs benedict while Doug Junior likes a beefsteak medium. Marie Dressler asks for the very dish *Min* would choose—broiled ham. You would just know that Mary Brian eats creamed chicken for lunch, that Loretta Young picks out chicken patty and that June Collyer orders vegetables. But would you guess that Richard Barthelmess likes ragout of beef, and Jack Holt and Evelyn Brent both choose the humble finnan haddie?

Herbert Somborn, who owns the Brown Derby and its sister restaurant, the Hi Hat, was once famous chiefly as Gloria Swanson's second husband. Now he is more famous for his *boullabaise* and his onion soup with grated cheese. With the savoir faire of a born host, he strolls about the room, stopping to chat with the Bennett girls or the Gleasons, who lunch together whenever possible because they have never found any other people so entertaining as themselves. But whenever Wally Beery or the sprightly tailored Marquis de la Falaise appears, Somborn greets him with this nifty, "How are you, Brother-in-law?"



There aren't any sizzling romance rumors about Dorothy Jordan at the moment, but she isn't forgetting how to fix up a man-sized meal *a la* Tennessee. The heat doesn't affect those curls, either

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THE ANSWER MAN



JEAN—Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on July 22, 1909. He is six feet tall, has blond hair and blue eyes. Holmes comes from a theatrical family, being the son of Taylor Holmes, of stage and screen fame.



RUTH Mc.—Jeanette MacDonald has red hair, green eyes and is of Scotch-American descent. Receives her fan mail at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Yes, I'm sure she'd be glad to hear from you.



MARY—Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy. She does not tell her age. Educated by private teachers in England. Her next picture is "Wicked," Fox Studios. Raquel Torres was born in Hormosillo, Mexico, on Nov. 11, 1908. Have sent the list of correspondence clubs by personal letter.

ZOE CAMPBELL—Miriam Seegar was born in Greentown, Indiana, Sept. 1, 1910. She has blonde hair, blue eyes. Carmelita Geraghty is appearing in "Branded" and you may reach her at the Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Louise Dresser, care of the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MISS NISHIOKA—Eddie Dowling was born at Providence, Rhode Island, on Dec. 9, 1895. Is of Irish-American descent. He is one of seventeen children, but Eddie is the only member of his family who has ever been on the stage. Is married to Rae Dooley and his picture, "Honeymoon Lane," will be released shortly by Paramount.

CLUB FANS—You may write Pearl Cohen, 5012 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. regarding a Constance Bennett Fan Club. Metro Fan Club, 2402 44th St., Milwaukee, Wis. Joan Bennett Club, H. Plaff, 1952 78th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard and Fredric March Fan Clubs, William F. O'Brien, 706 12th St., Franklin, Pa. Lilyan Tashman Club, Jean Haddon, 1588 Queen St. E., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

"DO" CLOUD—Marian Marsh was born in Trinidad, British West Indies, and one of her earliest recollections is being chased by alligators. Lewis Stone has been married to Hazel Elizabeth Woof since Oct. 20, 1930. Gary Cooper is still a bachelor. His first picture was "The Winning of Barbara Worth," which was released in Oct. 1926. Gary has a brother, but I haven't his name. Sorry.



NANCY B.—Paul Lukas was born in Hungary, on May 26, 1897. Graduated from the Actors' Academy, the national training school of the theater in that country. Lukas was appearing at the Comedie Theater in Budapest when Adolph Zukor saw him and negotiated the contract that brought him to the United States. He is six feet, one and a half inches tall, weighs 186 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and is appearing in "Women Love Once," Paramount Studios. Would suggest you send along a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of pictures he has played in.

A SOUTHERNER—How are you all? Glad to hear you enjoyed "Trader Horn." Wait until you see Edwina Booth and Harry Carey in "The Vanishing Legion," a Mascot serial. Edwina was born in Provo, Utah, about twenty-five years ago. Real name is Josephine Constance Woodruff. Duncan Renaldo was born in Camden, N. J., Apr. 3, 1904. He is six feet tall, has black hair, brown eyes, and is of Spanish-Scotch descent. Real name: Renault Duncan.

DOROTHY PRICE—Richard Dix hails from St. Paul, Minn. First appearance: July 18, 1894. He has brown hair, brown eyes, and is not married. Real moniker: Ernest Brimmer. Now appearing in "Donovan's Kid." Dorothy Jordan was born on Aug. 9, 1910, has brown hair, blue eyes and is not married or engaged. John Gilbert's real name is Pringle and he has been married three times.



DOROTHY—Joel McCrea was born on Nov. 5, 1905 in Los Angeles, Cal. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs 185 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. You will see him next in Constance Bennett's new production, "Common Law," RKO-Pathé Studios. Jackie Cooper's new pictures are "Donovan's Kid" and "Sooky," which has practically the same cast as "Skippy."

MARGARET—Clark Gable played the rôle of *Jake Luva* in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Victor Varconi was *Dr. Kane Ruyter* in "Doctors' Wives." He was born in Kisvarda, Hungary, Mar. 31, 1896, has dark brown hair and eyes. Robert Ellis is appearing in "The Fighting Sheriff," starring Buck Jones and Loretta Sayers. It was a lucky day for Miss Sayers, Larchmont society deb, when she accompanied a friend to Columbia Pictures' offices in New York City. Unexpectedly, she ran into Eddie Buzzell, well-known comedian, who introduced her to Harry Cohn and gave her a contract.

F. H.—Virginia Cherrill hails from Carthage, Ill. and her birthday is April 12. She was educated at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and at the Starrett Finishing School for Girls at Chicago. Studied interior decorating for some time, but finally gave it up. Made her motion picture début with Charles Chaplin in "City Lights." Pastimes are swimming and tennis. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 117 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes.



LUCILLE—Marie Prevost hails from Sarnia, Ontario. She received her education in Sarnia Public Schools, in Denver, Colorado and the Los Angeles High School. During her high-school days, she applied to Mack Sennett for a job and was cast as a bathing girl in one of the Mermaid Comedies. She soon graduated from the Sennett two-reelers to features. Among them were "Cornered," "Tarnish," "The Marriage Circle," "Kiss Me Again," "Godless Girl." She has brown hair, blue eyes; her favorite sports are swimming, motoring and golf. You will see her next in "Waiting at the Church."

ELLS X—Helen Morgan has just com- pleted a Vitaphone short called "The Gigolo Racket" and will be featured in the new Ziegfeld Follies. Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 18, 1906. Miss Garbo was a pupil in the Royal Academy of Art in Stockholm, when she was chosen by Mauritz Stiller to play the leading rôle in his picture "The Story of Gösta Berling." She made a hit and her success swept over Europe. Her first picture for Metro was "The Torrent," which was released in February, 1926.

ARTIE—Yes, there are still some old- timers around who can remember 'way back to the days when people asked the boss for a raise. Frank Albertson is of Irish-Danish descent. He went to Hollywood after completing his schooling and started in working as extra. His first leading rôle was in "Prep and Pep." Albertson is five feet ten and weighs 145 pounds. His hair is brown, and eyes blue. He is twenty-two.

WILLIAM McGOWAN—Well, I guess I kept my promise, didn't I? Sorry we hadn't the photograph you requested. Roland Young was born in London, England, Nov. 11, 1887. He is five feet, six inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has dark hair, blue eyes. Has appeared on the stage for eighteen years. Began his picture career in 1919 in "Sherlock Holmes." His hobbies are drawing penguins, writing and riding. His latest production is "Annabelle's Affairs," starring Jeanette MacDonald.



M. P.—Ronald Colman has sandy hair, brown eyes, is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is not married. He is appearing in "The Unholy Garden," United Artists Studios. Marjorie White's latest production is "The Black Camel." Helen Twelvetrees is making "Gangster's Wife."

ALICE—You've been quite a stranger. Hope you haven't been ill? Addie McPhail can be reached at the Educational Film Co., 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Clyde Cook, an Australian, came to America under contract to Charles Dillingham to star at the famous New York Hippodrome as a pantomime comedian. He was practically raised on the stage, mastering the art of pantomime and tumbling before he donned long breeches. He can also be reached at the above studio.

SALLY WALLACE—Nancy Carroll was born in New York City, Nov. 19, 1906. Her little girl, Patricia, is about six years old. Stanley Smith was born in Kansas City, Kansas, in 1905. That's his real name and he's not married. Ginger Rogers got her start in Independence, Mo., July 16, 1911, is not married and is appearing on the stage in "Girl Crazy."



JULIA—The name of the music that was played in "Inspiration" was "The Exotic Melody," written by Joseph Meyer; to date, this number has been unpublished. Miss Garbo is playing in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." Kent Douglass is in "Five and Ten," starring Marion Davies.

RED HEAD—I hope this helps you to win that bet. Joan Crawford is five feet four inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, and has blonde hair at this writing. Lois Moran is five feet two, weighs 115, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Marlene Dietrich, five feet five, weighs 120, has red-gold hair, blue eyes. Kay Francis is five feet five, weighs 112 pounds, has black hair, gray eyes. Drop in again real soon.

ETHEL GAS—I'd rather have Socony Special. Kent Douglass was the chap in "Paid" who had blond hair. Lillian Roth was the girl who went to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" in "The Vagabond King." Robert Montgomery was married to Elizabeth Allen on Apr. 14, 1928. They have a baby girl, whom they call "Jigs." You'll have to write direct to Miss Lightner for the information you wish to know about her, as I'm sure I don't know.



BUDDY—James Hall was born in Dallas, Texas. The stage had lure for him from childhood. When the "Everywoman" company came to Dallas, he got a job selling books in the lobby and playing a very small bit on the stage. He stayed with the company when it went to New York—and thus got his opportunity to appear in many New York productions.

PERRY ANN T.—Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, on Mar. 23, 1908. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes and was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., here in New York, on June 3, 1929, at the church you mentioned. Kay Francis in Oklahoma City, Okla., about twenty-nine years ago. She has black hair, gray eyes, was married to Kenneth MacKenna in January of this year.

MISS BINKY—Best regards to all your friends. I'm sure Miss Crawford would be glad to know you are all for her. Why not write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.? Joan is appearing in "This Modern Age." Lester Vail, Cliff Edwards, William Bakewell and Clark Gable supported Miss Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Charles Farrell, Kenneth MacKenna, William Holden and Ulrich Haupt were with Janet Gaynor in "The Man Who Came Back."

B. L. ALABAMA—Raymond Hackett was born in New York City, July 15, 1902. He is five feet, ten and three-quarter inches tall, weighs 148 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. He is married to Myra Hampton and they have a son Raymond, Jr. His latest production is "Seed," and you may write him at the Universal Studios.

D. R. B.—Kathryn and Joan Crawford are not related. Joan's real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Kathryn's is Katherine Young. Marion Davies is not married and you'll see her next in "Five and Ten." Raymond Hackett is married (see above).

L. R. B.—Ruth Chatterton has been married to Ralph Forbes since 1924. She was born in New York City, Dec. 24, 1899. Has light brown hair, blue eyes and will appear next in "Laurels and the Lady." Buck Jones, Loretta Sayers, Robert Ellis and Nena Quartaro have the leading rôles in "The Fighting Sheriff," Columbia Studios.



(Continued on page 83)



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Look carefully now. I'll tell you this much, that the large figure of the girl in the foreground is not to be considered in the search for the twins, but you had better observe the others closely if you hope to find the real twins.

If you think you have found them, lose no time, but mark them with a cross and mail the solution to me. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. RUSH!

T. A. HUGHES, Adv. Dir., Dept. 448, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Do Hollywood Husbands Trust Their Wives?

(*Continued from page 49*)

we all have little children in our homes and I believe in the sanctity of the home. Don't we all?

Another Harry, Harry Edwards (Evelyn Brent) doesn't get excited about his wife's publicity. He reads the papers and magazines with his tongue in his cheek. He smiles at the adjectives so frequently applied—"smoldering," "sullen," "sphinx-like." He calls Evelyn "Betty." He also calls her "baby." He treats her like a baby. She may be smoldering to her public, but she's cuddlesome to him.

He believes that all criticism of her work, good or bad, is fair enough. Critics have a right to speak their minds about a player's performances on the screen. When there are personal jibes and criticisms, he resents them, but he resents them in silence. He knows that there is nothing to be done.

Ralph Forbes has, also, a Spartan attitude toward his wife's publicity. He never reads his own, good or bad. "If it is flattering, it tends to inflate the ego"; he says, "and if it is adverse, it tends to deflate the ego."

Ruth's more recent criticisms, he says, have been too flattering. Not that she doesn't deserve them. Merely that too much adulation is like too much sugar. An element of fight, Ralph thinks, should enter into all endeavor. And constant praise ruins that ol' fighting spirit.

Here's one husband who doesn't say a thing. He laughs. Imagine a husband with the hardihood to laugh at his wife! But the wife is Charlotte Greenwood, and the husband is Martin Brooks. And the criticisms of Charlotte are sometimes rib-ticklers. Mr. Brooks says, "I get a kick out of them." He sees that Charlotte gets one, too. He cuts the funniest ones out and mails them to her, anonymously. He buys extra copies and keeps her scrap-book for her. He says, "I really can't say I resent even crudely humorous comments. They are her stock in trade. And bad taste is met with everywhere."

If a critic gets nasty about Leila Hyams—imagine such a brute!—husband, Phil Berg has one chronic and unvarying comment: "He must be crazy." You can't take action against an idiot. The matter drops.

Sometimes more serious things are said. A while ago an interviewer had a talk with Florence Eldridge, also Mrs. Fredric March. Florence was feeling psychological. She told of her first marriage and the recklessness of impulsive youth that prompted it. She told of her marriage to Fredric and stressed the element of comradeship, the sharing of mutual interests.

The writer stressed the fact that Florence had married for love the first time and—well—not so much for love alone the second time. A misunderstanding, of course. Freddy was wroth, and justly so. He said *very* husbandly things in the compartment of the train upon which they were traveling for a visit to the old home-town. "Here," he said, "the folks are expecting an ideally happy couple, and this story as good as says————"

Florence and Freddy made it up. But it took a deal of explaining on Florence's part.

Norman Foster, wed to Claudette Colbert, says that he seldom reads an unflattering line about his wife. "They simply can't," he says, "get too gushing about her for me. However, if I ever did read anything maliciously personal, I think I'd take a quick right to the jaw if the writer happened to be a man. In the case of a woman, I'd have to seethe in silence—but oh, how I would seethe!"

Some husbands simply cannot abide publicity about their wives. Richard Barthelmess is one. Long ago, that sort of thing broke up the Mary Hay-Barthelmess marriage. "When is a wife not a wife?" is answered by "When she is a star" in the case of Barthelmess.

Clive Brook, Warner Baxter and Harold Lloyd have somewhat the same reaction. Their wives remain within the precincts of the home. And don't seem to mind at all.

Edmund Lowe told me that he feels about Lilyan's publicity very much the way he feels about his own. He laughs as a husband would, at the super-vamp stuff. She's just a pal to him.

He says, "If Lilyan's publicity is good, I am glowingly happy. If it is bad, I am down at the mouth. Of course, after twelve years in pictures we grow philosophical about publicity. A few really malicious digs given Lilyan in print have only made me sigh and reflect that it's all part of the game of being a picture player. I try not to become violent about the originator of the unfavorable stuff. I simply try to forget it as soon as I have read it."

Fay Wray's husband, John Monk Saunders, seldom reads Fay's publicity. He feels it to be a matter of her own personal career and up to her to handle. Only once did he take a hand. That was when an article appeared too untrue and unjust to be overlooked. In that case, Mr. Saunders called personally on the editor of the magazine in which it had appeared. The result was another article retracting much that the first one had implied. "There are times," says John Monk, "when a husband should take action. These times are infrequent. I don't believe that publicity of any kind in any way affects married life. It would be a thin marriage if it could be shaken by rumors."

Laura La Plante is Mrs. William Seiter. The pleasure is mutual. Bill says that Laura doesn't get enough press spankings. She is so popular among her friends and with the press that she needs a—well, *you* know what happens if you spare the rod with a real child. Bill feels the same about a reel child. He says that Laura is a swell trouper. But the best of troupers need a bit of a trouncing now and then.

On the whole, the husbands seem to be in favor of a little corporal punishment.

(All home-town papers please copy.)

Are Reno Divorces Legal?

(*Continued from page 42*)

this question with the same decision. These were upheld by the United States Supreme Court in the famous case of Asa Candler, the Coca-Cola king, so that there can be no question as to its legality."

Reno divorces are not new to Hollywood. There have been many celebrated cases, the first of which took place one day in 1920 when a golden-curled lady who gave her name as Gladys Smith suddenly left Hollywood and took up residence on a ranch near the town of Genoa, Nevada. A few days later—purely by coincidence, of course—an actor named Owen Moore went into Nevada to shoot some snow scenes and was served with divorce papers.

Strangely enough, however, when a movie actor named Douglas Fairbanks gave a quiet party at his Beverly Hills home a short time later, little Gladys Smith was present and a license was issued for her and Fairbanks to wed. The ceremony took place the next day, March 28, 1920, before a Los Angeles Justice of the Peace. On April 16, following, Mr. Leo B. Fowler, Attorney General for the state of Nevada, filed action to set aside the divorce of Gladys Smith and Owen Moore, charging collusion, fraud and false testimony. The Supreme Court of that state, however, did not agree with Mr. Fowler and on May 22 the divorce was sustained.

"Although the divorce *was* sustained in Nevada, thus making it legal in that state," says Mr. Hahn, "the purely legal question of the ensuing marriage in the state of California has never been raised. The statute of limitations, however, does not apply in such cases."

Douglas MacLean was recently married to Lorraine Eddy, the ceremony taking place but a short time after his former wife, Faith Cole, had obtained a Reno divorce on grounds of desertion.

"In this case and in others of a similar nature," says Mr. Hahn, "Mr. MacLean has a perfect right to re-marry since the wife, not he, obtained freedom by a Nevada decree. The former Mrs. MacLean would, should she remarry before the period of a year has elapsed, be liable to prosecution for bigamy." Free—but not in California.

Little Helen Twelvetrees, recently married to Frank Woody in Reno, is taking no chances. Upon their return from the wedding trip, it was discovered that the star's divorce from her former husband had not yet been made final. The couple immediately filed notice of intention to wed and as soon as the decree was made final, they were re-married in California.

Another entanglement arose in the case of Priscilla Dean and Leslie Arnold, 'round-the-world flier. Obtaining a divorce from his former wife in Georgia, Mr. Arnold and Miss Dean were married in Agua Caliente, Mexico. A short time later, on the ground that she had not been properly served with papers, the first Mrs. Arnold succeeded in having the divorce set aside, giving to Arnold, already married to Miss Dean, the status of a bigamist should he live with her as man and wife. In spite of the fact that Miss Dean and Leslie Arnold are deeply in love with each other and have made repeated attempts to straighten out the tangle, they have been forced to live apart.

There are dozens of other similar cases on the records where either husband or wife could be brought to court and the status of their marriage questioned because of out-of-state marriages or divorces, obtained or consummated in avoidance of California laws.

"The unusual part of it," says Mr. Hahn, "is that such cases may be brought up at any time in the future because the statute of limitations does not apply to them. They can also be brought to court by any stranger who can show any interest in doing so, for so have the courts ruled. Even in the future, after the death of the party concerned, the same question may be brought up in regard to inheritance or property settlements. I would advise a number of people in our community to repair their marital fences while there is yet time."

The Hollywood Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

Central Avenue negro kids for the Pygmies and shot the Victoria Falls in the Los Angeles River using a fire hydrant." There was more satire, too, but we won't go into that. San Diegoans say they never did believe that lion attack scene was made in Mexico, anyway.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is giving ten statuette awards this year instead of seven. They are given for the finest performances, direction, production, et cetera. It is rumored there will be an eleventh to be awarded the Malibu host who placarded his beach shack with the sign "This roadhouse closed for the summer."

Skippy, né **Jackie Cooper,** who is doomed to be a life preserver for many a tired star's picture, was considerably embarrassed at the preview of his film. **Paul Lukas,** who was serious about it, met him in the foyer. "Jackie, I salute you!" cried the Hungarian. "You are a great artist. You have made me weep." And much more of this, ending with "Again I salute you!"

Skippy toed the ground: "Aw, that's awright!" he answered, which is exactly the way we felt about it.

Afterthought: Perhaps **John Barrymore** was relieving the unemployment situation. It took **Johnny Wallis,** his man, one hour and forty-five minutes to apply the *Svengali* make-up.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

JEAN MARKEY—Marlene Dietrich will be seen next in "The Lady of the Lions," Paramount Studios. She has red-gold hair, blue eyes, married to Rudolph Sieber and has a daughter about five years old.

L. A. ANDERSON—Glad to hear you are a new reader. Let's hear from you often. Grant Withers was born in Pueblo, Colorado, Jan. 17, 1904. He is six feet three inches tall, weighs 197 pounds, has brown curly hair, blue eyes and was married to Loretta Young on Jan. 26, 1930. His most recent pictures released are "Other Men's Women," and "Too Young To Marry."

ROSES OF MAIN—Milton Sills was born on Jan. 10, 1882. Married to Doris Kenyon on Oct. 13, 1926 and died of heart trouble, Sept. 15, 1930. Pola Negri has black hair and hazel eyes. Ruth Elder, black hair, brown eyes. Sorry I cannot supply you with pictures of Jeanne Eagels or Mabel Normand. Jean Harlow's latest production is "Goldie." Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and Sessue Hayakawa (remember him?) in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount Studios.

ROSALIE—Clark Gable was born on Feb. 1, 1901. He's six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair, gray eyes and is not married as far as we know. You'll see him next in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Yes, Clark played the rôle of *Brett* in "The Painted Desert."

JOHN—George Arliss is English de- scent, being born in London, England, on Apr. 10, 1868. His real name is George Arliss Andrews and he's married to Florence Montgomery. His next production is "Alexander Hamilton" and I'm sure Mr. Arliss would be glad to hear from you. Just address your letter to him care of the Warner Brothers Studios.

GRACE—You refer to Grace Moore, Roland Young, Emily Fitzroy and Adolphe Menjou

(*Continued on page 97*)



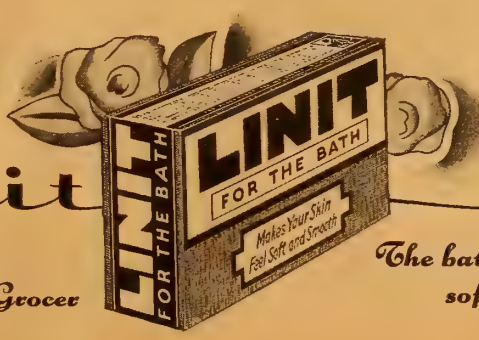
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Pola Comes Back to Hollywood

(*Continued from page 35*)

nor mood to broach Pola about those rumors of "trial" success. Meekness and apology are not in the Negri make-up. Throughout our talk there was maintained the perfect illusion that Pola never was less than Pola, the Queen. She said: "I have never been so happy in my work as now. Everything is right!"

Though she had been in town only a couple of days, she had already conferred with the studio about her first story. Her guttural, throaty voice, not unlike Garbo's, went on to say that her first story would probably be a play of John Colton's.

"In this rôle I play a Russian woman, vivid, exciting, different." She pronounced it diff-er-*ent*, her eyes sparkling in what I took to be the approved Russian manner. "Never will I do what you call those typical American or English rôles. My accent is too marked. And such characters would remind me too strongly of those terrible pictures I made for the Paramount.

Explaining Herself

"I DO not consider those pictures personal failures because they were not *my* failures. They were the mistakes in judgment of the men who selected my stories." She shrugged deeply. "I suffer from them, yes. I am not a Talmadge, a Pickford, even a Garbo. I cannot be fit into their patterns. I am Negri—I have my own place. People have not forgotten me." The Negri head went up. "All along the way how the people received me! Every place they said, 'We are glad Pola is back!'

"If it had not been for the failure of my marriage, I would have been back sooner. For two years I was so unhappy! I lost all interest. Failure depresses me—failure of any sort. It is like an illness that dulls our interest. Now I am truly grateful that all that mental unhappiness is over. It is in the past."

(Pola's unhappiness with her handsome Prince was no particular secret from the world. The tug-of-war between Pola and Mary McCormic over the affection of the titled Mdivani proved sub-headline material for the newspapers of more than one country. Now Mary and Serge are married, and living in Santa Monica.)

While the mêlée was at its height, reports had come from Europe of a Pola who had "retired" into the privacy of a villa, of a Pola whose finances were not in the best of condition. Yet, even in this apathy of a lost love and a depleted bank account, Pola never for a moment stepped out of her rôle. One correspondent who visited her at this stage of her "unhappiness," expecting to find a Crushed Woman and perhaps a Proverbial Faithful Servant, remained to wade through "ten flunkies in knee-breeches and a sunken garden with peacocks" before he was ushered into the Negri presence. Thus does Pola receive life's setbacks.

The show must go on.

He Must Be American

"IT has not embittered me," she explained, crushing her mouth against her cigarette, inhaling it deeply. "I am in love again. This time with an American, thank God. Foreign men are great lovers. If I were to choose a lover, he would be a Latin. But to take a husband again—he must be an American. This time I am looking for companionship and friendship in love. American men know how to be sincere. When he is in love with a foreign woman, it is a particularly happy combination. He regards her as exotic and alluring—someone different. That is well. Marriage under such circumstances cannot grow monotonous.

"His name? I cannot tell that for a while—perhaps for two years. But this man for whom I have such great admiration and respect is very high in your American financial circles."

The gossips have it that Pola met this most interesting, if highly mysterious gentleman, during a sojourn in Washington, D. C., while difficulties concerning her past income taxes were cleared up. Another guess has it that the "unnamed" fiancé resides in Chicago and is now touring Europe. Back of it all it is not difficult to sense the Hollywood wink at Pola's mysterious romance. The general bets are ten-to-one that Pola is not planning marriage to this maybe-mythical gentleman.

But love affairs and excitement and guesses are good business to stardom—and the exciting Negri has not forgotten any of the rules!

Did You Know That--

In spite of what Pola told Nancy Pryor, her first talkie may picture her either as a foreigner in America, or an American living abroad?

Every big film company is planning to make a picture in Reno—but Jack Dempsey isn't there to do any acting?

One of those collar-ad men has finally been picked up by the movies—and that his name is William Daly?

Rumor has it that Vivian Duncan (Mrs. Nils Asther) is on the verge of opening a night-club in Paris?

Charlie Chaplin is reported to have a craving to play a gangster rôle?

Yvonne Vallée (Mme. Chevalier) has changed her name to Yvonne Wall?

You've One Chance In Ten Thousand

(*Continued from page 47*)

York. After she was ten years old, she appeared in amateur and professional engagements with such effect as to be offered the part of understudy to Marilyn Miller in the stage production of "Sunny."

They Have the Goods, But—

IN 1927, under the name of Grace Marie Sullivan, she won the Chicago *Tribune* Beauty Contest, over eighteen thousand of Chicago's most beautiful girls. In 1929 she came to Hollywood, accompanied by her mother, sure of her ability to break into pictures. Her father, a wealthy sporting-goods dealer, shared that belief to the extent of almost unlimited financial backing. Arriving in Hollywood, Miss Sullivan continued her studies—dramatics under Nance O'Neil, dancing under Walker, and voice under the best of teachers. She built up a wardrobe valued at nearly twenty thousand dollars. The cost of her study and maintenance can only be estimated, but the entire cost of her gamble to date has been many thousands of dollars. With all this, she has still to crash the gilded gates. In *three years of constant effort, she has had only a few days' work at a time.* She admits that her earnings, if she were on her own, would not have kept her alive a month.

Miss Sullivan may or may not yet win recognition. She has thousands more to gamble, if necessary, but what of the girl of average means, dependent upon her own earnings?

Is it easier for a man? One decides not, considering the experience of John Rockey. Specializing in dramatics at West Virginia University, he became president of the college dramatic club. After a brief professional experience in America, he went to England, where he graduated with honors from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. Following this came a *stage career of five years*, during which he toured England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and South Africa as juvenile lead in an important company, the London Players.

Returning to America, he was equally successful on the New York stage and then came the call of talking pictures. Surely John Rockey had every reason to believe that he was a valuable actor after six years of stage success. He photographs remarkably well. Yet in more than a year in Hollywood, a year in which he has put forth every effort, *he has not even been successful in obtaining an interview with a casting director. His single week's work has been as an obscure extra* in "Reaching for the Moon," at about fifteen dollars a day.

The Untold Stories

HANDSOME, personable, talented, experienced, and he has obtained one week's work in a year. What price ability? Yet the studios send out stories that they are looking for new talent!

Tragic, indeed, are the countless stories of equally talented men and women who lacked the financial resources of Miss Sullivan and Mr. Rockey. There is the beautiful little English actress, a success on the London stage, who takes care of two children and does housework for a salary of thirty dollars a month!

There is the girl recently employed as a housemaid by the wife of a well-known writer. Investigation disclosed that she had studied music and voice in Italy and France, was a talented dancer and a successful dramatic actress. Her family, who believe she is working in pictures, would gladly send her money to come home, but she is ashamed to go back.

She is only one of thousands.

All over the city, you will find others like her—pitiful prisoners of Hollywood, girls and boys for whom the home-town predicted success, who left in a fanfare of trumpets and are ashamed to go back—failures.

If you think you are good-looking, can boast a good figure, and have poise, think of *Miss America.* One of the first thoughts to rush into that lady's shapely head, as the crown is fitted on it, is "Now for the movies!" See if you can think of any *Miss America* who ever attracted attention on the screen. The only one who caused any flurry at all is now doing stenographic work in Los Angeles to make a living.

Think of the handsome collegians who have been "finds." Where are they now?

"Of the people arrested for such crimes as hold-ups, forgery, and shoplifting," says Detective Augbert of the studio detail of the Hollywood police, "I should say that at least thirty per cent of them were not habitual criminals, but people who came out here to break into pictures. They represent the weaker ones who steal rather than starve. The great majority of girls who are picked up on moral offenses originally came here to go into the movies. It's a shame they don't find out about conditions before they come."

And so you're going to Hollywood to get your Big Chance? Well, at least *you* know now what you're getting in for!



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We Ask You, Messrs. Warner

(Continued from page 8)

George Arliss, William Powell, Frank Fay, Walter Huston and Joe E. Brown are all distinctive types. But again—what in the Sam Hill are you going to do with all of 'em? And where are you going to get enough theaters to show all of your pictures?

There's Going to Be a War

AT any rate, it is going to be a grand battle for the survival of the fittest. It will be interesting to watch. There's one thing sure as shootin'—it just isn't humanly possible to do right by so many Nells.

In a way, I can understand why you have such drastic rules for your writers—punching time-clocks and all that sort of thing, a specified time for lunch, and no loitering in offices. Your writers have to turn out the material. But I used to read in my school books that masterpieces of writing aren't produced on a factory schedule. It takes a year, sometimes many years, to produce a really great play or novel. Any writer of average intelligence can dig down in that old plot grab-bag and come out with something that will do in a pinch. But is it always good?

With your pictures you have given us the gripping "Outward Bound," the magnificent "Old English," the startling "Illicit," the tuneful, haunting "Viennese Nights," and the weird, unusual "Svengali." You even made gangsters thrilling in "Little Caesar" and you had the courage to debunk them in "The Public Enemy." On the other hand, there was no cause to light bonfires on hilltops over "The Widow From Chicago," "My Past," "Going Wild," "Divorce Among Friends" and "Kiss Me Again."

"Mother's Cry" was botched. Here was a story that might have been one of the great tear-teasing epics of talking pictures. Yet, for some reason it didn't jell. "Fifty Million Frenchmen" was one of the stand-out shows of last season in New York. It was witty, with some great tunes. It is not a motion picture sensation by a long shot (no pun). The music is gone and so are most of the laugh-lines. It's a vaudeville version of Paris.

Taking Up Your Stars

RICHARD BARTHELMESS, having considerable to say about his stories and supporting casts, is in the ace spot in the studio. Dick's pictures have held to a fairly high average. "The Lash" lost some of its sting in the making, but it was picturesque, and "The Finger Points" provided an entertaining evening. Dick is no longer a wistful twenty-year-old, and his stories are not easy to find.

John Barrymore must have had a swell time in "Svengali" with all that trick make-up and crepe hair. He becomes more actorish with every picture, but that's better than the romantic-hero stuff. It's time he had a great story (maybe he has in "The Mad Genius") and a strong-minded director who isn't afraid of the royal Barrymore traditions. John is a superb actor, but he shouldn't have to depend so much on hokum and that famous profile.

Bebe Daniels didn't have much chance to shine in "My Past." She is a brilliant comédienne and deserves the best breaks.

George Arliss has never made a bad picture. The motion picture screen offers nothing more edifying than his fine characterizations. Messrs. Warner, you deserve a lot of credit for keeping Mr. Arliss on that plane of dignity. And I know he would probably be just awfully funny as the absent-minded professor or something.

A Girl You Want to Watch

BUT it just isn't possible to talk about all of your stars. It makes me think of the women's club president who asked the distinguished author to speak a few words on English literature. However, I'll have to mention a few more. In Barbara Stanwyck you have a rare personality—one of the few gifted actresses to come to Hollywood in a decade. She has youth, strange beauty, and ability. With good stories and intelligent direction she may develop into one of the greatest stars the screen has known. Right now she needs very careful exploitation. She is too new to survive bad stories. Give her lots of attention. You gave her a hit in "Illicit," and just keep up the missionary work.

There is a tremendous following of fans waiting for William Powell's first picture at your studio. Paramount sort of typed this excellent actor. I'm interested in your plan to give him a variety of rôles. With a fighting chance, Powell is good for years.

The Promising Youngsters

OF the younger players on the lot, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. continues to improve. Little by little he is losing that Barrymore complex of his early days. Loretta Young has promise, too. Joan Blondell is a comer, and so is James Cagney. David Manners is just waiting for a big part to blossom out as one of the screen's juvenile white hopes. And that roguish little ingénue, Winnie Lightner, is there with bells on. She's just naturally funny, although she'd be a lot funnier with some really amusing lines.

And if you can't keep all of your stars busy I think it would be a swell idea to start a girl's basketball team composed of your feminine luminaries, "temporarily at leisure." The male stars who are "between pictures" could play baseball. They ought to make a lot of money. I'd pay plenty to see Constance Bennett as center on a basketball five, and it would be worth big money to see Frank Fay getting his auburn hair all mussed up sliding to third base.

Anyway, Messrs. Warner, you are attempting something that no other studio has had the nerve to do—just as you've always had the courage to strike out into new fields. You keep the industry on the jump. It's obvious that, with all your stars, you're either going to be a tremendous power, or you're going to be pretty upset about the whole sorry business. Anyway, you're not going to become bored. Here's wishing you a lot of luck with that starry brood of acting chicks.

Sincerely,
FRANK LEE DUNNE

Did You Know That--

Ruth Chatterton has changed her mind and will not leave Mr. Paramount to go with the Messrs. Warner?

The latest film party to go on a long location trip took along a chaperon?

Worcester, Mass. forbids local showing of any gang films?



How to go places and see things!

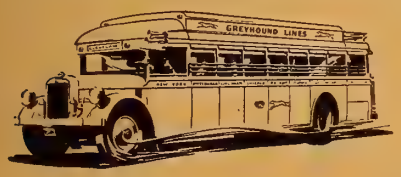
DO YOU ENVY THE FRIEND who can throw a few things in a bag and be gone, to see new places and new faces—most any week-end?

Don't envy—do it yourself! Greyhound buses open the way. They make travel so much more interesting, while they bring the cost down to meet the slenderest purse.

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Please mail me, without any obligation, your attractive pictorial booklet, "America's Scenic Highways".

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MP2

Hollywood's Newest Fad

(*Continued from page 45*)

Jackie Coogan told me I looked fine in them. And Mary Pickford has some, too." So there!

Ann Harding wears the soft, long-coated, clinging type with flowing sleeves—at home.

Constance Bennett probably has a pajama suit for every hour of the day—and the swankiest of the swanky, for nothing smart escapes her shopping-eye.

Gloria Swanson is another advocate of home pajamas. She took many sets to New York on her last trip. "They're ideal for the train," says Gloria.

Mary Pickford and Norma Shearer have given pajamas an important place in their traveling trunks. They are both in Europe and will probably bring back, as did Virginia Valli, the latest thing in Parisian pajama creations.

Natalie Moorhead wore them at a dance in the famous Blossom Room of the Roosevelt Hotel—and what pajamas they were! Futuristic, striped chiffon-velvet, with the legs cut in petal fashion and a smart coat of the same material. Try to imagine them.

Out on her Toluca Lake estate, Billie Dove can be seen tying up rose bushes in her "patio pajamas."

"I can't be bothered with skirts," says Billie. "I'm grateful to whoever thought up the pajama idea. It's great. I always wear them in the garden. I have had some specially designed without much back and sleeveless so I can tan as I work."

Members of the pants brigade have a word to say in the controversy. (They're way ahead of the pajama troops—they've adopted pants.) You can catch Dorothy Mackaill any day outside her Santa Monica home in white ducks and striped shirt. Sylvia Sidney, Dorothy Knapp, Lupe Velez, and Marlene Dietrich, as well as Wynne Gibson and Frances Dee, also scorn the elaborate make-believe for the real article. A pair of mannish trousers is hoisted as their flag of independence.

Carole Lombard prefers to remain feminine. She admits having many pairs of pajamas. She wears them at home, but not for entertaining.

"A boon for women if there ever was one," cries Sylvia Sidney. "They flatter the figure and lend the wearer an air of poise and self-confidence."

"Yes, yes, yes—and more yesses! I wear them for all occasions," exclaims Sidney Fox. "I go to movies in them; I entertain at luncheon, tea, dinner, and at the beach in them. And I hope my new ones for dances are finished soon."

At gossip hour around seven o'clock in the Hollywood Athletic club, the favorite topic is "do or don't you *viva* for pajamas?"

Robert Woolsey was discovered in a corner of the club lounge, draping his head on Bert Wheeler's shoulder, lamenting the dear, dead short-skirt days.

"This pajama craze is killing me," sobbed Woolsey.

"Me, too," stammered Wheeler. "Just when I was getting ready to open a boot-black stand——"

"Even riding on the street-cars has become a bore," chipped in Eddie Lowe.

"Wonder what's beneath it all?" volunteered Gary Cooper.

But despite the wailings of the sterner sex, the pajamammas are carrying on.

"Give me bigger and better pajamas," cries Marie Dressler to Polly Moran. "If you'd worn pajamas to church Easter Sunday, you wouldn't have tripped and busted your nose."

Church is about the only place that one can escape this garment, but never mind—just wait until next Easter. Betting is already two-to-one in favor of pajamas.



Lady Buck Skein

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

VACATION SPORTS JACKET

The cut of the Lady Buck Skein Sports Jacket brings out lines you never suspected you had . . . but wanted so much . . .

The pert collar, for instance, if left casually open, fits with a becoming softness . . . or buttoned up, it is smartly snug. Buck Skein looks and feels like the softest suede. And yet it wears like leather and never scuffs up. Buck Skein washes beautifully. It is rainproof. The colors are absolutely fast; four enticing colors to choose from: Nile Green, Powder Blue, Eggshell White and Chamois. Lady Buck Skein is carefully tailored down to the last stitch, with a tricky ivory buckle and matched buttons delicately tinted.

And it is so practical . . . Take it on your vacation, as it is just grand for all sports . . . wear it for golf . . . throw it around you after a game of tennis . . . or on a cool evening it is cozy when there is a slight chill in the air.

I can't help getting excited about Lady Buck Skein . . . but you will be just as intrigued once you see it. Your husbands, brothers, uncles, and gentlemen of bowing acquaintance have been wearing my Buck Skein shirts and jackets for years. And now here's to the ladies. Lady Buck Skein. What a gem!

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if Buck Skein does not give you complete satisfaction. No strings attached.

Order from my coupon below; send no money; your Buck Skein jacket will be sent C.O.D.

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Lustberg, Nast & Co., Inc., *Makers*
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See that I get my Buck Skein Jacket at $5.50, C.O.D.
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3 Easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness

Shade your upper eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow—see how much more *"expression"* comes into your eyes that very instant!

Then . . . darken your lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. *Instantly* they will appear longer and beautifully luxuriant . . . and your eyes will appear larger and more brilliant. Select Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline Eyelash Darkener; either form in Black or Brown—75c.

Finish . . . with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It's the new, indestructible type . . . clean and easy to handle. Choose Black or Brown—35c.

When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used for all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Any color—75c.



Insist on genuine Maybelline products and your satisfaction is assured—Obtain at all toilet goods counters.

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EYE SHADOW EYELASH DARKENER EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes



"Yes, Betty, we'll *always* be BLONDES"

SUNNY golden curls . . . smart blonde coiffure. Mother and daughter keeping young together—thanks to Blondex. This special blonde hair shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely brings back the true golden color to dull, drab, faded light hair. The bright, gleaming lights return—makes the hair soft and silky. No injurious chemicals. Not a dye. Invigorates the scalp. Ask any Blondex user! At all drug and department stores.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 41*)

she has other ties in Hollywood. Some years ago when she was starring at a local downtown theater, a "grips" on the Sennett lot remarked to the publicity man, "Well, I'm going to the Mason to-night to get my mother."

"Is she going to the show?" asked the publicity man. The "grips" shook his head. "No, she *is* the show," said he. "Name's Robson."

HOLLYWOOD has not been able to figure out the John McCormick matter yet. First John (Mr. Ex-Colleen Moore) suddenly ups and leaves the movies flat by sailing for the South Seas to become a high-class beachcomber, remarking bitterly that he is through with Hollywood and women forever. Up to then Hollywood had supposed him engaged to Mae Clarke. Next a news cable comes from Honolulu that John declares he is going to marry Dorothy Mackaill. And immediately afterward, before Hollywood can catch its breath, a widow from Beverly Hills, Mrs. Janet Gattis, contradicts John in print and declares that he proposed to her by cable and that she is leaving for Honolulu at once to marry him, herself! And Colleen's friends say that if Colleen would take him back, John would come like a shot. So your guess is as good as mine.

MARLENE DIETRICH has put her foot down on pictures of her little girl, whom she has brought back to Hollywood with her. She says she wants to keep the baby out of the limelight, but it's also just possible that a tall, buxom four-year-old might make the luscious Marlene seem a trifle mature. At any rate, the gossip that she has separated from her husband, Herr Sieber, seems to be settled once and for all. Her first command to her secretary at the studio was to direct and stamp fifty letters to him all at once and put them in her dressing-room. It seems natural to have Marlene back, lunching again in a snappy riding habit with Von Sternberg—not that they ever seem to have anything to say to each other!

THERE is open talk that the long romance of Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper is nearing an end. Whispers of hot arguments and violent disputes come to our ears. "They're quarreling so much," said a friend, "that either they're through, or they're married!" Gary has gained back seven of those lost pounds and seems fully recovered from the illness that sent him to Arizona. Lupe has been touring in vaudeville and when last seen was headed for New York to star in a Broadway stage play.

AL BOASBERG was inviting a friend to visit his beach house at Malibu. "Come on down," he urged. "The next payment doesn't come due until July. We'll be there until then, anyway." It was Al who was describing a tong war that he claimed to have witnessed personally. "Yes, sir," said he, "I tell you I was in my garage when the first iceman began to swear at the second iceman in the alley outside."

WILL ROGERS had a chance to dress up in fine raiment for the first time in "Young as You Feel." And did homespun Will love it? Ask anybody who was in the picture with him! For the first time, too, he tried the effect of make-up on the rugged Rogers countenance, and seemed delighted with the result. Between scenes—a fellow player told me—he could be found posturing before a full-length mirror, trying his tall hat first this way and then that. Will was burned up over a recent story in a fan magazine that picked on him and poked sly fun at his idiosyncrasies. "Jest one thing the feller who wrote that piece forgot to put in," said Will, chewing his gum morosely. "He said 'most everything else. But he didn't mention that I make pretty good pictures that folks seem to like to see."

NOW it's Billy Bakewell, the best "date" in Hollywood among the younger set, who is beauing the flashing Conchita Montenegro around. At a recent party he saw her and fell under dat ol' Spanish spell. Seeking out a woman friend he had seen talking to Conchita, he begged for an introduction. "Will you give me all the money you have with you for an introduction?" asked the mutual friend. Billy nodded enthusiastically, sought in his pockets, with the net result of—one lonely little nickel! Now he is studying Spanish and Conchita is helping him with the hard words.

DIRECTOR CLARENCE BROWN seems much interested in the career of Mona Maris. And Thelma Todd is rumored engaged to Abe Lyman, of band fame. Lothar Mendez, ex-husband of Dorothy Mackaill, is expected to marry Lady Inverclyde as soon as she is Reno-vated. Hollywood expects that Gloria Swanson will say "I do" for the fourth time—to Gene Markey now. She is quoted as saying, "Gene is the only man I ever really loved." John Gilbert has been displaying an interest in Joan Bennett, and Ina Claire is going places with Robert Ames.

SOME of the biggest screen stars played in the Bobby Jones golf shorts as "bit" players—and without salary, too. Fought to get the chance, as a matter of fact. Barthelmess as an extra—imagine! And Joe E. Brown appears as a duffer, getting tips from Bobby. Then there are Loretta Young and Zelma O'Neal and Vivian Oakland, who may be recognized among the crowd watching Bobby tee off. And Walter Huston and Doug, Junior, both clamored to play atmosphere. They hoped to get tips from the rotund Maestro of the links and improve their own game.

THE battle between the studios and the agents still wages—about wages. The studios have barred the agents from conferences in which their clients are concerned. Some of the studios even have policemen on guard in the hall to see that no "agents, salesmen, bootleggers, writers or other annoying people get in." How do you suppose *we* feel now? We arrived at Paramount the other day at the same time as one of these agents and met Jack Oakie.

"Aha, I see you're associating with flesh-peddlers these days!" cried Jack. He feels the situation personally, as he has *three* agents, who all claim to have landed him his job and all get a percentage of his salary.

"I'm going to form them into a vaudeville trio and send them out over the Orpheum circuit," says Jack. "That's the only way I can see of getting my money back."

SENSATIONAL VALUE!
SEND NO MONEY



A daily sun bath—a few minutes in the morning or evening—will keep you looking and feeling physically fit.



Invalids confined indoors missing the life-giving, health-bringing power of natural sunlight, find the Health Ray Lamp a boon.



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A $100 Sun lamp can do no more

Now, through the magic of the Health Ray Lamp, artificial sunlight, containing all the rejuvenating and healthful properties of sunshine, is available to all—at any time of the day or night—at any season of the year. Now the great benefits of ultra violet radiation can be yours . . . through this new, full-strength, therapeutic, ultra-violet (and infra-red) lamp at the *lowest* retail *price* in the world . . . $5.95!

Mass production and tremendous sales alone make this possible.

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A few minutes in the morning or evening will suffice for your daily sun bath . . . will keep you feeling and looking physically fit . . . your body stimulated with Vitamin D . . . your brain alert . . . colds, grippe . . . annoying little aches and pains will pass you by. The whole family will enjoy greater health.

Inexpensive Health Insurance

It costs only a few cents a day to enjoy the relaxing, healthful, vitalizing rays of the Health Ray Lamp. By subjecting yourself to these rays, you are building up a reserve of health and strength to withstand disease. You will look and feel vibrant, vigorous, fully alive. You are safeguarding your health in a pleasant, inexpensive way.

Real Sun Tan (the glow of health)

A genuine sun Tan is quickly and easily secured with a Health Ray Lamp. A few minutes a day spent bathing in the rays of this lamp will give you the same kind of tan you get on a Florida beach.

Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

These rays are especially effective in destroying germ life and imparting vigor and vitality. They also stimulate glandular function. They are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs and clarify the skin. Pimples and temporary blemishes yield quickly to their purifying action. Children respond rapidly to the beneficent effects. In cases of listlessness and anemia, the rays are unusually effective. An invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets.

Same Benefits as $100 Lamps

The Health Ray Lamp is a remarkable bargain. Users receive the same benefits as with the $100 and $150 lamps. It is two lamps in one. It not only produces ultra violet—those rays that destroy germ life, invigorate physically and mentally and stimulate glandular function—but an especially designed generator produces at the same time the warm infra-red rays which stimulate blood circulation, soothe, comfort and penetrate deeply into living body tissue . . . healing and preventing illness.

Brings These Many Benefits

1. Builds strength and vigor, resistance to sickness; invigorates the entire system.
2. By activating the cholesterol in the skin, Vitamin D is created which fixes the calcium and phosphorus in the blood, preventing rickets.
3. Prevents colds, grippe, lumbago, stops the annoying little aches and pains of every day.
4. Improves the appearance by imparting the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. Gives the same kind of Tan you would get from a month on the Florida beaches.
5. Frees the skin from pimples and temporary blemishes.

Specifications

Operates on either Alternating or Direct current. Resistance coil is of the best Nickel Chrome wire. Guaranteed for one year.



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10 days Free Trial—Send No Money

The Health Ray Lamp, including goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., will be sent you for free ten days' trial in your own home. Try it at our risk. For ten days, experience its vitalizing, health-building effects. Compare the results with higher priced equipment. Send no money. Simply fill out coupon below and the complete outfit will go forward immediately. When it arrives, deposit $5.95, plus a few cents postage with the postman. After 10 days' trial, if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money.

There is only one requirement—that you include on the coupon the name of your local dealer from whom you would ordinarily purchase the Health Ray Lamp (for instance the name of your druggist or department store.)

Take Advantage of this special offer now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Please print name and address plainly.

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Send me one Health Ray (ultra violet and infra-red) Lamp, complete with goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc. at the special introductory price. Upon arrival I agree to pay postman $5.95 plus a few pennies postage.

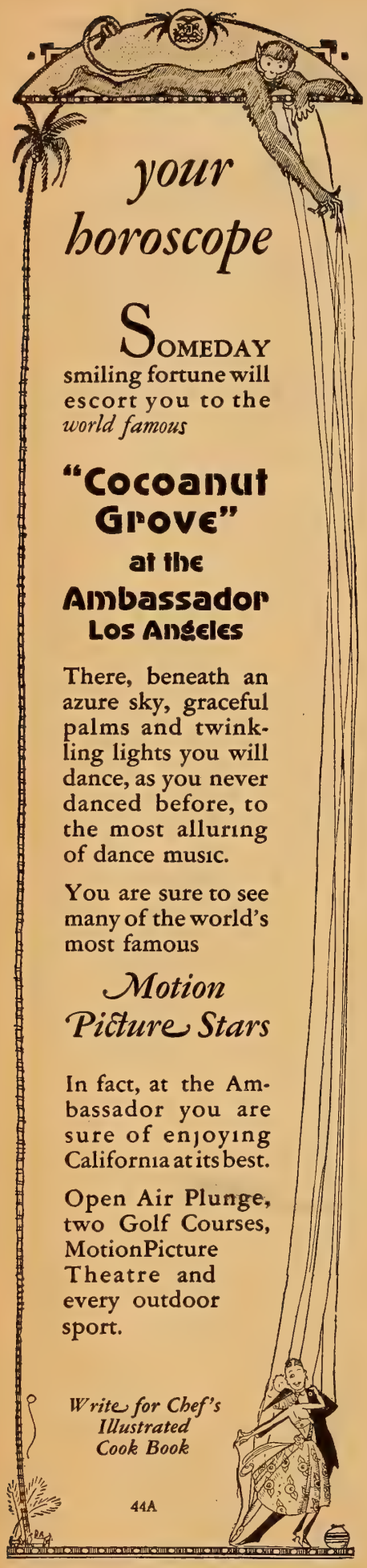
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What Marriage Has Done To Young Doug

(*Continued from page 56*)

"That's how I look at my job. I've been at it now for eight years, ever since my début in that egg, 'Stephen Steps Out.' I had played extra and bits before that, and I don't mind admitting that I did the same after it. I've been at pictures long enough to realize that it is a job, just like any other.

"Lots of people think it would be swell to be a movie actor. But if you search out the reason why, generally you'll learn that it is the incidentals of the trade that attract them. They don't think about the work and the trouble. They simply concentrate on how grand it would be to have the crowd know you. That's foolish. I like pictures because both the money and the medium of expression appeal to me—but I'm not wasting any thought on the respect that the world at large may entertain for a shadow called 'Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.' I'm still in my right mind.

"Figure it out. Why do people go to the movies? Because they want to be entertained, or because they can't think of anything better to do for a couple of hours. While they are in the theater, they watch this chap on the screen, as he moves through a series of dramatic scenes. If he's lucky, they identify themselves with him in some way, and think him a hero. If not, they're apt to think him a heel. But at all events they go away, and the next time they see him he's somebody else. Who is going to be foolish enough to think that that applause is for him, personally? It's the character that the audience finds attractive. The actor is just the medium in which that character is expressed.

Wolheim's Gospel

"LOUIS WOLHEIM once summed it up very smartly: 'An actor, if he is an actor, does not play himself. He is merely the vehicle for the part. The actor's art lies in bringing the needed character to the surface.' That's great stuff!

"I've been asked if I learn anything from these characters I play; if I instruct myself as I may instruct, perhaps, many other people. My answer is 'no.' I don't because what I am doing is too consciously planned beforehand to tell me anything new. In other words, I'm teaching and not being taught. I'm giving a sort of emotional lecture, and it would be a poor professor who tried to learn about his subject as he was telling about it.

"Naturally, in studying the finished product, there are always places where, if given the chance, I see where I might have improved my work. I get sore at that shadow that bears my name, when I see him doing something that I hadn't intended him to do. Anyone who hasn't acted in pictures has a difficult time understanding what trifles of gesture or facial movement can do to make a character seem utterly absurd.

"To tell you the truth, that is why so many players have a pan that's absolutely dead—they are afraid of overacting. And the irony of it is that this type of thespian is often given credit by the critics for 'splendid repression.'

"They're repressed, all right—but it isn't to their credit. It's easier, much easier, to be that way than it is to be natural and act natural.

His Severest Critic—and Hers

"WE all need criticism, however, need it a lot. Joan is my harshest one, and I'm hers. We simply pan the daylights out of each other's performances, and I think it's good for both of us. So few people are willing or able to tell you what's what in a constructive manner. We have a habit of not telling each other what we are working to accomplish, so as to spring a surprise the night of the preview—and incidentally allow the other to approach our work with a fresh viewpoint.

"I think it's grand, having a wife in the same work as myself. She understands my problems, I sympathize with hers. Then we have that old spirit of competition to keep us on our toes. I need it, because I'm lazy and have a tendency to be scattered. I have several interests aside from acting—sort of an artistic jack-of-all-trades, and master of none."

One might say that he is master of none because his nature is diametrically opposed to the stern, pushing attitude common to stand-outs in all lines of self-expression. Doug is at his best when acting because, as he admits, it gives a wider scope to the ego than either drawing or writing. The latter are good hobbies—but, with him, hobbies only. Because he loathes working at a thing when the mood to do so has passed.

No Alger hero of fiction, this. He loves life and living far too much to be bothered by the demands of fortitude, etc. In fact, anything savoring of fortitude, etc. gives young Doug sharp, shooting pains. His claims to laziness seem to be built on something more than idle fancy.

First This, Then That

HE had, for instance, contracted with a publishing firm to deliver an eighty-thousand word manuscript by the first of June, 1931. He has something like twenty thousand words of the book done. He grins. He leans back in his chair, pressing his nose with his thumb, and wonders in a most unworried manner how he ever is going to get it finished at all—much less by June first.

He studied sculpture in Paris, studied it more than he has ever studied anything else. Then he became interested in drawing, which in turn he has more or less abandoned for caricature.

He showed me a curt telegram from an associate editor of "Vanity Fair," inquiring as to the whereabouts of the long-overdue continuation of the series of literary sketches of such well-known movie figures as his father, Mary Pickford, Chevalier and Barrymore, which he has been doing for that sophisticated publication. "I promised to do twelve more of them," he sighs. "I guess I'll have to get busy—"

He has done a book of poems, half of which were pronounced excellent by Noel Coward, the other half waste-basket stuff. "I'm going to get those out and fix them up," he threatens, pushing at the end of his nose with his thumb. Which, indeed, might be accepted as his gesture toward all the burdensome, bothersome things in the life of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Joan, Joan, I'm afraid there is still quite a lot of work to be done on this young man!

Did You Know That--

Pola Negri penned her "Life Story" when she didn't think she'd be coming back—and now that she's in Hollywood again, it isn't likely to be published for a few years?

Tallulah Bankhead first appeared in the movies 'way back in 1917 in "The Auction Block," produced by Sam Goldwyn?

Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Joan Bennett, whose engagement to John Considine, Jr., is one of those on-again-off-again affairs, is going places with John Gilbert these days.

2. Robert Ames, who has already been wedded about four times, is being seen here, there and everywhere around Hollywood with the beauteous Ina Claire.

3. Lilyan Tashman was charged with beating Alona Marlowe when Lil found her in her husband's (Edmund Lowe's) dressing room on the Fox lot.

4. Wedding bells will soon ring for Marjorie Beebe, motion picture player and Mack Sennett, the producer.

5. Contrary to the plump reports, Pola tips the scales at only 110 pounds. She's still built along the Fisher lines.

6. In these days of wage cuts, it's good to hear that someone's salary has taken such a jump, but it is more than a pleasure to hear such news when it concerns the grand old lady of the screen, Marie Dressler.

7. Because her negotiations with Universal Film Corporation have not materialized, Universal not being willing to accede to her asserted demand for $175,000, Helen refuses even to be filmed for newsreel purposes. Who can blame her? If she can't sell her talent at her own figure, she won't give it away. It's her own racquet.

8. Seventeen-year-old Marian Marsh, who has played with John Barrymore on the screen, was born on the Island of Trinidad and one of her female ancestors was a pirate's bride from Port of Spain, Trinidad. How exciting and romantic!

9. Ernest Torrence, the character actor, composed the song "What an Irishman Means by Machree," which has been the Irish tenor John McCormack's favorite and most-often-rendered number during his concerts this season.

10. Marion Davies, now a famous movie figure, won fame as a Harrison Fisher model long before she thought of the movies.

11. It is rumored that Lothar Mendez, Dorothy Mackaill's erstwhile spouse, will wed Lady Inverclyde when she is granted her final decree.

12 Ethel (Jeanie) Kent, the wife of the movie star, Robert Armstrong, has gone to Reno to seek a six-weeks' divorce from him. Some say Mrs. Armstrong's jealousy of Carole Lombard is to blame, yet the blonde Carole is supposed to be William Powell's light of love. Anyhow, you'll have to admit Hollywood's not a dull place.

13. Red-headed Peggy Shannon from the New York stage, who had been signed by Paramount for small parts, was sent rocketing into stardom in Clara Bow's place in "The Secret Call" when Clara's collapse sent her to a sanitarium. A case of one having a breakdown and the other getting a break.

14. The initials T. M. in Neon lights grace the entrance of Tom Mix's house in California, which solves the problem for fading stars who are anxious to keep their names in electric lights.

15. At the age of seventy-two, Samuel Marx, father of the Four Marx Brothers, has just played a comedy bit in "Monkey Business," which stars the four comedians.

16. Ann Harding of the never-bobbed blonde tresses is the favorite motion picture actress of the senior Dartmouth College boys.

17. The secret is out and it concerns Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels) who are expecting a blessed event. The long-legged bird will make his appearance early in the Fall.

18. The comedian, Charles Chaplin, refused to make an appearance at a command performance for the King of England. Perhaps it was tit for tat and one of Chaplin's reasons may be the fact that after there was so much talk about Knighting him, due to the comedian's marital standing the King would not sanction a Knighthood for Chaplin.

19. Reri is her name. She is also known as Anna Chevalier. The late F. W. Murnau chose her as the star of his photoplay, "Tabu," and now she is being glorified by Ziegfeld.



The great White way of vamping--copyrighted by Marjorie White



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What? No Brunettes?

(*Continued from page 55*)

Joan Crawford, the newest brunette-blonde, went peroxide for the camera just like Bebe, only with a slightly different reason. Joan's once-reddish-brown hair is now a golden taffy color and Joan says the color materially aids her appearance on the screen.

"Dark hair," explained Joan, "is just like a frame for the features on the screen. It accentuates the profile, the eyes and the mouth too vividly. Blonde hair is a softer frame. It catches the light more effectively.

"Before I dyed my hair, several critics were complaining that I was too thin—that I was not photographing so well. My own dark hair made my eyes seem unusually large for one thing. Other features were equally pronounced.

"It was my cameraman who suggested that I lighten my hair. He called to my attention that my eyes and skin were light and that blonde hair would probably be more becoming to my type than its own natural color. At first I lightened it just a bit with a peroxide rinse. I made a test after that and was so encouraged by the result that I decided to become a decided blonde. Several reviewers commented on the fact that I look much better in 'Dance, Fools, Dance' than I did in 'Paid.'

"For that reason alone I would keep my hair blonde for the camera, even though I didn't care so much for it off the screen—but it just happens that I do." She ran her fingers through her newly golden head. "Do you know," she laughed, "I am beginning to feel like a blonde."

Joan Changed Two Ways

CERTAINLY Joan, with the subdued influence of the new color scheme, does not remind you of the vivid, dark flame of her hey-hey days. Joan is one of the few dyed blondes who has acquired a blonde personality along with her blonde hair.

When Ruth Chatterton first came to Hollywood, her hair was long and an indefinite color of light brown. Now it is bobbed, silky-gold in texture. For formal evening wear she wears it like a slick yellow cap against her head. There are many who say that Ruth Chatterton has the most distinctive coiffure in Hollywood. This was not true when she first came to pictures.

The first time I saw her, she was wearing her hair in a colorless knot on the back of her neck. It was an unbecoming arrangement that added several years to her appearance. It was naturally curly and naturally colored, but distinction-loving Hollywood has never set much stock by Mother Nature's paint-box. In the vivid assemblage that included the flaming Clara Bow, the white Jean Harlow and the black-and-white effectiveness of Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton could have been easily overlooked.

With her screen success came an entirely new personality. She bobbed her hair, tinted it golden and, in the new effect, acquired a youthful distinction. It is Broadway small-talk that the movies rejuvenated Ruth Chatterton, and Hollywood can tell you that her new slick blonde head had a great deal to do with it.

Good-bye, Inferiority

ELEANOR BOARDMAN is frank in admitting that she "touched up" her naturally mousy-brown hair for the simple reason that she has always wanted to be a blonde.

"I just missed being a real one," she laughs, "so I decided to go ahead where Nature had left off. My eyes and skin are light and I figured my hair should be, too. Becoming a blonde really did things to me besides changing the color of my hair.

"When I first came to Hollywood, I felt as mousy and scared as I looked. I was afraid of everything, including myself. Suddenly I made up my mind to do myself over. I started on the outside with lemon and ammonia rinses—and while it may sound silly I lost an awful lot of that stage fright when I became a definitely-colored type.

"Numerologists claim, you know, that many of us go through life with the wrong name. I'm inclined to think that many of us go through life with the wrong-colored hair, too. If you feel like a red-head, why not act and look like one? If you love blonde hair and think it would be becoming—why not?"

As for Georgia Hale, who is no longer on the screen, what better reason could she have for dyeing her black hair blonde than the simple one that Charlie Chaplin, the boy-friend, has always liked blondes? Remember Claire Windsor, Mildred Harris, Peggy Hopkins Joyce?

Hollywood is going blonde—but she has her reasons.

The Taylor Murder Case

(*Continued from page 33*)

to be taken seriously. That's very possible.

"A clever author might take the facts in the Taylor case and build them up in such a way as to pin the guilt on almost anyone concerned. But certainly the clues themselves, as they stand in the official records, are not sufficient to pin guilt on any of the actual persons.

"Such an author might add a few more clues, emphasize some and tone down others in such a way as to make a convincing case against any given character. But it would take considerable manipulation, for, in order to make the clues point convincingly to any one person, they would have to be knit together into a close web. This, of course, is the fictionist's problem and many a convincing detective story has been started and worked out to a logical conclusion with far fewer clues than we find in the Taylor murder.

"Various deductions may be made from the known facts in the Taylor case as to the technique of the shooting. The facts might even be construed to show that the director was killed by either one or two persons. One person, whom he knew, might have sat in front of him, and, when the revolver was drawn, Taylor might have jumped backward in amazement, tripping, turning half-way 'round and catching the bullet in his back when the intention was to shoot him from the front.

"Again, he might have been held up from the front while a second person shot him from behind. Then, again, Taylor might have been shot unexpectedly from behind and the murderer, for some reason, might have jerked his chair backward, spilling the body to the floor. In fact, there are a dozen ways in which the physical facts of the shooting might be explained and, as every police officer knows, it is generally one of the less logical explanations that is the true one.

"The same can be said about the fact that the bullet hole in the coat and vest did not conform. Almost any movement of the

(*Continued on page 99*)

Why Garbo Plays Dumb

(*Continued from page 27*)

boil; telephones are left to ring. What does it matter? Garbo's passing by.

There's a lot of self-discipline in Garbo's game. All pose and no play would wear down a less courageous soul. It has been hinted among her intimates that she would adore a week-end at Caliente or to dance some night, at a smart hotel.

No Crowds, Thank You

BUT this is not for Garbo. Too many people would point her out, crowd around, rub elbows. That would shatter her campaign of aloofness.

Garbo has her moments. She has a keen sense of humor, knows all the latest stories and delights in playing practical jokes.

She walked a well-known Hollywood designer ten miles one day to give him her ideas on clothes. Birds and flowers caught her fancy and dresses were forgotten. Imagine his embarrassment!

Garbo is not one of Hollywood's fifty-seven varieties on opening nights. The game's rules say no. There are no free looks for Garbo fans. She doesn't pass that way. The box office is the only route.

She has the Continental idea of conservation. She conserves her energy, her money, and her words.

It is said her longest speech in public was "Ya, Ya."

Unlike most actresses, Garbo restrains all desire for show. It wastes her time, energy, and money. She cannot be annoyed. She's in the game for a purpose. Business is business.

She rents a modest hedge-hidden house at 1707 San Vincente, Santa Monica. Her motor car is three years old. She is content with a few necessary servants. Her tastes are simple. Books and sleep play an important part in her private life, according to those who know. To the outside world she might just as well be in a harem, so preciously is she guarded by the Great Silence.

The Garbo campaign of silence and simplicity is a success. It may even place her name among the simple great with Tolstoy, Gandhi, Lincoln, and the rest.

Few, if any, of the stars have given a more serious consideration to the cold business side of movie fame.

Garbo's in the game for what it's worth. She's clever on and off. Dumb—like a fox!

When her lair is filled with golden eggs, she may break her silence. Until then—mystery.

Until then—this interesting game.

Danger In His Eyes

(*Continued from page 51*)

"They had no respect for women. Oh, they respected their wives, in a sense. But you know that women mean just one thing to such men. And their wives were just slaves, to do the work and please their men. The women were happy enough, because they didn't know any better. And of course the men only felt as they did because they were ignorant—although sometimes I'm inclined to think they were right!

"Anyway, when I left there, I felt just the way they did. I was as hard as iron in every muscle. And I was pretty tough. The psychology of the lumberjack is not very gentle—and down in the Oklahoma oil fields they were real men, too. And of course, on the stage the people I'd known hadn't been exactly sweet and lovely."

With this sinewy schooling behind him, he started out on the familiar career of a stage actor. Stock, road companies, appearances on both coasts in famous rôles, ending up with the Los Angeles production of "The Last Mile," which catapulted him into the talkies. After playing comedy and romantic leads all his life, Clark was much surprised to find himself a heavy in pictures. In the course of the years he had become quite a finished product, and his lumber-camp feeling about women and life had been tempered—a little. But the all-seeing eye of the camera detected it.

His Slant on Women

IF IT'S any comfort to them to know it, Mr. Gable is likewise susceptible to women.

"Well, not exactly suspectible," he said slowly, "but I think they're marvelous! I don't think there are any women anywhere in the world to compare with American girls. So smart, so good-looking, so independent and intelligent.

"It isn't their intellect that makes me like them, but I do admire it in them. I love their courage, and the way they want to do everything men do. For instance, this girl who's going to try to duplicate Lindbergh's flight—I think that's great!"

Clark is not one of the men who resent woman's craving to be man's equal.

"Men who resent it," he said, "are men who are worried because they think their supremacy will be threatened. They would admire it, they couldn't help it, if they didn't fear for their own positions.

"I don't want to be the head man, with women. I do want to be superior to other men. I want to be as good or better than any other man on earth. I have a very strong feeling of competition about that.

"But if a *woman* does what I do—that's not competition. Because she's a different sex, don't you see? I'm delighted if she can do anything as well as I can."

In other words, Clark Gable is a man of the magnanimous old school, who knows he can afford to make any concession to women, because they can't win anyway. He's aware that his sex makes him superior to them, no matter how many oceans they fly across or political positions they fill.

He can watch them performing their feats, with graciousness and pleasure, because he knows they are beating their pretty little heads against a stone wall.

Men have the upper hand, and unless Nature makes some unexpected changes, they always will have, whether women are suffragettes or down-trodden wives.

"I'm glad you said that," he remarked, "Because that's it, exactly."

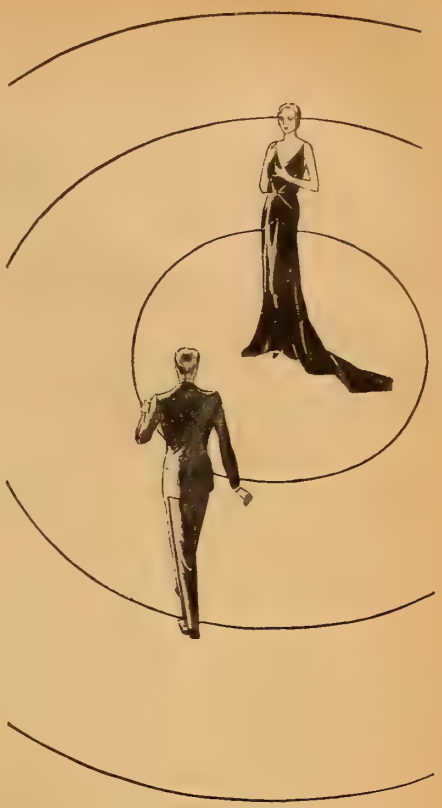
Now do you see what I mean about the arrogant male? Women may resent this attitude, but they love it, too. They love to be patronized if the patronizer's shoulders are broad enough, and not padded.

Mr. Gable will get along.

Did You Know That - -

Fritzi Ridgeway, the "tattler" in "The Mad Parade," owns and operates a hotel at Palm Springs?

The bankruptcy files in the Federal building in Los Angeles have had to be moved to larger quarters?



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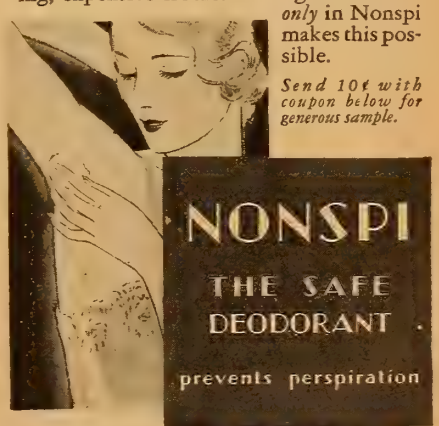
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New York

Found! An English Caveman

(*Continued from page 59*)

glands. An experiment proved that if the pituitary—or was it the endocrine?—gland is removed from a cat, the cat becomes a slinking coward. If the gland is reinserted, the cat becomes a buccaneer. The theory being that the gland secretions do something about rushing to the head and the extremities, thus propelling the animal (or the individual) into action. Thus, heroism.

On the other hand, there is reincarnation. Followers of the gods believe that highly civilized persons have lived many lives before the present one, thus distilling the essences of superior thinking, bravery and other virtues. Followers of the glands believe that it is a mere matter of too much or too little glandular activity.

Clive says that if he had not had so limited an education, he probably would not have been a movie actor. Not that he is ashamed of his profession. On the contrary. He would have liked to have had a thorough training for the thing that he is doing. A semester or two of Shakespeare.

I said, "I thought that you were *awfully* educated."

"I've read a great deal. But indiscriminately. Here and there. Jumpily."

The Brook family fortunes wavered when young Clive was fifteen and at Dulwich College. He was studying for the Bar. Not that he particularly craved the life of a barrister, but it seemed to be the thing to do. He left college and did all sorts of things. Was assistant secretary at the Colonial Club in London. Did some reporting, very badly (he says). Wrote short stories, some of which appeared in "The Smart Set" during the days of Mencken's editorship.

He studied elocution and even taught it. He also went about speaking pieces. As he says, "Of all things!" He went quite a bit to insane asylums and says that his best and most intelligent audiences were there.

He did things in the War, of course. I can't go into that, because he didn't. But I did learn that he was in action during the second Battle of Vimy and the Battle of Messines. He was buried under an avalanche of earth and escaped unscathed.

After he was buried under the avalanche, he lost his memory now and again. One night he stepped out onto the drill grounds and began vigorously to drill troops *that were not there.*

The only lapse he suffers now is an infrequent forgetting of names.

When he left the War, he was a major.

He hates interviewers who ask him about his "love life." We had talked so much about glands that I escaped incurring his hatred. In retrospect, I regret a lost opportunity. An individualist wearing a frock coat and striped trousers might produce emotions worth investigating.

But why, he asks, when Einstein is interviewed, is it always about relativity? When Lindbergh is interviewed, why is it always about aeronautics? And when an actor is interviewed, why is it always LOVE?

He has never, he complained, made the tabloids. We suggested creating a bawdy break for him. The details were of necessity scummy and he didn't seem interested. I suggested that it should be easy—so many goggle-eyed girls and languishing ladies eager to goggle and to languish at him. He seemed even less interested.

He does not collect Early English glass. "There is something so *smug*," he said, "about collecting Early English glass. I have about six pieces and a few odds and ends of pewter. I did not collect them. They came to me. They would bring me about three hundred dollars for the lot."

He feels better in New York than he does in Hollywood. Here he feels lethargic. There: "I can't claim any great intellectual prowess, but in New York I found myself really sparkling, once in a while. People laughed at my remarks. I seemed to be entertaining."

He says there are three ways for a man to be photographed. One way is with his collar on and the other two ways are with his collar off or open. He has tried all three a couple of thousand times.

He looks exactly the way he looks on the screen. You would know him anywhere,

America Wants Will Rogers for President

(*Continued from page 30*)

thought of Will Rogers as a Presidential possibility:

Governor Hunt, of Arizona: "I have made it a habit to endorse no enterprise, political or professional. Sorry!"

United States Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi: "Nice to have seen you!"

Lt. Governor Robert Burns, of Oklahoma: "I'd like to ask 'Alfalfa Bill' what he thinks."

Governor William ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray, of Oklahoma: "I may be a candidate myself!"

Congressman Joe Crail, of California: "Will Rogers is a constituent of mine. If he is nominated for President by the Democrats, he will have my sincere good wishes and I think he will get more votes than any of those who have been prominently mentioned for the Democratic nomination. He has a sense of humor, which would be helpful to a President. Personally, I expect to support the Republican nominee."

United States Senator William Borah, of Idaho: "Yes?"

Mayor E. B. Poe, of El Paso, Texas: "I wish you luck. I'm for Will."

Mayor Anton J. Cermak, of Chicago: "I couldn't say about Will."

Newspapers, newsreels, editors and radio announcers have commented on the idea—some supporting it seriously, others using it as a medium of poking fun at some of the self-conscious seriousness of Washington, Capitol Hill and the White House.

Mechanics, reporters, waitresses, clerks, screen players, business men, farmers, housewives all endorsed the project, enlisted under its standard—a sign on the side of the aforementioned car, which read:

"HOLLYWOOD WANTS WILL ROGERS FOR PRESIDENT."

But perhaps the most important—and significant—comment was made by a philosophical *hombre* from Oklahoma, who stood on the front porch of his big ranch house near Santa Monica, California and surveyed the polo field in front of him, the Pacific at his feet, and (mentally) his bank balance, so ably guarded by jealous gentlemen in Beverly Hills.

Said Will Rogers, when approached on the subject:

"That's just hooey. No one would ever take such a candidacy seriously. And even if I could have it—I wouldn't want it.

Lincoln said he didn't want the job. So did Coolidge. So do most of the candidates when their names are first mentioned. Most of them think they haven't a chance.

Could Will Rogers be mistaken?

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Modern science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. It is found that the correction of this cause stops the formation of fat. And all self-denial, all starvation, fails to do that when this gland secretion is inadequate. So all modern physicians are feeding the system this gland substance which it lacks.

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Five Feet of Stardom

(*Continued from page 70*)

Under this soothing treatment she abandoned all thoughts of law, and hotfooted it to a dramatic school, where she learned diction, poise and something about acting.

After a year of stock and a minor part on Broadway, she got the lead in "Lost Sheep"—and there she was. At the age of eighteen, with no trouble at all, one of the season's sensations in the theater. She never had to prove whether her success was enduring, because Junior Laemmle saw her and signed her on a Universal contract, and the theatrical career ended as abruptly as it had begun.

She Was Drafted

"BUT I never *wanted* to go into the movies," said Sidney. "I hated the idea. So it's not a case of feeling, 'Oh, it can't be true! I'm actually *here*, in the land of my dreams!' "

It was at the dawn of her success in New York that Sidney began kicking off the glass slipper. After stepping into fame and fortune with such ease, she didn't react in the way that the youth of the nation loves to read about. No taffeta boudoirs for Sidney. Turning her back on love and luxury, she took a room at a hotel that caters to bachelor girls or lone women who want to be protected from the prowling male, or who can't afford to furnish an apartment. Sidney had the time of her life there.

"I didn't mind it at the hotel at all," she says. "In fact I had a wonderful time. You see, I never went to boarding-school, and all the dormitory life I missed there I found at the hotel. I loved it—girls running in and out of each other's rooms with no clothes on, helping each other dress. I had several friends there, and when I wasn't working, I even enjoyed staying home evenings.

"Besides, it's impossible for a girl to live alone in an apartment in New York. Men who take you out insist on coming up late at night, and there's absolutely no way to keep them out. At this hotel, they take you to the elevator, say good-night, and that settles it."

Arriving in Hollywood, she pursued the same stern tactics. She took a house, but with no risk attached, for she brought along a chaperon-companion who is constantly on guard.

Hollywood's Ears Are Red

SIDNEY'S opinion of Hollywood isn't entirely flattering.

"Oh, I'm glad to be in the movies. It's nice to have lots of money, and you do make lots of money. It's nice to be able to buy all the books you want, and all your favorite expensive records. But it's hard to find anyone to appreciate them with you. For instance, at a party a man said to me, 'Do you read?' I was amazed, but I said, 'Yes.' Then he said, '*What* do you read?'

"Now, for a person who has read widely and constantly ever since she first learned how, to be asked '*What* do you read?' is too absurd! How can you possibly answer a thing like that? And people come to your house and you put on some beautiful phonograph record that you love—and they proceed to talk all the way through it!

"Hollywood is stifling," she complained. "When I first came out, everyone used to say, 'You're so alert, on your toes all the time!' But now I find myself getting languid. I really believe that in Hollywood lassitude is better for you. People like you better if you're not aggressive and alert."

But Sidney has a long way to go before she can compete with the true native brand of lassitude.

"Movies are awfully trying," she went on. "It's all so mechanical, and so chopped up, that I believe it's impossible to give a good performance on the screen. I'm more and more convinced that the good acting in pictures is purely accidental."

Sidney is fortunate in being independent of other people's opinions. She finds her chief source of praise or censure in herself. Nobody can kid that girl into thinking she was good in a picture if she knows she wasn't.

But on the whole, Sidney Fox has looked upon herself and found it good. She has the confidence that can wring success out of any profession—when there's something to back it up. In her case there seems to be plenty. And she's going about the whole thing in a shrewd, systematic, and hygienic way.

After She's Rich, What?

IN the Fox household, the emphasis is on the mental accomplishments. After all, beauty is self-evident. Sidney is a person of many talents. Acting, of course, comes first—even though it's impossible on the screen. But she doesn't intend to stay in pictures forever.

"A lot of my friends tell me it's a crime for me not to be writing. I have written a good deal, and they think I have real talent for it. And then music—I'm really never as happy as when I'm singing, and I'd like to do a musical play some day."

Miss Fox is a young lady of vision. She isn't just going to spend her money on books and records and masseuses and lounging pajamas. The theater is her idea of art. "And if I succeed in the movies and make lots of money, there are some people in New York I'm dying to work with on a little theater, where we can produce plays that are really worth while."

With so many things to accomplish, it's a good thing Sidney got such an early start—especially if she's going to wind up with a husband and babies.

Love has meant nothing in her life so far. "I haven't had time to bother with it. Oh, I've had lots of *beaux*. But I've never taken any of them seriously. I've never been in love, and I don't want to be, until I've accomplished a lot more."

It seems almost certain she'll succeed in pictures. She's trying all sorts of different parts. For any rôle that doesn't suit her mind and soul is sure to fit her face and body perfectly. She can't lose.

Of Course, You Knew That--

That mystery woman, Jetta Goudal, returns to the screen in Will Rogers' "The Plutocrat"?

Newspaper interest in spectacular capture of "Two-Gun" Crowley, young New York bandit, convinced producers the public still wants gang films?

Sally O'Neil, thinned down, returns in title rôle of "The Brat?"

Doug and Mary are considering living in England?

"Queer People" in film form won't be so rough on movie folk as it was in novel form?



Only six months old, but how he loves his honey! And who could blame him, with the bottle being held by Edwina Booth, who's sweet herself? He's a baby Borneo sun bear and even without Edwina's help consumes a case of honey daily

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 83*)

who supported Lawrence Tibbett in "New Moon." His latest picture is "The Prodigal." Paul Muni is appearing in "Scarface." Charles Murray was born in Laurel, Ind., June 22, 1872.

MISS KNIGHT—Nick Lucas is appear- ing in vaudeville. Jackie Coogan was born on Oct. 26, 1914, and his brother Robert on Dec. 13, 1924. David Lee appeared in the following productions: "Singin' Fool," "Sonny Boy," "Frozen River," "Say it With Songs," "Skin Deep" and "The Squealer."

MISS CARLIN—Lois Moran has a birthday on March 1, the year of her birth was 1907. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has blonde hair, hazel eyes, not married and is playing in "Transatlantic," Fox Studios. Betty Bronson in "Lover Come Back" starring Jack Mulhall and Constance Cummings.

SARAH—Helene Costello's most recent picture was "Show of Shows." She's busy being Mrs. Lowell Sherman. Pola Negri's first talkie may be based on "Lips of Steel," by Harry Hervey. John Mack Brown was born on Sept. 4, 1904. Vilma Banky and her husband, Rod La Rocque, are still appearing in the stage production, "Cherries Are Ripe."

CARYL—The art gallery was neat. Are you going in for it in a big way? Myrna Loy's real name is Williams. Those are the real monikers of Charles Farrell, Neil Hamilton and Charles Rogers. Regis Toomey was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 13 1902. He's five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has light brown hair, blue eyes, is married to J. Kathryn Scott and is of Irish-American descent.

KAY B.—No, I wouldn't say you were nosey—but four letters a week is something to sneeze about. Beryl Mercer was the mother in "The Public Enemy." She impresses her countless screen followers as being English, but was born in Seville, Spain. Her father, who was of noble birth, and a member of the Spanish Embassy, married a woman who was half-English and half-French. When Beryl was three, political duties took her father to London, and it was there, a year later, that she began her long career at the Drury Lane Theater.

JEAN IRENE—Irene Delroy has blonde hair, hazel eyes. Born in Bloomington, Ill., she is five feet, two and a half inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and her real name is Josephine Lucille Sanders. David Manners is appearing in "The Miracle Woman" and is married to Suzanne Bushnell. John Garrick has blond hair and blue eyes and is married to Harriett Bennett.

BRENT—Art Acord, who committed suicide in Mexico on Jan. 4, 1931, was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma on Feb. 19, 1890. He had light hair and blue eyes. Was divorced from Edith Sterling and Louise Lorraine.

FRANCES—John Boles' first picture was "So This is Marriage" starring Eleanor Boardman which was released in Feb. 1925. He is six feet one inch tall, weighing 180 pounds. Nancy Carroll is five feet four and her real name is Anne Lahiff. William Farnum's latest picture is "A Connecticut Yankee."

KATHLENE—To settle all the argu- ments here are the rôles the players you mentioned had in "Skippy." Jackie Cooper was *Skippy*, Robert Coogan was *Sooky*. Mitzi Green was *Eloise* and Jackie Searl was *Sidney*. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney had the leading rôles in "City Streets." You'll see Gary next in "I Take This Woman."

MARY S.—El Brendel was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Mar. 25, 1891. He is five feet eight, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair, dark eyes and is married to Flo Bert. He is appearing in "Six Cylinder Love." Jack Holt hails from Winchester, Virginia. He is the son of an Episcopal clergyman. As a youth, seeking a life of adventure, he left his home and went to Alaska, where he prospected, later taking up civil engineering. He is a graduate of Virginia Military Institute. Is married and the father of three children. Has black hair and brown eyes.

BLANCHE—Ruth Roland received her education first from private tutors and later at the Hollywood High School. She appeared first on the speaking stage when but a child, later making a vaudeville tour. In stock she played with both Belasco and Morosco Stock Companies of Los Angeles. In 1911 she joined the ranks of the film players, from the very first specializing in the thrilling serials of that day. She is five feet four, weighs about 125 pounds, has auburn hair and blue eyes.

A. H. T.—Lois Wilson has never been married. She has dark brown hair and eyes and her latest picture is "Seed," Universal Studios. Gloria Swanson in "Indiscreet." Ralf Harolde was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., about thirty years ago and is playing in "Smart Money" starring Edward G. Robinson.

MARY—Harry Myers played the lead- ing male rôle in the silent version of "A Connecticut Yankee," released in February 1921. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur have been taking a fling at vaudeville, but Karl is now making shorts. Lois Moran, Edmund Lowe, Dixie Lee and Greta Nissen have the leading rôles in "Transatlantic," Fox Studios. Mary Duncan's latest picture is "Five and Ten," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

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GLADIS—The name of the selection that was played in "Dishonored" was "The Danube Waves Waltz," written by Carl Fischer. Phillips Holmes was born on July 22, 1909. He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blond hair, blue eyes, is not married. Now appearing in "An American Tragedy," Paramount Studios.

NICKEL CITY WOLF—David Manners is related on his mother's side to the Duke of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners. Jean Arthur was born on Oct. 17, 1907. Phillips Holmes on July 22, 1909. Edmund Lowe on Mar. 3, 1893. Colleen Moore on Aug. 18, 1902. Charles Morton on Jan. 28, 1908. Alice White on Aug. 28, 1907. Dixie Lee on Nov. 4, 1911.

LAWRENCE—Florence Vidor, Gary Cooper and Lawrence Grant had the leading rôles in "Doomsday." John Wayne has just signed a new contract with Columbia Pictures. His first feature will be "Arizona." He was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907. Has dark brown hair, gray eyes. His real name is Wayne Morrison and he's still a bachelor.

JACK—Morton Downey was born in Wallingford, Conn., Nov. 14, 1901. He stands five feet, ten inches tall, weighs about 178 pounds, and has been married to Barbara Bennett (sister of Joan and Constance) since Jan. 28, 1929. The only screen productions he appeared in were: "Syncopation," "Mother's Boy," "Lucky in Love" and "Devil's Holiday."

WISCONSIN FAN—Why, Dorothy Peterson hails from your state! She was born in Hector, Wisconsin, was graduated from high school at Zion City, Ill., meant to attend University of Wisconsin. Being a woman, she changed her mind and went to Chicago to study music. Played in stock companies and on the road in an Ibsen repertory company—and finally appeared on the New York stage. Her first screen rôle was in "Mother's Cry" which was followed by "Party Husband," "Up For Murder," "The Reckless Hour" and "Penrod and Sam."

J. V.—Fred Thomson was born in Montreal on April 28, 1888. He was five feet, eleven inches tall, weighed 165 pounds, and died on Dec. 24, 1928, following an operation. Richard Talmadge was born in Caumburg, Switzerland, and claims to be Italian. His real name is Metzetti. His latest production: "Dancing Dynamite."

AUSTRALIAN—Mary Philbin played the rôle of **Christine** in "The Phantom of the

(*Continued on page 104*)



Time to attire or retire? Estelle Etterre seems undecided. Perhaps she is wondering if she can get past the censors in a pajama parade

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The Taylor Murder Case

(*Continued from page 92*)

arm up, down or to the side will disturb the normal relationship of an open coat and vest. I do not attach any importance to this fact, but I would certainly use this clue in a fiction story and would develop it so as to indicate exactly what my victim was doing at the time he was shot. In real life it would mean little; in a novel, it could be made to mean much.

"For instance, I might have my detective deduce that my victim's arm was in a position to indicate that he was reaching for the lower right-hand drawer of his desk; and then I would have my clever detective find some incriminating document in the rear of that drawer. This is mere speculation and could not be applied to the Taylor shooting, but it goes to demonstrate that good fictional material was present.

"I doubt seriously if, in using the Taylor case as fictional material, I would introduce the war veteran who threatened him at Tia Juana or the 'confessions' made by various people. My feeling is that they are too extraneous to a close-knit plot.

"No doubt something could be added to such a fictional story by playing up the dope angle more strongly, but it would be impossible to say until I had put all of my material together.

"In all its aspects, the Taylor case would form, from a purely literary point of view, the basis for a fascinating fictional murder mystery. It has many romantic, glamourous and mysterious elements—the kind of elements that every detective-story writer racks his brain to imagine."

On the desk, before the mysterious-looking Mr. Van Dine, lay a bulky manuscript.

"The script of my first original story for the screen," he explained. "It is called 'The Blue Moon Murder Case' and is altogether different from my *Philo Vance* stories. Walter Huston is to play the detective—not a cool, polished, scientific man-hunter like *Vance*, but a character more true to the detective of real life."

"Then *Philo Vance* isn't a true-to-life detective?"

Too Clever to Be Real

"OF course not. *Vance*, like *Sherlock Holmes*, is a creature of fiction. They are composite characters, possessed of all the knowledge, skill and technical accomplishments that would be distributed through an entire city detective bureau in real life."

"Are your stories drawn from imagination?"

"My stories, too, are composites. In 'The Greene Murder Case,' for instance, an entire family is murdered, each by a different method. The technique of each of these murders was the technique used in an actual, real-life murder. The plot was a mixture of fact and imagination.

"The popularity of detective stories, murder mysteries, gangster stories and pictures," continued Mr. Van Dine, "lies in the fact that we are potential murderers and criminals, deterred largely by fear of apprehension and punishment. If thought could kill with the same certainty as a revolver or a knife, few of us would not carry a notch or two on our belts. Could any of us 'will' one million dollars out of the vaults of the Treasury Department and be certain of escape from punishment, how many of us would hesitate to do it?

"Afraid to break those laws himself, the average person has a sneaking respect for those who have the hardihood he lacks. In another three hundred years, Al Capone will probably be a childhood hero.

"I repeat that I think Hollywood would be a splendid setting for a mystery thriller."



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Sailing, Sailing—Sally Eilers and Dorothy Revier were lucky to have been in the cast of "The Black Camel" because it was filmed in Hawaii and gave the girls a chance to go to sea in their sailor-maid pajama pants

Letters To The Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

from the realm of everyday life, into the atmosphere and surroundings of the picture. And that is precisely what "The Front Page" accomplishes. You enter into the picture, watch the plot unfold, and follow each actor's movements with bated breath.

In this picture there is no specific star or star rôle although Mr. Menjou is given the leading part. All the players showed superb talent. Whether it was the aloofness of *Bensinger*, the suave remarks of *Endicott*, or that laugh of *McCue's* which pleased most, cannot be determined. And the *Sheriff* was indeed a masterpiece! Space does not permit commentation on all the players. Suffice to say that each rôle was more than filled by the actor taking the part. A strong beginning and a stronger ending make the picture one to be seen but not forgotten. It's one of those things. *L. H. Kaplan.*

English Need Not Be Perfect

YORKS, ENGLAND.—I can only partly agree with this outcry for English "as she should be spoken" in the films rather than as spoken in America. In the majority of films of ordinary working people, the script doesn't call for the players to say anything outstanding, but to us the way they have said it has been a new experience.

We know now whom to go to hear if we want perfect English—Ruth Chatterton, George Arliss, Clive Brook and others; but if I cannot have a change and hear somebody say "Oh yeah" and "O.K. by me" I'm going to be bitterly disappointed. It may be the everyday language to you, but remember its interesting and something different to us and, after all, these are the qualities most of us ask for in our entertainment.

We can't be "high-brow" all the time, so don't stop catering for our, shall I say, more natural moments? *A. B.*

Adapt the Classics

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Instead of producing so many cheap pictures that are nothing more or less than dime novels on the screen, why not give the intelligent movie-goer a chance to see something worth while? If the scenario writers would adapt some of the classics to the silver sheet rather than spend their time in writing trashy originals which have been produced innumerable times before in different variations, they would be doing a great deal better. And why not give us more Shakespeare, too? Mary and Doug didn't do badly with "The Taming of the Shrew." In fact, they were rather pleasing.

Hasn't anyone the courage to try again?

Beatrice Sivins.

A Bouquet for Ruth

CHICAGO, ILL.—Fifty Million Frenchmen can't be wrong! Which explains Ruth Chatterton.

Not only in my estimation, but also in the estimation of thousands of other movie fans, she is indeed, "The First Lady of the Cinema." She possesses the noblest character of any one I have seen; also, she radiates goodness and sweetness, and in her glorious womanhood she makes some of our younger players seem drab and colorless.

Sheer ability, and real honest-to-goodness hard work, put Miss Chatterton where she is today. We are all of us climbing ladders, and as we go up every round calls for more of energy, more of persistence, and more of preparation, than was necessary in order to conquer the previous one. Nothing was ever lost by trying, and in nine cases out of ten to try means to succeed. Ruth Chatterton *has* tried, and *succeeded.*

Her popularity proves that those who attend the theaters don't always want the silly, over-bearing type of actresses.

Lucille Bauermeister.

Disguised Titles

DUNCANNON, PA.—Although usually of a meek and loving nature, the movie-going public now has good cause to protest against paying money to see the same picture twice under a different title. The use of the proper title may bring in more box office receipts than the

"disguise" method. Advertising under false pretenses never pays. A familiar title would attract many fans who, for some reason, had missed the first showing, just as the magic names "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "East Lynne" will always be drawing cards.

The particular title disguises that arouse this plea are "The Cat Creeps," which means nothing more nor less than "The Cat and the Canary," still slinking around; and "The Bat Whispers," which is just the same old "Bat" still flapping. For that matter, if this pleasant game continues, a national contest might be organized under the heading: "What picture does this title represent?" Or "Cimarron" might be advertised as "Why Girls Leave Home"; or "Holiday" as "Just Break the News to Father."

Is it true, is it fair, is it necessary?

Jean Gray Allen.

Bring Back Old Love Scenes

DURHAM, N. C.—Since the talkies have supplanted the silent pictures, there has been a decay in the vital part of pictures—love-making. In the silent days, one could see a good love picture nearly every day, but now one never sees a real good one. Of course, the plots of the new films are sometimes based on love, but the type of love scenes similar to the ones that were made famous by Gilbert and Garbo seem to have faded away. In their places, we have jazz and "red-hot mama" stuff which can never take the place of the pictures with grand love scenes. Isn't there some one who can solve this problem and give us more good love stories with beautiful love scenes? I believe the old love pictures could be brought back to life again and the art of love-making carried to a higher degree of perfection with the aid of sound than was accomplished in the silent days. *O. W. Upchurch.*

All Snappy Shorts On Program

SPRINGFIELD, O.—One of these fine days (or perhaps nights) some enterprising theater manager is going to put on a couple of speedy two reel Comedies, a snappy talkie cartoon, a musical oddity and a newsreel and the heavy drama or half baked five-reel "masterpiece" will be conspicuous by its absence. You'll see a long line of patrons (and I'll be one) reaching clear around the corner to the drug store, with a couple of big blue coats holding the crowd in line, while the other theater managers will be wondering whether the crowds are all at the miniature golf courses.

That's what I am looking for (and hoping for) any day. Variety! Ah! But the public is going to take to that. Let's have some of these programs made up of all snappy shorts.

Let's tell the managers! *Mrs. L. E. Davis.*

Cast Of Characters Important

SEATTLE, WASH.—My belief has always been that the "dramatis personae" had two functions: To give the actor his share of publicity and to satisfy the public's curiosity. I'm an ardent movie fan, but haven't seen yet that either function was well performed. I don't know where the fault lies, but I wish it could be remedied. Rapid reading doesn't enable a person to associate names and plant them firmly in his mind. And then you leave, vainly trying to make names fit faces. Perhaps a beginner is thus cheated of an opportunity in pictures.

I do not approve of the plan of merely giving the player's name without mentioning the part assigned. I notice that some producers have adopted the excellent practice of repeating the names of the cast at the close of the picture. I think that's a practice well-worth following.

Kay Matthews.

You May Worship The Stars But Hollywood Says "Oh Yeah?"

(*Continued from page 53*)

out the dialogue! Handkerchiefs were distributed to the fashionable film audience on the opening night of "East Lynne"—and were used to wipe famous eyes and to blow high-salaried noses. At any picture première where there is a pathetic scene, the tactful theater managers leave the lights off for five minutes at the end so that their celebrated patrons may repair the ravages of tears before being seen.

But it's harder to make Hollywood laugh. There are sure to be too many people in the audience who can trace the pedigree of every gag. At the opening of "City Lights," scenes that were to make audiences all over the world rock with mirth passed under Hollywood's critical eyes with scattered chuckles while whispers went from lip to lip: "They're milking the gags—the timing is wrong—not enough space between laughs." Laughter is not an emotion in Hollywood; it is a business formula.

A Hollywood audience lets highly dramatic utterances and emotional scenes pass by on the screen with bored indifference as part of the day's work and then applauds rapturously and spontaneously a simple bit of business which its trained eye recognizes as unique. Lily Damita's most violent emotions in "The Woman Between" were received in silence, while the close-ups of beer truck wheels rolling through the mud in "City Streets" were wildly applauded.

The blazing electric lights in front of the theater may spell a star's name, but Hollywood knows that a "bit" player is often the real star of the picture. Hollywood's trained eye discovers his or her possibilities—and the next day there is one famous star who is rumored to be "on the skids" and one unimportant player who is headed toward stardom, with a big contract and salesmen for estates in Beverly Hills already on the 'phone.

"Cimarron" was a great picture for Richard Dix. But it also made a new star of a character woman who played atmosphere and caught Hollywood's fickle fancy with a prodigious sniff—Edna May Oliver. To the amazement of M-G-M, "Strangers May Kiss," bought first for Joan Crawford and switched to Norma Shearer as a starring vehicle, was definitely handed to Robert Montgomery by the verdict of the applause at the première.

When Hollywood goes to the movies, it doesn't see what you see. It sees the faces under the make-up, the canvas and boards behind the castles. It knows cynically the reason why some unknown is being "discovered," and the private quarrel that lies behind some star's downfall. It knows when a spectacular thrill is just a trick and when the lift of an eyelash is great art. It knows that the sweetly smiling heroine, being kissed on the screen, watched her former husband dancing with his new sweetheart at the Mayfair last night. And it remembers that the debonair leading man, clasping her so ardently in his arms, isn't having his contract renewed because the studio has signed up a younger stage actor. The drama Hollywood watches is often more thrilling than the picture the public sees!

YOU CAN, BE BEAUTIFUL!



I do *two* things. I correct every defect. I develop *hidden beauty*. My startling results with more than 100,000 women prove that *any one* can be given beauty. No matter how hopeless, *write me*. My way of making women over *completely* is amazingly *different*. Thousands write me that results are almost beyond belief. Yet every Lucille Young beauty aid is scientific—known to act for *all alike*. That is why I can *guarantee* your absolute satisfaction. Not a penny to pay unless I give results *you* say are *marvelous*.

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Blackheads, Whiteheads
Coarse Pores
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Muddy Skin
Sallowness
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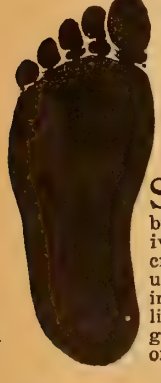
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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 12*)

Halliday, John—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Great Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *Devotion*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hardy, Sam—playing in *Annabelle's Affairs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—playing in *The Greeks Had a Name for Them*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hatton, Raymond—recently completed *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hobart, Rose—recently completed *East of Borneo*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Holmes, Phillips—playing in *Confessions of a Co-Ed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *Blue Moon Murder*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—recently completed *Cheri-Bibi*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hymer, Warren—playing in *Goldie*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Janney, Leon—playing in *Penrod and Sam*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *Shipmates*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—playing in *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Kerrigan, J. M.—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *Side Show*—Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *Wicked*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lane, Lola—playing in *Ex-Bad Boy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—recently completed *Meet the Wife*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lebedeff, Ivan—playing in *Strange Woman*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lightner, Winnie—playing in *Side Show*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *The Greeks Had a Name for Them*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—recently completed *The Vice Squad*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *Bought*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—recently completed *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Annabelle's Affairs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *As Good As New*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
March, Fredric—recently completed *The Night Angel*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Marsh, Mae—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Marsh, Marian—playing in *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Annabelle's Affairs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Great Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mercer, Beryl—playing in *The Man in Possession*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Merkel, Una—playing in *Wicked*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *The Man in Possession*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Lois—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moran, Polly—playing in *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *Corsair*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *Lover Come Back*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Myers, Carmel—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Son of India*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Son of India*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Elliott—playing in *Spent Bullets*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

O'Brien, George—playing in *Wyoming Wonder*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Rivets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Oland, Warner—playing in *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *The Plutocrat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—last release *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pitts, Zasu—playing in *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—recently completed *Waiting at the Church*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—playing in *Eddie Cuts In*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *Son of India*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The World Changes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Charles—recently completed *The Lawyer's Secret*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *The Plutocrat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Ruggles, Charlie—playing in *Girl Habit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—recently completed *A Free Soul*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sherman, Lowell—playing in *The Greeks Had a Name for Them*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—last release *Indiscreet*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood Cal.

* * *

Taylor, Estelle—playing in *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—playing in *Murder by the Clock*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Torrence, Ernest—playing in *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Ground Hogs*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Gangster's Wife*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Varconi, Victor—recently completed *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N.Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Velez, Lupe—recently completed *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—recently completed *Five-Star Final*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
White, Marjorie—recently completed *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Merry Wives of Reno*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *Annabelle's Affairs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

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The Answer Man

Motion Picture Publications, Inc.

1501 Broadway New York City

Blonde, Brainy and Beautiful

(*Continued from page 66*)

imprint. Studying these, one must remark how often they spring from obscurity and forge ahead to an inevitable destiny.

The Kind of Fame She Wants

"I HAVE an enormous respect for that sort of achievement. I want it for myself here in Hollywood. Not recognition brought on by—or for—what I have been. But for what I am capable of producing in the present!"

With her background, her easy access to the great old houses of England, her familiarity with the polished spots of the Continental world—from Madrid to Moscow, from Biarritz to Berlin—she wants to be considered simply as Elissa Landi.

In a business in which there is a constant chorus of "I'm the one who—," this independence forms a refreshing interlude. With a biography of more scope than any girl who has come to Hollywood in recent years, she prefers to be entirely divorced from the colorful props that would be clutched by so many. She has her way to win in this new world, and she is setting about winning it on the basis of such merits as she may personally offer in the present.

That, in a town unquestionably bored with names great elsewhere, is wisdom. But it wasn't wisdom that prompted Landi to have this faith in herself. That merely is her inevitable habit.

"I love enthusiasm," she said. "And it would be impossible to be enthusiastic if one were afraid. One must not fear anything. Fear is a disease, a sin. The ancients held that it was a vice, and it was punished as such. In these softer times, what with all this psycho-analysis that's going about, some of us are inclined to take a friendlier view. But not I!

She Won't Surrender

"OH, I do not mean that I never will have fear. That would be like willing oneself never to have a cold. But it is giving way to that fear which is bad. Then one is weak.

"There was a line in 'A Farewell to Arms' to the effect that cowards die many deaths through fear; the valiant, but one. The reply was that the valiant die many deaths through fear, too—but they never give way to it. There is the difference between the coward and the brave one. The latter holds on.

"That is the creed I live by. That, and the belief that one must not starve for anything. Sadness is the result of starvation—it is being sorry for yourself because you don't have something. It takes intelligence to know what it is that you want, and it takes courage and faith to go after it.

"Life is nothing when we are the prey to doubts and fears. Harmonious living is the greatest thing one can achieve on this earth, simply because it is the most difficult thing to attain. But it can be attained—if one has the courage to live courageously."

And there is Elissa Landi. With beauty, intelligence and talent capped by courage, I think she has what it takes to win—even in Hollywood.

Did You Know That--

Elissa Landi doesn't discuss her age, but friends claim she's about twenty-five?

She is married to John Lawrence, young London lawyer?

He will be coming over in the fall to visit her?

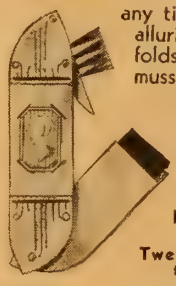


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Shadette—intensifies eyes' natural color.
Lashtint—perfumed waterproof liquid mascara.
Tweezette—automatic painless tweezer. **Each $1.00.**

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Fitch's dissolves and removes every trace of loose and encrusted dandruff in one application under a money-back guarantee. Rinses clean in hard or soft water. As good for blondes as brunettes. Fitch's has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales.

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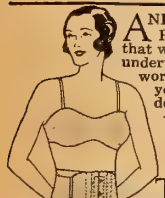
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Good and Good for You.



She may be a screen vamp, but that doesn't mean Myrna Loy is not a home-loving girl. Here she's shown in the living-room of her Beverly Hills home, where she lives with her mother and brother

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 98*)

Opera." George Bancroft was born on Sept. 30, 1882, is six feet, two and a half inches tall, weighs 195 pounds. Ronald Colman was born on Feb. 9, 1891, stands five feet ten, weighs 165 pounds. William Haines was born Jan. 1, 1901, is six feet one, weighs 179 pounds and is appearing in "Just a Gigolo." H. B. Warner played the rôle of the **Christ** in "King of Kings."

HELEN—The secret of a lot of happy marriages is a lot of secrets. Ian Keith was born in Boston, Mass., Feb. 27, 1899; he is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. His real moniker is Roos. Appearing in "Cheri-Bibi," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907. Has red gold hair, brown eyes, and is married to Lydell Peck. You'll see her next in "Merely Mary Ann."

YUBA CITY FAN—Fay Wray is appear- ing in "The Unholy Garden." She was born on Sept. 25, 1907, has light brown hair, has been Mrs. John Monk Saunders since June, 1928. Charles Ray, who has been appearing in vaudeville, will return to the screen in the near future. His first talkie hasn't been titled at this writing, but watch the department "What the Stars are Doing" for it.

ROBBIE—Explorers who don't want to go off on long trips might try exploring the ruins of the abandoned minnie golf courses. Of course, they could! Ricardo Cortez was born in Europe but came to New York when a child and received his education here. Was born on Sept. 19, 1899, and given name of Jacob Krantz. Has black hair, brown eyes. Was married to Alma Rubens on Jan. 30, 1926. Some of his most recent pictures are: "Ten Cents a Dance," "Behind Office Doors," "Big Business Girl" "White Shoulders," and "Maltese Falcon."

STELLA—Richard Dix is still a bach- elor. Jean Harlow was born on March 3, 1911, and is appearing in "Goldie." Harry Bannister (husband of Ann Harding), and James Rennie played opposite Miss Harding in "Girl of the Golden West."

WILLIAM T.—Anita Louise is about sixteen years old and her real name is Fremault. Anita's latest pictures released were: "Millie," "The Woman Between," "Everything's Rosie" and "Heaven on Earth." You can reach her at the Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

JOAN RANKIN—About the only break the unemployed have got recently is the fact that the fishing season has opened. But cheer up, the worst is yet to come. Constance Bennett was born in New York City, in 1905. She has an adopted child, but haven't a record of its name. Claudette Colbert, in Paris, France, Sept. 13, 1907; her real name is Chauchoin. Helen Chandler is about twenty years old.

RAGAN—Edna Best is married and is appearing on the stage here in New York at this writing, in a play called "Melo." Norman Kerry was born in Rochester, N. Y., on June 16, 1897, and after graduating from De La Salle School, attended St. John's College, at Annapolis, Md. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes.

ESTELLA IN DISTRESS—Billie Dove will be seen again shortly in "The Age for Love." You can reach her at the United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. I would suggest you secure a copy of our July, 1931 Classic and read the story about what has happened to Madge Bellamy. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, Argentine, on June 16, 1905. He is not married and his most recent picture is "Dishonored."

HERBERT—Dorothy Christy was born in Reading, Pa. She is five feet four inches tall, very slender, blonde hair, blue eyes. She attended finishing schools in Philadelphia and Boston. She was studying for opera when she decided to seek a theatrical engagement and landed in musical comedy with Schwab & Mandel. After two and a half years with them she went to Hollywood and played with Marjorie Rambeau in a stage production and was later signed by Fox to appear in "So This Is London."

D. H. C.—Kent Douglass was born in Los Angeles, Cal., on Oct. 29, 1907. He attended schools in California. Regis Toomey attended Peabody High School and the University of Pittsburgh, and received his stage training at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Is married to J. Kathryn Scott and is appearing in "Waterloo Bridge," Universal Studios.

NANCY—Bela Lugosi was born in Lugos, Hungary, on Oct. 20, 1888. He is six feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 177 pounds, has brown hair, gray eyes, not married and his real name is Blasko. You'll see him next in "The Black Camel," and you may reach him at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

RUTH—That is Jack Holt's real name. He was born in Winchester, Virginia, on May 21, 1888. Is appearing in "The Star Witness," Columbia Studios. Chester Morris, in New York City, Feb. 16, 1902. He is the son of William Morris, actor. Appeared on the stage before entering pictures, his first production being "Alibi," which was released in 1928. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighing 150 pounds. Married to Sue Kilborn and they have two children.

E. S. H.—Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, but reared in England. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has auburn hair, green eyes and is appearing in "Wicked." Sidney Fox in New York City, Dec. 10, 1910. Has dark curly hair, hazel eyes and is five feet tall. Playing in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal Studios.

WASHINGTON FAN—Charlie Chase hails from Baltimore, Maryland, born on Oct. 20, 1893, is six feet tall, has brown hair, blue eyes, married to Bebe Eltinge and his hobby is golf and music. Stage experience in musical comedy and vaudeville; and has been in pictures since 1914. Why not write him at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.? He'll be glad to hear from you.

CARL—You have reference to Beryl Mercer who played the rôle of Joyce in "East Lynne." Ann Harding is playing in "Devotion," Pathè Studios. Sorry I haven't the home address of John Wray. Norma Shearer has gone to Europe for a short vacation but will resume her screen work upon her return. Her latest picture released is "A Free Soul."

C. TRESCOT—Dorothy Jordan hails from Clarksville, Tenn., having a birthday on Aug. 9th, the year being 1910. She is appearing in "Shipmates." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was born in New York City, Dec. 9, 1907. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, has blond hair, blue eyes and is playing in "I Like Your Nerve," First National Studios.

LLOYD—Richard Cromwell, after mak- ing personal appearances with the showing of "Tol'able David," is back at the Columbia Studios, where he is working on a new production called "Fifty Fathoms Deep." Jackie Cooper has appeared in the following pictures: "Skippy" and "Donovan's Kid." Constance Bennett's latest is "Common Law."

MARY—Alice White was born in Pater- son, N. J., about twenty-one years ago. She is not appearing on the screen at this writing. Charles Farrell was married to Virginia Valli on Feb. 14, 1931. You will see him next in "Merely Mary Ann." Joan and Kathryn Crawford are not related. Joan's real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Kathryn's is Katherine Young. Robert Montgomery is twenty-seven years old and is married to Elizabeth Allen.

GERTRUDE—That is Robert Mont- gomery's real name. See above concerning his marriage. Kenneth MacKenna is the chap you refer to who played in "The Man Who Came Back." Basil Rathbone is playing on the stage here in New York in a production called "Melo." Norma Shearer was born on Aug. 10, 1904. Jack Whiting is returning to Hollywood to resume his screen work.



International

She's now Mrs. John McCormick. Mrs. Janet Gattis, beautiful widow and society woman of Washington, D. C., recently married John McCormick, Colleen Moore's erstwhile spouse, in Honolulu. Her daughter, Sally Gattis, is shown with her above

THE Winners in the Big $5,000.00 Prize Contest Will Be Announced in Our September Issue !

The decision of the judges could not be made in time for announcement in this issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. But they are on the last lap and their final judgment will appear in the September number without fail.

Watch for the Good News in September

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Victor Resembles Stevedore



After seeing Cyril McLaglen in "Jaws of Hell," I am inclined to believe that brother Victor has ample reason for fearing the former's invasion of Hollywood. Personally, I can't stomach Victor's efforts in the pictures. He always resembles a stevedore on a "bust" and the finer points of acting which he should possess are woefully lacking. On the other hand, Cyril, in his picture, is a finished actor. I have never seen a more realistic bit of acting than the events leading up to the duel.

In the future, let us have more of Cyril and less of the maudlin crazy actions of his brother on the screen. *John J. Ryan, San Francisco, Cal.*

Would Be A Fair Exchange

Joan Crawford is one of my favorites, but she could stand a few square meals. On the other hand, Anita Page had better diet because in "The Easiest Way" she looked a bit plump. Maybe Anita can give Joan a few pounds.

Janet A. Rose, Columbus, Ohio

Joan Just As Is

Joan Crawford is perfect! Leave her just the way she is. Don't change her! Let her play dramatic rôles. She is made for them. And whoever said she has a sick look on her face will have to answer to me for it! I am all for Joan just the way she is! *Judith R. Donahue, Boston, Mass.*

Those Phoney Kisses



Why don't the actors and actresses really kiss or at least give a good imitation? My friends and I agree that those phoney screen kisses always spoil the picture.

Come on, you stars, get hot, that's what I say!

Jeanne Moranville, Bolton Ldg., N. Y.

Crazy About Clara

To the grandest and most beautiful girl in the movies, I take off my hat. Here she comes, folks! Meet Clara Bow.

I am nothing less than a fanatic on the subject of Clara. Give her a good picture, Paramount, and you'll never be sorry. She is one grand actress.

Ann S., Nashville, Tenn.

A Bouquet

Here's my list of favorites—and what a bouquet of female loveliness! Greta Nissen, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Bebe Daniels, Marlene Dietrich, Helen Twelvetrees, Irene Delroy, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton.

Marie, Long Beach, Calif.

Bobby's Golf Shorts



When they made the Bobby Jones golf shorts, why did they have to surround Bobby with movie stars? It looks to me like a publicity stunt for all those famous faces. And it certainly doesn't add to the reality of Bobby's little golf lessons—which are great stuff. (And I don't play golf, either.) Couldn't some unknown actors—who look a little more like the folks next-door—have played those rôles just as well, and made the shorts more realistic? *John T. Riker, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Louise and Lowell

I should like to say a few words in praise of Louise Dresser and Lowell Sherman—two of the finest artists on the screen.

Louise Dresser is great in any rôle she portrays, and I think Sherman's performance in "Evidence" was superb. I never miss any of their pictures.

Phyllis Mirfin, Sheffield, Eng.

It's Her S. A.



We girls have been trying to figure out why Jean Harlow is on the screen. She should be in burlesque.

Her low-cut gowns are a disgrace. How can she expect the public to respect her? And about her hair. Was she frightened at any time? Or is it a wig? And as for acting—oh, why go on?

Girls' Latin Club, Detroit, Mich.

Always Garbo

She is my favorite because she is:
Genuinely sophisticated,
Ravishingly beautiful,
Everlastingly charming,
Thoroughly the actress,
And always

G
A
R
B
O

Arthur Smith, Long Beach, Cal.

A Better Leading Man For Garbo



It is to be hoped that Robert Montgomery will never again be allowed to play opposite Miss Garbo.

His work in "Inspiration" was amateurish and he acted embarrassed, as if he realized that he was completely outclassed.

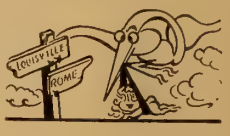
Greta deserves the best available.

May I suggest that Metro borrow Paul Lukas from Paramount?

Zelma Smith, Washington, D. C.

Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Mary Nolan's Birthplace



In Gladys Hall's story about Mary Nolan in MOTION PICTURE, she made the statement that the beauteous blonde was born in Rome. A few pages further back, the Answer Man gave Mary Nolan's birthplace as Louisville, Ky. How are your readers going to know which to believe? I thought MOTION PICTURE prided itself on being accurate! It has always been my understanding that Mary Nolan was born down here in the blue grass country.

Miss M. H. W., Louisville, Ky.

Her biography gives Louisville credit for being the Nolan birthplace. But Gladys Hall, whose sense of hearing is positively acute, received the distinct impression from Miss Nolan, herself, that she was born in Rome. Maybe Mary was joking. Investigation proves the biography is right.—The Editor

Likes Everything About Greta

I adore Jean Harlow's hair, Marilyn Miller's dancing, Fredric March's eyebrows, Constance Bennett's voice, Joan Crawford's modern ways, Ruth Chatterton's acting, Ann Harding's charm, and everything and anything about Greta Garbo.

S. F., Philadelphia, Pa.

Connie's Sniffs Bring Snickers



Is anybody else tired of seeing Constance Bennett suffer (sniff!) because there's a little baby (sniff!) in her arms and the father (sniff!) doesn't care? Connie is a good actress and all that, but if she keeps on doing this sort of stuff, it won't be long before other fans are joining the college boys in laughing with tears in their eyes when Connie flashes on the screen.

R. G., State College, Pa.

For the "Laughing Problem"

In answer to L. P.'s complaint registered in a recent issue of MOTION PICTURE relative to the "laughing problem" that now exists, I suggest that she get a soap-box; park herself on one of the busiest street-corners of Los Angeles, and orate upon the benefits to be derived from a perusal of Self-Control, which is a solution to many problems besides yours. *Bill Davis, Cavite, P. I.*

All Burned Up

That uncalled-for comment about Rudy Vallee in your column burned me up. If any one does not care to hear him, there are plenty of other programs they can tune in on.

His orchestra can't be beaten and as to that Boston episode, they may have been college students, but their social manners were sadly lacking.

Therese Meyer, Union City, N. J.

Marlene's Baby



I heard Marlene Dietrich on the air the other night—and she settled two things I've been wondering about: whether she really was born in Germany, and whether she really does rave about her little girl. She was and she does. But what I want to know is: why doesn't she have the child's picture taken? She won't lose any of her appeal by doing it. Look at Ann Harding. Can't you tell her that there are plenty of fans who want to know if Maria is another Marlene?

Norine Buxton, Newark, N. J.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO



Summer

yet your powder clings, rouge stays on and you look ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .

"Summer-Proof" Make-Up. — Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect — or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

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Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self". All fragrant and beautiful — all charming — all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness *unfailingly.*



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CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

FASHION'S NEW NOTE

IS FOR THE MODERN GIRL



LORETTA YOUNG, *beautiful First National screen star, typifies the modern girl in the attractive new modes, which are delightfully feminine, yet designed for the outdoor, radiantly healthy girl of today.*





DAME FASHION has created flattering styles for the modern girl. Each dress has become a subtle revelation of gracefully rounded curves. Gowns swirl, cling—and suggest the figure they adorn.

Yet, as always, Fashion smiles upon some, frowns upon others. Those whose contours are a little too full must diet . . . or fail to achieve distinction in these entrancing new clothes.

Every girl knows that reducing diets may be dangerous—may destroy the very beauty they are trying to bring. Unless the diet contains iron and roughage, improper elimination may develop. Poisons seep through a weakened body. Headaches and dizziness are frequent. Complexions lose their color. Eyes look tired . . . and beauty fades.

How pathetic . . . when this loss of beauty is so unnecessary. Just include one delicious cereal in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Two tablespoonfuls daily will furnish sufficient roughage to guarantee proper elimination. How much better to use this natural food than to abuse your system with pills and drugs. ALL-BRAN is recommended by dietitians.

Try ALL-BRAN with milk or in fruit juices. Cook into bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN *is not fattening.* It provides iron, which helps bring color to cheeks and lips. Look for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



• • •



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Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. B-8, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



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WANT to make sure of a roaring good time this summer? Looking for thrills, adventure, romance, fun? Remember Leo, the M-G-M lion! Look him up wherever you may be—at seashore or camp, at home or abroad—you're seldom more than a few miles away from a theatre where the world's greatest motion pictures are being shown! Drop in to see Leo. He'll be delighted to introduce you to the greatest stars on the screen today—acting for you in pictures that represent the world's best entertainment.

More stars than there are in heaven

A Few M-G-M Hits Coming Soon!

Joan CRAWFORD
in "This Modern Age"

Greta GARBO
in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"

John GILBERT
in "Cheri Bibi"

Buster KEATON
in "The Sidewalks of New York"

Marie DRESSLER *and* **Polly MORAN** *in "Politics"*
the funniest picture you ever saw
and many, many others!

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THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

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PARAMOUNT BRINGS YOU ANOTHER MIGHTY MASTERPIECE



AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Based upon the novel by **THEODORE DREISER**

PHILLIPS HOLMES · SYLVIA SIDNEY · FRANCES DEE

Directed by **JOSEF VON STERNBERG**

Millions have read the book. Millions await the picture. A story of average human beings. The boy next door. The girl down the street. A drama of love, temptation, courage and folly that might happen to YOU. One of the great motion pictures of any season. Produced by Paramount, leader of the entertainment world. Don't miss it. Ask your theatre manager now when it is coming. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

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Motion Picture

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

SEPTEMBER
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Twentieth Year
Volume XLII, No. 2

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YOU HAVE A DATE...



...and what a date! A date with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the golden world of sweetheart time...a date with Will Rogers and the laughter that sweeps you free of worries like a clean, strong wind. You have a date with a dazzling company of great stars, with the glamorous magic of great stories that will carry you out of a workaday world to a land of enchantment.

You have a date with Fox pictures, a date for night after night of thrills and tears, love and laughter—the biggest date on your calendar for some of the most marvelous hours of your life.



ONLY Fox with its matchless array of stars, directors and writers—only the incredible creative and technical resources of Movietone City—could fill so many hours with such superb delights. To make sure you don't miss a single one of these great Fox pictures, ask your favorite theatre when they will be shown—and the date is on!

Your favorite theatre will soon be showing

Merely Mary Ann, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell...a supreme romance of young love—the best picture this famous team has ever made.

Wicked, with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen... a terrific drama of a woman born to the underworld and longing for better things.

Skyline, with Hardie Albright, Thomas Meighan and Maureen O'Sullivan...the way of a man of the four hundred with a maid of the four million.

She Wanted a Millionaire, with Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy and James Kirkwood . . . lavish drama of a bathing beauty who got what she wanted...?

Young as You Feel, with Will Rogers going places and doing things with Fifi Dorsay.

Bad Girl...Vina Delmar's sensational novel pulsates with life itself as Sally Eilers enacts the title role with the newest screen find...James Dunn.

Over the Hill, with Mae Marsh and James Kirkwood ...epic of tears and laughter and the heart's deepest passions.

Sob Sister, with Linda Watkins and James Dunn.

Riders of the Purple Sage. Zane Grey's great story with George O'Brien and Virginia Cherrill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Elissa Landi, Charles Farrell and Lionel Barrymore.

The Brat, with Sally O'Neill and Frank Albertson.

FOX



This Tells You, Br'er Fox--

Just What A Fan Thinks About Janet and Charlie And Will And The Others

An Open Letter
September, 1931

DEAR Br'er Fox,

They tell me, Br'er Fox, that Hollywood has a vast floating population. You could tell 'em, couldn't you? Since the birth of talking pictures (haven't we had trouble with that pesky kid?) goodness knows how many people have been under contract to that huge studio of yours.

Players come to Movietone City, they see, and they are conquered. They depart when it is sweet option-time, sadder but wiser men and women, back to the foundry, the laundry and the stage. However, it means good business to the hotels and the railroads. They do tell me that every time a Fox executive sets foot in New York, it takes a special train to bring back the new contract players. Business is pretty good on the return trips as well. And doesn't Hollywood get the "razz"!

Even tremendous drawing-cards from the movies' old grandpappy, the stage, have had their pay stopped by your busy auditors. We expected to see great things from Beatrice Lillie, Lenore Ulric, Lee Tracy, Paul Muni and some others, but they didn't stick around very long. Beatrice Lillie's picture was shown down dark alleys. I didn't see it, but if Bee isn't funny, then Will Rogers wrote "Ex-Wife."

Will's a Cure for the Blues

WHILE I'm talking of Will, his pictures do brighten these days of prostrated stocks and bonds. He's one of the really great international figures of the screen world. Good old King George in jolly h'England gets just as big a laugh from Will's caustic quips as an Italian bootlegger in Chicago. His art is human and completely understandable. He was simply immense in "They Had to See Paris," "So This Is London" and "The Connecticut Yankee." Thanks an awful lot for Will.

He's one of the bright spots of the present-day Fox studios. There have been many bright spots in the past. None of us will ever forget "Seventh Heaven," "Sunrise," "In Old Arizona," and—reaching farther back into history—"What Price Glory?" and "Over the Hill." I sort of look to you for the unusual. After all, didn't you startle us all with Theda Bara? We're just gluttons for being startled. Try it again and see how pleased we'll be.

Somehow, you get good people all right, but maybe you just have so many actors around that you don't know what to do with all of them. In some instances a Fox contract has meant nothing but a six-months' vacation on pay during a dull theatrical season in New York.

Frankly, you haven't done so much in the way of developing new talent as you did in the dear old silent days. You have had promising material, but it sort of escaped you.

You're Good to Your Help

IF you haven't become famous for developing new talent, you have certainly been loyal to the players remaining over from pre-talkie days. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor have never had to worry about their jobs. Neither have Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Warner Baxter and George O'Brien. In that big group of thespians these stars have been kept constantly before the public. You have in most cases presented them in worth while pictures. You deserve a medal for loyalty to old friends. Loyalty, in Hollywood, isn't exactly a major virtue.

(*Continued on page 82*)

Qualify FOR THE OPPORTUNITY

TO WIN ONE OF 12 FIRST PRIZES OF $625.00 EACH!

Come to the boat races at Chicago's great Centennial Exposition in 1933! Just imagine! Midsummer, 1933 . . . Chicago's new world's fair at its height! . . . Racing craft of every description madly churning the placid blue waters of Lake Michigan . . . death defying speed, noise and excitement . . . thrills galore for more than a million spectators . . . What a scene to stir the imagination! A famous Chicago artist was inspired to create his conception of the spectacle and has permitted me to present his picture with this IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT OF A GREAT OFFER, **in which scores of prizes totaling $8,275.00 will be paid.** (This is a startling new friend-making prize distribution for publicity purposes.) You can co-operate and win a splendid prize when final decision is announced! In this drawing, two of the racing boats are perfect duplicates of one another. Can you find them? If you would like a chance to win one of 12 equal first prizes, valued at $625.00 each, simply submit an answer to this question: Which two of the boats shown in the accompanying illustration are exactly alike?
Most of the boats look alike but only two are actually the same—alike in size, shape, width, design and markings. Can YOU find the twin boats?



This is a limited opportunity. If you are interested and are eligible to participate, you may win one of the 12 equal first prizes. Study these racing boats carefully. The painted designs or markings are different. Some are nearly all white, others partly dark with wide or narrow strips. The inside of some of the boats are dark, others are white. The sternboards of some are white, others are dark.
Study all the different markings carefully. You do not need to send the numbers of any but the twin boats. Remember, ONLY TWO of the numbered boats are twins. Every detail must correspond exactly before you can be sure you have succeeded! Just send the numbers of the twins!
Beside the 12 equal first prizes of $500.00 each and other prizes, we have set aside a dozen extra awards of $125.00 each, for promptness, so the 12 first prizes will equal a total of $625.00 each in cash. If there are ties for any prizes, duplicate prizes will be paid. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer nor will you have to buy anything. There are no more puzzles to solve, either.
My organization is located in Chicago so in fairness to all, this offer is not open to persons living in Chicago (or outside the U. S. A.). Start your work right now. If you can find the twin boats and are prompt and win one of the 12 first prizes, you will receive $625.00 or a latest model Ford Tudor Sedan and $125.00 cash. Rush the numbers of the twins to me at once. You will be told promptly if your answer is selected as correct.

COME TO THE BOAT RACES AT CHICAGO CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION 1933

W. M. CLARK, Manager, - Room 37, - 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

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MOTION PICTURE

Will bring you more late and authoritative news of Hollywood . . . more views of the film folk who are making news . . . more new and specially-posed portraits of screen personalities . . . more stories that will give you new—and *news*—slants on the stars and stars-to-be . . . written by the largest and most experienced staff of reporters now writing for any screen magazine . . . frank previews of the new pictures . . . brief, crisp reviews of current films . . . The Gossip Test, the favorite game-of-any-month of Hollywood itself . . . The Hollywood Circus—the humorous events of the month . . . and countless other interesting, informative features . . . all waiting for you behind a striking cover design of Billie Dove in the October issue . . . out August 28th. . . . Don't miss the brand-new

MOTION PICTURE

Screen Reporter for the World

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Ames, Robert—playing in *Nancy's Private Affair*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *The Man With Red Hair*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—recently completed *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Eddie Cuts In*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *Nancy's Private Affair*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—playing in *Heaven On Earth*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bancroft, George—playing in *Rich Man's Folly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *My Sin*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Barnes, Carman—playing in *The Road To Reno*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, John—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *The Last Flight*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—last release *Daddy Long Legs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Noah—playing in *Homicide Squad*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—recently completed *Sea Eagles*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *Dangerous To Love*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—recently completed *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word For It*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—recently completed *Women Love Once*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bow, Clara—last release *Kick In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, Bill—recently completed *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Boyd, William—playing in *Murder By The Clock*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brendel, El—playing in *The Midnight Cruise*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Pagan Lady*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *Homicide Squad*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *Silence*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—playing in *Local Boy Makes Good*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *Lasca of the Rio Grande*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Carillo, Leo—playing in *Lasca of the Rio Grande*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Cantor, Eddie—playing in *Palmy Days*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Personal Maid*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chandler, Helen—recently completed *The Last Flight*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Chaplin, Charles—last release *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *The Magnificent Lie*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—last release *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Ina—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word For It*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—recently completed *Secrets of a Secretary*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Collier, Jr., William—recently completed *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Collyer, June—playing in *The Brat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *Kisses By Command*—Radio Picture Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Coogan, Jackie—playing in *Huckleberry Finn*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—recently completed *I Take This Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *The Mad Marriage*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Costello, Dolores—last release *Expensive Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—recently completed *This Modern Age*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Fifty Fathoms Deep*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lily—playing in *The Sphinx Has Spoken*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *The Honor of the Family*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Davies, Marion—last release *Five and Ten*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *The Lady of the Lions*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *The Million-Dollar Swindle*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Douglass, Kent—playing in *Waterloo Bridge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Dove, Billie—playing in *The Age For Love*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—recently completed *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in *Consolation Marriage*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

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Eilers, Sally—playing in *Sob Sister*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Erwin, Stuart—playing in *The Magnificent Lie*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—last release *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *I Like Your Nerve*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Foster, Norman—recently completed *Confessions of a Co-ed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Fox, Sidney—playing in *Strictly Dishonorable*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *Guilty Hands*—Metro Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—playing in *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Candlelight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gleason, James—recently completed *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Goudal, Jetta—playing in *The Plutocrat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Green, Mitzi—playing in *Huckleberry Finn*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—playing in *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 102*)

Now It's FUN

To Reduce-Keep Fit-Gain Strength

. . . in 5 Minutes a Day—at Home!



Re-Creates The "Zone of Youth"

The true "Zone of Youth" is in the abdominal and hip region. Sagging muscles, protruding stomach, flabby hips are signs of oncoming age, the result of having "let oneself go." Just five minutes a day with the Steelflex Health Builder quickly Re-Creates the "ZONE OF YOUTH" and KEEPS it youthful.

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Here—at last—is a new invention that takes the WORK out of WORKOUT. Here is a light, compact, Home Exercising Machine that makes HEALTH BUILDING AND REDUCING a delight instead of a drudge. And it is priced within the reach of every one—only $9.85. Try it 10 days in your own home. Send no money now—just the coupon below.



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Strong Enough To Stand Any "Pull"

STEELFLEX *FIVE-MINUTE* HEALTH BUILDER

THIS amazing invention provides the NECESSARY INCENTIVE to reduce, build strength, and maintain health, by making it a genuine PLEASURE to take a daily FIVE-MINUTE WORKOUT!

The action of Steelflex Five-Minute Health Builder provides NOT ONLY the scientific rowing stroke but also a COMPENSATING AUTOMATIC "PULL-BACK" which utilizes the well-known principle of resistance, endorsed by leading authorities.



Try this for strengthening abdominal muscles and back. Wonderful for reducing.

Although NEW, thousands of STEELFLEX FIVE-MINUTE HEALTH BUILDERS have already been purchased. A New York Physician writes: "It will reduce abdomen, strengthen muscles of the back and abdominal walls. Patients very enthusiastic." A business man writes he reduced 13 pounds in two months. Others say: "Reduced waist-line 3 inches in one month." "Five Minutes with Steelflex equal to one hour's exercise of some other type." (Names on request).

No matter what part you wish to reduce or strengthen—no matter how busy you are—here is an inexpensive ENJOYABLE way to regain or maintain the HEALTH and FIGURE you desire. You must TRY Steelflex to appreciate its effects. Try it in the morning—see how it makes you "feel like a youngster." Try it just before bedtime, see how it brings sound, natural sleep. Try it for 10 days—and if it isn't MUCH MORE than we claim, RETURN IT and your money will be refunded at once.

We will send Steelflex by express, collect on delivery, with the understanding that your money will be refunded at once, upon your request. It must "sell itself" to you and your family. Mail coupon NOW to The Steelflex Corporation of America, Dept. 137, 1783 E. 11th St., Cleveland, Ohio.



The full rowing stroke. Just five minutes of this will "work wonders" for you.

ONLY $9.85 COMPLETE

Plus the small delivery charge

Send No Money--Just This Coupon

THE STEELFLEX CORP. OF AMERICA
Dept. 137, 1783 East 11th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

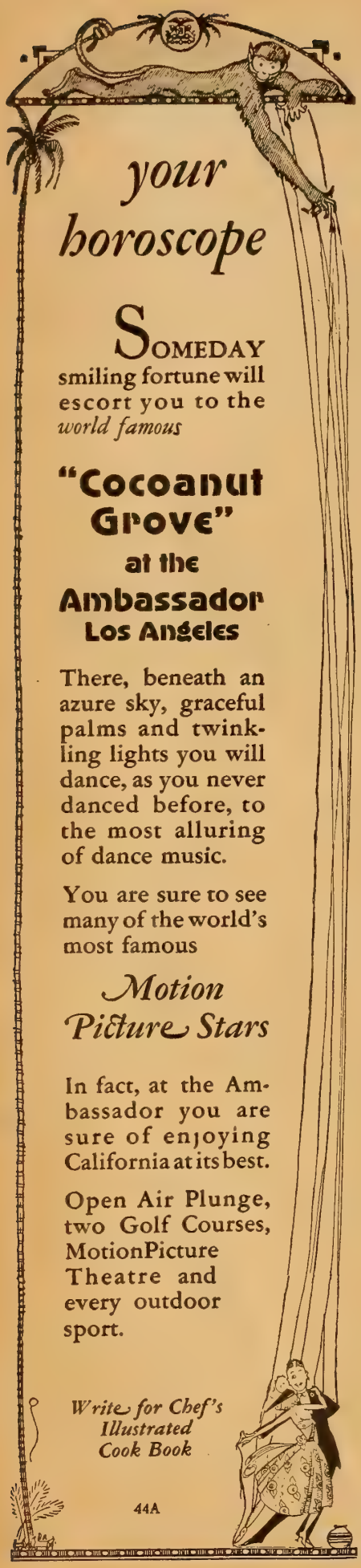
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*City*_____ *State*_____

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Los Angeles

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You are sure to see many of the world's most famous

Motion Picture Stars

In fact, at the Ambassador you are sure of enjoying California at its best.

Open Air Plunge, two Golf Courses, MotionPicture Theatre and every outdoor sport.

Write for Chef's Illustrated Cook Book

44A

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 10*)

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Devotion*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Queer People*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—recently completed *An American Tragedy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Fifty Fathoms Deep*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—playing in *Devotion*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Blue Moon Murder*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—recently completed *Cheri-Bibi*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Janney, Leon—recently completed *Penrod and Sam*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Boarding School*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—playing in *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kerrigan, J. M.—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *Arizona*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lebedeff, Ivan—playing in *Kisses By Command*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lightner, Winnie—recently completed *Side Show*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word For It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Love, Bessie—playing in *Morals For Women*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *The Midnight Cruise*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—recently completed *Women Love Once*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—recently completed *Bought*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *The Brat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N.Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *As Good As New*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Manners, David—playing in *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *My Sin*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Marsh, Mae—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Marian—recently completed *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Marshall, Tully—playing in *The Unholy Garden* United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—recently completed *Wicked*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Sphinx Has Spoken*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mercer, Beryl—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miljan, John—recently completed *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—recently completed *The Man in Possession*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in *The Midnight Cruise*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Polly—recently completed *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Corsair*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Myers, Carmel—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Pagan Lady*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—recently completed *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—playing in *Women Go On Forever*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—recently completed *Son of India*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Elliott—recently completed *The Last Flight*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

O'Brien, George—playing in *Riders of the Purple Sage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Personal Maid*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Oland, Warner—playing in *Daughter of the Dragon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—playing in *The Brat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *The Plutocrat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—last release *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—recently completed *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Powell, William—recently completed *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—playing in *Eddie Cuts In*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The World Changes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles—playing in *The Road To Reno*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *The Plutocrat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruggles, Charlie—recently completed *The Girl Habit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Sebastian, Dorothy—recently completed *The Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *Silence*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—last release *A Free Soul*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *The Greeks Had a Word for It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Street Scene*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Tonight Or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Murder By the Clock*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Taylor, Estelle—playing in *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tearle, Conway—playing in *Morals For Women*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *Murder by the Clock*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—playing in *Horseflesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Mad Marriage*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Varconi, Victor—recently completed *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—recently completed *Five-Star Final*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wayne, John—playing in *Arizona*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *The Age For Love*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Clara Kimball—playing in *Women Go On Forever*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Loretta—playing in *Merry Wives of Reno*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1. Do you know the man for whom this magazine has started a campaign to have him reinstated as a screen actor? Why was he barred?

2. Who is the suave movie villain who recently married a gorgeous blonde?

3. Where was the tall and handsome Paul Lukas born?

4. Who are the two Orientals who have returned to the screen after a long absence?

5. Can you name the new romantic screen sheik who is married to a woman eleven years his senior?



C. S. Bull

6. Who is the movie star who surprised everyone by joining the ranks of the type that gentlemen prefer?

7. Are you familiar with the movie actor who received a lot of publicity when he jokingly made the statement that he would soon become a father?

8. Can you name the girl who is making a habit of breaking bones in her body when arising in the morning?

9. Who is the newly divorced star who was wed to a magazine editor July third?

10. Do you know the movie couple—both of them stars—who had an addition to their family about a year and a half ago and who are expecting another shortly?

11. Who is often called Hollywood's Blonde Panic?

12. Reports in European circles have it that one of our very-much-alive movie stars is dead. Who is she and how did these rumors become circulated?

13. How did one of Hollywood's actors prove himself a real hero?

14. Although wed less than a year, the marriage of another Hollywood pair has gone on the rocks. Can you name them?



Russell Ball

18. Who is the girl in the lower picture, a Greta Garbo double, and what has the resemblance to the famous star (shown at top) done for her?

15. Joel McCrea, who is popular with the ladies and whose name has been connected with that of Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Mackaill, has a soft spot for another actress. Do you know who she is?

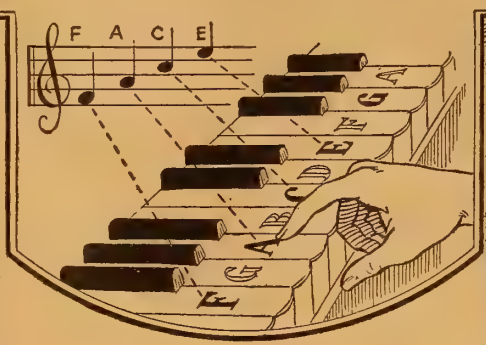
16. Whose romance crashed five weeks after their Honolulu wedding?

17. Who is the chap who has been the flappers' screen idol for several years and who is now going to start a jazz band?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 96)

Half a Million People
have learned music this easy way







You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

YES, over half a million delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Half a million—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the *new, modern method* perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of this half million didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly easy*. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing *real* tunes, perfectly, by *note*. You simply can't go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

You don't need any special "talent." Many of the half million who have already become accomplished players never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

What Instrument for You?

Piano	Piccolo
Organ	Guitar
Violin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	Drums and Traps
Clarinet	Mandolin
Flute	Ukulele
Harp	Trombone
Cornet	Saxophone
	'Cello

Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Juniors' Piano Course

Don't miss any more good times, learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends! Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the musician's pleasure and profit! Start Now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 609 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

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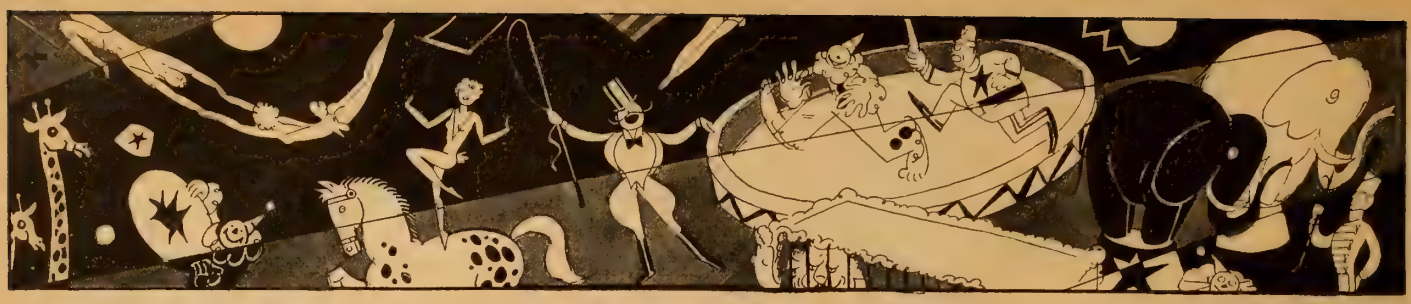
Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have You
.....Instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please write Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....



The Hollywood Circus

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Bets are two ways on **Clark Gable,** leading man for the Northern Light. There are those who say he will fall for the enigmatic **Garbo** and those who say he won't. So far he has not suffered any pulse accelerations from his feminine embracees, including **Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow. Garbo,** however, is different. **Clark** wore a white turtle-necked sweater (a favorite type of sports garment with **Garbo**) into the M-G-M commissary and three enthusiasts put their money on **Greta** to win.

During the heat of the betting he was busy remarrying his second wife, to make the wedding valid in California, a minor fact blissfully ignored by the bettors.

The backs of **Charlie Chaplin's** photographs are rubber-stamped "Charlie Chaplin as he appears in the greatest picture of all time, 'City Lights.'" Now we know just where to classify it.

One of our confidential spies says that **Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.,** has lost his taste for pictures and will not make another. He uses his studio quarters for a noon sunbath, a shower and then goes forth to golf. Junior is busy upholding family traditions and an English accent in a downtown play, "The Man in Possession," that **Sid** (prologue's poppa) **Grauman** is serving. "How do you like it?" **Sid** asked anxiously the opening night. "It's the best prologue you ever put on," answered a man with a beard.

Again the old situation: **Pola** on the West Coast, **Gloria** in New York. Hollywood never was big enough to hold them. **Greta,** frosty indifference is all right, but not exciting. How about a nifty little battle with **Marlene?**

The six-year-old daughter of **Robert Sherwood** will be spanked by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. She is visiting from New York while poppa adds that thing called sophistication to **Billie Dove's** "Age for Love." "I hate it out here," she readily answers all inquiries. "There are no children to play with."

Note on a genius. **Charlie Chaplin** ambled off to Europe and a United Artists' musician is disappointed. He asked **Charlie** for an autographed picture and **Charlie** said "Sure." But **Chaplin's** contempt for time is superb. He took three years to make "City Lights," and it looks to us that it will be that long before the musician gets his picture. The comedian sat at his desk, got as far as "Best wishes, Charlie" and left a blank for his last name. It has not yet been written. Instead he went to Europe.



Coburn

When they took the glad from gladioli and expressed it just as sweetly in the shape of smiles, these five *buds* certainly put the flowers to shame. The smiles, from left to right, belong to Arline Judge, Roberta Gale, Claudia Dell, Rita La Roy and Lita Chevret

---

Carman Barnes reports that to date no one has tried to call her **"Car" Barnes.**

My My My! Department

James Dunn, Broadway laddie, is scheduled by Fox to make the gals twitter. He has that sensitive **Farrell** mouth . . . **Adolphe Menjou** is no longer the leading Brummel. **Sam Marx,** 72, father of those Four Rascals, wins the title. He borrows son **Harpo's** newest ensembles . . . **Anna May Wong's** efforts to bring English culture and five o'clock tea to Hollywood have been routed by Business Efficiency. It's interview over luncheon or not at all . . . **Buster Keaton's** oldest calls him "Buzz" and pretty much rules his dad . . . **Maureen O'Sullivan** is extremely devout. She brought Connemara marble crosses from Ireland and insists that her friends keep them near for protection. . . . **Jimmy Gleason** is a paid-up member of the National Association of Pipe-Organ-Blowers. His first job was valet to a pipe organ . . . **Karen Morley** is the newest "I-want-to-meet-that-girl." Former collegienne, with poise, she makes the whoopee girls look oh so ordinary . . . **Garbo** has twenty-two costume changes in "Susan Lenox." Bet **Kay** (Best-dressed) **Francis** is furious . . . **Arthur Lake** prefers girls with "football shoulders." He means wide-shouldered broads. Or broad-shouldered wides. Oh, let's drop the subject . . . **Ramon Novarro's** going to stay right here in America and make more pictures and we, for one, are glad

(*Continued on page 102*)



Sold!

"Love would have been such an honest reason.. But you sold yourself."

WARNER BROS. *presents:*

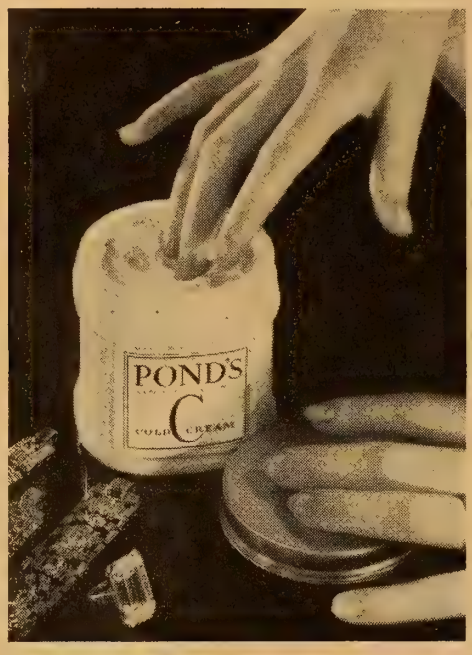
Constance Bennett in BOUGHT

A beautiful girl who takes but never gives!... loved but not loving! ... engaged but not married! ... bought but not paid for! ... *JACKDAWS STRUT* from which this great production comes has created more talk than any other novel of modern life ... And Constance Bennett more gorgeously gowned—more emotionally satisfying—more dramatically supreme—makes it the finest picture play of her career ... Directed by ARCHIE MAYO.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Princesses, duchesses, ladies of proud old foreign title... patrician leaders of society in our own America... they share one birthright of race and breeding... beautiful skin, flawless as diamonds ... To these women, to all women, as Lady Violet Astor says, "Pond's have done a wonderful service"... Miss Anne Morgan says, "Pond's, through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, helps women achieve



1 Pond's Cold Cream is the first step in the Pond's Method. Generously apply as often as needed during the day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.



2 To wipe away the cream swiftly, completely, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues. White or peach color. They are so much *softer* and half again more absorbent by laboratory test. They whisk away all cream and with it every vestige of dirt, make-up and powder, leaving your skin immaculate.



3 To tone and firm the skin and keep the pores fine, Pond's Skin Freshener is simply indispensable. When you have wiped away the cold cream, wet a sizable pad of cotton with Freshener and then do a brisk little tap dance all over the cleansed skin. This banishes lingering oiliness and danger of "shiny nose."



4 A smooth, well-bred finish adds so much to one's poise. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder—face, neck, shoulders, arms... It gives protection from sun and wind and makes your powder cling for hours... And always use it to keep hands soft and white.

Jewels by Cartier

an attractive appearance"... Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, "Pond's carries off all honors for its common sense method of home beauty care"... We suggest that you, too, follow this famous way to keep your skin always exquisitely fresh and clear.

Tune in on Pond's Friday at 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra. WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

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Kahle

JOAN BENNETT

Why so pensive and wistful, Joan? Wondering when stardom will be along? Don't be impatient. Remember that leading ladies last longer on the screen than stars. And remember that after "Surrender" and "She Wanted a Millionaire," your new fans are counting on your lasting a long, long time



C. S. Bull

Irene learned how to sing in a convent, and learned how to act on Broadway. She adds that she learned how to work in Hollywood. With such an all-around education, the erstwhile heroine of "Cimarron" is bound to go far. She's on her way in "The Great Lover" and "Consolation Marriage"

IRENE DUNNE



Dyar

RICHARD ARLEN

Dick's here to tell you he's happy. That grin's all-wool and a yard wide. But why the jubilation? He has kissed goodbye to sombrero, spurs and six-shooters for two pictures in a row. He has had a couple of chances to act—in "The Lawyer's Secret" and "The Secret Call." And both hits!



Hurrell

Cute, but oh, how seductive! You couldn't trust the boy-friend alone with ***this*** little charmer from Broadway. She may be brand-new to this business of looking hypnotic, but she's catching on mighty fast. If you don't believe us, you'll have to believe your eyes when you see Lillian in "The Great Lover"

LILLIAN BOND



Hurrell

KAY FRANCIS

"One of Hollywood's six most beautiful women"—that's what Hollywood's six most famous directors think of Kay Francis. And don't you agree with them? Unofficially, they call her one of the six best actresses in the talkies. That's why she transfers to Warner Brothers to become a star in "The Hungry Wife"



C. S. Bull

LEILA HYAMS

A girl has to rate high with John Gilbert to play opposite him in three successive pictures. Like the rest of us he must like her blonde personality—to say nothing of her poise and talent. After the noble assistance she gave John in his comeback, we wonder what Leila might do in a story all her own



Fryer

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

You want to watch young Doug's smoke! Here's a star who's doing something more than pipe-dreaming about fame and fortune. He wants to improve—to be even better than the critics say he is in "Chances" and "I Like Your Nerve." A big order, Doug!

Of course CAMELS are milder
THEY'RE FRESH!

HAVE you noticed how women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite with the ladies, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat.

Next, inhale the hot, brackish smoke of a parched dry cigarette and feel that sharp stinging sensation on the membrane.

The air-sealed Humidor Pack keeps all the rare flavor and aroma in and prevents the precious natural tobacco moisture from drying out. Important too, it protects the cigarette from dust and germs.

Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.



● *It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office*

CAMELS

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Do Hollywood Women Hate Constance Bennett?

The women don't care much for Connie—but, oh boy! how she appeals to the men!

By JACK JAMISON



"Sticks and stones
May break my bones,
But names will never
Hurt me!" shrugs Connie.

I'M afraid this revelation of the latest crisis to come up in Constance Bennett's dramatic—almost melodramatic—life must begin with a personal experience of my own. A few days ago, at one of the cocktail parties that are jokingly called "press teas," I happened to say to a prominent woman star that I had enjoyed Constance Bennett's latest picture. I didn't rave, mind you, but merely stated that I liked it. The lady threw up her hands in horror. "Good Lord!" she exclaimed. "So you're a Bennett fan!"

"Don't you like Connie?" I asked. "What's the matter with her?"

"Oh, men seem to like her well enough—though what you all see in her I don't know," she sniffed contemptuously. "*But have you ever met a woman in Hollywood who likes her?*"

That states it, precisely enough. Is there a woman in Hollywood who admires, likes, or is even tolerant of Constance Bennett? Some of them purse up their lips at mention of her, others lift their eyebrows, and still others gesture with pretty little fingers that suddenly look like blood-red claws. There may be some exceptions—Connie herself says, "The few women friends I have are good ones"—but so far as the majority is concerned, from women writers to women players, the answer is No!

What Women Say About Her

OF course, I haven't room here to list all the things women say about her. But I quote, word for word, a few remarks I recently jotted down as I heard them, at the Brown Derby, the Embassy, in the studios. (1) "The little chiseler! Don't introduce your husband to her!" (2) "She's not even a good actress." (3) "Her money doesn't get her to first base with me; you have to have a lot more than money." (4) "Whom does she think she's ritzing?" (5) "With a cross little face like that, I [illegible] call her pretty!" Those ought to be enough.

Now, why? The true reason is simple. It was inevitable that Hollywood women should dislike Constance. *There is no way it might have been prevented.*

If this all weren't such a shame, it would be funny. The girl whose picture popularity has soared more rapidly than that of almost any other star is a target for cuss-words in the very town where those pictures are manufactured! To comprehend such an irony, one must understand two things: first, what Hollywood is; second, what Constance Bennett is. For it is the meeting of these two that has caused the explosion, as inevitably as though they were hydrogen and oxygen, meeting with a flash and a bang. What Hollywood is, you know. If you don't, after all the tales you've read, you may as well skip the rest of this, for I haven't room to tell you here. As for what Constance Bennett is—that, I believe, I can tell you.

Each of us is what he has been born, plus what he has experienced. Each of us, in other words, is what he was born, plus all the persons he has been up until to-day. Constance Bennett, then, is the child that Constance was at four, seven, ten years—the girl she was at sixteen—the woman she was at twenty—changed by the conditions, the experiences, the accidents of environment, through which those persons passed.

Her History Tells the Story

THE story of her childhood has been told before. She was a passionate, wilful little girl, unusually sensitive. The tragedies of childhood—a dead dog, a broken doll—cut her so deeply that they gave her personality its dominant trait. This was: to escape from pain. She flinches from the slightest unpleasantness, and protects herself from it frantically. Describe an auto accident to her, or an ugly face, and she will not hear you; she talks loudly, to drown out your voice, and shuts her eyes and claps her hands over her ears. Remember this. It is very important for an

(*Continued on page 77*)

Is Reno Tempting Movie Stars ?

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



This is how Reno—whose slogan is "The biggest little dropping in from Hollywood. In the left foreground just beyond is the Truckee River, where divorcées

WHAT is the lure of this place called Reno? Why does it land on the front pages every single day, including Sunday? Why are the movie folk on the verge of rushing there *en masse?* That's what I wanted to know!

And so I went to Reno. En route, I decided to still my conscience and to shoot the entire works. I would frequent those wide-open places so vividly described in various newspapers by those of the writing craft who had preceded me. I would mingle with the gay throngs and perhaps even flirt a little with some of the rich and charming divorce-seekers who, as reports had it, roamed the streets. I would attend a performance or two at the Court House.

The movie rush to Reno has not yet begun, but it is only a matter of time. Three companies have planned divorce pictures, to be made "on location" in the Nevada city. One of them is First National's "Merry Wives of Reno," in which Loretta Young is the star.



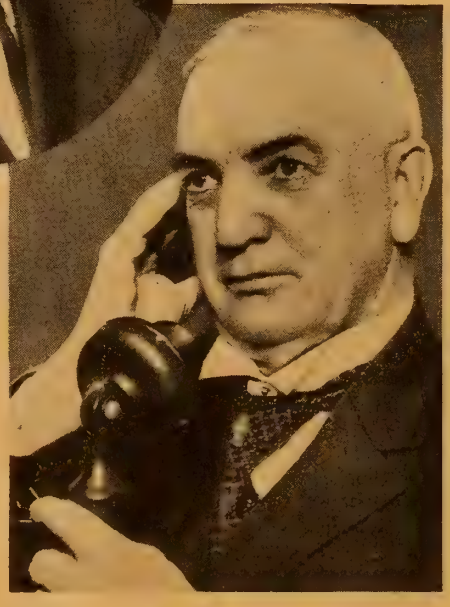
Acme

Judge Bartlett, Reno authority on divorce laws

As this is written, Jack Dempsey, having completed his residence requirement, is expected to file suit against Estelle Taylor; and Mrs. Robert Armstrong (Jeanne Kent), is reported there for the purpose of securing her freedom from "Bob." But this is only the beginning.

Free in Six Weeks, Six Minutes

"DIVORCE while you wait" is Reno's slogan. As the law now stands, there is a six weeks' residence requirement, but once you are in the courtroom, it takes only six minutes to get your decree—if your suit isn't contested. (Few of them are.) Hollywood likes to play, and marriage in the movies has never been a permanent institution. The lads and lassies who make our pictures have always been enthusiastic exponents of variety; but



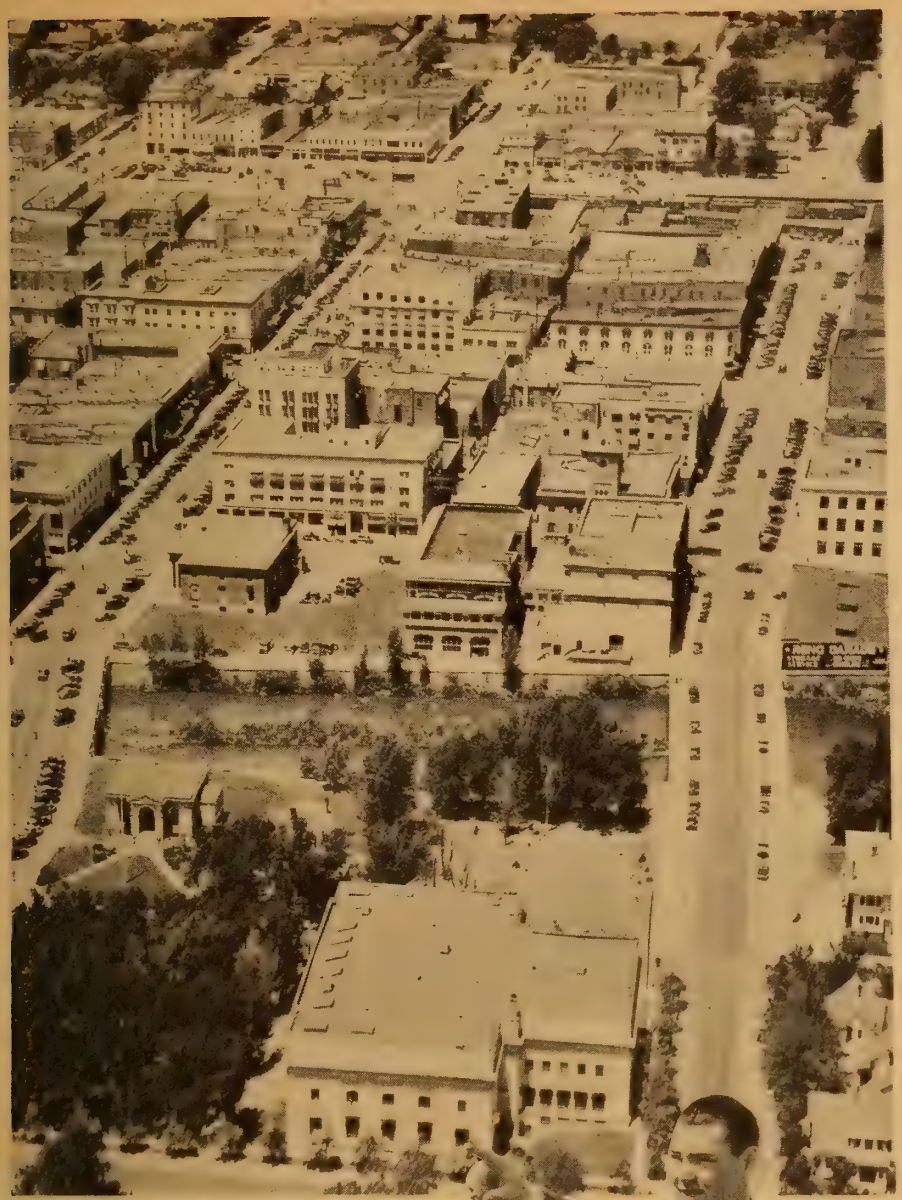
Mayor Roberts made himself famous by helping to make Reno "the widest-open town in America"

if their marital changes have been news in the past, just wait until they really discover this new "painless" method, which will permit them to change husbands or wives between pictures and have a lot of good clean fun while undergoing treatment!

When Hollywood realizes that a divorce now means six weeks of whoopee in America's widest-open town—which is a combination of E. Phillips Oppenheim's Monte Carlo and Bret Harte's Poker Flats—the stampede will make the gold rush of '49 seem like a quiet Sunday afternoon in Sickley's Corners!

Twenty-four hours from Hollywood by train, sixteen by car and only five by 'plane, Reno dangles a tempting bait under the very nose of Movieland—and how long will Movieland be

It's "the widest-open town" in America. Its divorces are quick -- and it's only five hours by 'plane from Hollywood



city in the world"—looks from an airplane is the Washoe County Court House, and joyfully toss away their wedding rings

able to resist? How long before the rush?

What sort of place is Reno? The answer is: it depends entirely upon your position in the social scale, for here are to be found two worlds, meeting without mingling. If you chance to be plain John Smith, trying to get a divorce as cheaply as possible, or Dolly Biggs, working your way through the "mill" as a waitress or clerk, you will find Reno a disappointment. The room in which you live will be much like the one you left—except that it will cost five times as much. If you want a drink, you will drink exactly the sort of newly-made gin you were able to get in Memphis or Pittsburgh. You will go to the same sort of movies, dance in the same sort of dance halls, and otherwise live a somewhat mediocre small-town existence, except for the fact that if you wish to woo the goddess of Chance, there are the gambling halls.



Jack Dempsey, who came to Reno to divorce Estelle Taylor, is staying on to manage a racetrack and arena. Because he attracts visitors, he is a local idol

Where You Can Spend Your Money

IF, on the other hand, your name graces the social register back home and you come with a fat billfold and wish to make your six weeks' stay as painless as possible, a very different Reno awaits you. In the Riverside, the Golden or any one of a half-dozen first-class hotels, you will live as you are accustomed to living. If you want a drink, a hundred ornate and completely stocked saloons are to be found. At "The Willows," a short drive from town, there is soft music, dancing and dining and a gambling room where the "house" stands ready to cover any bet you care to place. There you will find Lady Inverclyde, Jack Dempsey and the élite of the colony whiling away the hours in an atmosphere of refinement. Yes, the Reno you see depends largely upon which side of the tracks you live on back home.

The permanent population of Reno is about eighteen thousand. It is estimated that some two thousand divorce applicants are at present in the city. Wide-open gambling has, however, drawn hundreds of the shifty-eyed gentry who follow the path of the whirling ball and the clicking dice. For every divorce-seeker there appears to be at least five of these birds-of-passage and as many more down-and-out "bums," who exist by panhandling and sleep in the big "jungle camp" that has sprung up on the edge of town. Below the tracks, along the Truckee River, segregated vice has found a lodging place and more prosperous members of the demi-world ply their trade more or less openly.

All Types Are to Be Found

IN the gambling halls that cater to the masses, sleek-haired gigolos rub elbows with grizzled desert rats, and ex-percentage girls from Tia Juana and Mexicali jostle divorce-seeking matrons from Cedar Rapids as they crowd forward to place their bets. The air reeks with tobacco smoke and above the cacophony rises the droning voice of the croupier, the whirr of the wheel, and the click of the dice. Men in green eye-shades



Acme

These cottages at Reno Hot Springs, not far from Reno, are popular with divorce-seekers during their six weeks' stay. There is a hot sulphur springs bath connected with the cottages



A close-up of the Washoe County Court House—where all Reno divorces are granted. If a suit is uncontested, a decree is obtainable in six minutes flat

sit behind the tables and make lightning calculations as they deal in stacks of silver dollars or bright-colored chips.

In front of a Chinese lottery joint, an evangelist, aided by a sheepish-looking Jewish convert, holds forth on the wages of sin. A sleek Rolls-Royce glides through an alley, halting before a door where a drunken woman in expensive garb clings to her swaying escort and curses the driver as he assists her into the car. A bewhiskered bum in ill-smelling rags whines his plea for enough to "buy a feller a cupa coffee."

On Virginia Avenue, Reno's Broadway, is the office of Jack Dempsey, who is combining business with pleasure and operating a racetrack and arena while waiting for his freedom. Jack is a local idol—his attractions being expected to bring thousands of visitors to the town. Whenever he appears on the street, he is followed by a worshiping crowd. Richly dressed women turn to stare admiringly at his broad shoulders. Jack says he is the happiest he has been for years.

There Are No Rooms to Spare

HOTELS and rooming-houses are overflowing. A tiny room without bath, in a third-class hotel, cost me four dollars a day. The Riverside, the Golden, the Overland and the El Cortez, Reno's leading hotels, are crowded with wires for reservations pouring in daily.



When this picture was taken, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong were one of Hollywood's happiest couples. Now they're reported "Reno-vating"

Real-estate values have doubled, and a modest five-room cottage demands a rental of three hundred dollars a month! It is estimated that more than two and a half million dollars a month are being poured into Reno by its huge transient population, but the majority of its shops seem unimposing. They have not yet learned how to cater to this new flood of spenders—but they will. In the famous Washoe County Court House, the divorce mill grinds steadily. Two judges clear the docket at the rate of a divorce every six minutes—and cannot catch up!

Mayor Roberts, with whom Jack Dempsey once worked in a mine, was recently re-elected on a soaking-wet platform. He has been quoted as hoping that some day there would be an open barrel of corn whiskey and a tin dipper on every street corner. Right now, however, it's harder to get a drink in Reno than in New York, Chicago or Hollywood. In the rear of various innocent-looking business places, elaborate saloons are installed with long bars, an imposing array of polished glasses and all the trimmings of the old days. Look-outs peer at thirsty applicants through peep-holes cut in heavy steel doors and only those who are known or who come with unquestionable introductions stand a chance of being admitted.

Drinks are a dollar a throw, but the likker is good. Around the walls of these drink emporiums are hung photographs of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, held in Reno in 1910. In the window of a sporting-goods store, on a cake of ice, one sees eight six-pound rainbow trout, caught that morning in a near-by mountain lake. The mile-high atmosphere is like a heady wine, and the snow on the encircling mountains glistens like crystal in the bright sunlight.

Film Folk Losing Timidity

EVERY week brings its quota of movie celebrities, but as yet most come merely as pleasure-seekers. To be seen there is to start

(*Continued on page 98*)



Schoenbaum

Steering Straight for Stardom

You'd be surprised at how much day-dreaming a girl can get done between scenes—when the scenes are "shot" on a yacht! Marion Shilling indulges in day-dreams while steering straight for stardom. The sun may be hazy and the sails may be lazy, but Marion wears a fair-weather smile. She's one actress who doesn't believe you must go through a tempest to reach the top



Anita Page's very name tells you she is restless and changeful and bound to succeed

Numerology Says—Few Marriages-Only Love in 1931

ARE people marrying as much nowadays as in former years? Most people think not. And is the economic situation responsible for it? Whatever the reason, one thing is certain: the situation will not be remedied in 1931.

Romances, short irregular love affairs, and sometimes "le grande passion" will rule the day, but marriage will go by the boards until 1932! Last year in New York City alone, according to statistics, there was a marriage every eight minutes and a birth every four minutes. But this year we can expect that there will be a much lower ratio, according to the Science of Number Vibration, or Numerology, which is the popular name for the same thing.

1931 is a "5" year. And under its restless, changeful vibration few people will want to take the responsibility that marriage entails. If you expect "him" to come on bended knee and propose this year, you are doomed to disappointment. But have hopes, next year, all ye flappers, bachelor girls and old maids!



Mary Brian can hope for big breaks in 1933

Here's what Numerology says about 1932: There will be a return to stability and domesticity under the vibration of 1932, which will be a "6" year. This is the number of domestic harmony, and statistics will show an increase in the marriage rate during this period. So if he doesn't propose during 1931, keep friendly with him until next year, and there will be a happy ending.

Most of us have our little loves and our big ones, and in due time we marry. But a few of us are destined to end our days in "single blessedness." Numerology shows, through the dates of birth, those who will walk the path alone. Partly through desire, perhaps—but who knows how much Fate plays a part in it also? Take, for instance, the name and birth date of Greta Garbo.

In reading some of the many stories about her, I have wondered if her aloofness were a pose, just "good publicity." But in analyzing her original name of Greta Gustaffson, and date of birth, which is September 18, 1906, I find she is absolutely sincere in her desire to stay alone, and in her anger when people try to pry into her intimate affairs. You see, Numerology has a way of unearthing things about you that the world does not know.

Garbo, after the manner of the great, has the conservative, retiring Number 7 for her Ideality (or inner nature). And what makes it more striking is that her Destiny Number is also 7, which to a Numerologist spells only one thing—that she will always be alone, in the last analysis. If she were to marry, it would not turn out happily; so it is better for her to recognize this fact, and remain "the high priestess in the temple."

Her chief happiness is in inner resource, of which she has so much. There is a separateness about the life of all who have the Path-of-Life Number 7. And yet there must be times when her soul cries out, "How lonely I am!" For man is naturally a gregarious animal. Even though we may recognize the loneness of the human soul, we all long for human love and companionship.

If you believe in the science of numbers (and who doesn't?) this is a year of romance among the stars--but there'll be few marriages until next year

By Adrienne Peabody

There are very few Numerological charts like Greta Garbo's.

Big Breaks Ahead for Mary

MARY BRIAN, or Louise Dantzler, as she was christened, shows strong contrast to the elusive Garbo. Her Numberscope shows sensitiveness and strong feeling, with love of human beings. The very qualities that give her ability to portray such fineness and sweetness on the screen are sometimes unfortunate, because they make her far too sensitive to others around her, and to their criticism. She should cultivate firmness in this respect.

She is strongly maternal and would make a wonderful mother. She has for Ideality (inner nature) the Feeling Number 2 and the Destiny Number 1. She should marry the type of man who likes to be mothered, and who also wants children. Her chart shows she has not done her best work yet, because she has not had the proper opportunity.

People, like nations, come into periods of power, and then of decline in their affairs. In other words, there are times when the tide is in and when the tide is out. Mary Brian will come into one of those power and money-making periods in 1933. Her chart further shows that when she does marry, she will choose someone well-to-do.

I have been asked what I thought of the Numberscope of Tallulah Bankhead, who had the same name before her advent on the stage and screen. She was born January 31, 1902, and her name and date show a highly ambitious person, who will have to work harder than she cares to, for what she gains. Her name shows a love of self-expression and mental achievements, rather than physical work. Take the name "Tallulah" alone, of which the numbers are 2, 1, 3, 3, 3, 3, 1, 8. Notice the four "3's" in the name. Three is the number of self-expression. But her date of birth spells success only with application and hard work because she has the Practical

(*Continued on page 92*)



Several brief love affairs and another marriage are "in the numbers" for Jean Harlow (above)



Numerology has it that Clara Bow (right) will marry late in life, but will forget Rex Bell by 1932

Tallulah Bankhead, say The Numbers, will make a big hit this fall

News *and* Gossip



Hurrell

It looks as if Wallace Beery is planning an ocean flight, judging from the intense study he is making of navigation

Howard," said the office boy into the 'phone. "How 'bout it? Does he get in?"

Evidently he did, for Leslie Howard, of the London, Broadway, and Hollywood Howards, disappeared through the sacred door. We'll wager he never made a meeker entrance.

CLARK GABLE was being interviewed in the Metro Cafeteria. The interviewer, a man, was doing all the talking. He was sawing the air and holding forth while Clark quietly applied himself to his lunch. Presently the writer came over to the press table, swelling his chest with satisfaction. "Hullo, Ted!" Jack Grant greeted him. "Did you get a good interview from Gable?" "Great!" chirped the interviewer. "Oh, he agreed with you, did he?" asked Jack innocently. The poor interviewer collapsed like a pricked balloon—but, at that, Clark Gable *isn't* especially communicative. Not even after being married.

CLARK doesn't like to talk about it, but those who know him say that he has harsh history behind him. His mother died when he was two years old and his father left him to fight his way in the world while he was still a young boy. He has not seen or heard of him for something like sixteen years. But if Clark Gable makes a big hit in the movies, it won't be long before he hears from many a relative! Though this is another subject he doesn't discuss, Clark has



Dyar

You can't blame Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney for smiling when you consider the excellent "breaks" they are getting. This team is *romantic!*

NOW that even the stars themselves have to have permits to get inside the studios, they are learning what it's like to try to explain how famous they are to a hard-boiled office boy.

"Feller named Howard out here," yawned the young Paramount guard the other day. "Says he's an actor. Says you know him. Says he's got an appointment."

He whirled upon the suave, blond and English-tailored young man at the desk.

"Say, what's your first name?"

"Leslie," responded the young man meekly.

"He says his name is *Leslie*



Joan Crawford is still hoping she gets that European trip this summer—but if she doesn't she'll motor as usual to Malibu Beach



Herman Brix, track star, shows Joan Marsh and Mary Carlyle how to make a quick getaway for the 100-yard dash. Must be the girls are training for the Olympics

of the Studios

been married at least three times. Maybe more.

"I MET many who knew that they had to live their own lives. I met a few who tried, but had not the courage or the personality to see it through. I met only you who succeeded."

This is the inscription in a book given Fifi Dorsay by her latest admirer, a wealthy gentleman from Switzerland. And, by the way, Fifi is wearing her engagement ring on her forefinger now. Which would seem to indicate that her betrothal to Terrance Ray is not so very serious.



There is talk that John Barrymore may return to the stage. If he does, Dolores Costello will also leave the screen

SPEAKING of rings, what happened to the square-cut emerald Thelma Todd was wearing on her engagement finger not long ago? We heard that it was Ivan Lebedeff's way of Popping The Question—but it has disappeared. And Ivan, when asked, looks sad and remote and Russian and says, "Someday I may marry an American woman, but she will be a simple little girl from a small town." The picture of Lebedeff arriving in an American small town—spats, cane, monocle, and all—is one to inspire a Sinclair Lewis. Can't you imagine Ivan striding down Main Street, kissing the hand of the local belle's proud mama, and eating fried pork and baking-powder biscuits at the Grand Hotel?

Returning to Thelma, the girl is changing her name to Alison Loyd—"because she is to do serious rôles." But how about those comedies you're going to do for Hal Roach, Alison?



The two attractive "railbirds" looking you over are Marguerite Churchill and Elissa Landi. They've struck up a fine friendship, taking morning canters together



Fryer

Roland Young, late of the stage, is showing us something new in screen characterizations and clicking his way to stardom



Grimes

If you think a girl can't drive a nail straight you don't know Leila Hyams. In fixing up her beach house she fixed it *right*

ANN HARDING finally signed her contract! But the fact that she is to get nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars in the next three years was unimportant when we talked to her the next day. The important thing was that her husband Harry had a bad case of poison ivy. Ann was entertaining visitors on the terrace of her hilltop home recently when someone asked, "Where is Harry this afternoon?" "There," said Ann, casually pointing upward. And sure enough, circling the Harding-Bannister hilltop in their new cabin 'plane, was the missing husband. Happy, these two!

WHEN the traffic cop stopped Marilyn Miller's car, returning from Arrowhead, it was running a hotly-contested race on the mountain road with the cars of Marilyn's house guests. "Well," opined the chauffeur, mopping his brow, "it was certainly lucky that he caught us when we were going only eighty-one miles an hour. I'd been going ninety-seven, but I'd just slowed down for a traffic stop . . ."

IT will be a great disappointment to the fans of Fredric March and his stage-famous wife, Florence Eldridge, to hear that the recent announcement that the stork was expected in their home was a mistake. It sprang from Freddie's kidding a popular newspaper columnist who is famous for announcing what society women are about to become mothers. But friends of the Marchs say that Freddie and Florence are thinking of adopting a baby.

IF you suppose that Marlene and Greta are too remote and mysterious to read the comparisons that have been written about them, you're supposing wrong. Marlene has even spoken out on the subject. "I do not like it that they say I dress to look like Miss Garbo," says she. "All European women wear tailored suits and sports clothes for the street. Miss Damita also." Someone told Marlene that Greta had been to see "Dishonored" the night before. "Really?" cried Marlene joyfully. "How wonderful! How glad I am!"



Richee

After four big years in Europe, Anna May Wong comes back to Hollywood



Keystone

Rex Bell and his ranch agree with Clara Bow. No contract, no worries. Take note—she's now a blonde

SO now Clara Bow is out at Paramount, with the usual good wishes and Godblessyous. The famous redhead (who has temporarily gone blonde, for purposes of disguise) is twenty-six years old. "Ex-It," was one writer's comment. This is clever, but not necessarily true. Clara still has her best work ahead of her—if she can get her health back. Rex Bell, on whose ranch she is recuperating, wants her to do a play on the stage before she does another picture. A doctor has told her that if she would marry and have a child, she would be healthier and happier than she has ever been. Back of that diagnosis is the secret of so much of the Hollywood hysteria and temperament. Fame is not a normal life for a young woman. Subconsciously perhaps, her nature feels the lack of home, love, children. And then come the breakdowns!

"EVERY morning," the nurse in the babies' pavilion told me, "we have the same argument with Mr. Fitzmaurice. Every morning he has to be told that he can't come in to the nursery and hold the twins—that he can look at them only through the glass. He pleads, 'Move them closer. Hold them up so I can see.'" When they told him he had *two* babies, he shed tears of joy. That's the Irish for you!

LOIS WILSON is wearing a proud smile these days, since her sister, Diana Kane Fitzmaurice, made her an auntie twice over. The expected baby was to have been named "George, Junior" if it had been a boy, and "Diana" if it had been a girl. But when twins arrived, their director-father couldn't forbear naming them "Patricia and Michael," so that they could be nicknamed "Pat and Mike." They are the first twins in the movie colony for a long while and Hollywood mourns one's passing.

FLORENCE BRITTON, one of Sam Goldwyn's recent discoveries, is an authentic society girl. The trend of her interests may be discerned by her comment after listening at a party the other evening to Ernest Schoedsack, explorer and



Dyar

If Juliette Compton keeps this up, maybe Garbo *will* be going back to Sweden. She has That Technique

producer of "Grass." He was telling of his experiences with the starving, flea-bitten hordes of Asiatics that he photographed trudging over barren mountains to seek fodder for their mangy herds. "But," asked Florence, wide-eyed, as he finished describing, "what of their culture? Have they no Art?"

BARBARA WEEKS, ex-Follies girl, is wearing the first fruits of Chanel's trip to Hollywood in Eddie Cantor's picture. One gown has a belt of seed pearls and semi-precious stones, another is made of lace from Chanel's own workrooms. These were fitted to living Parisian models, whose measurements were exactly the same as Barbara's, and sent on to Hollywood. The magic of the name "Chanel" may make up for a somewhat disappointing conventionalism in the styles of the gowns.



Here's how Billie Dove won three blue ribbons at the Beverly Hills Dog Show

THERE are some things we never shall know, we suppose. And one of them is: "What did Mary Pickford say to Doug, when she finally found him, for playing golf on the day her boat reached England?" Of course, he was playing in the British Open Tournament—so maybe she didn't say anything. Mary has forsworn interviews, being badly burned up about one printed in another fan magazine, hinting that she and Doug were considering a separation. The best Pickford story we have heard in years is the one about Mary's unheralded call on Siam's King Prajadhipok (Doug, you remember, visited him in Siam) in New York. At the door she discovered that she had forgotten her letter of introduction. "My only visiting card—is my face," said Mary, shyly. And she got in, too!

AN ancient feud between two screen ladies was at last settled peaceably when John Gilbert brought Lilyan Tashman into Eleanor Boardman's beach house without telling her whose house it was. The two had not been speaking since Eleanor overheard Lilyan criticizing her clothes. But were they abashed? Not at all. Lilyan, looking over the living-room, "Charming, my dear! I adore your house!" Eleanor, sweetly, "I'm so glad you like it better than my clothes!" Whereupon the two burst into hearty laughter and have been warm friends ever since—drawn together by a common interest in collecting antique milk-containers (of all things).

BILL HAINES supplies all this sort of thing to the movie colony through his antique shop. He has a one-room cottage in a hidden canyon at the beach, rented for the sole purpose of giving parties. But it doesn't look like a whoopee hide-away a bit! It is filled with old glass and fragile wooden spindle-chairs and antimacassars and faded chintz, and looks as if it should be presided over by an old lady in a crocheted shoulder-shawl preferably lavender. Bill's vacation trip abroad was made for the purpose of adding to "the stock on hand.



"Look, Bebe, he's flying this way!" The Ben Lyons are on the lookout for the stork—



"Ho-hum! Lazy weather—" Bela (*Dracula*) Lugosi is beginning to take life easy. He has a brand-new yacht

MARIE DRESSLER is planning to spend the summer in Europe. "I shall miss the early London season," says Marie, "so I shall go straight to the villa of a friend in Monaco. She wrote me she had built a little house for me in her garden. I can lie in bed and watch the ships sail into the harbor below. I shall go to Salzberg for the Wagner festival—"

LINA BASQUETTE and Peverel Marley are "off" again, and this time they both declare it's for keeps. Lina is playing the lead opposite Ken Maynard, so she is definitely back.

(*Continued on page 93*)



Not since Valentino first flashed his magnetic personality has a male figure captured the ladies like Clark Gable. Their hearts are just going pit-a-pat over this tall, dark youth with the passionate eyes and seductive smile. He's getting bushels of letters from the *femmes*. Clark must have a *way* with him—even the horse eats out of his hand

Even The Horse Eats Out Of His Hand

All Is Fine And Dandy With The Charlie Farrells

Those newlyweds, Charlie and Virginia, are keeping house—and gosh! how they love it!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

WHEN Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli came back to Hollywood from their European honeymoon, they moved into Virginia's little Normandie home in Beverly Hills that faces Gloria Swanson's estate. They chose Virginia's house in preference to Charlie's place in Toluca Lake because of the value of the property. "Plus the social distinction, of course," grinned Charlie. "It isn't often that a Toluca Lake-ian marries into Beverly Hills."

The house itself has that honeymoon look. Bright green awnings that contrast with the white exterior. A formal little garden that leads from a path at the door to a sun porch at the back, with comfortable yellow-and-green chairs, where Charlie and Virginia like to breakfast or lounge in the sun.

"The garden is distinctive," explained Charlie, "in that it is the only garden in Beverly that has neither tennis court nor swimming-pool. But with Lawrence Tibbett's tennis court just two doors away and the Barthelmess swimming-pool one street over—"

"We should go to any additional expense!" finished Virginia.

Virginia built the house five years ago as a bachelor-girl establishment.

"I kept it Normandie on the outside, but when it came to the interior I couldn't resist going a little hodge-podge. I suppose an interior decorator would throw up his hands."

A Davenport Apiece

AS examples of the "hodge-podge" she calls attention to the high Cathedral ceiling with its heavy wood beams in the typically Old English living-room. There are built-in bookcases, filled with beautifully bound books, and two deeply-comfortable green lounges on either side of the fireplace. From habit Charlie usually sits on his particular lounge of an evening, and Virginia on hers.

"I don't know what would happen if Charlie should happen to get on my side of the fireplace to read his paper," laughed Virginia. Near "Charlie's lounge" stands an ornamental cigarette table, adorned only by a beautiful miniature of Virginia done by James Montgomery Flagg. Near "Virginia's lounge" is a large silver-framed picture of Charlie. Neither of these favorite pictures of one another is autographed.



Acme

Charlie Farrell and the Little Woman, Virginia Valli, are just about the happiest couple in Hollywood—and they're waving and smiling at you to prove it

In contrast to the English *motif* of the living-room, the dining-room is decidedly Spanish. The massive table leaves a great deal of distance between the honeymooners when they are seated formally—in Charlie's eyes a great drawback to the dining-room.

"When we have guests for dinner, Charlie and I play the formal host and hostess," explained Virginia. "But when we are alone—well, we manage to bridge the distance."

Charlie is insistent on one point at the table, however. He won't have large obstructive center pieces blocking his view of Virginia. "I can't stand that idea of peeking around a bush of flowers to talk to my wife." (You should hear Charlie say "my wife"—and the way he says it!) Because of this complex of Charlie's, the Farrells seldom decorate their table with anything more elaborate than a low bowl of yellow or red roses.

What You'll Find Upstairs

A NARROW staircase in the entrance hall leads to the two bedrooms upstairs and what they refer to as the "mutual" bath. Charlie's room at the head of the steps is simply furnished in good old Cape Cod style, with printed drapes the only vivid touch of color. Virginia's boudoir, adjoining, is feminine and Frenchy. A square bed is fluffily covered with pillows. A small dressing-table opposite is generously burdened with perfume bottles. A French print in blue and green, in keeping with the color scheme, decorates the wall.

"And now," said Charlie, when we had completed the inspection of the rooms, "after you meet *Chico*, the Great Dane, you've seen the Farrell household."

Chico, named after Charlie's character in "Seventh Heaven," is more than a dog—he is the Farrells' star boarder. Until the advent of Charlie, *Chico* was decidedly a "one-woman" dog. Now the fickle animal, who looks like a Shetland pony for size,

(*Continued on page 91*)



Roscoe Arbuckle as he is to-day—sixty pounds lighter than when he was banned from the screen. He is sober, quiet and sincere, with a host of Hollywood friends, old and new

Spurr

Ten years since Fatty made the with his rare once-popular vindicated in a chance to laugh again.

Doesn't Fatty Arbuckle

By JACK GRANT

"FATTY ARBUCKLE TALKS!" Can you imagine that sign in front of a theater? Can you imagine its effect on moviegoers? Wouldn't it cause even more of a sensation than "Garbo Talks"?

For ten years, Roscoe Arbuckle—once the greatest comedian of them all—has lived quietly and worked hard, hoping that someday he might come back before the camera.

A decade has dragged by since that ill-fated hotel party that ended in the death of Virginia Rappe. Ten long years have passed since he was legally vindicated of the charge of responsibility for the girl's death. And to-day certain women's clubs still oppose his return to the screen, after all this time—a longer time than most so-called "life prisoners" serve in the penitentiary.

These women's clubs have a total of two hundred thousand members. The American moviegoing public numbers twenty million men, women and children. Do the ninety-nine per cent feel the same about Arbuckle as do the one per cent? That is the great unanswered question.

How many feel that he has been punished enough—and deserves another chance? How many want to see him again? Do you?

Arbuckle has recently had definite film offers—but he cannot come back unless the "ayes" outnumber the "no's." Letters are beginning to pour in from all sides, both pro and con. How are *you* going to answer the question: "May Arbuckle Come Back?"

Does he deserve your vote?

In Hollywood to-day Fatty has many friends; in fact, has made scores of new ones through his conduct since his banishment. He has neither whined nor whimpered, but has taken his punishment like a man. From the first, he has struggled to repair his broken life, to win back public esteem.

Arbuckle turned to the stage after he found the screen barred to him. Touring in vaudeville, he found himself booked in San Francisco, the scene of his legal trials. His contemplated appearance in a local theater brought a storm of controversy about his ears. Perhaps he would not have been allowed to open, had it not been for the fair-minded statement of Matthew Brady, District Attorney of San Francisco.

"This man has the rights of any American citizen," Brady said in effect. "He was fairly acquitted of the charge for which he faced trial, and certainly he should be allowed to earn a living. Not only has he the right to appear in a San Francisco theater but I, for one, will be present to witness his performance."

And Brady was present. He occupied a box on the opening night and stood up to shake hands with Arbuckle across the footlights, while the audience thundered its cheers and applause. "Matt" Brady, by the way, not only was District Attorney at the time of the Arbuckle trial, but still holds that office.

Following his vaudeville tours and occasional work in nightclubs and cafés, Fatty was given a chance by Mack Sennett to direct comedy shorts. In his directorial work Arbuckle has been known as "William Goodrich," for he was even denied the right to wear his own name in the film industry.

Lew Cody tells an amusing, and at the same time touching story of Arbuckle, the director. Lew was



A great big lover of on the youngster's pony when Fatty was both

have elapsed Arbuckle world laugh comedy. The comedian, court, wants make you Let's help!



A scene from a typical Arbuckle comedy in the days when Fatty was king of the screen comics. The early drug-store-cowboy was Al St. John, and the girl was Alice Lake

Deserve A Break?

out driving one day and sighted a picture company working on an outside location. He drove over to watch the unit and see what all the shooting was for. Just as a postman goes walking on his day off.

Lew found Fatty in make-up and the obvious conclusion was that the ban had been lifted and Arbuckle could act again.

"This is swell!" said Cody, greatly elated. "So they are letting you stage a comeback! This is the best news of the year."

"No such luck," Fatty replied sadly. "It's pretty hot out here and I put on some greasepaint to keep from being sunburned." A pause, then he added, "But gee, Lew, this make-up smells great."



horseback-riding all set to go trotting —a scene from an Arbuckle comedy, very plump and very popular

No Self-Pity

"THAT'S the nearest thing to a complaint," Lew will tell you, "I ever heard Roscoe utter. He never feels sorry for himself or thinks himself mistreated. And the moment someone else attempts to sympathize with him, he either changes the subject or walks out on the sobbing one. He does, however, feel his punishment deeply—even if he doesn't talk about it.

"Buster Keaton and I have made it a practice to drop in to see him whenever we can, when he is directing a picture. Roscoe knows we come over to cheer him up and I know he appreciates it, though he calls it 'jeering him up.'

"I literally have to drag him out of the house in order to get him to go somewhere among people he doesn't know particularly well. Once or twice I've double-crossed him and made him go with me on a personal appearance. He hates to appear on such occasions—fears folks will believe he is thrusting himself upon them.

"That he invariably stops the show is the best contention I can offer that Roscoe Arbuckle could be one of the best drawing-cards in pictures to-day. I have made a number of personal appearances in recent months and have taken the opportunity every time to say something or other about Roscoe. The mere mention of his name always brings a storm of applause from the audience. Such demonstrations have convinced me the public hasn't forgotten him."

Betty Compson has had several similar experiences with Arbuckle. Betty's staunch friendship has never wavered throughout Fatty's troubles. Like Lew Cody and other friends, she has tried to lighten his banishment and has refused to allow him to exile himself. She frequently insists he be her escort on opening nights at the theater.

"And you should hear the reception Roscoe gets from the crowds that line the sidewalks," Betty says. "I am scarcely noticed as I take his arm and walk with him through the arc-lights to the door. The kids, in particular, call 'Hello, Fatty'—and it would do your heart good to hear them.

"Children follow Roscoe wherever he goes. They love him, just as all of us who really know him love him. The amazing part is that some of his youthful admirers are only six and seven and eight years old—much too young ever to have seen him on the screen, for his pictures haven't shown for ten years.

"The only explanation I can offer is that the younger generation of former Arbuckle fans have told their kid brothers and

(*Continued on page 90*)

An Actor Objects to Stardom

George Arliss does not want to be called a screen star. His whole life has been dedicated to making acting an art

"I OBJECT," said George Arliss with quiet emphasis, "to being called a screen star. I have taken up talking pictures just as a novelist, upon occasion, will take up magazine work. They are a branch of the theater. And just as the writer will object to being called anything but a novelist, I object to being called a screen star. I am an actor."

That objection would be sustained by any audience, anywhere. For it is this quietly clever Englishman who has done more than any other one man to make the motion picture a branch of the legitimate stage.

He has done it in spite of many personal handicaps.

One of the few facts everyone remembers about Alexander Hamilton is that he was killed in a duel while still young. How was George Arliss—who played old men in "Disraeli" and "Old English," and who confesses to sixty-three years—ever to play *Alexander Hamilton* as a young man? As day after day I watched him do just that—he didn't look a day over forty—I finally asked him about it.



Fryer

"You were not only old, but broad and heavy in 'Old English,' Mr. Arliss—yet now you are under forty. Just how do you do it?"

"After all, that is my job, isn't it—acting a part?"

Acting *is* his job. But in any George Arliss production one feels from beginning to end that the play, and not his acting, is the thing. In his words, he strives for "legitimate drama adequately produced." Let me illustrate how he goes about it:

The Lady Gets a Break

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON" was written by Mary Parmalee Hamlin and George Arliss and served the latter as a successful stage vehicle in 1917–18.

Against every Hollywood precedent, Mrs. Hamlin was brought to Hollywood to write the scenario of her play. The fact that she is an authority on Alexander Hamilton would ordinarily have counted against her; the job would have been given to the chap who wrote "Sex Marks the Spot," in the hope that he would jazz and gag and sex-appeal *Alexander* for "the box-office audience." But this was a George Arliss production of a play of which he was co-author with Mrs. Hamlin, and out she came to work with those experts, Maude Howell and Julian Josephson, who work on all Arliss scripts.

"I thought," said Mrs. Hamlin, "that as the play had been stage-tested by Mr. Arliss for two years, it would not be difficult to put it in scenario form. I laugh at that. It took us seven weeks! We wrote three long scenarios, complete with dialogue. Discouraging? No, I considered it just like piano practice. It has all been delightful work with delightful people."

Once in a thousand Hollywood lifetimes does an author talk like that!

The fact is that everyone connected with an Arliss production has spent long years at "piano practice." John Adolphi, who directed both "The Millionaire" and "Alexander Hamilton," has been connected with the stage and screen all his life, having been an actor himself.

Maude Howell, who is the "expert consultant" on all Arliss pictures, was stage manager of the Winthrop Ames productions of George Arliss in "The Green Goddess," "Old English" and "The Merchant of Venice." She was in charge of the rehearsals of "Alexander Hamilton," and many times during the filming of

By JOSEPHINE LITTLEJOHN

(*Continued on page 84*)



Preston Duncan

One of Hollywood's most arresting personalities to face a camera, or turn her back to it, is this girl who is positively amazing in the ease with which she captures you. Your tired eyes sparkle—your jaded nerves tingle—and your weak voice thunders approvingly: "What a Woman!" Such individuality is a gift. Ask Hollywood. If you really don't recognize *this* beauteous face—even after reading the story over the page—then turn to page 82 and you'll meet her face to face

By Their Backs You

The competition is keen among the stars who have become Hollywood gazing to discover the most perfect back. The colors



Bachrach

She's one of the dazzling beauties of Hollywood — from any viewpoint. Those two narrow straps over her shoulders and the one narrow strap down her spine make even her back easy to look at. But if a view of her back doesn't satisfy you, turn to page 82 and meet the owner of these expressive shoulders face to face

By
HARRY D. WILSON

MOST men mourned the passing of the short skirt, but since the back-less gown appeared on fashion's horizon, they have lifted their gaze from silken-clad legs to satin-smooth backs.

Silk stockings were a heavy item on the list of a movie star's necessities, but the upkeep of the perfect back now required in all boudoir or beach scenes is no small matter. Not only money, but many hours are spent in acquiring back beauty in Hollywood these days.

There are those gorgeous screen sirens who go in for a tan that resembles a Hawaiian belle's copper-hue. Then there is the more delicate shade—warm and glowing—that earns the title "sunkissed." Other players are a little more wary of the California sun and are content to feature an old-ivory hue on their smooth skins. And there are even some who shun the sun altogether and retain a dazzling whiteness, such as poets eulogized before the sun-tan craze hit the world.

Since all the world has an eye on Hollywood styles, cosmeticians everywhere are busy perfecting oils and creams to aid or simulate the acquiring of these various shades of tan. Smart gown-designers are striving for new back-less effects. What they cut out in the back of a gown, however, seems to increase rather than lessen the cost. The lower the cut, the higher the charge. Explain it if you can.

The Hollywood competition to be considered the owner of the most perfect back is keen. It reminds old-timers of the days when Kitty Gordon's statuesque backbone was the envy of the theatrical world. There are many famous stars in the race for first honors and, for the first time, movie stars are turning their backs on the camera!

The Leaders in the Big Parade

LILYAN TASHMAN was noted for the beauty of her back long before the vogue began. In fact, she wore back-less gowns before fashion decreed them.

Kay Francis possesses the darkest tan in the movie colony. In striking contrast is Helen Twelvetrees, whose dazzling white skin is outstanding among the sun-tanned beauties of the Mayfair.

Adrian, who guides the M-G-M stars through the intricacies of fashion, declares that women are going to cover practically everything but their backs this season. "Gowns will be very high in front. Cleverly draped scarfs, while concealing the shoulders, will reveal the back. The more formal the gown, the lower the back," he says.

The most stunning back-less gowns of the season have been worn by Dolores Del Rio, Ruth Chatterton, Jean Harlow, Kay Francis, Carole

Shall Know Them

back-conscious. With their back-less gowns they have all range from a dazzling whiteness to old ivory and sunkissed

Lombard, Lily Damita, Helen Twelvetrees, Lilyan Tashman, and Gloria Swanson.

Since this new vogue started, women have been back-conscious. In fact, they have become expert in gaining a reputation for shoulder-blade personality. They spend hours exercising before mirrors. Spines must be smooth. Knobby vertebrae are not to be tolerated. If diet has a too-revealing effect on the backbone, something must be done about it.

Lily Damita and Fifi Dorsay use their backs conversationally. They express much with a shrug of their shoulders. Anita Page owns the flapper type of back, while Dolores Del Rio's spells dignity. Gloria Swanson's is that of an artist. Jean Harlow achieves a "hard-boiled" effect with her spinal column, in contrast to the soft platinum sheen of her hair. Hedda Hopper's back is worldly wise, while Lupe Velez has the sinuous, panther-like type.

Billie Dove, once known as "the American Beauty," could be renamed "the Sunflower Girl." She basks in the sun all day and bemoans its passing at night. As a result, her once waxen-like back has taken on the greatly desired tan. Billie's back-less gowns are mostly white and her newly developed type of beauty is the cynosure of all eyes when she dances at the Mayfair Club.

The "Backward" Flappers

COMPETING with the more sophisticated stars are such youngsters as Joan Marsh, Conchita Montenegro, Joan Blondell, Dorothy Jordan, Madge Evans, Frances Dee and Sylvia Sidney. Their lovely young backs are seen in all the smart clubs of Hollywood, as well as at the swanky beach parties. All along the shore in the Malibu and Santa Monica sections, the fortunate stroller finds many of the film famous wearing the specially-made sun-tan suit which, by unfastening a single button, permits the sun's rays full play. This serves to blend the tan shade with that of the shoulders and relieves the ultra-smart creature from worry as to whether or not her extreme back-less dress will reveal a line of demarcation in the hues of her skin.

The clubs on dinner-dance nights feature so much cuticle that the dazed onlooker wonders if he has strolled into a Turkish Bath by mistake. At "The Beach Club" on such occasions may be seen the million-dollar spines of Kay Francis, Hedda Hopper, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Dolores Del Rio and many other beautiful stars. On the floor at the Cocoanut Grove one may study the lovely vertebrae of Dorothy Lee, Anita Page, Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young, Evalyn Knapp, Marian Marsh, Leila Hyams, Mary Brian. Resorts that advertise "See Your Favorite Movie Stars!" might change their signs to "See A Whole Lot of Your Favorite Movie Star!"

Practically all of the forthcoming pictures will show the stars in their smartest open-back attire. The new motto is, "By their backs shall you know them"!



Bachrach

If those directors who picked Hollywood's six most beautiful women had studied backs instead of faces, she still would have been chosen. As with her coiffure, the feature of her new back-less gown is simplicity and dignity. If you don't know her from this angle, turn to page 82

Marilyn Miller—The New "It" Girl of Hollywood

WHO'S the new "It" girl of Hollywood? The much "engaged" Mackaill? The languorous Landi? The exotic Dietrich? The returning Pola? The sophisticated Bennett? The petite Sidney Fox? The answer is no. Or, rather, the answer is—Marilyn Miller. Pale, slender Marilyn Miller.

Make no mistake about it—there have been two personalities in the past theatrical decade who have worn more romantic scalps at their belts and more diamonds on their fingers than any hundred other charmers together. These two are Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Marilyn Miller. There is no comparison implied. The causes are different, though the effects are similar enough.

Marilyn Miller has been a World's Delight since, at the age of twelve or thirteen, she danced before the Prince of Wales and so enchanted him that he asked to be introduced to the child. From that day to this, men have been asking to meet her. Marilyn Miller has been engaged, both rumorously and really, more often than even she knows. She has been toasted and fêted and wined and dined in New York, Hollywood, London, Paris, Berlin and all important points betwixt and between. No American girl of our times has known the attentions that Marilyn has known. When she is in Hollywood, New Yorkers are constantly 'phoning her. When she is in New York, Hollywood men burn up the wires. When she is abroad, the radiogram people wax wealthy. Cross-country 'phone calls aren't cheap, but five dollars a word is a bargain when Marilyn is on the other end of the wire.

She is said to have more sex appeal in one of her gay little laughs than all the smoldering Negris and Garbos in the world. Men may bow at these startling altars, but they want to *marry* Marilyn.



"Look for the Silver Lining" was a song Marilyn Miller sang in "Sally." It also seems to be her motto in life. She has the kind of smile that any normal man would like to see across a breakfast table

She Isn't Startling, But—

LET'S see what this is all about. What is Marilyn Miller like? What does she like? What is she after in life?

If this question of "It" could, once for all, be satisfactorily defined and put on paper, we might all go out and wear the scalp of a Prince of Wales.

In the first place, and significantly, *Marilyn is not a beauty.* She creates an illusion of beauty on the stage. She also creates an illusion of beauty off the stage. She is blonde, with fluffy, silky hair. Her eyes and nose and mouth are entirely unremarkable. She looks fragile and young and helpless. She is not fragile. She is thirty. She is very far from helpless.

Her own hand has signed her own contracts and they have *been* contracts. Her own head has planned them. She is a sane-headed, even a hard-headed business woman. She is a star who never ached to be one. She has been married twice. She likes her cocktails and her good times. She doesn't even pretend to be innocent. She doesn't pretend to be anything at all. She wouldn't want to be a Garbo, secluded from the funny old world.

She says, "If I should ever try to strike a pose, I'd be sure to forget it the first day. I'd meet someone, or I'd want to do something and —*poof*—it would be gone! There is nothing mysterious about me. I'm just not that sort of a person. I couldn't be."

She doesn't particularly like publicity. It's annoying, at times, to have funny faces poked curiously into yours when you don't feel like seeing funny faces.

No mystery. No sensational beauty. No publicity legends. What, then, *is* the secret of the devastating Marilyn? For she is and always has been devastating. Make no mistake about that.

Marilyn is not a startling beauty, she seldom hits the headlines, and no one calls her a mystery. But she has That Certain Something that brings marriage proposals by the hundreds

By GLADYS HALL

Never Tried to Be a Star

MARILYN is not a gay person at heart. She says, "I have always been a very *grave* person, really. The business side of the theater has occupied me far more than the glitter or my name in the lights. The responsibility has been heavy because it has been all mine. I found myself at the top without striving to be there, without knowing how I got there. The breaks, I guess . . . I didn't choose to go on the stage. I was *put* on the stage because a living had to be earned."



Marilyn's childhood casts a shadow over her. She looks back and remembers three small, chilly children, her sisters and herself, catching trains at unearthly hours of the night, getting out of trains in wan, gray dawns, dressing and undressing in the cellars of dirty old theaters. She remembers practising and practising until she was too tired to know what she was doing, or why.

"Not a very pleasant childhood to look back on . . . "

Out of these childhood experiences, however, came her two best friends—her only close women friends—her sisters.

"I like women, but I never have had any intimate women friends. It isn't that I'm not interested or sympathetic. In the shows the girls all come to me with their troubles and their problems. I did what I could to help. But I never had a girl chum. Perhaps because my sisters and I are self-sufficient."

Marilyn has left the stage—of her own volition. Unless something now unforeseen occurs, she will never again go back to Broadway, to Dillingham and Ziegfeld.

Not Happy on the Stage

"*IF I had my life to live over again, I would never go on the stage.* It isn't a happy life. There are the laughs, but the laughs are not very happy ones. I have seen so many beautiful young chorus-girls come into the shows—and I've seen them a few years later. I would hate to say how, and where."

Marilyn says that the mere thought of rehearsing another show, learning lines, going through dance routines, makes her feel ill. At the expiration of her present movie contract she hopes to leave the screen. She wants to have enough money to retire and live as she would like to live. It doesn't have to be luxuriously. Marilyn doesn't care about swanky houses or expensive clothes or jewels. She knows that what we have we seldom want . . . She doesn't care anything about stardom or publicity or public demonstration. She doesn't care how they bill her, or who is in the cast with her, so long as the show is good and the audience satisfied.

She doesn't want to make any more musical comedies, either on stage or screen. *Sunny* is dead. *Peter Pan* is dead. *Rosalie* is dead. Marilyn has reached the point where she wants to complete her career with dramatic work. Her special ambition is to play the rôle of the ex-ballet dancer in "Grand Hotel." The book has been bought for Garbo. There is a rumor that Garbo may not make it. Marilyn hopes, though the hope is thin, that the book may be rebought for her.

Willing to Be Wifely

MARILYN would like to find the Right Man. There is, she told me, or there was, only one man in her profession

(*Continued on page 98*)

Marilyn hopes to leave the screen at the end of her present contract and doesn't expect to return to the stage. She intends to take a permanent vacation. But will the men let her?



Frye



Coburn

Mermaidenly Charm

When you have a seaside twilight, a broken sky, and an ebb tide, you have an ideal setting for a romance—especially when topped off by the mermaidenly charm of Lita Chevret. She's a newcomer, so the photographers are just beginning to glorify her. This one saw the siren in her and how to silhouette her against the sea

Come On Home, Charlie!

Don't let Europe and royalty turn your head! Remember your friends are in Hollywood—and it's your home. We can't get along without you



By
Dorothy Spensley



DEAR Charles Spencer:

Well, it looks as if it is up to me to write you a letter, busy as I am with all my other civic duties, like wondering which will make the most noise—the lunching patrons or the sound pictures—in Howard Hughes' new cinema-cafeteria, where one can absorb coffee and culture at the same time.

I was going to have Henry, your restaurateur pal, knuckle down to paper and write you about it; but he's occupied enough these days, trying to figure out what actor is going to remain a star long enough to be made an Immortal and have a sandwich named after him. It's stardom one day, bit-playing the next, and then back to Broadway. But that's Hollywood.

It's about Hollywood, Charlie, that I'm writing. You see, she's been buying the newspapers and keeping up on all your gala doings in the capitals of the Old World, and she's a little hurt. She's afraid you're forgetting her. She's afraid all those pretty tributes will be too rich for you. It was she who first called you a genius and now England and France and Italy and a lot of other countries are doing the same thing and giving you medals and kissing you on both cheeks and thumping you on the back. And she knows how that can wear a man down.

It's not only a matter of wearing down, Charlie, but all those banquets and fêtes and fiestas are bound to be hard on the digestion, and there's no telling what anyone is likely to do in a dyspeptic mood, agitated in Venice by gondola sightseers, and in Berlin by a surging mob that wouldn't even permit Marlene Dietrich's much-advertised legs to carry her to you for a friendly chat and photographs.

Don't you think you'd better come home, Charlie, before something awful happens?

That's the Spirit, Charlie

OF COURSE, we do admire your independence. It isn't every man who would snap his fingers when the King and Queen asked him to appear at a command performance, and you still a British subject. The papers said you responded with a thousand-dollar check for charity and a remark that it was as much as two years' work in England would have brought. That displayed just enough Horatio Alger spirit to please us. We like to think of our heroes as men of the people, unaffected by kings and such. But, nevertheless, we wish you'd come home.

Then there was that reported remark that you had never heard of Elstree, the British Hollywood, which brought a proud smile to our lips, because we knew then that you felt the only motion picture center was Hollywood.

But, Charlie, what delighted us most was your utter democracy in selecting your dancing partners. We were afraid that all those ancestral trees would be too much and your ladies would all be spelled with a capital letter. As soon as the roto sections began arriving, we saw how wrong we were. You chose to squire girls of the working class—artists' models, actresses. As in Hollywood, you kow-towed to no caste system.

Notwithstanding, we think you should come home. There are a few things we want to speak to you about. It's all right to sit around Henry's café at midnight, spooning a cup of Java, and talking picture-politics, but it's not quite cricket, as we old Britishers say, to romp into a country and get all embroiled in a political discussion. Hollywood never could quite figure out that Berlin situation when the Young Guard quoted you as saying your sympathies were with the Communist youth of Germany.

What We Understood You To Say

IT seemed that what you really expressed was sympathy for the unemployed German theatrical people and added a clause for us. We certainly need that, for with this box-office blight, you'll probably see some of your starry colleagues shoving baggage trucks at the depot unless you hurry home. As it is,

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Here's Ruth Selwyn Wearing Pants



Some wear shorts on the tennis court, but Ruth prefers plaid trousers, topped with a jersey



The day of the old-fashioned nightie is gone. But in donning trousers at bedtime, Ruth remains feminine by wearing satin edged with lace

Ruth hits the bull's-eye in her pleated, polka-dotted shorts (right). But at tea-time she's in white linen trousers, sleeveless blouse, and red sport jewelry (below)





Sailors may like skirts, but do they ever wear them? Not so you could notice! Ruth keeps shipshape by wearing "bell-bottoms" of navy blue



GOOD SKIRTS BY

On The Outskirts of Hollywood



When a girl goes riding in breeches, she shows horse sense. But Ruth Selwyn goes a step farther and wears boyish shirt, beret and boots



The closest thing to a skirt in Ruth's summer wardrobe is her dancing costume—white pajamas



On the beach, Ruth has high blue trunks (left), but to the beach she wears flared trousers, bolero jacket (below)





The best way for a girl to get a pilot's license, thinks Ruth, is to look like an aviator—from cap to trousers to boots

HELLO PANTS

Is There No Happiness

By
FAITH SERVICE



Joan Crawford has found happiness with young Doug

THEY'VE *had everything.* The stars themselves say that they've had everything—and they ought to know. Everything. Love affairs and divorce. Money and fame and travel. Luxuries and world applause. Clothes and jewels and lip-service. Thrills and excitements. Everything. *Everything?*

I've told you in a previous article what John Gilbert said to me some years ago: "What shall I have after I am forty? Not so much what shall I have, as what shall I *want* to have? Right now, in my early thirties, I've had more money than I ever dreamed I'd see, fame, travel, marriage, affairs, applause. There will be nothing left for me to want."

NO?

Clara Bow is all too frequently moaned over. I have moaned over her myself, in print. At twenty-five she has been the tempestuous toast of the world. She has had money, cars, clothes, boy-friends, travel. She has had more in those twenty-five years than most women ever know.

More? Yes?

Marjorie Rambeau told me the other day that she is satiated and tired. She has not only had her cake, but eaten it, too. Has she ever tried—bread?

Boys like Charles Rogers and Phillips Holmes and Lew Ayres—boys who might have worked in a bank, on a ranch or in a chain grocery store—are riding about in *de luxe* motors, skimming the cream of feminine charm, saying, "We have everything."

These Are Discontented

WILLIAM POWELL has been unhappy. Gloria Swanson is bored. Joan Crawford wears a look of suffering. Richard Dix is restless. Greta Garbo has thrown away the world.

Is this possession of everything a cancerous growth, then? Eating away the vitals of content?

Take the suicide of Ralph Barton, artist. He admitted to having had everything—famous friends who cared about him, success in the work he was doing, four wives, travel, fun. His third wife married a man more famous than himself, and he brooded about lost love. He tasted the potent dregs of unhappiness, of frustration, of pain and boredom. *He couldn't bear it.* He was used to having everything. When one thing was denied him, he wrote that he was ending the effort to escape from himself. He put a revolver to his head.

That's the answer—

They've had everything—everything that money can buy. Everything that fame, that trumpery, transient thing, can give them.

Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, once said to me: "First, you want a Ford; and after you have had a Ford, you want a Buick. You tire of a Buick and want a Packard. After a Packard, you want a foreign car. And after that there is *nothing else you can have.*"

Things you buy, you see. There does come an end to such as these.

But they haven't had everything.

Things Most *Haven't* Had

THEY'VE *never had sacrifice.* They've never had endurance. They've never had patience. Patience not for an hour or a day, but for years and years and years. They've never gone without. They've never stayed married in order to build character, give happiness and security to others. They've never had children,



Monroe

Gloria Swanson has experienced three broken marriages, but she has two children—one her own, and one adopted

in Hollywood?

Most stars have had everything that money can buy or fame can give them. But few have known sacrifice or happiness that lasts

worked for them with their own hands, worried lest ends might not meet. They've never denied themselves the pleasures and the privileges they felt their shadow successes gave them. They've never discriminated between love that may still be love when the maddened pulse slows down, and love that is only love of themselves.

There are few—regrettably few—exceptions. John Boles is one. John and Marcelite started in together on the very bottom rung. They had children when young. They worked for them. They washed and cooked and struggled and always they hoped and always their hope was not for "me" but for "us." When success came, they knew how to share it. And when the forties and fifties come, when the fret and fever are over and done with, they will have the fruit of their early years to interest them, to matter.



Fryer

At eighteen, Loretta Young has married unhappily



Miehle

Bebe Daniels isn't going to be unhappy when she isn't a star any longer. She'll have a child to think about



No one but Garbo knows if she is happy

The Clive Brooks are another such case in point. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are wise enough to be building the same sound structure. They know that the blazing theater lights go out. They know that a nursery light burns long after the kliegs are dim. They are aware in their youth of the middle years—years that might be dull and profitless without the baby they are expecting, the *babies* they plan to have.

Harold and Mildred Lloyd have gone and done likewise. They have made a castle into a home. They have laid up treasure that will neither rust nor corrupt. Their private life is rich and secure against public fickleness. No one doubts that they are happily married.

But these are the exceptions.

Why Can't They Stay Married?

THINK of the many broken marriages. Think of the remarriages for better or for worse. Suppose—just suppose these individuals had tried *staying married*. Not because they wanted to—*but because they didn't want to*. It is doubtful if their difficulties were any more serious than the difficulties of plainer, poorer people—people who cannot spend their emotions hither and yon, at the altar, in the divorce courts.

It is very probable that among these altar-bound stars one at least

(*Continued on page 87*)



Freulich

Mister Boles Has a Book—Do Not Disturb!

All the comforts of home—that's what John Boles likes on a movie set. Give him a low, comfy chair in which to sprawl, and, above all, a mantelpiece lined with new books—and he'll turn his back on trouping every time. John, you know, is a great one for the home-life—especially the library. After working hours or between them, you'll find him reading *some* book

At Last—— A Greta Who Talks



Greta Nissen is one Scandinavian star who talks about herself. Her career was cut short by the talkies, but she has learned to speak English and now is slated for stardom

By NANCY PRYOR

THERE'S something in that name of Greta.

Greta Nissen is not unlike the original model of the name. She is placidly withdrawn from the things that mean Hollywood. Her clear blue eyes look out with obvious disinterest upon the current gossip of what So-and-So wore to the latest premiére and the latest juicy morsel of polite scandal. Even the mention of Greta Garbo does not excite the Nissen—and that's something!

She does not lunch at the Embassy, or dine at the Cocoanut Grove.

She has never been in a beauty parlor in her life.

When I told her that Lila Lee was back in Hollywood, I do not think she knew Lila had been away.

When her day's work is finished at the studio, she follows a beaten path to her own doorstep and does not emerge until it is time to retrace that path back to the studio the next morning.

She dislikes Hollywood parties with all the fervor her naturally calm and placid nature will permit.

The chief, guiding interest of her life is her family—her doting mother and her twenty-two-year-old brother.

She is the one star of the stage and screen who has never even been "rumored" engaged.

All of which reminds you of—whom?

Not Conscious of the Likeness

WHEN the lovely Norwegian (not Swedish) Nissen entered the living-room of her new Beverly Hills home, I felt almost as if I were participating in a second-hand interview with Garbo herself. Not that Nissen is consciously like her—I doubt that she has ever read a single story concerning the peculiarities of Greta, the Great. But the atmosphere was all there, in her calm indifference to the conversational leads that usually make such exciting talk with Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer or Eleanor Boardman, and in the silences that periodically fell between us.

She is very beautiful and shy and humorless, with model coloring and skin and features. Her loveliness away from the camera is elaborate, but not physical—which is unexpected, considering the sex-appeal of the shadows she has cast in such pictures as "Women of All Nations," "Fazil" and the stills from her scenes in the silent first version of "Hell's Angels." And that is like Garbo, too.

Clad in red-and-white lounging pajamas, the other Greta sat deep in the cushions of her divan and politely answered my queries about her "comeback."

Yas, it was nice to be back again to continue the career cut short three years ago by the advent of the talkies. The talkies are all-important now that the stage is in such a deplorable condition. For two years she has been testing her luck with various stage productions. She said: "The stage is heart-br-r-eaking!"

How Silence Affects Her

AFTER this polite flurry in conversation, silence fell between us, rolled over and lay dead. Through the large French windows at her back I could see the "family wash," blowing in European frankness on lines stretched across the garden. A Japanese maid with a face like a doll brought in tea, tittered in nervous Nipponese politeness and withdrew.

Suddenly Greta said: "Forgive me! I have been alone in the house for two days. It makes talking dif-fee-colt. When one does not talk to anybody for several days—it is hard to get

(*Continued on page 103*)



Richee

You have changed greatly, Marlene, since that visit back to the homeland. You are no longer lonely and restless and spiritless here. You no longer complain about the "eternal sunshine." Your sensitive face is happy. You go into ecstasies about our sunshine. And you say you don't know when you will go back to Germany again

You say, Marlene, it is good to be back in Hollywood. Your fame and career are bound up in American movies, and your public hopes you will never go back to Germany

By DOROTHY MANNERS

SOMETHING terribly important has happened to you, Marlene Dietrich!

It isn't possible to look at you without seeing it—or to be with you without sensing it.

Something has happened to your spirit. Whatever it was that was holding you in moody bondage a few months ago, when I first talked to you, is loosened. You seem five years younger than that first woman I met. That sullen droop of the shoulders has gone.

And somehow I can't forget that all that separates that homesick, spiritless Marlene of yesterday from this newer, fresher Dietrich is that trip of yours back to the country and people you had longed for!

What happened in Germany, Marlene, that is causing you to reach out your arms to Hollywood as though you realized for the first time what it really holds for you? What happened that makes you switch on that tricky little radio, cleverly concealed in a clock in your dressing-room, and tap your feet and sway your body to the tantalizing jazz? Your mouth laughs. And your eyes laugh, now. You even stretched out your arms to the sunshine pouring in at the windows of your elaborate new studio suite and exclaimed:

"Dott sunshine—I love it! I used to hate it—but now I love it!" And then you hummed a strain of the hot jazz melody under your breath.

You Aren't Homesick Now

I HAVE always thought you were beautiful, but there is something electric about your beauty now—as though a light had been turned on around you. You looked startling in your red-and-white sports costume from the top of your fine blonde head to the tips of your red-and-white sport sandals. But even more startling was what you *are*.

I hardly knew you. You see, I remembered you so vividly from that first meeting of ours, sitting dejectedly in that little office in the publicity department—hating Hollywood, and

Will Dietrich Stay in America?

homesick and lonely for Berlin and your baby. You were weary of waiting for your first picture to go into production—weary of uneventful evenings with your ear glued to the radio for lack of better entertainment, but even more weary of having nothing to think about. You smoked innumerable cigarettes and shrugged your shoulders now and then. The only flicker of interest that crossed your face was when you talked of going HOME after the two pictures, "Morocco" and "Dishonored," were finished. You said: "Berlin! Sometime I am so lonesome for it I can almost *feel* it!"

The ballyhoo that greeted your début in "Morocco" and the repeat-success of "Dishonored" brought you greater fame than I think you had dared to believe possible. America went "Dietrich-dippy." You know that, Marlene. But with all the adulation of this country, I think that deep in your heart you were planning to gather the real fruits of your victory from your own people.



Despite the awnings on her Hollywood home, Marlene says she can't get enough of this California sunshine. She's as happy here now as her little girl

Did Berlin Seem Cold to You?

YOU went back in a blaze of American approval. In two short cinematic jumps you had landed on a pedestal where you were compared to the great Garbo. New York went crazy about you, wined, dined, courted you. The most famous critic of them all called you "the woman America and I are in love with." I think you loved the thrill and excitement of it—but always there was that impatience to be back among your own again, particularly with your little Maria.

What happened at home, Marlene, that makes you so radiantly glad to be back on the soil you had been so eager to leave that you had had a clause inserted in your contract permitting you to return home between every two pictures?

Yesterday you spoke very briefly about that homecoming. "It was very cold in Berlin. The winter was bad—so many wet, dreadful storms. Funny, but I found myself missing this eternal sunshine of Hollywood." There were other things you did not dwell upon. The reports from European papers, for instance:

That Dietrich was not the artistic success in "Morocco" and "The Blue Angel" to Europe that she was in America. As one writer put it: "Marlene may have knocked American audiences into a cocked hat with her imitation of the Garbo technique in 'Morocco,' but Gary Cooper stole all the honors in Marlene's own Berlin."

Too, there were the thinly-veiled snickers concerning your intended reception of Charlie Chaplin when he arrived in Berlin. According to the papers the luscious Dietrich had been pushed aside, shoved out of the picture and generally ignored by the frantic crowds that came to do homage to Chaplin.

If this is true, it must have hurt and puzzled you. Fast-moving America had lifted you upon her broad shoulders. Is it true that Germany turned hers on your fame?



After one picture, Marlene's shapely legs were the most famous in filmland

Still Crazy About You

THIS new excitement and interest of yours must have begun after you gathered up your little girl and sailed back to the country that has adopted you. If Europe had turned an indifferent, though hardly cold shoulder, New York pranced in reception. Interviews, flowers, theaters, parties in your honor. You told me with a laughing gleam in your eyes: "Sometime I did not go to bed all night. I lose twelve pounds in the *ex*-citement."

New York! And your name high in electric lights again! New York in hurrahs for Dietrich!

Then the triumphant tour across the country, where at every important stop you were met by newspapermen who rushed your name into more headlines.

Then Hollywood—where you are Queen of a great studio. The excitement of studio plans. The dressing-room they proudly escorted you to, especially designed and decorated by Josef von Sternberg during your absence. The thrill of settling yourself and your baby

(*Continued on page 88*)



C. S. Bull

Marion Davies is a true-blue champion of Hollywood and she hopes someone will write the truth about it. The movie people are decent, hard-working and healthy—and Hollywood's not different from any other American town. Its chief trouble is that the eyes of the world are focused on it—and its faults are magnified

By GLADYS HALL



The movie town and the movie people are okay, says Marion, who would rather live there among them than any place on earth

Marion Davies Defends Hollywood

MARION DAVIES denies one version of Hollywood. Marion denies the yarns that are spun in the books and plays about Hollywood—the books and plays that make a mad carousal of the place and smutty clowns of the people.

Marion loves Hollywood and is proud of it. She'd rather live here than anywhere else on earth—and Marion has seen most of the livable places. She loves the movie people. She loves the life they lead, the life she leads with them. She loves the work they have to do.

Marion *knows* these people. She knows them when they are in distress and when they are on top of the pile. It was to Marion that Alma Rubens turned in her last difficulty. It was Marion Davies who presented Marie Dressler with a portable dressing-room when Marie became a star at sixty.

Marion's opinion is not biased by sentimentality. For if you confuse Marion with the pretty blondes whose hearts rule their heads, you are just about as wrong as possible. A sage and seasoned brain is lodged in the blonde Davies cranium.

The friction that has been written about Hollywood of late has been written, says Marion, by individuals who either have never lived here or have not been able to live here successfully. They are the outpourings of ignorance, of cheap humor, or of spite and malice. They are silly, often salacious drivel from people who picture Hollywood as it should be if they are to become sensational scribblers.

What Hollywood Isn't

HOLLYWOOD, says Marion, is not sensational.

Hollywood does not corrupt the morals of youth.

Hollywood does not make for loose living.

Hollywood is not responsible for the tragedy of Alma Rubens.

Hollywood is not responsible for the spotted careers of the headline-seekers. Hot-headed, hot-hearted, they would have invited talk anywhere, except that, given a different locale, they would not have reached the Front Page.

Hollywood is not even very picturesque. It is, really, rather a commonplace, humdrum and hard-working town.

It is neither better nor worse than Keokuk, Iowa. In Keokuk, Mrs. Smith murders Mr. Jones and gets only a small squib on page fourteen. Because the eyes of the world are not focused upon Mrs. Smith and Mr. Jones, and they *are* focused upon Miss Davies, Mr. Lloyd and such. (I do not mean to imply that Miss Davies plans to murder Mr. Lloyd.)

It is, Marion says, much more likely that here as elsewhere good, quiet, law-abiding persons are never written about. Homes and gardens and fidelity and children are not "good copy." Don't ask me why, or Marion either. But it is so.

(*Continued on page 86*)



Joan Bennett and newcomer Hardie Albright in "Hush Money"



Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell in "The Man in Possession"



Ramon Novarro and Madge Evans in "Son of India"



Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney in "An American Tragedy"



George Arliss and Doris Kenyon in "Alexander Hamilton"



Kay Francis and Ricardo Cortez in "Transgression"



Eddie Quillan, Marian Nixon, Lew Cody and James Gleason in "Sweepstakes"



Edward G. Robinson, Anthony Bushell and Marian Marsh in "Five-Star Final"

Picture Parade

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures

HUSH MONEY

Familiar Underworld Story: For some time we have been promised a cessation of the racketeer yarn by the movie moguls, yet underworld material continues to intrigue said m.m. "Hush Money" is likely to ring the box-office bell, though it is nothing to get wildly excited about, for it contains most of the elements of recognized successes.

Here are the elegant crook and the hard one, the girl who wants to go straight and the nice kid who falls for her. Here also is that familiar figure, the wise, slow-speaking cop. These type-worn parts are acted with a creditable amount of sincerity by a competent cast headed by Joan Bennett, and featuring Hardie Albright, Myrna Loy and Owen Moore. Joan gives close to her best performance to date, although the addition of weight would help her appearance. Young Albright, as the boy, looks like a comer. For only the more worldly kiddies.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION

Montgomery Clowns Again: A farce that starts out like serious drama and winds up like authentic romance, this has the audience slightly puzzled. It is not until someone spills gravy over someone else's head, a third of the way through the picture, that the onlooker bursts into a hearty laugh, although Charlotte Greenwood's antics as a maid-of-all-work convey the idea that this really isn't serious.

Robert Montgomery, amusingly debonair, saves what otherwise would be pretty dreary situations by sheer force of personality. But they are running the risk of losing a good dramatic actor in these cheerful-wastrel rôles. This time he is a disinherited youth who becomes a bailiff's clerk and is hired to take possession of the premises of a light and penniless lady, after he is persuaded to take her butler's place. Many lines of double meaning enliven dialogue of unnecessary dullness.

SON OF INDIA

Novarro Delights In Spiritual Rôle: Novarro's accent is given a new setting this time. As the son of a Hindu jewel-merchant, he is both strikingly handsome and spiritual. He loves a white girl, who requites his adoration.

Oriental mysticism, in the person of a frail Hindu seer, enters into a film crammed with action, gives it "color." Whenever the hero is threatened, the seer suddenly appears, having promised never to forget a kindness. At the close he puts strength into the tortured heart of the young Hindu to refuse the love of the ardent girl, who is willing to defy racial conventions to marry him. To an audience trained to see the hero in a clinch with the heroine at the end, this renunciation may be unsatisfactory. The dialogue is far better than the average. Conrad Nagel has a bit as the priggish brother of the infatuated maiden, who is played girlishly by Madge Evans, returning to the screen.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Not As Complete As Novel, But Well-Done: Though perhaps not precisely what Theodore Dreiser had in mind when he wrote his novel, this is nevertheless excellent entertainment. A bewildered, sex-starved boy (played intensely by Phillips Holmes) has a love-affair with a little factory girl and it becomes necessary for him to marry her. But he has fallen in love with another girl, who represents wealth and position and the good things of life. Rather than destroy his future happiness, he takes the factory girl out in a boat with the intention of drowning her. The last half of the picture is devoted to his trial—tense, exciting.

There is not room within the limits of a picture for the exhaustive study Dreiser made of the boy's mental processes and emotions. However, Joseph von Sternberg's good direction, beautiful photography, suspense, horror and humor, and a thrilling performance by Sylvia Sidney as the pitiful victim make this a grand picture.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Arliss Becomes Young, Makes History Human: Those who doubted that George Arliss could play *Alexander Hamilton*, the thirty-three-year-old lady-killer who became one of our national heroes, will now eat their words. With all due credit to make-up genius, it still must be said that George Arliss by sheer acting walks through the picture a young and gallant man. Dry history comes to life with a rustle. These are no dead and buried people, but men and women intensely alive.

A fine cast backs him up. Dudley Digges is the conveniently-invented *Senator Roberts*, the villain of the piece. Alan Mowbray is a realistic *Washington*. Montague Love is a pompous *Jefferson*, and Morgan Wallace plays *Monroe* as a likeable yes-man. Doris Kenyon is a lovely *Mrs. Hamilton*. But the surprise of the picture is June Collyer, playing a sinister siren, who traps Hamilton into a scandal.

TRANSGRESSION

Nothing New, But It Has A Punch: If you are gratified by the feeling of moving in society circles, you will enjoy this drama of the husband who went away on a year's business trip, the romantic young wife, and the Spanish count who occupied her time.

From expensive settings of English country houses and Parisian salons Kay Francis goes to the mountain *château* of her romantic lover, where the audience is delightfully apprehensive that she is going to transgress. Startling events keep her technically virtuous. The tensest moments of drama come while she waits at her husband's home, under the suspicious eyes of his spinster sister, to intercept her letter confessing her intrigue. Ricardo Cortez is a suave and dashing lover—except when he is making love. Paul Cavanagh is sincere as the remarkably generous husband.

SWEEPSTAKES

Enjoyable Racetrack Story: A neat, well-made picture, "Sweepstakes" should prove of interest to all moviegoers weary of epics, gang wars, and miles of shots of modernistic apartments. It features a locale used all too rarely as a subject for talkie material—racetracks—and anyone who is at all appreciative of thoroughbreds will have a good time.

While said story is no reason for loud, ringing cheers, the direction of Al Rogell is smooth and workmanlike, and the dialogue, in the hands of such experts as James Gleason, Lew Cody and Paul Hurst, certainly misses nothing in the telling. While Eddie Quillan is billed as star, the production is far from being "a star's picture." The aforementioned experts have plenty of opportunities—both as to footage and to lines—and it is inevitable that they make the most of them. Marian Nixon is the girl, and very nice she is, too. Real entertainment, and a pleasant evening for the whole family.

FIVE-STAR FINAL

Powerful, Bitter Melodrama: "Five-Star Final" preaches a terrific sermon against the scandal sheets. You despise them and the men who work for them. Edward G. Robinson is managing editor of the *Gazette*. Circulation is below par. So is Mr. Robinson's conscience—in the beginning. The owner, *Hinchcliffe*, played by Oscar Apfel, suggests that they dig up the story of *Nancy Voorhees* who, twenty years ago, murdered her betrayer and the father of her child. It is understood that *Nancy* has been happily married for years. An exposé would make front-page stuff. On the eve of her daughter's marriage to a young scion of society, the tabloid hounds let loose—with tragedy following

Frances Starr, of stage fame is a charmingly sympathetic *Nancy Voorhees*. H. B. Warner is the deeply devoted, protective husband—and gives Robinson a run for first acting honors. Marian Marsh is a dramatic daughter.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews

EX-BAD BOY

Armstrong Shines In Romantic Farce: To win the romantic affections of his business partner's daughter, Robert Armstrong, a blameless paint-dealer, pretends that he has had a lurid past. He exhibits an ardent inscription written to him across the photograph of a movie vamp. This works like a charm until the siren makes a personal appearance in the town. With this surefire farce situation, the picture earns a fair amount of amusement. Armstrong's continuous plaintive cry, "Well, for goodness' *sakes*," and his heavy bewilderment at the amorous complications into which his mild little deceit gets him are funnier than the situations themselves. This capable actor shows himself adroit in a characterization very different from his usual type. There is the usual philandering husband, ambitious mama, pettish daughter, and a very gorgeous lady—Lola Lane—who plays the popular notion of a Hollywood star to perfection.

NIGHT NURSE

Here's A Brand-New Idea: There is a morbid fascination about a hospital, a suggestion of the great human drama of Life struggling with Death, that grips the imagination and interest from the first scene of this unusual tale of a nurse caught in a mesh of intrigue and villainy. One is grateful for a new setting and a new point of view. The director has cleverly given us the impression of looking at events through the very eyes of a nurse to whom the world is made up of only sick people and well people.

To have Clark Gable, the new romantic heavy sensation, as devilish *Nick*, the chauffeur, and Ben Lyon as the cheery bootlegger hero, supporting beautiful Barbara Stanwyck, is a generous gesture of the producers. If the events that transpire in the luxurious penthouse apartment of a drunken divorcée are a trifle melodramatic, they at least keep one on the edge of the seat with suspense, and carry the illusion of reality.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE

Boardman Fine In Domestic Drama: This is "a woman's picture." Eleanor Boardman, as the wife who sacrifices to give her artist husband a chance to succeed, will be recognizable to many a wife as being herself. Through a rather stereotyped story which moves from a dingy walk-up apartment to a palatial yacht, a Bohemian studio, and a luxurious penthouse, she remains a gallant, brave and very real figure. The artistic life receives its usual caricaturing in the scenes where the husband, played unsympathetically but well by Paul Lukas, expresses his broad ideas among sculptors, pianists and lady patrons of the arts. In spite of his unfaithfulness, and the urging of a millionaire lover, the wife remains a good woman even to the last scene in the gorgeous apartment the millionaire has platonically rented for her occupancy. Many a wifely elbow will nudge a husbandly rib during the unfolding of this domestic drama.

EXPENSIVE WOMEN

Costello Radiant In Comeback: The idea of casting spiritual-looking Dolores Costello in the rôle of a light lady is faintly displeasing—until she assumes the blame for a murder to save the man she loves and so redeems herself according to movie morals. The characters are none of them especially pleasing, and only one —the rigid father, played expressionlessly by H. B. Warner—is respectable.

They wander through the complexities of a plot mainly composed of parties and long conversations beginning with "There is something I want to say to you." A drunken bounder plays the part of Fate, and the ironic twist in the plot was undoubtedly inspired by "Camille." This doesn't matter. What *does* matter is that after two years' retirement Dolores Costello emerges more radiantly than ever, and with a deeper, more thrilling voice. Warren William, a capable newcomer from the stage, is the man.

THE COMMON LAW

Old-Fashioned Except For The Cast: "The Common Law" asks that question, "Should an erring lady tell of her past indiscretion?" Having put the query, it points the moral. But the sin in this case, as in most problem dramas—and there have been many recently—is not so much the lady's indiscretion as her having confessed it. If she had only kept mum, we should have been spared oh, so many bromides.

Breathing new life into such a theme as this Robert W. Chambers' novel offered was practically an impossibility, though cast and director tried valiantly. There are some scenes that are unconsciously humorous and credulity receives no help from the fact that the high-minded gentleman who objects to marrying a gal with a past is pictured as an artist. It is to Joel McCrea's credit that he makes the boy sincere, though Constance Bennett fails to rise above her material.

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED

Absurdities Among the Collegians: A lot of beautiful settings and camera work have been wasted on the year's most absurd story. Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes, Claudia Dell, Norman Foster, and a dozen shapely young ladies ought to be able to inject some interest into the co-educational system. But they are handicapped by a morose tale about a betrayal (in the conventional mountain cabin), desertion, and the usual consequences. Sylvia is loved and left by Phil Holmes, the college sheik, and promptly marries his pal to give her child a name.

Three years later, when their diplomas are forgotten in the bottom of the trunk, Phil, still collegiate, comes back to claim the girl he finds he still loves. Sylvia Sidney, looking far too matronly to be a co-ed, is the only one whose acting ability rises above this silly scenario. The real hit of the picture is Bing Crosby, the baritone with sex appeal, who sings for a fleeting moment.

I TAKE THIS WOMAN

Amusing Cowboy-Débutante Romance: Another spoiled daughter of the rich is shipped out to a ranch by her exasperated daddy. There, just for something to do, she vamps the tallest cowboy (Gary Cooper, naturally) and falls in her own trap. After their marriage, the story is fantastic but somehow delightful. The big drawback is that the love-scenes are reduced to a minimum, which automatically removes most of the motivation of the story.

What but the grand passion could make a débutante live in a house with a cow, scrub floors in her last French heels, and wear a cotton nightie? Carole Lombard, growing more lovely and capable with every picture, manages to make these things almost believable. But it would have been nice to see Gary loosen up a bit and be more loving. This isn't exactly a good picture, but it's very amusing. The styles in bridal night-clothes out on the prairie are alone worth the price of admission.

FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE

Some Comedians Over-Act: Adapted from Sinclair Lewis' novel, "Let's Play King," this is the story of two ex-washerwomen whose offspring become child stars in the movies. Each tries to out-splurge the other, climaxing with a mad fight for the favor of the boy king of Sweet Potania, or one of those kingdoms. The sex of one of the little darlings has been altered to accommodate Mitzi Green. Jackie Searl is Mitzi's rival, and Edna May Oliver and Louise Fazenda are the rampant mothers.

"Restraint" is the word the whole cast forgot to remember. Seldom has a picture been so overplayed. And if someone doesn't lay a firm hand on Mitzi Green she's in a fair way to become the stage child to end all stage children. But toward the end, when the two obnoxious starlets and the little king run away and have a big day with a gang of hoodlum kids, there are some moments that are going to appeal to all the mothers and fathers of America.



Above: Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur in "Ex-Bad Boy"

Below: Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas in "Women Love Once"





Right: Constance Bennett, Joel McCrea and Marion Shilling in "The Common Law"

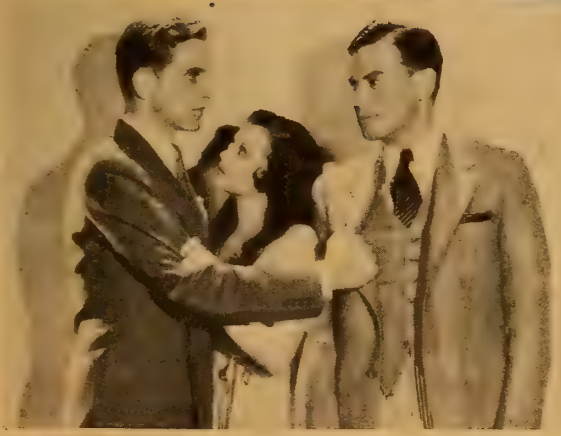






Above: Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in "I Take This Woman"

Circle: Dolores Costello and Anthony Bushell in "Expensive Women"



Philip[illegible] Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and Norman [illegible] in "Confessions of a Co-Ed"

Left, above: Barbara Stanwyck and Ben Lyon in "Night Nurse"



Louise Fazenda, Jackie Searl, Mitzi Green and Edna May Oliver in "Forbidden Adventure"

SWANSON'S FASHIONS

Gloria Shows You Her Latest Creations



For evening wear, Gloria's favorite is the exquisite white satin gown above, which wraps around her hips and ties in a knot in front. Diamond earrings, bracelet and clip are the jeweled ornaments she wears with this gown. Light gray chiffon is the material used for her graceful dinner dress (right), with tight-fitting hipline and very full skirt. The large flower is of purple and orchid shades







There can be nothing smarter than Gloria's snug-fitting black crepe Roma dress, the upper part of which is cornflower blue. An odd feature of this dress is the sleeveless effect on one arm (illustrated above) and the cape effect, forming a sort of sleeve, over the other arm (shown in upper picture). The cape also winds down around the waistline to form an unusual belt, ending in a rhinestone buckle

Are Here On Parade





All Photos by Don Diego





The white-and-black note in Gloria's dinner ensemble (above), is very effective. The dress is of black silk jersey trimmed with white piquê. The gown is tight-fitting and sleeveless and is worn with a short jersey jacket. Gloria tops it off with a small hat of white piqué

To the extreme left is shown how the afternoon dress on the opposite page looks with its jacket, which has only one sleeve. In place of the right sleeve, the cape is drawn through the armhole. On cool days, Gloria adorns this interesting costume with two gorgeous silver fox furs

How It Feels to Play the *Other Woman*

The home-wrecking *other woman* is not so dangerous, says Wynne Gibson, as the unloved wife fighting vainly to hold her husband

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Wynne Gibson's screen career has been associated with *other woman* rôles. Her private life reveals the other side of the story

IN the year and a half she has been in talkies, Wynne Gibson has been cast out of more actors' lives than any other girl of the screen. She has been ejected forcibly from the scenario apartments of such players as William Boyd, Gary Cooper, Paul Lukas and William Powell.

In two pictures, "The Gang Buster" and "City Streets," she speaks the same lines—as William Boyd and Paul Lukas, respectively, toss her into the hall and close the door in her face (courtesy of the Paramount scenario department). Looking very menacing and "other woman-ish," Wynne puts her hands on her hips, curls her soubrette mouth, draws every inch of her five-feet-nothing into the air and hisses: "So? You think you will get rid of me! You'll see!"

That line makes Wynne laugh—just as all the other "other woman" lines that she speaks amuse her. It's all so new. Before Hollywood—in the six years she was on the stage, musical comedy, stock and Broadway—she'd never been cast as a "heavy" in her life. She'd always done the cute little things that go with a five-foot-blonde personality. Only once had she verged into naughtiness and that was in an inebriated rôle in "Jarnegan" with Richard Bennett. The rest of the time, strong men were rushing to Wynne's defense, dying for her honor and otherwise conducting themselves as heroes do for the right woman.

Just how Wynne got started on her life of screen shame is hard to tell. She's no Kay Francis for alluring seductiveness. Nor is she as *risqué* as the Misses Harlow, Lombard and Landi. Off-screen, her eyes are gray and widely-appealing. In the flat-heeled shoes and the sports sweaters and skirts she wears around the lot she looks more like a college girl setting out for a game of golf than a No. 1-Grade A certified screen homewrecker.

Wynne Knows Both Types

"IT is hard to generalize," says Wynne, "about the Other Woman type. I don't feel that the women I portray on the screen are the really dangerous women in a man's life. Scenarists and dramatists make Other Women too obvious—too threatening. I do not believe that the woman who is the Other Woman in real life pursues such violent tactics as that famous line of mine: 'So? You think you will get rid of me? I'll show you!' You see, I happen to know something about real-life Other Women . . . "

She said softly: "In my own experience I was the wife of the man the Other Woman wanted."

There's irony for you—there's one of the ridiculously funny things Hollywood can bring about. "I often wonder," she added, "if *they* are amused to see me as the Other Woman on the screen." Her mouth curled upward in a smile. "It was two years ago . . . it doesn't hurt any more—work is what helped me through."

On the fourth finger of her hand a diamond ring sparkled—a constant reminder of a symbol that had meant so much until the character she has portrayed so often, on the screen, came into her own life!

She tells no names, mentions no times nor places, but you have only to be with her to know she was very much in love with the man she married. She was young, thrilled with ambition for her work, happy in the knowledge of combining the interests of a career with the deeper happiness of married life. For a little while they were in Paradise, those two, planning their careers together, talking long talks over the brilliant future that lay in store for them. They were Boy and Girl—Bride and Groom—Man and Woman. They had plans and dreams and a little money and much ambition. They were like the early sequences of a movie domestic story with Wynne in the wife's rôle.

They knew a Woman—a celebrated and famous woman who was their friend. Before you try to visualize her, clear your mind of all preconceived notions of the Other Woman as you may gauge her in vampish seductiveness from the screen. This woman was none of it. She was a good scout—witty, charming, humorous. There was happiness—not danger—about her. She was a gay and delightful friend.

"That is where the screen errs," Wynne said in her effort to keep the talk to generalities, "—in making the Other Woman deliberate. The funny part of it is that being the Other Woman could happen to any of us. We do not plan it. I think there are

(*Continued on page 105*)

Demand to know

what complexion soaps are made of

Palmolive tells you

Read why these beauty experts—and 20,000 others—advise Palmolive



CARSTEN *of Berlin*
"The olive and palm oils in Palmolive Soap leave the surface of the skin in the best possible condition."



SEILER *of Geneva*
"We advise Palmolive because of its safe, soothing vegetable oil content. It provides thorough cleansing."



ECHTEN *of Budapest*
"Palmolive Soap is the finest natural skin cleanser known and, at the same time, a valuable emollient."



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"Vegetable oils — as embodied in Palmolive Soap — are your best protection against skin irritation."



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Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing.



BERTHA JACOBSON *of London*
"I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils. Use Palmolive to retain beauty."



HELEN MILNER *of Cleveland*
"Soap and water? Of course, every skin needs them. But be particular. We specify Palmolive."



HEPNER *of Hollywood*
"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing."



ROBERT *of Paris Washington, D. C.*
"Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest help."

Palmolive Soap is made of olive and palm oils

MADAM—just a moment before you buy that soap. Is it for your complexion? Then by all means ask what it is made of. Use no soap on your face until you *know*.

Don't let "beauty" claims confuse you. Many soaps promise to "beautify." But analyze their claims. Any of them. Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No.—Olive and palm oils? No.—Vegetable oils? No.—Few soaps tell you what they are made of.

Palmolive tells you

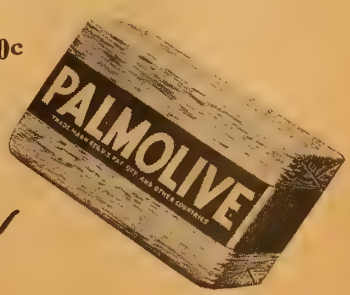
Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils. That is very important in facial care. Palmolive contains no artificial coloring. No heavy "masking" perfume. Palmolive has no secrets.

It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united in recommending it.

Because these experts—20,000 of them—*know what Palmolive is made of*, they recommend its use. They believe in Palmolive Soap. They *know* it is made of vegetable oils — no other fats whatever. They *know* it is different — in cosmetic effect — from inferior soaps merely "claimed" to be beautifiers.

Guard your complexion. When tempted to use ordinary soaps — remember — ask *first* what they are made of.

Retail Price 10c



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"I don't mind



MARJORIE RAMBEAU. This lovely favorite of the stage, who scored in such well-remembered plays as *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting,* is now a popular screen star, appearing currently in *The Secret Six.* As this recent photograph shows, she is so radiantly youthful it is hard, indeed, to believe her 37!

Lux Toilet

your knowing it...

I am 37" SAYS

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Famous Screen Star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"I REALLY AM 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. It's youth that wins hearts and youth that holds them.

"Above everything else stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty. They know that a skin softly smooth and aglow always has irresistible appeal.

"While on the stage I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin and used it for years. And now that I have the close-ups of the screen to face I certainly depend on it!"

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard complexion beauty

In Hollywood, where so much depends on skin of faultless beauty, actually 605 of the 613 leading actresses use Lux Toilet Soap. At home, in their own exquisitely appointed bathrooms, and on location, too. For it is official for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios. It is found in theatres everywhere! Important actresses the world over rely on this fragrant white soap for safe complexion care.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

Soap—10¢

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in the

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Motion Picture Title Game Contest

JUDGES

Regina Crewe **Laurence Reid** **Julia Shawell**

On the day this issue of MOTION PICTURE is published, the following prize winners in the Motion Picture Title Game will receive checks for the amounts awarded them by the judges. It was a most fascinating contest and we sincerely appreciate the interest displayed by the many thousands of contestants

FIRST PRIZE—$1,500.00

Miss Antoinette Fazio
866 Park Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE—$1,000.00

Mr. John S. Valis
1291 First Avenue
New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—$500.00

Miss Margaret D. Uher
21-38 28th Street
Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZE—$250.00

Mr. L. A. Wachlin
258 Greeley Avenue
Sayville, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE—$125.00

Mrs. Mary Wagner
175 West North Street
Buffalo, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE—$100.00

Mrs. Mary McGovern
15 Oakland Street
Boston, Mass.

SEVENTH PRIZE—$75.00

Mrs. W. G. Frame
2811 Van Buren Street
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FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZES

Miss Martha Gregg,
321 E. 24th St., N. Y. C.

A. C. Huggins,
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Edward E. Petry,
1508 3rd St., Portsmouth, Ohio

William J. Bellman,
142 W. 14th St., N. Y. C.

Katherine Bunch,
Tiosa, Indiana

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Blanche S. Walker,
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Mrs. Chas. Oldach,
35 Robinson St., North East, Pa.

George H. Linehan,
25 Delaware Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Ida E. Wright,
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Carl Levering,
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Alice Rankin,
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Ordway, Colorado

Leo M. Smith,
250 York St., Jersey City, N. J.

J. R. Linehan,
234 Clinton Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Miss Jean McManus,
435 S. Wolcott, Casper, Wyo.

Lawrence Bunch,
214 E. Penn Ave., South Bend, Ind.

Dorothea M. DeForest,
45 Montross Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

Miss Mary Plavnicky,
106 E. 109th St., N. Y. C.

Emma T. Blanchard,
401 Wyoming Ave., So. Orange, N. J.

Bernard J. Leitten,
108 Greenfield St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Beatrice M. Hughes,
13 Broadway, Dover, N. H.

Carlton H. Tyndall,
58 E. 102nd St., N. Y. C.

Chas. B. Mitchell,
86 S. Richardson Ave., Columbus, Ohio

Mrs. E. F. Langford,
3714 Central Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

Charles P. Ament,
36 Werner Park, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. E. E. Haskell,
1501 W. 38th st., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Juliet H. Carrington,
Vancouver Barracks, Vancouver, Washington

Harold Larsen,
3514 88th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Lucille St. John,
432 E. 83rd St., N. Y. C.

Helen Goldsmith,
100 Church St., Selma, Ala.

Harry Trimblett,
177 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.

J. R. Owen,
Henning Hotel, Casper, Wyo.

Daniel H. Mirto,
3704 Farragut Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harry Hannibal,
551 E. 26th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

George L. Smith,
1527 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

Mary Wernsing,
R. R. No. 1, Argos, Indiana

Leon D. Skala,
591 Montecito Dr., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Alice Dunham,
8 Carneal St., Ludlow, Ky.

William Stevens,
1833 E. 19th St., Cleveland, O.

Mrs. Ora Monnett,
854 Gladstone Ave., Portland, Ore.

Mrs. R. B. Barfield,
514 12th Ave., Cordele, Ga.

(Continued on page 81)

What does this seal mean when it's placed on a toothpaste?

It means, Madam, that this toothpaste has been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association



MADAM, this seal is the most authoritative answer to the question "what toothpaste should I use?" It is placed only on toothpastes that have been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of a product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public —to act as a guide.

Be guided by this seal

The seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. Therefore, look for it, when you buy a toothpaste. It is your most authoritative guide.

COLGATE'S
BEARS THIS SEAL

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price — but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's — and quality alone — that has held its leadership for years and years.

Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth *healthfully* and *completely* clean.

***and Colgate's costs but* 25c**

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE



Myrna Loy comes between Ina Claire and Robert Ames in Ina's latest triumph—the sophisticated "Rebound"

Annabelle's Affairs—The best film farce in many a moon, with Jeanette MacDonald in pursuit of a fortune she has lost. Victor McLaglen enters into the fun (Fox).

The Bargain—Lewis Stone and young John Darrow (father and son) change jobs, and each learns a lesson. Interesting, but slow. Previewed as "Fame" (F. N.).

Big Business Girl—Loretta Young and Frank Albertson try a companionate marriage, which Ricardo Cortez almost wrecks. Semi-naughty, but neat (F. N.).

The Black Camel—A screen star is murdered, and smooth *Charlie Chan* (Warner Oland) solves another good mystery (Fox).

Broad Minded—Joe E. Brown and Buster Collier go to California—of all places— to escape from women. Neither their effort nor their comedy is very successful (F. N.).

Chances—Two English soldier-brothers both love Rose Hobart, but Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. takes her away from tragic Anthony Bushell. Their excellent acting makes a weak story memorable (F. N.).

Cheri-Bibi—Wearing a Van Dyke beard and playing the part of a romantic magician, John Gilbert makes a dramatic and impressive comeback (M-G-M).

City Lights—Still a tragi-comic little tramp, Charlie Chaplin still is silent, still is funny. Not his best picture, but some of its scenes are more comic than anything else he has done (U. A.).

Daddy Long Legs—As a lovely orphan, given a big chance in life by a young millionaire (Warner Baxter), whose face she has never seen, Janet Gaynor has her best rôle since "Seventh Heaven" (Fox).

Daybreak—As a gay and sophisticated young lieutenant, Ramon Navarro leaves Helen Chandler before he learns to love her. A new type of rôle for Ramon, but he's believable (M-G-M).

Der Grosse Tenor—Emil Jannings goes in for comedy for a change—playing the part of a philandering operatic star who almost reforms. Amusing, even if you don't understand German (UFA).

Die Drei von der Tankstelle—Another amusing all-German picture—this one being an operetta about three young gas-station-workers who all love Lilian Harvey. She looks like Greta Garbo (UFA).

Donovan's Kid—A sentimental story about a gunman who adopts a youngster and tries to go straight. Richard Dix and Jackie Cooper make it tense (RKO).

Everything's Rosie—Robert Woolsey extracts many a laugh out of the none-too-new story about the carnival trouper who adopts an orphan. Anita Louise makes a lovable *Rosie* (RKO).

Five and Ten—Marion Davies ventures away from comedy into Fannie Hurst melodrama and, out of her element, has the picture stolen by Leslie Howard (M-G-M).

A Free Soul—Norma Shearer has an affair with gunman Clark Gable and, it being unreal, Lionel Barrymore steals the picture (M-G-M).

The Girl Habit—Charlie Ruggles, about to marry, tries to recover some love-letters from a gangster's moll. Rowdyish, but fast and funny (Par.).

Gold Dust Gertie—Winnie Lightner chases Olsen and Johnson, and Olsen and Johnson chase Winnie. Not as funny as intended (W. B.).

Goldie—In the manner of *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt*, sailors Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer fight over women in general and Jean Harlow in particular. Rough fun, but fun (Fox).

The Good Bad Girl—Mae Clarke has her troubles, giving up a gangster boy-friend. Good melodramatic acting along familiar lines (Col.).

The Great Lover—Adolphe Menjou scores in a picture reminiscent of his silent successes, except that he's more pursued than pursuing (M-G-M).

Hell to Pay—Back of this virile title is a speedy Western, in which George O'Brien seeks the slayers of his father. Aviation helps to make it speedy (Fox).

High Stakes—Amusingly inebriated Lowell Sherman exposes his brother's little wife as a little gold-digger (RKO).

Indiscreet—Gloria Swanson is so indiscreet as to tell Ben Lyon about her one indiscretion. More comedy than drama, but Gloria is entertaining (U. A.).

In Old Cheyenne—Rex Lease goes gunnin' for horse thieves. Novel, because the guilty party turns out to be a white horse (Sono Art-World Wide).

Just a Gigolo—William Haines pretends to be one of the brethren in an effort to prove that all women are fickle. More sexy than amusing (M-G-M).

Kick In—Because of her acting in this heavy melodrama—about a girl and her ex-convict husband who try to go straight—it's a surprise that Clara Bow is out of the movies (Par.).

Laughing Sinners—Joan Crawford changes from a heart-broken cabaret dancer to a Salvation Army lassie. Good acting, but a bit difficult to believe (M-G-M).

The Lawless Woman—A cub reporter solves two murder mysteries and takes time out to fall in love. James Burtis and Vera Reynolds struggle through it (Chesterfield).

The Lawyer's Secret—Clive Brook knows Richard Arlen is not guilty of murder, but cannot give away his secret. Charles (Buddy-to-you) Rogers plays a semi-villainous weakling—and steals the picture (Par.).

Le Million—Though only French is spoken, it's easy to understand this clever musical comedy about a lost lottery ticket. It's also easy to wonder why Hollywood doesn't turn out musicals of this calibre (Tobis-Forenfilm).



Fredric March saves Nancy Carroll from an unhappy Czecho-Slovakian fate in the dramatic "Night Angel"

Lovable and Sweet—A chorus-girl (Mary Brian) plots to marry Money, but the Money (Geoffrey Kerr) also has a neat little plot. Amusing light comedy. Previewed as "Waiting at the Church." (RKO).

Lover Come Back—Betty (*Peter Pan*) Bronson comes back as a vicious little siren, who's after Jack Mulhall. Not much (Col.).

The Mad Genius—As a crippled, bitter dancing-master who gets what he wants, John Barrymore turns in a brilliant, bizarre performance. Newcomer Marian Marsh is an effective little tragédienne (W. B.).

The Mad Parade—An all-female cast—topped by Irene Rich, Evelyn Brent and Louise Fazenda—fail to make this war story either tense or realistic (Liberty).



Louise Huntington and Charles Starrett provide the romance in the thrilling Labrador epic, "The Viking"

The Maltese Falcon—Dashiell Hammett's mystery thriller remains a mystery thriller in its picture version, and the money-mad detective (Ricardo Cortez) remains more interesting than the heroine (Bebe Daniels)—(W. B.).

Men of the Sky—An operetta featuring aviation, Jack Whiting and Irene Delroy. Good music, good singing, fair story (F. N.).

The Millionaire—George Arliss sheds his English accent, and becomes a wealthy but sickly Yankee, who regains his health in a gas station. Entertaining (W. B.).

The Million-Dollar Swindle—A fast-moving mystery melodrama, with Richard Dix creating plenty of suspense (RKO).

Monsters of the Deep—For those who like real-life adventure stories—a photographic record of spectacular captures of spectacular fish (Talking Picture Epics).

Never the Twain Shall Meet—Leslie Howard and Conchita Montenegro give new life to the old story about the white man and the brown girl (M-G-M).

Night Angel—For no reason at all, this romantic melodrama is laid in Czecho-Slovakia. Neither Nancy Carroll nor Fredric March looks Slavic, but both are convincing (Par.).

Pardon Us—Laurel and Hardy venture into feature length comedy with a riotous take-off of prison pictures (M-G-M).

Party Husband—Newlyweds Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie try to live apart, with semi-amusing results (F. N.).

The Public Enemy—The best underworld film of them all—showing you (in the person of James Cagney) how gangsters are made, what they really are, and how they're likely to end (W. B.).

Rebound—On the "rebound" from other loves, Ina Claire and Robert Ames marry—and their marriage turns out to be one of those things. Gay, sophisticated comedy, plus good melodrama. A personal triumph for Ina (RKO-Pathé).

The Reckless Hour—Dorothy Mackaill missteps with Walter Byron, but woos and wins upright Conrad Nagel. Better than you might suspect (F. N.).

(*Continued on page 88*)



MODESS

perfect summer comfort at a special summer price

IF you use Modess, you know how safe and soft it is—how cool and clean it feels. If you haven't tried it, now's your chance. Our summer offer—featured as Modess Vacation Special—is a grand buy. You get a Travel Package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular for 79c. The standard price of these 3 boxes is $1.15.

The two types of Modess featured in the Vacation Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular at times when less thickness is desired.

The Travel Package certainly has its uses. You won't begrudge the space it takes in a travel bag. As a reserve package for guest use it will add to your reputation as a perfect hostess. You'll find it a great convenience many times during the summer.

You can really wear Modess without worrying about it in any way. The cool, evenly absorbent filler—besides being safe and comfortable—fits so smoothly that Modess won't spoil the line of any frock.

If you're a thrifty soul you'll buy several of these useful combinations, and save them for future use.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK. N. J.. U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

VACATION SPECIAL

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . . . 90¢
12 Regular in each

1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . . . . 25¢
6 Modess Compact

Total Value $1.15

ALL THREE FOR . . . 79¢





DOROTHY MACKAILL

Her heart is in Hawaii, and just as soon as a picture is finished she catches the first boat to Honolulu. Of course, Dorothy calls these little journeys "vacations," but Hollywood carries tidings that she has a love-interest over Waikiki way. Anyway, the girl could not find a more romantic setting than that same beach at Waikiki —especially when it's sprayed with the dust of a soft Hawaiian moon

The summer sun in one day can coarsen your skin...for months



IRENE DUNNE'S *Hollywood dermatologist gives important interview on summer skin care*

Interview by JANET PARKER
Authoress of "The Index to Loveliness"

•

Hollywood likes to play in the sun. Now while sunshine's ultra-violet rays are healthful, they can coarsen and wither the skin—dry out its natural oils.

I interviewed Irene Dunne, star of Cimarron, at Malibu Beach. And her dermatologist at his Hollywood office. Here's the partial text of our talk:

Q: Doctor, how can women achieve a fashionable tan without coarsening their skin?

A: Dermatology and common sense both answer that question, young lady. Strong sunshine can dry out the natural oils that lubricate the skin. The result is a harsh, dry skin, coarse in texture and threatened with permanent wrinkles.

Q: How can that be remedied?

A: Well, you know the old saying about "an ounce of prevention." The best thing is to apply Facial Cream generously to the face to prevent weathering and darkening. Do this before exposing yourself to the sun. Cover the rest of the exposed skin surface with Cold Cream, all over the body, to prevent soreness and redness. And then after you come in from the beach, use Cold Cream on the face to overcome any drawn feeling and to restore moisture and suppleness to the dry skin.

Q: Miss Dunne tells me that she uses Woodbury's Creams. May I ask if you prescribed them?

A: Yes. To Miss Dunne and all of my patients. They could be my own prescriptions, so faithfully do they follow dermatological standards. I recognize that Woodbury preparations are the careful prescriptions of a scientific laboratory.

• • •

Woodbury's quick-melting Cold Cream and Facial Cream (the perfect make-up base) — the creams recommended by Hollywood dermatologists are at all drug and toilet goods counters. Also all other Woodbury Scientific Beauty Aids.

Woodbury's COLD CREAM FACIAL CREAM
AND ALLIED SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY AIDS



TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN
by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

AT NIGHT: After washing your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

DURING DAY: Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream, before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

FOR LINES AND WRINKLES: Use Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams in daily facial treatments. 75¢ each.

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USE THIS COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6309 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also generous samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ☐	Coarse Pores ☐	Blackheads ☐	Flabby Skin ☐
Dry Skin ☐	Wrinkles ☐	Sallow Skin ☐	Pimples ☐

Name..... *Street*.....

City..... *State*.....

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



SPORTSLANTS

If you're a radio addict, you're familiar with Ted Husing. He's always at the microphone when a big sports spectacle or news event is broadcast, talking at a gallop, giving you a vivid and amusing word-picture of what is taking place. With this new series, he breaks into the talkies. He brings leaders in various sports before the camera and introduces them—after which you see them in action, with Ted explaining the fine points of their technique. The subjects are reminiscent of Grantland Rice's "Sportlights," but judging from the first of the series, "Sportslants" will have more snap. The girl on the parallel bars is Adelaide Meyer, women's champion gymnast (Vitaphone Varieties).

THE COUNTY SEAT



Chic Sale is a versatile critter. For years he has been a standby of vaudeville and Broadway musical comedies with his hick impersonations; he has written a best-seller ("The Specialist") and advertisements; he sells real estate in Beverly Hills; and now he is in the talkies. In addition to appearing in feature pictures, he is making a series of comedy shorts, which are bound to be featured. This first of the series reveals him as a know-it-all hick, who is unpopular with his fellow-hicks, but puts over a neat business deal that allows him to laugh last. His characterization is true-to-life and amusing, but the story doesn't cause any outright chortles (RKO).



MONKEY BUSINESS IN AFRICA

Again the African epics are burlesqued, but this time Mack Sennett is responsible—which means that the burlesque is funnier than usual. Quavery ol' Andy Clyde, playing the part of a director, takes Marjorie Beebe and Frank Eastman to the Dark Continent to film a jungle romance—and maybe you think he doesn't have his troubles! In one sequence, Marge and Frank are marooned in a canoe with crocodiles all about; to get a close-up, Andy crawls out along a rope, and falls in among the crocs. In another, Andy and Luis Alberni are dressed as gorillas, and Andy mistakes a real gorilla for Alberni. All in all, it's Grade A slapstick (Educational).

STRAIGHT AND NARROW



Here is a crime picture that even fearful parents will applaud. It's refreshingly different from the usual underworld thing. It lasts only nine minutes and, instead of glorifying the life of crime, glorifies that old police adage, "You can't win." Several ex-convicts, who are now treading "the straight and narrow," hold a reunion and talk about old times. The camera singles out one to tell what he did to land in prison. As he begins his story, the scene shifts and you see the events he is describing. You see how he planned his crime, how he executed it, and how he was captured. Ed Robbins and Allen Jenkins act out the story realistically (Vitaphone Varieties).



THE LURE OF HOLLYWOOD

Those home-town belles who think they ought to be in the movies, and who guess it would be easy to break in, should see this little opus. It's a comedy, but it packs a certain amount of realism. Three ambitious flappers (Phyllis Crane, Virginia Brooks and Rita Flynn) undertake to crash the studio gates. Not backward at all, they manage to get inside, but they have a struggle getting in front of a camera. When they finally do land something, one of the boy-friends queers the luck. On their way out for good, however, they get another (temporary) break. The lines crackle with bright sayings, and the situations—even a pie-throwing sequence—also have a punch (Educational).

THAT'S NEWS TO ME



"The Front Page"—that robust melodramatic comedy of newspaper life—started something: a short-comedy series about newspaper reporters, of which this is the first. And if the rest are like the first, what a series it will be! There isn't a single dull moment, there isn't a stale gag, there isn't an ancient situation in the whole twenty-one minutes of the picture. Frank McHugh—who played the droopy-eyed *McCue* in "The Front Page"—here plays a star reporter, who is on the trail of a sensational story, and has to use sensational methods to get it. For support he has such names as Charles Judels, Lee Moran, Walter Percival, Helen Jerome Eddy and Addie McPhail (RKO-Pathé).



MOVIE-TOWN

Mack Sennett had another good idea when he thought of this—a travelogue, in color, of the places where the picture players play. The film opens with a view of the Sennett Studios, with Mack himself excusing Marjorie Beebe for the day to show the town to a susceptible baron (Luis Alberni). In the afternoon, she shows him a big outdoor swimming-pool, a girls' waterpolo game (between Sennett bathing beauties), and some fancy diving. In the evening they are at George Olsen's club, dining and dancing. The color photography is excellent, and Marge's wisecracks are sprightly, but the general result is a trifle disappointing. You expect to see more of studio life (Educational).

STOUT HEARTS AND WILLING HANDS



This first effort of the Hollywood Masquers—the screen-actors' club—is a knock-out. From start to finish it is the most hilarious kidding of old-time melodrama that has ever flashed on the screen. They give you the entire works—the old homestead; the old folks in distress; the villain with a mustache and the mortgage; Our Nell, who seems about to suffer A Fate Worse Than Death; and the brave and handsome hero. Frank Fay is the hero; Lew Cody, the villain; Laura La Plante, the gal; Alec B. Francis, pa; Mary Carr, ma; and the Original Keystone Kops are the constabulary. With devastating lines, the laughs are continuous (RKO-Pathé).

Do Hollywood Women Hate Constance Bennett?

(*Continued from page 27*)

understanding of her as she is to-day.

Now, consider her environment. With her sisters she shared the mad, delightful life of an actor of Richard Bennett's period, racing about Long Island in her father's huge car when he was on tour, growing up in fashionable hotels, calling a dozen cities home, being immersed in the glamourous unreality of life back-stage. Her father was rich, famous: always there was luxury, always there were servants.

The Bennett children were treated as grown-ups by their parents. The family's life was half-patrician, half-gypsy. Brilliant people passed in procession through Mrs. Bennett's drawing-room—gay, radiant women; witty men of the world; actors, painters, dancers, singers, wealthy worldlings, college professors; all the lordly ones of the *beau monde*. Many were famous and important in world affairs, admittedly a somewhat larger territory than is compassed by the motion-picture industry. Out of such a setting as this—attending school in France, "brought out" in Washington, trotting to proms at the Eastern universities, then marrying a young millionaire—came the woman who is Constance Bennett to-day.

Born to Love, Fame, Etc.

CONSTANCE has always been regarded as important, attractive, destined for fame. From early childhood she could not help but realize that her family was no ordinary one. She has always been rich. She has always had more men after her than she knew what to do with, and no common men either. Her name has been appearing in the newspapers since before she could read it. Everything most women long and fight for has come to her without effort, without her even asking for it; almost, as it were, by divine right. Love, adulation, wealth, popularity, fame, excitement, adventure, variety, success—they have literally fallen into her lap.

What *must* happen to such a woman, coming to Hollywood?

Hollywood says, "Until you've worked and struggled for years, you're a nobody." Constance was *not* a nobody; the fans went crazy about her instantly; she started at the top.

Hollywood says, "You have to abase yourself, to compromise, to 'yes' people." People "yessed" Constance instead.

Hollywood says, "You have to slap backs and call everybody Pal or Darling." Constance believes that it is utterly impossible to be an intimate friend to an entire community; and that every intelligent person *chooses* his friends.

Hollywood says, "This is the most wonderful city on the earth." Constance knows Berlin, Paris, Munich, Rome, Madrid.

Hollywood says, "You have to toot your own horn." Again, Constance knows better.

Hollywood says, "You have to be seen lunching and dancing at the right places." Constance doesn't find those places amusing, so she stays home or goes to other ones.

Ritzy—Or Business-Like?

CONNIE does not dislike Hollywood. "But I'm out here to work, not to make an impression on the inhabitants," she says, coolly. "I like Hollywood because I like my work, and I happen to have chosen a profession whose capital is Hollywood." It is simply that, since she sees no reason to bow down to the local gods and keeps her cool little self to herself, Hollywood resents

(*Continued on page 79*)



Trust no substitute

because "it looks like Kotex"

Kotex protects safely . . . it is adjustable, and shaped to fit.

THE great value of Kotex . . . to women with high standards . . . is its absolute cleanliness. It's so much more than surface-clean. Kotex is made clean . . . by modern, sanitary methods, which eliminate any possibility of careless handling. Kotex is really, hygienically clean. Unfortunately, this care in making cannot be shown in any outward way. So thoughtless shoppers may be deceived, when offered a substitute that looks like Kotex. This resemblance proves nothing. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex.

When offered a substitute, demand more than surface likeness to Kotex. Ask how this substitute was made . . . where . . . by whom. Ask who guarantees its hygienic safety . . . its health protection.

Hospitals use Kotex

Why should you take chances? You might save a few pennies . . . but the risk is not worth while. You know Kotex is safe. Hospitals use it—they bought over 10,000,000 pads last year—what stronger proof of superiority could you have?

Kotex protects comfort, as well as your health. It is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, a wonderful substance that absorbs moisture laterally away from the surface.

Kotex is adjustable. Shaped to fit. Treated to deodorize. It is so easily disposed of.

Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Sold singly in vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX IS SAFE . . .

1 ***Can be worn on either side*** with equal comfort.

2 ***The Kotex absorbent*** is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 ***Kotex is soft . . .*** Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

4 ***The Kotex Filler*** is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

5 ***Disposable,*** instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

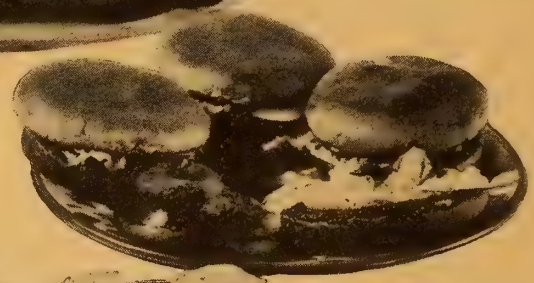
Laura La Plante's Recipes For a Beach Barbecue



Photographs by RUSSELL BALL

Malibu's best chef, Laura La Plante, makes the potato salad she invented (above)







BARBECUED STEAK

For this it is necessary to have wood coals and an open grill. On this when it is hot, lay a steak, about an inch and a quarter thick—top sirloin or New York cut, well dusted with pepper and salt. Keep basting with the following sauce previously prepared:

2 tablespoons Italian Olive Oil, blended with 1 tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce, and simmered with 1 teaspoon Paprika.

HOT DOG MALIBU

A bran roll is split and buttered on both sides with butter that has been creamed with mustard. Lay lengthwise on the roll a leaf of lettuce and two wafer-thin slices of tomato, and sprinkle with salt. Split the frankfurter, scoop a little of the inside out to make room for finely-chopped onion and minced pickle. Press frankfurter together, put in roll, press roll together—Presto!

HEALTH SANDWICH SEITER

Bran bread thickly buttered. Make a filling from the following; grated carrot, grated watercress, grated celery, mixed with cream cheese to the right consistency to spread. Add a few drops of Worcestershire sauce.

If you are still hungry, why not top it off with a watermelon?

POTATO SALAD A LA PLANTE

Three cups of cold diced potatoes, mixed with one half cup of finely-diced celery, one onion sliced paper-thin, shredded parsley. Put into a bowl that has been rubbed with garlic, and mix with the following dressing:

1½ cups of cream, mixed with mayonnaise, half and half.
A dash of celery salt.
A sprinkle of tobasco sauce.

LAURA LA PLANTE and Bill Seiter like to serve their guests at their beach home on Sundays with the sort of food which is better cooked and eaten in bathing suits. The informality of their Norman house, with its rafters, nooks, casement windows and painted floors, makes the right background for the most informal meals.

But Laura doesn't rely on the sea air to give her guests an appetite. She knows that plain, everyday food becomes special, holiday food when it has a new flavor, and so she has experimented with the bottles and boxes on her seasoning shelf until she has glorified the sort of steaks that Jack Gilbert would refer to—and probably does refer to—as "colossal"; the kind of hot dog that the youngsters like Russell Gleason and Walter Browne Rogers refer to as "keen"—and the kind of potato salad that would make even Joan Crawford forget that she was dieting.

Laura and Bill each have so many members in their families that when the clans gather with their wives and girl friends and boy friends, there wouldn't seem to be room for any more. But the Seiter house is adjustable, and there is all the beach in the world right outside for the overflow which includes all the inhabitants of Malibu.

With such a gang as this to feed it is necessary to choose things that aren't elaborate to prepare and don't take much time or trouble. Laura has a huge kettle of potato salad on hand, steaks piled up waiting, frankfurters simmering in hot steam, and her dressings and sauces and seasonings ranged at hand. In her dining room wall, waist high, there is a cooking nook, like those in peasant farmhouses abroad, except that Laura's is equipped with electricity—not so picturesque, but certainly a lot handier.

Of course, these recipes taste all the better when they are prepared by a beautiful blonde with dimples!

Do Hollywood Women Hate Constance Bennett?

(*Continued from page 77*)

her—resents her like the devil, where the feminine contingent is concerned! She knows it perfectly well. How could she help knowing it? Story after story comes back to her. She tells some of them on herself. She knows, for instance, that a certain raven-haired leading-lady telephoned a reporter and offered to give him, "free of charge," all the ugly gossip that might come to her ears about Constance.

"Now, why?" muses Connie without resentment, merely curious, a trifle detached. "I don't know." And Constance *doesn't* know. "I guess there is something about my manner that antagonizes people. I've never been called haughty in any other city but Hollywood, if that means anything. If I am that way, I'm sorry—but I don't know what to do about it. I can't change what I am."

Certainly, it is not haughtiness. It is reserve. And Hollywood is not used to reserve. And as for the "manner" of which Constance speaks—yes, she has a manner, indeed. It is what the novelists of the Mauve Decade labeled "the grand manner." Constance has the fortune, or misfortune, to be a lady. There are other ladies in Hollywood, true—ten or twelve of them—but they happen to be other kinds of ladies, paradoxical though that be. One of them has said to me, "Of course, women hate Connie Bennett. She wears her clothes so much better than they can." That may in itself tell a large part of the story.

The Other Girls Fear Her

THE other nice little things the local girls say about Constance tell the rest. To introduce a sweetheart or a husband to her has the same consequence as introducing him to the front-line trenches: he'll never come home the same, if he comes home at all. She steals men, they say. Is this true? In a way it is. Connie honestly tries to be nice to women, but she doesn't understand women as she understands men. She has always known more men than women.

"I would prefer a woman as a friend," she has said to me more than once, "*if that woman knew the meaning of true friendship.* Few women do. So I know more men that I can call friends than women."

As for deliberately attempting to add other women's males to a collection, Constance has had only two "steadies" in all the time she has been in Hollywood. The Marquis was a man of her own world. Incidentally, he had separated from Gloria before he ever took Constance out to dinner. Joel McCrea fulfills the need of a part of Constance's personality that few persons know. They spend long hours together playing tennis, riding horseback, lolling on the sand at the Beach Club. Take a good look at Joel when you see him in Constance's picture, "The Common Law," and you'll see what he is—a big, good-looking, lovable kid. After all, let's be reasonable, shall we?

If man after man is attracted to Constance, can she help it? What do these women want her to do—enter a convent? "Heaven knows I'm not beautiful," Constance herself says. "I'm too skinny!" The men keep flocking—

What do women in Hollywood dislike in Constance?

I begin to suspect that you can guess the answer, now, for yourself.

Did You Know That--
Connie had to postpone a holiday in Paris when she had that operation? And the Marquis was going to be in Paris, too!



The ? in Marriage

need Dishwashing make her Hands UGLY?

Recently nearly 2,000 young BRIDES in 11 large cities told us how they plan to meet this dishpan problem. *95 out of every 100 agreed!*

"Yes, we're going to wash dishes," these charmingly vivid girls said. "But we'll *never* have 'dishpan hands' . . . we *needn't*, with Lux in the house.

"We know just how *splendid* Lux is for the hands because we've always washed our fine things in Lux; noticed how softly white our hands looked afterward.

"We're trusting Lux to keep hands lovely in spite of dishwashing, too!"

The experienced experts in 305 famous beauty shops say:

"Lux in the dishpan keeps your hands as beautifully cared for as those of the woman with maids."

Yet this tender care for your hands costs so little! LESS than 1¢ a day!



LUX FOR DISHES ··· *Lovely Hands for less than 1¢ a day*

You Can't Keep A Good Trouper Down

Lois Wilson has known bitter experiences since her early screen days. But she comes up smiling to stage a comeback and will devote her life to her career—*until the right man happens along*

By FAITH SERVICE

LOIS WILSON, as you know by this time, has done one of these here now "comeback" things. She was, before "Seed," completely discouraged. She was on the very eve of shaking the ungrateful dust of Hollywood from her feet. She had booked passage on the *S. S. Majestic* and was all set to depart for Europe with the idea she might try the London stage or make pictures over there. Then the call came for her to make a test for "Seed."



The question of this production had arisen a month or two earlier. Nothing had come of it. Nothing had come of most of the tentative advances made to Lois. Nothing much, in fact, had come of the pictures she had done. One of them was so bad that little children were threatened by their parents with "We'll take you to see so-and-so if you do that again!"

Lois wasn't exactly bitter. She has a sense of humor. But she was slightly disgusted. She was weary of the racket that applauds you one season and turns its back on you the next. She wasn't thinking of herself. She was thinking of the others who fared badly along with her—the troupers who had delighted world audiences only to go into the discard so that young things, with a month or two on Broadway to commend them, might be starred.

Lois told the powers at Universal how she felt about it. She talked ice-cold turkey to Director John Stahl. She had reached the point where she could take "Seed" or leave it alone. She didn't much care any longer. What she could not and would not do was to be kept on tenterhooks while the great decision was being made. The studio called her on a Monday. Her departure for New York was set for Thursday night. She gave them until Wednesday noon to let her have it, one way or the other. The studio surrendered at the appointed time. She signed her Universal contract and stepped onto a star again.

But all of this has changed Lois. The old Lois of "The Vanishing American" days is gone—never to return.

She will never again, she says, play her old "sweet-tooth" rôles. She also hopes that she will not be cast in mother rôles until she is forced to graduate to grandmothers. She intends to do sophisticated, clever, modern things such as Norma Shearer has been doing in "Divorcée," "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul." She feels ready for parts of this kind even though they may be tempered a bit. She is weary of playing the immaculate virgin. Sunshine and sweetness are all very well, but a dash of acid is salvation, now and then. Children grow tired of lollipops. Lois is tired of being the screen's *Elsie Dinsmore*.

Domestic Life Frightens Her

WHAT is to come may disappoint you about Lois. I set out, to be frank, to write a sob-story about Lois and tell about a charming, quiet girl and her really great performance in the mother rôle. I intended to get very teary about her yearnings, her desire to be the actual mother of five kiddies, living in a decent little suburban home, making ends meet, darning the little socks, waiting for the sound of some *George Babbitt's* key in the door at twilight.

Surely Lois would say that gladly would she give all her fame, all the professional things she has ever done or ever hopes to do for the sake of wifehood and motherhood. She must have longed, while making "Seed," to *be* that woman in real life.

Honest With Herself

I CAN'T deceive you. Lois didn't deceive me. She said, "I am being perfectly frank with you."

She wouldn't be that woman in "Seed" for anything in the world. She liked the woman. She felt that had she been in her circumstances she would have done pretty much as she did. She thinks she was a good sport and believes she would be the same kind of a good sport, given the same environment and circumstances. She would never, she says, hold any man who didn't want to be held. And she feels that that woman's triumph lay, not only in the success of her children, but in the fact that she learned not to love her husband any more. But she wouldn't be that woman for all her fulfilments and all her triumphs.

She wouldn't be the wife of some worthy young *Babbitt* and

(*Continued on page 104*)

Contest Winners in the Motion Picture Title Game Contest

(*Continued from page 70*)

Nellie Walker,
20 Johnson Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Mabel T. Mills,
142 Johnson Ave., Newark,N. J.
Emma Hoff,
1142 Salem Ave., Hillside, N. J.
Ruth T. Bortle,
36 Church St., Moravia, N. Y.
Homer L. Mattox,
122 No. Hanover, Lexington, Ky.
Emery Hollerer,
20 Barton, Newburyport, Mass.
G. Carney Cross,
400 M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
Margaret Bailey,
838½ N. Kingsley Dr., Los Angeles, Calif.
Harry J. Ward,
87 Easton St., Allston, Mass.
W. R. Kubley, Tiosa, Indiana
T. M. Eden,
1205 17th Ave., Nashville, Tenn.
Howard C. Dunham,
8 Carneal St., Ludlow, Ky.
Mrs. Nina Roepke,
3724 N. Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Margaret E. Huyer,
Main St., Millis, Mass.
Charlotte Leonard,
c/o Morris Plan Co., 17 Union Sq., N.Y.C.
Charlotte Cram, Argos, Indiana
Arthur F. Mitchell,
86 S. Richardson Ave., Columbus, Ohio
Ray L. Freeman,
911 17th Ave., S. Nashville, Tenn.
Louise Bright,
2242 College Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Kenneth Nutt, Argos, Indiana

FIVE DOLLAR PRIZES

Arnold P. Calcagni,
6805 Quincy St., S. E., Cleveland, Ohio
Philomena Hilgert,
1016 No. 10th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Miss Ethel Matthews,
121 Kemmerling St., Gibsonburg, Ohio
Mrs. R. T. Young,
3627 Valley Vista Rd., Nashville, Tenn.
Chas. H. Essig, Argos, Indiana
A. W. Brown,
1205 17th Ave., So. Nashville, Tenn.
Mrs. P. D. Freeman,
911 17th Ave., So. Nashville, Tenn.
Charles U. Read,
329 N. Sandusky Ave., Upper Sandusky, Ohio
Edward F. Carroll,
91 Glencoe St., Brighton, Mass.
Mrs. Wm. J. Deedim,
2266 N. 4th St., Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. H. G. Thompson,
526 Clifton Rd., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
Florence Rawlins,
Knox Co., Box 434, Fredericktown, Ohio
Anna Looker, c/o Gordon Const.,
31st & Platte River, Denver, Colo.
Joseph L. Jelinek,
34 John St., Little Ferry, N. J.
Mrs. Ida L. Williamson,
267 Oxford St., Rochester, N. Y.
John Kost,
751 Carpenter St., Columbus, Ohio
Fred Wisseman,
310 W. 31st St., N. Y. C.

(*Continued on page 83*)



Use Kleenex instead

No laundering—no self-infection. Use Kleenex once and destroy

AT LAST a new type handkerchief banishes forever one of the messiest jobs in a woman's life—the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Millions are turning to Kleenex—the soft, delicate tissue you use once and destroy.

Germs are destroyed

This cleanly practice not only saves washing. It protects you from self-infection. Germs are destroyed instantly, instead of being carried back to your face.

The health importance of Kleenex during colds cannot be over-emphasized. Schools, doctors, endorse it. Kleenex is much safer for children than a handkerchief, to be carried all day long. Teach them to use Kleenex and destroy at once.

Many household uses

Kleenex is a soft, immaculate, super-absorbent tissue that has a score of daily uses.

Cleansing creams should always be removed with Kleenex. Its unique absorbency assures removal of every trace of cream and dirt.

Mothers find Kleenex wonderful in caring for babies. Motorists like to keep a package handy in the automobile. Use Kleenex for wiping spectacles; for dusting; for polishing.

Kleenex is sold everywhere, at drug, dry goods and department stores. It comes in a modern, convenient package, from which tissues can be removed with one hand.

HAY FEVER VICTIMS . . .



You'll appreciate the softness and absorbency of Kleenex. If you have hay fever . . . if you know one who suffers . . . invest in a package of Kleenex at once. It is impossible to describe the greater comfort of these gentle, dry, absorbent tissues. Do not put up with damp, irritating handkerchiefs another day. (And remember, Kleenex costs less than laundering.)

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***Disposable* TISSUES**

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Chicago, Illinois.
Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.



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City..... *State*.....

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This Tells You, Br'er Fox—

(*Continued from page 8*)

Now that's all practically elegant, but a startling new personality is good for the box office once in a while. No studio in the business has a better stellar figure right now than Elissa Landi and, given the right type of story, she could go as far as Gaynor in popularity.

As for little Gaynor, she shows improvement in each and every picture. One of the finest emotional actresses the silent screen had known, she had to learn a new art—oral drama. And she spoke in the immature voice of a little girl. She is accomplishing wonders. She was fine in "The Man Who Came Back," although both Janet and Charlie seemed miscast, and she was grand in "Daddy Long Legs." That was a nice little picture, by the way, and a relief from all those excursions into sex.

Will Janet and Charlie Continue?

JANET and Charlie are facing an interesting test. While Charlie was unmarried, the world had a grand time thinking that he was hopelessly, tragically in love with Janet, who was married. There was romance before a fan even stepped inside the theater. Now that Charlie is married happily to Virginia Valli, I'm just curious to see if the ardor of the fans will cool. I hope not. Janet and Charlie are ideal screen lovers. I'd like to see "Merely Mary Ann" turn out well for them. In "Delicious," so I am told, they will sing. It's just my opinion, but I'm yet to be convinced that they are at their best in musical comedy.

Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe seem to keep their places at the head of the class. I like them both, but, oh, promise me, that there won't be any more of that "sez you" type of thing. Both of these actors are too clever to be forced to play *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* until Jackie Cooper wears a long beard. Eddie Lowe has proved himself to be a capable player in more polite doings. McLaglen could be polished off a bit. Maybe he's a bit hefty for the drawing-room, but there are one or two other stories.

Incidentally, "Women of All Nations" depended too much on stag-party humor. Raoul Walsh, who directed it, is capable of achieving magnificent, moving drama, but he spoils his good effects by descending to comic relief. For instance, the spectacle of a stout, elderly mother-in-law, doing a nose dive into a mud puddle in "The Big Trail," added nothing to that beautiful production.

Let George Do Something Else

SOMEHOW, I don't hear much of George O'Brien any more, since he is confined rather exclusively to outdoor melodramas. He has an agreeable personality, and deserves other types of stories besides the Canadian Northwest and the Navy.

Of your new players I think that John Arledge showed a lot of promise in "Daddy Long Legs." Hardie Albright was interesting in "Young Sinners," even if it wasn't so good as the stage play. Marguerite Churchill is excellent when she is not miscast. Una Merkel is an interesting personality, and, while not new to the screen, Sally Eilers is showing real dramatic ability since she has been at your studio. I'll have to reserve judgment on Donald Dillaway, Allan Dinehart, Jesse DeVorska, Gaylord Pendleton, Howard Phillips, Terrance Ray, Roxanne Curtis, Cecilia Parker, Yvonne Pellitier, Rosalie Roy and Peggy Ross.

And with all of that big stock company you had to borrow Ann Harding, Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook for "East Lynne." I'd think that in that company you would have somebody who could play *Winnie-the-Pooh* or *Lady Macbeth* at five minutes' notice.

Honestly, you've got a lot of nice youngsters, but you need actresses of strong dramatic ability. Women who can play rôles calling for a Harding, a Garbo or a Chatterton. Janet Gaynor is excellent within her scope, but she and Elissa Landi can't do all the heavy emoting. How about Lois Moran? She startled Broadway last winter!

He's One of Your Best Bets

YOU have one of the best actors in Hollywood in Warner Baxter. There's a chap who can be anything from a big-hearted millionaire to a jovial Mexican bandit, and be believable every time, no matter what accent he uses. That's what I call trouping.

You don't seem to go in for long-run pictures the way some of the other studios do, and for that, I think, you should get five demerits. You're the local specialist in light comedies. Besides Will and Vic and Eddie, however, the only stand-out comedy artist you have is Jeanette MacDonald. You did well to snatch Jeanette when she and Paramount disagreed. She has a slick sense of humor, and the best singing voice of any girl in the talkies.

Warren Hymer and Spencer Tracy do well enough with comedy lines, but personally, I prefer them in more dramatic fare. Marjorie White is a cute little cut-up, and

(*Continued on page 97*)

Here They Are



Bachrach

The beauty who turned her expressive back to you on page 44 could, of course, be no one but Lily Damita (above). And who could the dignified wearer of the very back-less gown on page 45 be but Dolores Del Rio (right)—not so dignified from this angle?



Duncan

As you suspected, the owner of the beauteous back on page 43 is none other than Jean Harlow, now arresting your attention above. Her expression would seem to imply that wearing a back-less gown is the easiest thing in the world—but don't you believe it!

Contest Winners in the Motion Picture Title Game Contest

(*Continued from page 81*)

Mrs. R. M. D. Richardson,
61 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. L. C. Hosfeldt,
3633 N. Griffin Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mrs. W. M. Lea,
Box 1240, Uniontown, Pa.
Charles K. Parker,
49 Dennis St., Roxbury, Mass.
John E. Groves, Box 1811, Chicago, Ill.
George C. Wile, Jr.,
3160 33rd St., Astoria, N. Y.
Mrs. H. W. Nevin,
8 Exeter Rd., Avondale Estates, Ga.
Mrs. Jean B. Watkins,
108 Bowling Green Blvd., Nashville, Tenn.
Geo. E. Rolston,
952 Harrison, Denver, Colo.
John W. Chase,
226 High St., Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Geo. Goliber,
89 Bogardus St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Albert L. Wedemeyer,
1621 Belle Pl., Ft. Worth, Texas
Chas. C. O'Neal,
1418 Catalpa St., Louisville, Ky.
Sallie Mitchell,
Route No. 1, Midway, Ky.
Marie Brechtel, Bremen, Indiana
Mrs. Ethel Killian,
640 Ervay Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Miss Helen Douglas,
410 W. John St., Portland, Ore.
Mrs. John W. Umsted,
111 W. Main St., Jackson, Tenn.
Carl C. Batz,
Rm. 531, 750 Huron Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
Betty Denton,
107 Jefferson St., Perth Amboy, N. J.
William J. Ready,
10 Park Vale Ave., Allston, Mass.
Joel Schechter,
1840 52nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
David M. Roth,
600 N. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. W. E. Tennell, La Crosse, Indiana
Mar. M. Walker,
8 Johnson Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
E. S. Stevens,
Box 82, Newburyport, Mass.
E. L. Miller,
94 Franklin Ave., Athens, Ohio
Mrs. D. G. Goodman,
213 Wilson Ave., So. Nashville, Tenn.
Ralph G. Peterson,
9029 So. Oakley Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Mary Dunham,
Knox Co., Fredericktown, Ohio
J. G. Bennett,
1311 S. Spruce, Casper, Wyo.
Katherine Schene,
900 W. Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.
Alson Brubaker,
249 E. So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

In addition to the foregoing prize winners there were 250 awards of $1.00 each. Lack of space prevents us from publishing the names of these winning contestants to whom we have mailed checks.

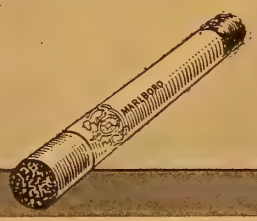
List of Judges of $5,000 Motion Picture Title Game

LAURENCE REID,
Editor, *Motion Picture*
REGINA CREWE,
Motion Picture Editor,
New York American
JULIA SHAWELL,
Motion Picture Editor
N. Y. Evening Graphic

ARE *YOUR* LIPS WORTH 5 CENTS?

—five cents extra? Then buy Marlboros—America's Finest Cigarette. Why take chances on *any* cheap cigarette? Marlboros are machine packed, tips *down!* No fingers, not even your own, can soil their freshness. Ivory Tips are insurance against infection of chapped or roughened lips.

MARLBORO
PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED
America's finest cigarette



Philip Morris & Co.

OPENING day in the *grand salon* of one of the fashionable Parisian dressmaking shops. Dazzling lights, gorgeous draperies, gilded chairs, flashing jewels. . . . Behind the miniature stage a bevy of beautiful manikins — in velvet, satin, chiffon and lace. The curtains part. One by one they emerge, pirouette, descend the steps — and before you sweeps a magnificent array of the latest fashions!

Perhaps it has never been your good fortune to witness one of these affairs. But the imaginative mind need not go to such distant places to learn what is new and charming in the world of personal adornment . . . or what is useful and modern for the home . . . or tasty and wholesome for the table.

Let the advertisements pass in review! For in word and picture they, like manikins, display before you the latest and best things from the realm of merchandise.

Studying the advertisements is not only very interesting, but it enables you to shop with greater assurance of getting exactly what you want — and the greatest value for your money! Read the advertisements. They are fascinating and useful news!



MORE TANGEE USED THIS YEAR THAN EVER BEFORE

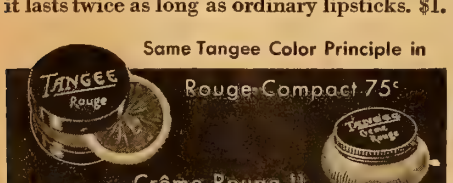
1931 a year of depression? Not for TANGEE, the World's Most Famous Lipstick! *More* lips than ever before were made lovely with the natural color that TANGEE gives! *More* TANGEE was used in 1930 than in the prosperous days of '29, *and even more this year than ever before!*

Natural color... *individual*, for *your* complexion . . . *soothing, waterproof* and *permanent*... these are the reasons you, too, will prefer TANGEE.

Because it is based on a marvelous color principle, entirely different from any other lipstick ... TANGEE actually *changes color* after you apply it, and blends perfectly with your own *natural, individual* coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear or glaring, flashy color. Its *solidified cream base* soothes, softens and protects! TANGEE *stays on* all day! No constant making-up! *Economical*, it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. $1.

Same Tangee Color Principle in



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. MP11
417 Fifth Avenue New York

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*Address*_____

An Actor Objects to Stardom

(*Continued from page 42*)

the picture both *Hamilton* and the director turned to her at the end of a scene with "How did you like that?"

Look down the cast. There is Dudley Digges, stage manager for the Theater Guild production of "Alexander Hamilton." He plays the arch-villain, the mythical *Senator Roberts*. Montague Love, that fine actor who played the hard business man in "Outward Bound," makes a stately *Jefferson*. Alan Mowbray, an Englishman who has played more than one hundred and fifty rôles in America and was long associated with the Copley Square Stock Company of Boston, is a believable *Washington*. Morgan Wallace, who for years had his own stock company, plays *Monroe* as a yes-man you could like. Lionel Belmore, who plays *General Schuyler*, father of *Mrs. Hamilton*, was in Henry Irving's company for fifteen years. Doris Kenyon, who needs no introduction, is *Betty Schuyler Hamilton*.

There are some who think that there's only one thing as dead as history, and that's an historical movie. But when George Arliss in a youthful wig, Alan Mowbray with a Roman nose of putty, and Montague Love with satin smalls made themselves into *Hamilton*, *Washington* and *Jefferson*, they made an historical picture so far from dead that big-time politicians got all hot and bothered and began pulling wires and making sure that no reputations would be deflated.

As the elegant and suave *Hamilton* at thirty-three, George Arliss plays the supporter of Washington and the Federal party, struggling heroically to establish a strong central government and to unite these United States. He is an authority on the first Secretary of the Treasury, having studied his part in history closely, and heartily approves of him. No worry for the politicians on that score.

His Enemy Must Wear a Halo

BUT Thomas Jefferson, you remember, was founder of the thesis of States' Rights, and therefore Hamilton's enemy. Many historians claim that at this period Jefferson was "democratic" to the point of being untidy in his dress and in his manners. But does he appear so in the picture? He does not! His hair is combed, and his face is washed—not for box-office purposes, but political reasons. Certain well-known politicians refused to allow any unflattering portrait of their pet idol.

Is the dirty deal engineered in the picture by James Monroe, Jefferson's close friend, and broadcast in a paper financed by Jefferson, as history seems to show? Heavens, no! These two men were later to be Presidents of the United States.

So Dudley Digges plays the part of one *Senator Roberts*, who has no descendants or political parties to resent portrayal of his shabby behavior, and who, for a very good reason, does not appear in history. He never existed until protests demanded that someone else commit the alleged sins of the two Presidents, Jefferson and Monroe, and thus allow Montague Love to enact a blameless and stately *Jefferson*.

There was also a tempest in the D. A. R. teacup over the fact that an Englishman was to portray *Washington*. Alan Mowbray not only looks like Washington, but gives a distinguished and patriotically-satisfying performance as well. His farewell to his troops, and his intimate scene with *Hamilton* are beautifully done. At the last, when he is announced as "The President of the United States" he enters looking every inch a President.

"That's hokum!" said someone scornfully to Mrs. Hamlin, "—his grasping *Hamilton's* hand like that!"

"Well, you know," said Mrs. Hamlin mildly, "I rather think I like a little hokum." So do most of us.

June Collyer plays *Mrs. Reynolds*—a lady of scandal. And here is a June Collyer you have never seen before. It took George Arliss to spot her possibilities as a sinister siren. Her duplicity is merely indicated—but George Arliss firmly believes that audiences catch indications quite as well as dictations.

After her midnight visit to ask help of the Secretary of the Treasury, *Hamilton* sees her home. (We watched this night scene, taken one sunny afternoon in a corner of Independence Square, completely walled and roofed with an acre or two of black canvas.) He sees her across the threshold and waits protectingly below, while she goes upstairs. So far, so good—but alas! the lady, leaning over the banister for a polite farewell, discovers that she still wears his cloak about her shoulders; *Hamilton* goes up to get it.

The scene fades as the plot thickens—with *Hamilton* decidedly in it. Imagine such an incident—the only one of its kind in the play—being left just there, in a Hollywood picture! But George Arliss dares use that old-fashioned thing called Good Taste. Or perhaps he considers suggestion better dramatic technique.

Watch Dudley Digges, Montague Love, Morgan Wallace and Lionel Belmore in their scenes with Arliss, if you are looking for fine acting. They "give you something," as they will tell you of each other. Note particularly the big "accusation" scene.

He Doesn't Talk to the Air

THE scene was taken first in a long shot —that is, the cameras were far enough away to include them all. The action went along for many minutes, ending in *Hamilton's* long speech of defiance. With difficulty, the onlookers restrained their applause. Just back of me sat John Larkin, *Hamilton's* old Negro butler, a good actor who does nearly all of Warner Brothers' dark butling. I heard him mutter, "Yes, suh! Dat dere is a DO! Dat takes SOME DOIN'!"

Presently, in close-ups, George Arliss stood alone before the camera and again made this same impassioned speech. At the end of the first take he asked that the rest of the group be re-assembled "so that I may speak to them." He did this same thing in the last scene of the play where he addressed the *Senators* who, for his close-ups, had scattered to the sidelines. "Will they stand in—so that I may see them?" he asked. He could have delivered the speech with no one there—but he believes in realism.

George Arliss will not start a picture until his company is thoroughly rehearsed—with every member of the cast knowing just what he is to say and do, and when. Sometimes the rehearsals consume two or three weeks. The cost runs about ten thousand dollars a week. But Warner Brothers consider it an economy, not an expense. No Arliss picture yet has been a failure. Each and every one has been an unqualified success.

Arliss calls himself "actor." There is another word used by Hollywood folk as almost synonymous—"artist." It has a somewhat soulful, would-be-wonderful meaning hereabouts. Out of ironic curiosity one day, I looked up the word in Webster's Unabridged. There I found nothing soulful about the term "artist." It simply denotes "one who professes and practises an art in which imagination and taste preside over the execution." And below this, as a proper use of the word: "George Arliss, artist."

Come On Home, Charlie!

(*Continued from page 49*)

poor Constance Bennett is trying to make ends meet with a measly hundred and fifty thousand dollars a picture.

You might take the *Bremen*. That would get you to New York in about four days and give you a chance to tell Mayor Walker how lucky he was not to have joined up with the delegation of U. S. Mayors that went to France and did at least one asinine deed every day. *Charlot, mon cher*, as those Frenchies say it, we wish you were home.

We might have known something was brewing when you made that statement about "to them we are just a bunch of sardines," at the time your company was having a battle with low-priced theater chains on the coast. And now the papers say you are going to stay in Britain and make a film there. Oh, Charlie, we wish you wouldn't. They won't understand you as we do. They aren't *simpatico*—and you've probably heard that word often enough, as you travelled through the Latin countries. Will they laugh it off gaily when some morning, with a fistful of the best British gentry idling on the set, you decide to play Rugby? Though they *would* enjoy those layoffs for tea.

Will they understand the artistry that makes you shoot six hundred and twenty-eight thousand feet of film and use only eight thousand for release?

There won't be any jovial Joe Schenck to bet you five hundred dollars that you won't finish your film within a year. But at that you will be saving money. It took you nearly three to make "City Lights." And I must say it was worth it. *Carlos, mi amigo*, the British are slow, I know, but are they so slow they would applaud that?

Sorry We Neglected You

It's really our fault, I suppose. We've been too busy recently clapping hands at directors who shoot from under tables and through ladders to get novel photographic effects. We've neglected you. Time was when we reverently thought of your sleeping in your hilltop home with a pencil and paper on your nightstand to snare the fleeting thought that winged to you at midnight.

We should have known that something was wrong when you told the newspaperwoman before sailing that you didn't want to play *Hamlet*, because we had always counted on the day when you would come out and talk to a skull. We had worshiped with you at *Hamlet's* shrine, numbering on our fingers the years that might elapse before our dream came true. If you really mean what you said at the pier, Charlie, it's going to be hard on the girls who have been yearning, loud enough for you to hear, to play *Josephine*.

Charlie, if it's knighthood you want, think well. We know you have rejected it once, but we hear again that you are listening to its song. Maybe it's only because you want the sword to land on your back instead of the seat of your pants, as in "City Lights." Whatever it is, think well. Think of the dignity it entails. Can you imagine Sir Charles permitting his fingers to tango on the tablecloth for the amusement of his guests? Or doing those excruciatingly funny impersonations of the Swedish immigrant? And think of the court regalia. Those knee breeches and buckled shoes. Remember what they looked like on America's former ambassador, Colonel Harvey. It takes legs like Marlene's to wear those Court of St. James' togs, Charlie.

Won't you please come home? They say the *Empress of Britain* makes pretty good time for a new ship.

Would Any Other Town Understand?

OF course, we don't give credence to the story that you kept the orphans waiting while you lunched with a titled nabob. But we were pretty chagrined when word came to us that you had offered to let Malcolm Campbell, the speed king, coast in on his own glory and you would take a later boat so as not to spoil his reception. In Hollywood that would be all right, because that's the way we do things. Fancy our plight recently when Marilyn Miller and Marlene Dietrich arrived on the same train, which narrowly averted carrying Pola Negri. How, though, does the rest of the world accept such a *beau geste?*

And think, Charlie, of the competition in England. Here you reign supreme. Hollywood knows you for her genius. In Britain there would be George Bernard Shaw stealing space with those white whiskers every time he yawned. You'd have the shade of Shakespeare hanging around, and the ghosts of Byron and Shelley and Garrick. You might make a superlative film and at that moment H. G. Wells might come forth with an Outline of Something-or-other.

Come home, Charlie. We implore you. The local costume companies have far better-looking hunting suits than the one you wore at that boar shoot. At least, they fit better than that one appeared to fit you. And if we can't supply you with four-legged boars, we have a two-legged *genre* of slightly different spelling that is far better game.

Dear Charlie, don't you think you had better come home? We'll teach the natives not to try to brush off that buttonhole Legion of Honor, should they mistake it for a raveling. After all, Charlot, Hollywood is not the same without you.



When you pause to bask in the summer sunshine and enjoy a lazy smoke — make the stolen moments more enjoyable with the cool refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum. Its zestful flavor stimulates your taste sense and makes the next smoke taste like the first one of the day — each smoke a fresh experience. Motorists will find BEECH-NUT GUM especially enjoyable—it keeps the mouth moist and cool while driving. Remember always there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

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by

Mildred Hadley



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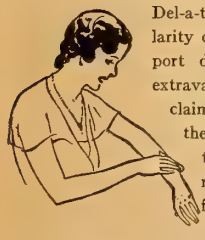
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Clip and Mail TO-DAY

Marion Davies Defends Hollywood

(*Continued from page 59*)

The Press, Marion commented, will write reams about Connie Bennett and the Marquis. But the fact that, a few weeks ago, Connie gave her small son a big birthday party went by unnoticed.

What the Tabs Don't Tell

THE papers go on detailing the Ina Claire-John Gilbert disagreements. And hardly a word about the quiet, well-ordered lives of the Conrad Nagels, Clive Brooks and Neil Hamiltons.

Hollywood, insists Marion, is primarily a city of homes and, for the great majority, happy ones.

On Saturdays and Sundays the movie people, or such of them as are not working, flock to the beach. Marion ought to know, because a large percentage of them flock to her beach. They swim and tan and play handball and eat healthily and drink orange juice and, when the sun has set, play Bridge and talk. It is also a matter of fact—alas, for the tabloids—that husbands foregather with wives and wives with husbands, with nary a triangle on the Santa Monica sands.

Here, as elsewhere, the perverse and the perverted live their lives where the eyes of the world can get the best look. They play to the gruesome gallery that will applaud them. They are here, of course. They are everywhere. They are *not Hollywood.*

Actors, Marion thinks, are themselves responsible for much of the sensationalism that is written about them. She said, "We are all mad at Buster (Keaton) for talking." For let a story seep out about, say, the home of Buster Keaton or John Gilbert or Clara Bow, and the Press flocks to the 'phone and to the back door. "Tell us . . . tell us . . . " The actor usually hasn't sense enough to say nothing. No, he must tell all. It may be that he has learned from sad past experience that what he doesn't tell will be written anyway. Or it may be that because he is an actor, he must have an audience when his Big Moments present themselves. Whatever his reason, deplores Marion, he *talks.* And the ball rolls on, acquiring mud.

But this, explains Marion, doesn't make Hollywood any different from any other place. It simply makes the attitude toward Hollywood different. The public smirks and wonders who will be the next victim.

Hollywood Doesn't Do It

MARION disclaims the oft-printed and oft-quoted words that Hollywood corrupts the morals of youth. There are dozens of decent girls and boys—Buddy Rogerses and Richard Arlens and Mary Brians and June Collyers and Anita Pages and Ben Alexanders and Russell Gleasons—who are not a whit more corrupt than the same Buddys and Russells and Marys in other, smaller towns. If all these young people are to be labeled corrupt, then all the youth of America is likewise to be labeled—and libeled.

Nor does Hollywood bring about the disintegration of a young man's character as demonstrated in a recent opus about Hollywood. Young men do not rot in the sunshine of Hollywood unless, at the core, *the rot was there;* unless some misconception of Hollywood as a place of beautiful, loose damsels, plenteous liquor and no fiddler to pay has bored into shallow minds.

Most of our men, such as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Conrad Nagel and Warner Baxter and Richard Barthelmess and Richard Arlen and others, came here as boys. And if there is any sign of rot about them, within or without, it would take a stethoscope to find it. They are decent-living, intelligent, wholesome, home-making people with jobs to do—and *doing them.*

Nor has Marion—nor have I—ever observed the movie people making perversion an ordinary, or even an extraordinary means of diversion. If any of the young movie-makers haunt "whipping rooms" and other chambers of pathological horrors, neither Marion nor I have yet had the pleasure of meeting them.

Some of the scribblers represent studio waiting-rooms as modernistic salons, presided over by fluttering houri. This is so much piffle. Anyone who has actually penetrated as far as the waiting-room of a studio knows that it is a barren, serviceable place presided over, more often than not, by curt and business-like young men. These same authors portray lady movie stars entering hotels preceded by Frenchified maids and followed by uniformed lackeys. Their imaginations run away with them. Most of the stars drive their own cars and, very recently, Norma Shearer was observed wheeling her own baby carriage.

It isn't, Marion thinks, funny to burlesque anything unless, at the heart of the burlesque, there is *a recognizable truth.* The books and plays written about Hollywood contain, to those of us who live here and work here and are on the inside, little recognizable truth.

It's Healthy and Normal

HOLLYWOOD is not only a home place and a healthy, out-of-doors place; it is, also, a restless place. So much is true. But so is every locality restless where young people are struggling for fame, for artistic achievement, for money. It wouldn't be normal if it were not restless.

Hollywood is a hard-working place. It is hard work to be in pictures. It means long hours. It means working whether you feel well or ill. The day I talked with Marion, she was perched in a small roadster, on a sort of a scaffolding. A wind machine was giving a one hundred per cent imitation of the North wind at top speed. Two stalwart huskies at the back were violently shaking the roadster up and down, this way and that way. The camera ground out a record of Marion racing along in a wind storm. When Marion clambered down from the car, she revealed the fact that she had a wretched, fluish cold. Her ears ached. Her bones ached. Her throat was sore. No matter. The picture had to be finished that night, according to schedule. And Marion is only one of many who show calibre of a kind not mentioned in the recent outpouring of "literary" lies.

Let someone write the truth about Hollywood. It will be hard to do. For Hollywood is no one thing. It is a composite of lives being lived in all the patterns that life can take. The pattern is not all perversion and scandal and display. There are the uncredited decent people, the healthy, hard-working people. If you don't believe it, come out to Hollywood and live here and meet them.

This is Marion Davies' defense of the Hollywood she loves.

Did You Know That—

Norma Shearer, who seems to be getting the biggest of the big feminine rôles at M-G-M, is now slated to do O'Neill's "Strange Interlude"?

Is There No Happiness In Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 53*)

could have made a go of the original marriage. If they had wanted to badly enough, they could have planned homes, raised children, *made* their marriages successful. Marriage doesn't happen to you. It is a career. *You work at it.* Suppose they had made a few sacrifices, suffered a degree or two of heartache—what of that? There was, in many of these and other cases, the Other to be considered. There was the quality of stick-to-it-iveness to be reckoned with. *There was the new emotion of denying themselves the thing they wanted.*

A great many of the tabloid love affairs and divorces might have been spared us. Humanity beats with much the same heart the world over. The love of adventuring, of change, of thrill is not peculiar to movie people. There are millions of plain and sober folk who turn away from that bright will o' the wisp, because they have sons and daughters growing up, because they have the respect of their fellow-men and do not want to lose it, because they do not feel themselves to be of such single importance that nothing matters except *their* emotions of the moment.

Life may not be, and usually isn't, all sunshine and roses. It is, very often, prickly thorn and wholewheat bread. A fare they have never known, these spendthrift stars.

They Can't Be "Bored"

THERE is scarcely one among them who would forsake the limelight, the Big Money, and the excitement for the sake of any man, any woman, any home or children. Anything that might entail sacrifice and boredom. And if they don't want to, that's all right, too. But not all right to go about bemoaning the fact that life is stale and profitless after forty.

Would Chaplin renounce his "genius," his "artistic temperament," to be a father to two small boys he brought into this world? No.

Would Gloria settle down and be plain Mrs. So-and-So in order to make some everyday man happy and contented? Not just yet.

Would Loretta Young knuckle down to a bargain made, make the best of the bad part, learn to be grateful for the good part?

You buy love. You buy hate. You buy marriage. You buy divorce. You buy thrills and excitements and Front Pages and Life. After a time Life raises the ante, and the spendthrift stars are left holding the bag.

They've had everything?

They have not.

They've had everything that doesn't matter long and few of the things that matter forever.

They haven't had sacrifice of self. They haven't had patience. They haven't had moral stamina. They have rendered unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's—and Caesar sooner or later will taunt them about it.

They wouldn't stick to a marriage going on the rocks. They wouldn't deny themselves the thrill of an affair. They wouldn't go out of their way to make people who love them happy. They wouldn't be men and women at the cost of being movie actors and actresses for anything in the next world.

They have had everything but the bread and bone of life. They are surfeited. They are not satisfied.

Did You Know That—

Thelma Todd's screen name is now Alison Loyd?

Evanston, Ill., wealthy Chicago suburb, has banned gangster films because local youngsters cheered "heroes"?



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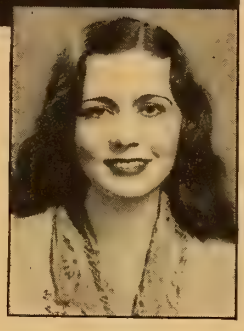
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Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. There is one near you. Liggett and Owl Stores are Rexall Stores, too!

Will Dietrich Stay In America?

(*Continued from page 57*)

in a new home in Beverly Hills. No wonder you tell everyone you meet that you are seeing Hollywood through different eyes!

Truthfully, I think the secret of it is that you are delightedly happy to be back where you are important and loved again. As you said:

"It is goot to be back! Before, when you talk to me I vas—I *was*—very unhappy. I am afraid I said many bad thing about Hollywood. That it was dull and uninteresting, yes? That was because I was lonely without my baby. I felt strange and lonely with nothing to do.

"I used to stay here at the studio, hoping something would happen. I used to sit in the publicity department, looking at pictures and watching the hands on the clock to see if it was time for lunch, or time to go home. Now, I am so busy it take me three hours to get out of my house. I fly around like crazee. Instead of waiting, I have to hurry very fast to get out of my house and be here on time for things planned for me. This morning it took me three hours to get out of my house, I have so much to do. Before, it would have been three minutes.

Why You're Happy Now

"BEFORE, I grieve for my baby. Now I play with her until I am worn out. She is so very happy in this sunshine! She even looks prettier to me than she did in Berlin."

I asked you when you were planning to go back home again. You shrugged. "Six months—a year—I do not know." Nor did you look particularly interested!

You did say that the German people seem to expect you to make a talking picture in your native language. You said that when you do go back, you may stay long enough to make a German picture for a German company.

I asked you: "And will your husband direct it?"

You did not answer right away. You turned that lovely head of yours and looked out the door at the studio gardens. Somehow, for a moment you reminded me of that sullen girl of six months ago. You shrugged your shoulders deeply. When you finally answered, you said: "My husband? He is in Paris. No, I would not make a picture with my husband in Germany." It was not so much your words, as the way you said it, Marlene, that leads me to believe that the strongest link of yours with Berlin has been severed—now that the baby is here in Hollywood with you.

Your baby, your career, your fame are all here in Hollywood. And for the first time I believe that you, too, are here in spirit, as well as body.

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 72*)

Riders of the Cactus—Wally Wales, the coming big Western star, hunts a treasure, has several fistic battles with the villain, and has two girls in love with him. The youngsters will eat it up (Big Four).

Russia's Five-Year Plan—Pictorial propaganda in favor of the present scheme of things in Soviet Russia, with English interpretation of all scenes. More newsreel than drama, but interesting (Amkino).

Salvation Nell—That old-time melodrama about the girl of the slums who redeems her man, given a new lease on life by the acting of Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves (Tiffany).

Sea Eagles—Wallace Beery takes to the air in a story that has more drama than comedy, but plenty of both. Marjorie Rambeau is with him (M-G-M).

Seed—Charles G. Norris birth-control novel, with the birth-control angle left out. Lois Wilson, John Boles and Genevieve Tobin make it a human and entertaining triangle story (Univ.).

The Sky Raiders—A Western with all the big scenes in the air, featuring Lloyd Hughes and Marceline Day. Aviation thrills a plenty (Col).

Sleeping Partners—A boldish English picture, with a bachelor and a married woman taking sleeping potions by accident. The laughs are scattered (Elstree).

Smart Money—Edward G. Robinson gives you another vivid character sketch—this time of a small-town barber who becomes a big-time gambler (W. B.).

The Smiling Lieutenant—Another rollicking Chevalier satire of romance and royalty—with Maurice having to marry a princess (Miriam Hopkins), though in love with a pauper (Claudette Colbert)—(Par.).

Svengali—Behind a hideous beard, John Barrymore enacts the hypnotic villain of Du Maurier's famous novel, "Trilby." Here is Barrymore at his best (W. B.).

Tabu—F. W. Murnau's last picture—a sensitive, silent transcription of a tragic romance in the South Seas. The all-native cast is remarkable (Par.).

Tarnished Lady—Despite a weak story about a girl who marries for comfort and then regrets it, Tallulah Bankhead makes a big impression in her first talkie (Par.).

Their Mad Moment—Warner Baxter and Dorothy Mackaill have a time of it, when they fall in love. Light, but likable (Fox).

This Modern Age—Joan Crawford almost goes to the bow-wows because her mother (Marjorie Rambeau) won't reform. Good acting in an over-sexed story (M-G-M).

Three Loves—A two-year-old German-made picture, revealing Marlene Dietrich as a siren who wrecks the lives of three men. Too sombre for most American audiences (W. B.).

Three Who Loved—Two bank clerks, Robert Ames and Conrad Nagel, both love Betty Compson—and on top of the triangle there's mystery in the plot. Good melodrama (RKO).

Too Many Cooks—Too many relatives almost wreck the love-making of Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee, who aren't so funny when Woolsey isn't with them (RKO).

Traveling Husbands—A fair-to-middlin' comedy melodrama, involving Evelyn Brent, Constance Cummings and two traveling salesmen (RKO).

The Two-Gun-Man—A regulation Western, but Ken Maynard keeps things moving with his hard ridin', quick shootin' (Tiffany).

Up for Murder—As a cub reporter, Lew Ayres makes the mistake of falling in love with the worldly society editor (Genevieve Tobin). Potent drama (Univ.).

Up Pops the Devil—While husband Norman Foster stays home to write a novel, Carole Lombard goes out to earn the daily bread. Amusingly enough, the arrangement doesn't work (Par.).

Vice Squad—A bitter explanation of how innocent girls can be railroaded to prison by unscrupulous policemen—acted compellingly by Paul Lukas and Kay Francis (Par.).

The Viking—The picture that Varick Frissell was killed in making—a simple and thrilling story of life among the seamen on the Labrador coast. An all-sound film, with some talking (J. D. Williams)

White Shoulders—Hermit Jack Holt returns to civilization and has a hankering for Mary Astor's white shoulders—but so does Ricardo Cortez. Vivid triangle drama (RKO).

The Woman Between—Married to an older man, Lily Damita falls in love with her stepson. The results are dramatic, semi-tragic. The story, however, moves slowly (RKO).

A Woman of Experience—As a tragic spy, Helen Twelvetrees again has a sombre rôle, again makes the most of it (RKO-Pathé).

Women of All Nations—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe together again, battling their way around the world, finally fighting over Greta Nissen. The humor should appeal to marines (Fox).

Young As You Feel—To cure his sons of obeying those impulses, Will Rogers pretends to go haywire himself. Will and his new batch of wise cracks are the whole show (Fox).

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So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public.* Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way.* There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow,* if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.



Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.
Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.
Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.
Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"
Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,
6519 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days, and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois



The symbol of
HEARTBREAK AGE
comes
HEAD FIRST!

It's *gray hair,* dear lady. Don't delude yourself about it. For it's the unfailing sign of heartbreak age, irrespective of what your friends may tell you. If you would avoid this age-announcing period, use NOTOX. Then you can safely discard those undeserved years. Yet not with that horrible "dyed" look, heaven forbid! NOTOX is undetectable because it scientifically deposits the color inside the hair shaft, instead of crusting the hair with a *surface* plate of dye, as do all old-fashioned "clear white restorers." NOTOX leaves your hair as glossy, fine and supple as ever, undetectably natural. Washing, waving or sunning NOTOXED hair does not affect it in the *slightest.* Try NOTOX today. ***Resent a substitute*** . . . a like product does not exist. Buy NOTOX for home use at smart shops everywhere.

NOTOX

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"Not a Freckle to worry about . . . I use Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment"

Embarrassing freckles just naturally fade out with the application of this scientific SAFE bleach cream, leaving the skin clear and beautiful.

The standard freckle remover for 40 years . . . satisfaction guaranteed. At your drug store . . . or send 65c for 1 oz. jar or $1.25 for 2 oz. jar, to the Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. MP-9, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Write for Free Beauty Booklet



The Friend of Every Mother

Cuticura Soap

Who Values Her Children's Skin Health

Price 25c. Sample free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 6K, Malden, Mass.

Doesn't Fatty Arbuckle Deserve A Break?

(*Continued from page 41*)

sisters of their old idol. Perhaps some have had children of their own. Explain it however you will, the fact remains that kids of to-day know and love Roscoe. It seems a shame that prejudice should prohibit them from enjoying his comedies now. The Arbuckle brand of fun was always good for juvenile audiences. It was never even slightly suggestive."

Cruze Willing to Direct

JAMES CRUZE directed a number of Fatty's comedies in the early days. He tells of offering gags from time to time that Arbuckle would reject for fear of double-meanings.

"Roscoe kept any suggestion of vulgarity from his work, partly, perhaps, because he knew how many children saw his pictures. That his comedies were always clean was due almost entirely to his own efforts. I have known him to carry a fight to remove some possibly objectionable matter right to the president of the company.

"My admiration is unstinted for the manner in which Roscoe has taken punishment that might have broken a lesser man. He lost everything he owned in defending himself from the accusations made against him. Compelled to sacrifice luxury and fame, he nevertheless returned to a simpler life with such commendable good grace as to demand admiration from anyone.

"Previous to the 'Frisco affair, Roscoe owned the largest car I ever saw. It vanished, with everything else he owned, into the maw of defense costs. For a long time Roscoe rode street-cars. Then he bought a second-hand flivver and, to hear him talk, it was the greatest bus that ever ran. He actually bragged about the thing. It isn't everyone who could take such a come-down with equally good sportsmanship.

"But that's Roscoe. I once offered to direct the picture in which he makes his comeback. That offer still holds good. I will not accept a cent of salary for directing. It would be an honor and a privilege to be associated again professionally with the man I know Roscoe Arbuckle to be."

Keaton Calls Banning Unjust

BUSTER KEATON is another of Arbuckle's steadfast friends who feels strongly the injustice of his lengthy punishment.

"I have seen Roscoe 'take it on the chin' for ten years," Buster says. "I have seen the grit, the gameness of the man. He hasn't gone about feeling sorry for himself. He hasn't asked others to feel sorry for him. He doesn't want or need sympathy. All he wants is a square deal—all he needs is common justice.

"He was accused, tried and acquitted by a jury that sifted every shred of evidence with the utmost care. The official transcript, which is open to any who care to see it, shows how weak was the evidence against him. Sensational newspapers convicted him—the jury didn't.

"But a few, knowing little except gossip about the case, have objected to his earning a living before the camera. I feel sure the general public—which far outnumbers these few objectors—wants and will welcome him back."

We have presented here the opinions of only a small number of Arbuckle's close friends. There are many others who would probably be happy to speak similarly in his behalf—among them Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, Ruth Roland, Lila Lee, Leatrice Joy—all of whom Fatty says "have been swell to me." They've been friends in need.

But let's turn instead to a half-dozen others, selected at random from the Hollywood film circles, who do not know Arbuckle so intimately. Let them speak more dispassionately of the case. Their opinions are, I believe, indicative of Hollywood at large.

Ann in Favor of Comeback

THERE is, for example, Ann Harding. Ann says, "I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Arbuckle, having seen him only on the screen. It does seem, however, that he has been punished sufficiently in the ten years of his involuntary retirement from the profession he loves. As an individual member of the industry, I should be happy to welcome his return."

William de Mille makes a statement in a similar vein: "Arbuckle's personal habits, regardless of what they might or might not have been, had no bearing on the question of immorality in his pictures. The comedies he made were always clean and amusing and beloved by the children. I certainly think he should be allowed to offer himself again and let the public as a whole vote."

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, who to-day hold the premier position in the short-comedy field once held by Fatty Arbuckle, have this to say: "By all means, add us to the list of Arbuckle's well-wishers. He has a great sense of comedy and the world could do with a lot more laughs. We should be glad to see him in the game again."

Lois Wilson states, "Roscoe Arbuckle may not believe he has my best wishes for a successful comeback, for I once refused an assignment as his leading lady. That was back in the days when I first signed with Paramount. I was very ambitious to be a successful dramatic actress and when they spoke of putting me in comedies, I rebelled.

"Roscoe may have thought me very young and very temperamental, and I do not remember ever having had the occasion to explain the matter to him. This, however, is beside the point.

"I, for one, would welcome him back on the screen. He has made millions of people laugh. The kind of laughter he inspires is good, clean fun. I hold no briefs for his personal conduct, for I know nothing about his private life, but I do think he has been persecuted, rather than prosecuted in this case."

Nagel Wants Public's Opinion

THEN, finally, there's Conrad Nagel. "There is no doubt organized public opinion has been against Roscoe Arbuckle. The women's clubs, church organizations, and all reform bodies have moved against him. But unorganized public opinion has never had a chance to express itself. Certainly individuals should avail themselves of the opportunity offered by this magazine.

"Arbuckle has been punished and he has stood up under it like a man—ten years of punishment after being acquitted by a jury. When he returned to Hollywood after his trial, I was among the first to shake his hand. I hope to have that pleasure again when he returns to the screen."

And there you have it. The rest is up to you. For you and only you can answer the question—

May Arbuckle Come Back?

You, as an individual, are invited to write this magazine, stating your frank opinion. We guarantee that your letters will reach those in authority. Arbuckle, himself, stands ready to abide by your decision, whatever it may be.

Is your answer "Yes"—or "No"?

All Is Fine And Dandy With The Charlie Farrells

(*Continued from page 39*)

trots happily in the wake of Charlie's footsteps, refusing to be out of his presence unless forcibly ejected from the house—and politely ritzes Virginia during Charlie's absence at the studio. "Someday I'm going to forget to feed him," threatens Virginia, "and then he'll realize which side his bread is buttered on."

So far, *Chico* and the "mutual" bathroom have been the only bones of contention in the perfect bliss of the newly-wed Farrells.

Charlie Tries to Explain

"YOU see—about that bathroom—it's this way," chuckled Charlie. "As Virginia told you, she built this house just for herself. She didn't realize five years ago that a six-footer like myself would be moving in on her feminine domain. So she allowed for only one upstairs bathroom in the plans for the house. That might be all right if one of us were an early riser—and the other a late one. But it just happens that we are both early risers and both want that toothbrush and the shower at the same time. Also, we seem to have picked the same hour to get dressed in the evening.

"After we had been in the house a day or two, I thought I would delicately hint that Virginia allow me to use the bathroom first. I used the argument of early calls at the studio as giving me priority in the morning—and the age-old masculine argument that I could dress faster in the evening."

"But darling," protested the young Mrs. Farrell, "when you go in the bathroom first, it makes me so dreadfully late getting down to breakfast with you. I have to stop first and put the top back on the toothpaste where you've left it to ooze out—and drop your shower towels in the basket—and"

"Do I leave the top off the toothpaste?" demanded Charlie in surprise.

"You know you do," laughed Virginia, "and as for that argument of yours that men can dress faster than women in the evening—that's a lot of bluff. I could dress to be presented at Court while you are still singing in the bathtub."

"Something tells me that another bathroom is going to be built onto this house as our first important improvement," announced Charlie.

Virginia Likes Her New Work

HIS interest in the domestic discussion having waned after the important problem of the bathroom was dismissed, he took *Chico* for a stroll while Virginia and I went over the all-important details of running a small house. And it does not take a very long discussion with Virginia Valli to realize her interest in her career is running a bad second to her interest in her new domestic rôle.

"Before we were married I had been perfectly content to leave the management of the house to my sister, who lived with me, or to competent servants. But now I want to attend to every little detail myself. The schedule of my household is beginning to be as important as my picture schedules used to be. From now on I think Charlie will take care of the artistic side of our marriage, while I go domestic in a big way.

"When Charlie is working, our day usually starts around seven-thirty. Charlie likes to dress fully for breakfast—but I love lounging in pajamas. After a light breakfast of fruit juice, toast and coffee, Charlie leaves for the studio and my day with the house begins.

"Naturally, I've blundered around. But after a week or two of hit-or-miss methods I found that the only sensible way to run a house, even a little house, is on strict schedule. Certain days for the laundry woman, certain days for general cleaning, certain time for the maid to be off—and nothing must interfere with those plans. The difference between a good housekeeper and a shoddy one, as I see it, is that the good housekeeper never allows herself to be talked into giving a bridge party on the day she should have the house vacuumed.

She'll Learn, Says Virginia

"AFTER Charlie leaves the house, I usually take my car and go to the market. Believe it or not, but I'm crazy about marketing. I like it better than anything else connected with the running of the house. I don't know how good I am—but I'm bound and determined to learn all there is to know about tender vegetables and cuts of meat before I'm finished.

"Sometimes I feel a little guilty when Charlie tries to struggle with a tough piece of meat. But when I asked him if I should let Mary do the marketing, he said he could bear up under my selections if I could. His idea is that there is nothing like a few bad dinners to improve my ability in marketing. In the meantime I hope he doesn't die of indigestion.

"Laundry is another important household item with me. Neither of us likes the work of the laundry companies, so a woman comes here twice a week—first for our personal things, and then for the table and bed linens."

Virginia is particularly proud of the linens for the table they brought back from Italy. She showed me several boxes of luncheon, dinner and tea linens made by hand by Italian school-children.

"It would break your heart to see the way those little children work over these things," she explained, handing me a sample of work so delicate it seemed impossible that it was made by hand. "I'm sure Charlie and I will never have to purchase table linen again as long as we live. We couldn't resist buying from those adorable children who work so hard on these lovely things and sell them for a song."

She showed me a beautifully-made luncheon set they had brought back for Jobyna and Dick Arlen and an embroidered tea set that was to be presented to Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck.

"I don't know whether this house will be our permanent home or not," she said, as we saw Charlie coming back from his walk with *Chico*. "It *is* too small. Half of Charlie's clothes are hanging in my closets—and we do need another bathroom. But we are so terribly happy here I don't think any other house would ever be the same to me.

"Something tells me that we will solve the Farrell house-problem by building onto this—our First Home!"

Did You Know That--

Virginia has a large picture of Janet Gaynor in her living-room?

The Lydell Pecks are frequent week-end guests of the Farrells on their yacht?

They all laugh at the "disappointed in love" stories about Janet and Charlie?

FEEL BETTER

look younger



YOUR looks, your skin, your mental brightness, your charm depend very much upon your internal cleanliness!

Many a woman, potentially beautiful, does herself the injustice of being downright plain. Many a skin looks sallow because it is surfeited with poisons that the body has failed to remove. Thousands lack the life and vigor that intestinal cleanliness brings naturally to some lucky souls.

Be clean internally—unless you do so, all beauty treatments fail. And there is no method so effective, so pleasant as the saline one, which Sal Hepatica offers.

In Europe men and women travel thousands of miles to benefit by the "saline cure." And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the famous European spas. By eliminating constipation, it helps complexions, combats colds, and frees the body of poisons that cloud your skin, hurt your charm, and kill your alertness.

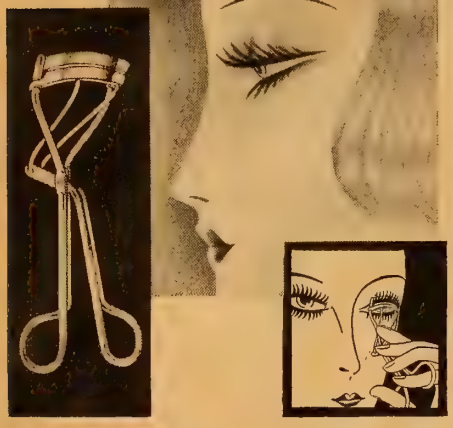
Taken before breakfast, it is prompt, thorough but gentle in its action. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.



Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. T-91 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."

SAL HEPATICA

KURLASH



Have Curling Lashes Instantly with KURLASH

ANYBODY can do it. No heat no cosmetics! Just slip the rubber Kurlash pads over your lashes and press gently. At once you have curling lashes, sparkling eyes, more charm, greater personality. No wonder Hollywood make-up artists use Kurlash on movie stars! Curl your own lashes today. At toilet counters everywhere, $1.00.

Kurlene for growing long lashes

This European discovery promotes growth of long lashes. Keeps them brilliant and free from granulation. Tubes 50c; jars $1.00.



Lashtint glorifies eye lashes

This perfumed, liquid, waterproof mascara dries instantly, remains flexible, never beads. Gives lashes lovely glow. Cake form also. Black, brown or blue, $1.00.

Lashpac—Compact with brush and stick mascara.
Shadette—Intensifies eyes' natural color. For daytime and evening. Four colors.
Tweezette—automatic, painless tweezer. **Each $1.00.**

Write for booklet "Fascinating Eyes and How To Have Them." Beauty secrets told in pictures. Mailed free.

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77 SOUTH AVE. - ROCHESTER - N.Y.



Burning Feet

Ended in 3 Seconds

HOW cool and refreshed your tired, burning, aching feet feel the instant Coolene is applied. Every throbbing nerve is soothed. Every bit of fire and pain is drawn from the swollen, irritated nerves and tissues. Pains from corns, bunions and callouses go like magic. Coolene is greaseless, vanishes instantly. Ends all agonizing foot pains *in 3 seconds*. Get a jar today.



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UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
425 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

Numerology Says: Few Marriages—Only Love—in 1931

(*Continued from page 33*)

Number 4 for her birthday. Success can continue to be hers, if she recognizes this fact. She will have a good opportunity this fall, which should give her a picture that will "go over big."

In analyzing the names of many screen stars, both men and women, it is my opinion that most of them have dates of birth that show success in a career, rather than success in marriage.

At least, marriage is a side issue, and not paramount to their happiness. In these days, however, of "the woman with a career," many women are combining marriage with business or a profession and seeming to make a success of both.

Let's take a glance at the Numberscope of the striking Jean Harlow, far outstanding, even among the galaxy of recent platinum-blonde stars. She was born March 3, 1911. Jean has already had one disastrous experience in marriage, and there is nothing in her numbers that tells a story of domestic happiness to come. Many love affairs of short duration and another marriage are indicated, but the latter "won't take." She had better get her happiness from the public career, on which she has ascended only the first rung of the ladder. Not that she isn't sensible enough to desire marriage, but it simply isn't in the numbers for her. It isn't her fate or destiny.

Clara Will Marry Late

AND now you are asking about the least-understood actress of them all—Clara Bow. This emotional little firebrand shows through her date of birth—July 29, 1905—a heart as big as all outdoors. She is someone to whom others can come with their troubles, and who will always give too much of herself in her love affairs.

Strange to say, the chart of Clara Bow shows she will marry and settle down very conservatively late in life. But there is no immediate prospect of anything of this sort. This year she is in a restless, changeable vibration, and her present "romance" with Rex Bell will be forgotten by 1932. There will be someone very real the next year in the life of the volatile little star, and the domestic or love side of her life will be under happier aspects in 1932.

Of all the film names I have analyzed, by far the most restless, eager personality is Anita Page, christened Anita Pomares, who was born August 4, 1910. This young lady has a 5 Ideality and 5 Path of Life, which make her just as mercurial and changeful as even a screen actress has a right to be. It must have been hard for her to decide just what she wanted to do in a vocational way, because she is so versatile and adaptable that there is more than one part she could play in real life, as well as reel life.

What If You Change Your Name?

NATURALLY, you're interested in how changing of names affects your life. I have more questions asked on that point than any other. I'm going to answer you by asking a question: Do you think Mary Pickford would have succeeded as Gladys Smith?

Many times a change of name is absolutely necessary for success, especially in creative artistic work like motion pictures. I know of no field where people take new names more often than for the stage and screen. But if you do change your name, do it scientifically. In other words, have a Numerologist change it for you. A new name changes your scenery, and gets you ready for new experience, but your original name shows your talents and capabilities—what you have to put into life's show-window.

Here are a few bright stars, who believed in what I have just said, and acted accordingly: Jean Arthur, who was Gladys Greene; Marian Marsh, who was Violet Krauth; and Lupe Velez, who was Guadalupe Villalabos. It's easy to see why Lupe Velez condensed her name as she did. The original name was far too long and too hard to pronounce, so in this case it was pure common sense.

Then we have Sally O'Neil, who had for her baptismal offering Virginia Noonan. And June Collyer started life under the handicap of Dorothea Heermance. Too long and too complicated, for simplicity rules in this hustle-bustle age.

Have you noticed that we have left 'way behind us many of the more pompous Biblical names, such as Abraham and Sarah? Also, Jonathan has few followers. The names we are all using are shorter and less dignified, but they better fit the type of work we are doing. They are more colorful, more creative, and—best of all—they are more joyous in their vibration.

Next time we shall learn some of the secrets of the male screen stars.

Even men have their secrets.

Adrienne Peabody is the writer's own name and not a cryptogram name. She is a member of an old New York family.

Always interested in the Occult Sciences, she has traveled extensively and has lived in the Far East, seeking more information.

After studying several of the interpretative sciences, she finally settled on Numerology as her life work.

She is a member of the Society of Human Engineers, the Psychical Research Society, and the Uranian Forum. She is a popular lecturer and radio speaker.

Just before Sir Hubert Wilkins began his submarine voyage to the North Pole, she analyzed the names of both the explorer and Lady Wilkins.

On last March 17 and March 21, respectively, the New York *Times* printed Mrs. Peabody's predictions that James J. Walker would not be asked to resign as Mayor of New York, and that King Alphonso would lose his throne before the year was out. Both predictions came true.

The Editor



Lloyd Hughes sorta snuck up on the girls (Laura La Plante and Marian Marsh) and asked 'em to look over *his* sport pajamas. Good for you, Lloyd! Stand up for equal rights for men!

News And Gossip Of The Studios

(*Continued from page 37*)

Though they are separated, the Marleys are not getting a divorce yet awhile.

Ina Claire is still legally "Mrs. John Gilbert," though they tell me she hasn't seen Jack at close range since she returned last February, expecting him to meet her at the station and wept bitterly when he wasn't there.

And Loretta Young hasn't shed her official title of "Mrs. Grant Withers" yet, either. Moreover, she has promised "someone" that she won't be hasty in getting a divorce. There is a possibility that she may never get one, because of her religion.

WE hear that Marguerite Churchill was given a great rush by a visiting Wanamaker—dinners in her honor and everything. We also hear that Marguerite isn't looking for the life of a society belle.

"THERE'S only one successful way to be rich," says Florence Britton, who threatens to become our best lady wisecracker, "and that's to be born with money." Certainly our gorgeous movie ladies don't seem to have much luck marrying money, or even keeping it when they earn it. Wonder how much money Clara Bow has earned? She announces that she has all of a hundred and twenty-five thousand in the bank!

AND here's an incongruous romance for you. June Collyer is squired everywhere these days by Stew Erwin! Still, maybe it isn't so odd after all. Lola Lane called us up not long ago in a great pet. It seems we had hinted that Lew Ayres and she made a strangely assorted pair. "As a matter of fact," said Lola, coldly, "we may seem different to look at, but Lew and I are almost exactly alike in our natures."

IT is hard to suit everybody in running a fan magazine! An irate star called up the other day to protest because her name appeared on the same page of the magazine with that of another star—a rival blonde. "It hurt my feelings to be mentioned so close to her," said she, reproachfully.

HARRISON CARROLL tells this one. When Junior Laemmle left for New York, he directed that the fireplace should be removed from his private office while he was gone. "I'll bet he's found out about Santa Claus," mused one of the workmen on the job.

AND this one, too. The Marx Brothers may be funny to the public, but this shows how they stand at home. They had just been running off scenes from their latest comedy in the projection room with Groucho's nine-year-old son, Arthur, watching the scenes in which the comedians were pursued by gunmen.

"How do you like it, son?" his father queried.

"Pretty good," said Arthur, in a somewhat aggrieved tone, "only you and Uncle Harpo kept getting in front of the robbers and spoiling my view."

DOROTHY MACKAILL, returning to her beloved Honolulu almost as soon as she arrived in Hollywood, promises the public a thrill if they will watch the papers. She had a bit of fun on her own hook, announcing her engagement to various gentlemen as the reporters saw her off.

LOOK at Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland, married seven years, and now "parting friends." When they met in the lawyer's office to say "goodbye," they kissed, wished each other luck, gulped a little, and it was all over. Each will have five-year-old Patricia six months of the year. Nancy is bringing her blonde sister, Terry, West to play with her in "Personal Maid." With Nancy, Tallulah Bankhead, Clive Brook, Fredric March, Ginger Rogers and the other Paramount stars of the closing Long Island studio arriving in the West,

Young **WOMEN** *no longer* **BELIEVE ALL** *they are told*



They want facts from a reliable source

THESE days, the young wife is not content with hearsay. She wants facts. And there *is* a reliable source of information for clear-thinking women. It is a booklet written especially for them. It is called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It is the easy way to learn all that can be learned on the subject.

Beware of caustics and poisons

Many people still believe that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are necessary for that cleanly practice known as feminine hygiene. But the medical profession does *not* endorse the use of bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

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and with Mary Brian, Fay Wray, Jean Arthur, Clara Bow and William Powell gone from the Hollywood Paramount lot, there will be a lot of names changed on dressing-room doors.

WHEN Carole Lombard asked for a vacation, on the heels of the announcement of her engagement to William Powell, everyone whispered "honeymoon." And the whisperers were right this time. Letting you in on a secret, we'll tell you that someday they plan to live in "the sunny South of France." That is, when Bill has enough money saved "to live like a gentleman."

NOW it's Wesley Ruggles who is beauing a pretty newcomer, Arline Judge, around. And it is a visiting Broadway actress, Ona Munson, who has apparently walked away with Ernst Lubitsch's affections while they both wait final divorce decrees. Home-town girls are at the mercy of visiting ladies, even when the home-town happens to be Hollywood.

ANNA MAY WONG, who has just returned to her native Los Angeles, after several years of triumphs abroad, has brought back an amazing collection of broad "a's" "Cheerio's" and "Old Chappie's" which go oddly with her slanting eyes and ivory skin. Her first day's work at the studio kept her from attending the graduation of her brother, Jimmie Wong, from the University of Southern California.

Sessue Hayakawa, also back in Hollywood after a long absence to play in "Daughter of the Dragon," has been playing on the Japanese stage ever since he left us. In the twelve years he has been gone from pictures he has missed only three days' appearance on the stage! Hollywood has changed since Hayakawa and his wife lived and entertained regally in the old wooden castle with the shingled battlements that overlooked the town. The castle still stands, but will soon be pulled down to make way for the gardens of the new Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

AMONG the few who were working in Hollywood in those days and still remain at the top of the heap are Betty Compson and her ex-husband, director James Cruze. Jimmie may be Betty's Ex, but they are great friends and trust each other's judgment on all questions. A Los Angeles columnist recently said that he would like to meet one divorced couple who didn't assure him that they "were still the best of pals." Betty and Jimmie are the only ones we know, of whom this is literally true.

KENT DOUGLASS, having found a moderate success in the movies, is planning to go back to the Broadway stage and work up more momentum, then come back when all the movie producers are clamoring for him and try the screen again. He resents having to change his name from Robert Douglass Montgomery, which he worked so hard at U. S. C., the Pasadena Playhouse, and on Broadway to make famous. "I envy you," he told Charlie Grayson, one of our writers. "When a writer is unhappy, he can just sit and watch himself go by."

MAKING "Waterloo Bridge" at Universal, Kent Douglass has become "Guy Douglas" for this one picture. "It's the best thing I've made," says he, "and if I used the other name, they'd not remember me for this picture in particular." He believes sincerely it is his farewell to the screen, for a while anyway. "I used to think of Hollywood back on Broadway," says Kent. "I had dreams of a rose garden and a bulldog—but that's over. I'm a stage actor. I belong back there—and I'm going where I belong."

ON the other hand, we have always envied actors because they seem to get so much pleasure out of enacting their own emotions beautifully. Pola Negri was once describing a love affair. "We are joost a blof, we actresses," she sighed. "Once I had a broken heart. And the first thing I do is run very fast to my mirror to see how I look when my heart is broken!"

LOIS WILSON refuses to be typed as a mother. She turned down emphatically the rôle of mother to Geoffrey Kerr, twenty-five-year-old juvenile. Just as she turned down nine different parts while waiting for "Seed" to come along.

LESLIE HOWARD returned from a vacation to find everybody fearfully upset over several cracks about the movies he was alleged to have made to a newspaper reporter. Leslie protested vigorously that he was misquoted—and repeated most of the cracks in doing so.

NOW that the Rex Leases seem to be separating in earnest, instead of in a joke (as they did two days after their marriage), we may say that we aren't surprised. A reporter lives in the same court and was telling us the other day that one evening he saw Elinor Hunt (Mrs. Rex) doing some solo dancing, and that Rex seemed bored. When a husband can't be kept awake by a Follies wife going through her steps, there is something amiss somewhere!

"THE Private Life of Greta Garbo" is about to be published in book form, we hear. We also hear that the source of the author's material was a former man-friend of Greta's who, with his wife, was often entertained at her home. Every effort has been made to stop publication of the book. Not that it's sensational, but it more or less destroys the "mystery" that clings about her life. It must be hard to be a movie star and know that your personal friends will sooner or later betray you to the public.

AS John Gilbert once said grimly, after he had read a cruel article written about him by someone he had considered a friend: "Well, it's nice to know which ones will sell you out for money, anyhow." He has become a complete hermit so far as interviewers are concerned. But when a movie critic sent him a carbon copy of her review of "Cheri-Bebi," praising his work and prophesying a great Gilbert comeback, he answered it within the hour with a charming little note of thanks, delivered at her home by a servant in a sailor's uniform.

HOLLYWOOD hears that Charlie Chaplin will soon be on his way home, though he may stop en route to direct a film—cinema, rather—in England. And Charlie is going to make a talkie, after all. At the same time, cleverly, he will keep to his principles, for he will play a *deaf-and-dumb man!*

MOVIE people may see to it that they get the highest salary possible in

(*Continued on page 97*)



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Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. MOTION PICTURE believes that Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle, whose movie career came to a tragic end ten years ago, as the result of the death of Virginia Rappe after she had attended a party in his hotel room, has been punished enough and deserves another chance.

2. William Powell, popular screen villain, was married to Carole Lombard, one of Hollywood's blondes on June 26, 1931.

3. Paul Lukas was railroaded into this world on May 26, 1897. He was born on a train just as it was pulling into Budapest, the Hungarian capital.

4. Sessue Hayakawa, who has been on the Japanese stage since he left Hollywood several years ago, and Anna May Wong, who has returned to her home-town after four years on European stages and screens, will be co-featured in "Daughter of the Dragon."

5. Clark Gable, the screen's latest male edition of romance and sex-appeal, is thirty and married to Rita Langham, whose age is given as forty-one. They were recently remarried because they were wed before his divorce from a former wife became final.

6. Because Clara Bow won her popularity as The Flaming Red-Head of the movies, it came as a complete surprise when she turned blonde.

7. Newspapers and magazines fell for his story when, in fun, Fredric March announced that his wife, Florence Eldridge, was expecting a visit from the stork. However, the latest reports are that they may adopt a baby.

8. It's the second time in less than three months that Rita LaRoy has been laid up with broken bones. Both times it was the getting out of bed that was blamed for the accidents.

9. Nancy Carroll, who was divorced from Jack Kirkland, became the bride of Bolton Mallory, editor of *Life*.

10. It is said that John Barrymore and his wife, Dolores Costello, are expecting another baby. Their first, Dolores Ethel Mae, was a year old in April. Maybe the next one will be a John.

11. The luscious Jean Harlow of the platinum-blonde tresses, who became an overnight sensation with the release of "Hell's Angels," is now being referred to as Hollywood's Blonde Panic.

12. Conflicting rumors concerning Jeanette MacDonald in an escapade with a European prince have it that she was either killed in an accident, murdered, or a suicide—but it has been established that Jeanette was in Hollywood at the time, making a picture. Another case of mistaken identity.

13. William Boyd proved himself a real-life hero, as well as a movie hero, when he rescued H. E. Huston, a Los Angeles sportsman, and a party of friends from a burning yacht.

14. Dorothy Lee, young film actress, and her husband, James Fidler, a publicity writer, have separated and will seek a divorce.

15. While rumors have Joel's name connected with several Hollywood beauties, no one suspects that he has a crush on Marion Davies. Marion hasn't the faintest idea that she rates high with him.

16. John McCormick's marriage to Mrs. Janet Hamilton Gattis, prominent Washington, D. C. widow, is reported to have gone on the rocks five weeks after the day they were married. McCormick is Colleen Moore's erstwhile director-husband.

17. Buddy Rogers is the young man who is forming a jazz band. One report has it that he's preparing for television and another has it that he will lead a New York hotel band. Whatever his reason is, Buddy's a smart boy to get started on something else. Maybe he has begun to realize that his film popularity is waning.

18. Geraldine Dvorak's screen career is doomed because of her resemblance to Greta Garbo, for whom she doubled for two years. Her beauty might have taken her far, if she didn't look like Garbo; but as it is, she barely makes a living as an extra.



His name's on the door again! Returning to M-G-M after a two-year absence and a great comeback, Lew Cody finds Anita Page and Mary Carlisle doing the tacking in person

This Tells You, Br'er Fox

(*Continued from page 82*)

merits bigger breaks. As for El Brendel—well, it seems sometimes as if the plot has to be stretched considerably to let El and his Swedish accent into the story. And how I gnash my teeth at stretched stories! I'm just an old realist, I suppose. Fifi Dorsay is just a little too "Itsy" to be real.

You seem to be going in for bringing back the old favorites, and for that you deserve a great big pat on the back. Especially in the case of Thomas Meighan. There's my idea of a he-man. He isn't too acrobatic to be beyond all belief. In fact, he's positively restrained. That's what I like in these men of firm purpose—restraint.

Another Greta Talks

YOU'VE also brought Greta Nissen back. This Greta doesn't set my blood a-boiling, but I do like her fluffy Norwegian blondeness, and I'm willing to be convinced that she's an actress—even though her first talkie, "Women of All Nations," didn't do so well by her. You're bringing back Jetta Goudal—and there is my idea of a Mystery Woman, though I like Myrna Loy's slant eyes, too. Eileen Percy, Mae Busch and Alice Lake are all coming back in the same picture—"Wicked." It's going to be interesting, watching to see which one makes the biggest impression.

I'm also looking forward to "Over the Hill," and the return to the screen of Mae Marsh. The beloved Griffith stars of other days are still missed. I'm also anticipating "The Brat" and "The Midnight Cruise," which was "The Spider" in its stage heyday.

Thanks, Br'er Fox, for a good time at "Connecticut Yankee," "Just Imagine," "Charlie Chan Carries On," "Daddy Long Legs," "East Lynne," and "The Big Trail." I never knew what all the shootin' was for in "Quick Millions," but since a lot of folks got worked up over it I may be all wrong.

With that big Movietone City of yours—perhaps the most elaborate motion picture plant in existence—you ought to have the world by the tail. A little internal organization and a bit more cooperation all the way around should do it. Here's wishing you luck. Gosh knows we need good pictures, and you have the equipment, the directors and the writers to turn them out.

Sincerely,

FRANK LEE DUNNE.

News And Gossip Of The Studios

(*Continued from page 94*)

business dealings, but they will work for nothing for their friends! We have just seen a preview of a two-reel "shocker" entitled "Tombstones" and made by one Ross Shattuck, an artist with many friends among movie players. This extraordinary picture portrays a rape and a murder in a graveyard, while in the background oil derricks move unceasingly up and down. Glenn Tryon, Eddie Woods and George Duryea took the male parts in the picture out of friendship, while the one woman's part is taken by a mystery girl named simply "Marian." She is not a movie actress, but if any producer sees "Tombstones" she may become one, for she is very pretty and in a really dreadful scene does well. Where Ross will release his horror-film we don't know, but why shouldn't there be art theaters for film-goers as well as drama patrons? (There are—in New York and Los Angeles.)

SAYS Marie Dressler, pounding the table, "If I weren't acting, I tell you what I'd be doing. I'd be making speeches to the people who are whining around about 'the depression'! I was out of work for nine years myself, but nobody knew it! Actors know what depression means—and always have known. You don't catch them squawking. Mark my words, this depression is going to make the rich folks richer, too. It's an excuse to economize on charity. Why can't people spend? I tell 'em shrouds haven't got any pockets!"

NOW that Gloria is away, it looks as though her boy-friend, Gene Markey, is playing around a bit. He is seen to be very attentive to Mrs. Edward Doheny, whose husband was shot by an insane secretary last year, one of the richest and most attractive young widows in L. A. It's time Gloria came home if—as she has been quoted as saying—"Gene is the only man she has really loved." We saw him buying a box of soda crackers in a grocery the other day, and he did it with a man-of-the-world air and walked jauntily away, looking like a sophisticate, carrying the crackers under his arm.

EVERY month has its rumors of separations and domestic difficulties. This one is no exception. Robert Montgomery laughs loudly when he is questioned about his impending divorce! It seems that the papers hinted at a coming divorce between "Robert Montgomery and his wife" when they meant "Robert Armstrong and his wife." This misprint has brought Bob Montgomery telegrams, letters, and inquiries from newspapers and fan magazines, but he wants to assure the world that he and the Missus are as happy as can be. The latest separation rumor says that all is not well between King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor may have two babies, but she looks like a girl these days.

DOLORES DEL RIO knows how hard it is for people who live in glass houses. The home her scene-designer husband, Cedric Gibbons, built for her is furnished in glass wherever possible. Glass dressing-tables, walls, etc. One side of the living-room is windowless, the other side is all window, so that the outdoors comes right into the room. The staircase is steel and winds upward steeply. But nothing in this modernistic maze is more amazing than Dolores, all recovered and tanned a glorious mahogany, which is startling with the white satin bathing-suit she wears.

THIS is in the nature of a public apology. Some weeks ago, I persuaded John Monk Saunders to be the guest speaker at the Women's University Club Dinner. Very much against his will, for John is inclined to be shy, and besides, he was working furiously on the film version of his best-seller, "Nikki and Her War Birds." However, John typed his speech, took off his make-up (he is playing a small part in his own picture), dressed up to suit a women's-club notion of a Rising Young

(*Continued on page 99*)

Can this be the FAT WIFE I Left 6 Weeks Ago?



How I amazed and delighted my husband with Annette Kellermann's help . . .

"WHEN we were first married, Tom used to call me his 'pocket Venus'—for I was only five feet two, and slim as a graceful flower. But after about a year, so gradually that I hardly realized it, I began to put on weight. I fought it with starving diets, baths, rubber garments, everything I heard of—but nothing did any good. The scales kept telling me, '130 pounds! You're a FAT woman!' and I fancied Tom's eye did too. He seemed less attentive, and just before he went off on one of his trips he said, 'Aren't you getting a little too hefty, Honey?'

"When he had gone, I cried, and decided something *had* to be done about it. And then a friend told me about Annette Kellermann—how she had kept her own figure unchanged by more than a pound for 16 years—and how she had helped over 40,000 other women to regain graceful slenderness by the selfsame methods she herself had used.

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There are eight babies in the picture to the left. Each one is numbered. Two and only two are alike. These two are the twins. See if you can find them. The rest are different either in their clothes or in their eyes. When you find the twins, write their numbers on a sheet of paper together with your name and address written plainly and send it to me right away.

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If you act quickly and win the Buick Sedan I will give you $900.00 in cash just for being prompt—making a total of $2,900.00 you may win. Altogether there are a total of $7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying, and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle, and send me your answer just as soon as possible to qualify for an opportunity to share in the $7,500.00 worth of prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

ROBERT HARRISON, Mgr. Dept. S-575 315 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

Is Reno Tempting Movie Stars?

(*Continued from page 30*)

a rumor of divorce. Lawrence Tibbett, passing through en route from New York, stepped to the station platform for a breath of air and in a few hours was busy denying divorce rumors. Paul Lukas canceled a stopover while flying his 'plane to Seattle, fearing the unfavorable reaction in his native Hungary, where divorce is yet frowned upon. Numerous stars have visited the town *incognito*, fearing the publicity their open presence would invite.

The movie rush has not yet begun in earnest, but how long can Hollywood, where divorce has long been a habit, keep its hands off? Location trips to Lake Tahoe, Truckee and other points handy to Reno have long been popular, even when the Nevada city offered less alluring vistas than now. And there must be a rush in the offing when Ann Harding, Harry Bannister, Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Ritchie, Reginald Denny and Hamilton MacFadden plan to organize a Hollywood-Reno air service, and plan to have three 'planes in operation.

There is no doubt that Reno is making a definite bid for the West Coast money that has long been finding its way to wide-open Agua Caliente and Tia Juana. Reno must be aware that Hollywood is complaining about "the high cost of playing in Mexico." And what if Reno *is* five hours away by 'plane, and Caliente and Tia Juana are only two? They don't have Reno's climate, or Reno's quick divorces—and they don't have a single attraction that Reno doesn't have.

There you have Reno, as I saw it. A pleasant little mountain city, transformed by an act of the Nevada legislature into a bait for the discontented, and flung back overnight into the roaring days of two decades ago. And if Reno is now crowded to overflowing, my advice to the city fathers is to begin to expand for—if I'm a judge—it won't be long now until Movieland begins the trek northward.

The New "It" Girl of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

who made a husband—Jack Donahue. He loved his home, he loved his wife and his children, he was normal and sane and fine. His death is a numb grief to her.

Marilyn admires all women with homes, husbands, children, the safe, domestic things of life. She doesn't envy Garbo her "mystery." She doesn't envy Mary Pickford, because Mary has worked so hard and so long that she has almost forgotten how to play. She doesn't envy Constance Bennett for the money she is making or the attention she is attracting. She does envy Bebe Daniels the "Blessed Event" scheduled for her, because Bebe will have something *real*.

A butterfly with a human heart—is this the secret of Marilyn's "It"?

Or does the secret lie in her gay laughter? Do gentlemen prefer blondes unless they're carefree, elusive?

She wears a glove of lace, a bodice of chiffon and a ribbon in her hair. And beneath that glove the little hand is tenacious and strong. Beneath that ribbon is a steady brain with purpose and achievement. Beneath the chiffon bodice a warm and womanly heart—

A dancer who wants to be dramatic. An actress who wants the life of wife and homemaker and mother. Or does she? Was she fooling me? I don't know . . . *you* don't know. . . .

There it is! *That's the secret!*

News And Gossip Of The Studios

(*Continued from page 97*)

Author, and went to the dinner—only to find that he wasn't expected, that another man was guest speaker, and that there wasn't even any place set for him at dinner! It seems that the programme committee, not used to the ways of studios, had called up First National to make sure John was coming, had been told by someone (apparently the office boy) that Mr. Saunders was very busy working on a picture, and had taken that for "No."

WITH Donald Dillaway sending Dorothy Jordan flowers three times a week, things look serious in that direction. The two are seen together everywhere and all the time. Which in itself is significant. For Dorothy, though she goes out with beaux continually, has never heretofore gone out with the same beau twice in succession. Except for a Navy man some months ago.

MARY BRIAN is stepping high, wide and handsome with young Russell Gleason—and just to prove how serious the romance is getting, Lucille and James Gleason, Russell's "folks" often go along with the kids.

When a girl makes a big hit with the family, then is when you can start expecting announcements n'things almost any time.

JAMES CAGNEY and Joan Blondell have had the experience of being watched by detectives while shooting certain scenes in "Larceny Lane"—and the policemen were real—not extras.

Not that Jimmy and Joan aren't perfectly O. K. you understand, but when the company moved into an exclusive jewelry store to film certain scenes in the picture, three detectives of the store rallied around to watch the actors "play crook."

LORETTA YOUNG who used to be married to Grant Withers, is going around with Irving Asher, one-time fiancé of Mary Astor. Irving certainly sticks to the classic type of beauty.

Irving is one of the incorrigible jokesters of the film colony. It used to seem funny to watch the dignified Mary Astor doubled up in laughter. It seems equally funny to observe the equally repressed Loretta indulging in the same antics.

SPEAKING of the Hawaiian princesses, who do you suppose is being very attentive to one of the stunning Island ladies? None other than our old friend John Gilbert who has switched his standing order of red, red roses for Joan Bennett's beach house to the Beverly-Wilshire where the princesses are stopping.

Paul Bern gave a delightful Sunday morning breakfast in honor of the visitors. The guests included, John Gilbert (naturally), Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard and Joan Bennett and John Considine. Yes, *that* romance is on again!

SALLY O'NEIL took her young nephew shopping the other day and outfitted him in a new suit, hat, shoes, coat and even a tie and shirt. Sally paid cash for her purchases and it took almost all she had with her. When they were finished shopping the youngster suggested that they drop around for a dish of ice cream. Sally was all for it until she realized she had spent all the cash in her bag on the purchases. "I haven't another cent, darling," she explained.

The next day she overheard the boy discussing the shopping tour with a neighborhood pal. "I'm worried" he said. "Why?" inquired the other child. "Well, my aunt Sal took me shopping the other day and bought me lots of clothes. *And now she hasn't got another cent.*"

JOAN CRAWFORD and Marlene Dietrich have become very close friends. It all began when the girls started complimenting each other in print, months before they ever met. You remember Marlene said she considered Joan the most fascinating woman of the screen next to Garbo—and Joan seemed to have the same feeling about Marlene.

(*Continued on page 105*)



It takes more than a broken bone in her foot to keep Sylvia Sidney off the set! She showed up in bandages and a wheel-chair to rehearse her lines for "Street Scene" with William Collier, Jr.—and kept even Buster on the edge of his seat



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

$20.00 Letter

Longs For The Norma of Yesterday

FAIRMONT, W. VA.—Here's dodging the waffle irons that will sail my way if the Norma Shearer fans get an eyeful of this. But wait! I love Norma, too, only—

Why is it that so many young actresses, the moment they find themselves popular, feel that they must conform to a pattern, slip into a mould and be turned out a fixed type?

When Norma Shearer first came to the screen, she was delightful because of her refreshing *differentness* from the sleek, conventional type of actress who was making us a little surfeited with her kind. Norma, with her hair soft and lovely about her face, with her flower-like sweetness and country-girl style of unspoiled innocence, was as welcome as a cool, fragrant breeze in the heart of the desert. But alas and alack! It was not many moons until Norma blossomed forth with patent-leather hair, peeled back from her face, slinky gowns, and all the other physical signs of sophistication—just like the rest of the crowd.

Yes, there's no denying that she's beautiful—to those who admire the type she emulates, and, of course, she's always an excellent actress, but where, oh where, is the dear, quaint little Norma of other days? Norma, with her already slender face and figure, needs more frills and ruffles. And so, as one who admires the unruly curl, the curved cheek, and the pleasingly plump figure, I long for the Norma of yesterday. Who will second the motion? *W. A. Scully.*

$10.00 Letter

Garbo's Accent

MERIDEN, CONN.—When will the movie magnates, producers and directors begin to discover that the American movie public has an I. Q. totaling slightly more than a ten-year-old moron?

At the lowest estimate at least seventy per cent of the audiences are literate and intelligent, so why do the producers continue to insult our intellects?

To cite one instance: The average intelligent fan sits down, anticipating pleasure in seeing his favorite actress in a vehicle that has been well-advertised and that he has every reason to believe will do her justice.

He has never heard the incomparable GARBO speak and as she appears before him, he hears her beautifully-deep alto tones in an unmistakably *Swedish* accent—and she is cast as an *Italian* opera singer.

She wears the gowns of an older generation with charming grace, but why must she whose Swedish accent is really delightful be cast as an Italian, making her own accent not only lose its charm but become incongruous? And why, when the audience has thrilled to her glorious resonant alto, must the script portray her as a piping *soprano?* No wonder fans take their hats and exit. *Isyla K. Powers.*

$5.00 Letter

Grateful For Everything

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Movies, movies, movies—God bless 'em! Glitter and gaiety, tripe and tragedy, beauty and bosh. Emotions at white heat; love and all it stands for; comedy and all it means. We love them all—Agile Arlen, Boisterous Beery, *Chic* Crawford, Droll Dressler, Dangerous Dietrich, Shining Shearer; the young ones and the old ones, the lovely ones and the homely ones, the he-ones and the she-ones. Give us the big parade of personality and pulchritude. Send us pictures good and bad—we'll praise the good ones, and forget the bad. Give us all of life—bathroom and boudoir, beauty and the beast, hate and horror, high-jinks and low-lifes. We're grateful for everything, and we cry for more. Movies, movies, movies—God bless 'em! *F. R. N.*

Consider The Children

SAVANNAH, GA.—Who selects the comedy presented with the feature picture? Is it the theater in which it is shown or are they sent out together?

Recently at our best movie theater when that splendid "Tom Sawyer" was presented, the comedy was vulgar and suggestive and the theater was crowded with hundreds of children—I had four with me and I was disgusted.

It seems to me that when the feature is an especially appropriate one for children, the powers that be would assiduously select fitting comedies—such as the Our Gang ones.

The majority of people really do enjoy a clean wholesome picture as results prove that the theater is packed every night when they are shown. Of course, variety is necessary, but when a picture most suitable for children is presented do let us have a comedy that is above all else clean and unsuggestive.

Stella Strous.

Clara Deserves A Break

STOUGHTON, WIS.—Is that courageous little red-head, Clara Bow, being slowly lowered into oblivion? Despite her world-wide fame, her fiery personality and her popularity gained through screen work, is she, too, about to go the way of all actors and actresses, soon to be forgotten—all because the very papers that "sugared" her in the past printed the lies and accusations of a reputed "best friend"? Her legion of fans say "No!" but the fans of other favorites have said the same and still they failed to regain their bright lustre.

Here is a gigantic illustration for the movie-struck lad and lassie. High on a pedestal of public admiration one moment and the next pitched, heart-broken and sore, into obscurity. Hard work and the sacrifice of privacy all for naught. But why should this happen to a woman who has found life full of sorrow, hard knocks and unhappiness? Why can't her brave fight with the world be rewarded with a bit of happiness and contentment? I, for one, beg fate to give her a break. No one is more worthy of it than Clara Bow. *R. G. Jorgenson.*

Stop Changing The Titles

SEATTLE, WASH.—The old dictum, "A rose by any other name smells just as sweet" is rather hampering in my case. For weeks I've been looking forward to seeing Joan Crawford's "Complete Surrender." I noticed, too, that she was

Prizes For Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, and Five Dollars for the three best letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 150 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

making "The Torch Song" and "Laughing Sinners," and wondered why none of them had come to town. After seeing "Laughing Sinners" I had an inkling of the truth: I learned that it originally was "The Torch Song," and Joan's light tresses and leading man have almost convinced me that it must have "Complete Surrender" under its wing.

"The Divorcée," "My Past," and "Indiscreet" are a few of the other movies which have irked my state of nerves anent their title. Why isn't one name decided upon at the beginning and retained? Authentic advertising and peace of mind are results worth striving for, aren't they? *Francys Kay.*

Movies' Influence On College Students

STATE COLLEGE, PA.—In the three years I have been at Penn State the most striking thing that has forced itself upon my attention has been the dominant part the movies play in molding the life of the average college student. Entertainment is by no means the major factor that sends him on his weekly or semi-weekly trip to the theater in search of film fare. The motion picture furnishes him with ideals in dress, social conduct, living conditions, and, since the advent of the talkies, even influences his conversation.

He is hypercritical, this exponent of Young America; he is young but not altogether foolish; he is learning rapidly about life and he is greedy for more. He takes his movies seriously, expecting something of permanent value for the money he spends. In Greta Garbo he sees the one woman; he apes the polished accents of Arliss and imitates Menjou's clothes. He is losing the awkwardness of boyhood as he approaches maturity with fearless confidence. He looks upon the films as a guide in all his personal contacts. He finds them a supplement to his text-books, a relaxation from study. He develops a broader outlook on the things about him and a more critical judgment of his problems.

Are he and his companions asking too much when they demand bigger and better pictures? *Charles Cunningham.*

Two Sides To Every Story

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The fans of Grant Withers will appreciate, as I have, the fair way in which MOTION PICTURE has discussed causes for the failure of his marriage to Loretta Young. In every other magazine that I have read, but one, insinuations have been made that would make it appear as though all the fault should be laid on Withers; MOTION PICTURE makes it clear that this is not so and that there are two sides to this question as there always are to *any* matter.

Grant has been missed from the screen by this fan during the last few months, and it is to be regretted that he had trouble with Warners, because he had been getting better and better all the time and seemed on the way to great success.

Perhaps this experience, if it means very much to him, will make him an even finer possibility for the screen than he was before.

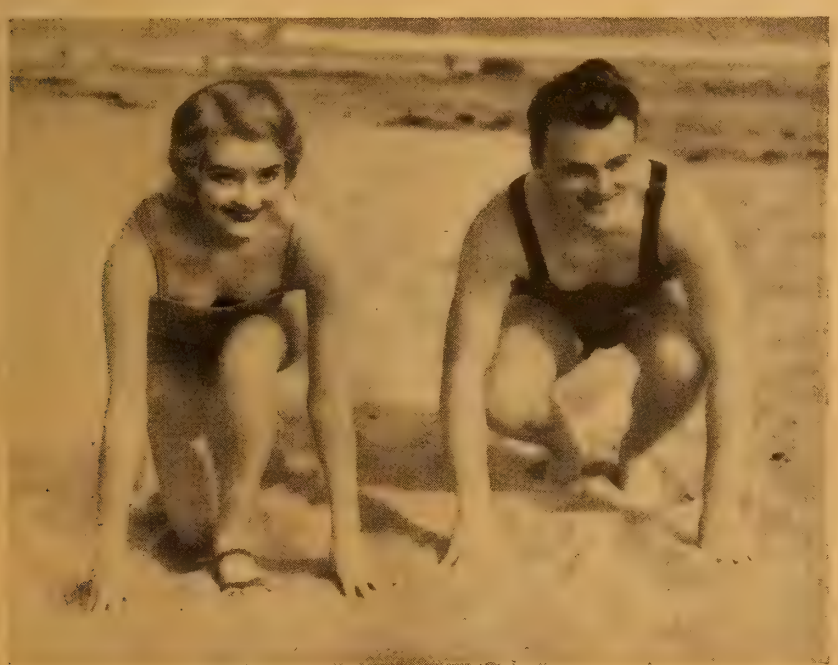
At any rate, it is hoped that he makes a quick return to the screen as there are not any too many likable young men who can play comedy and drama equally well, as he can. Here's wishing him all good fortune and success! *Ellen W. White.*

Chaplin—A Genius

BEDFORD, PA.—Back in the not-too-far distant past, when kids wore knee breeches and women long hair, I can remember a movie house with a player piano which furnished an execrable accompaniment for the antics of a little man with enormous shoes and a tiny mustache. The name of the movie house has been forgotten; the name of the little man is Charlie Chaplin.

You have guessed it. This is a panegyric on the King of Screen Stars. He injected art into the old nickelodeon with "Shoulder Arms" and "The Kid"; he taught certain snooty directors in Hollywood a new and effective technique in "A Woman of Paris"; he gave us something to remember him by at a time when the cinema seemed to be on the decline by producing "The Circus" and "The Gold Rush"; and now he comes forward and registers his superiority over the talkies with "City Lights."

We designate Chaplin by that well-worn but impressive title—A Genius. In him is concentrated a mastery of motion picture art. His exquisite pantomime, his brilliant comedy, his supple handling of pathos would make him famous alone. But his true greatness lies in the fact that he has always been a trail-blazer for the more conservative film makers to follow. *Raymond Whetstone.*



Ready! On your mark—! Marian Marsh and James Cagney, two of the best finds of the Hollywood year, are getting ready to give some of the other newcomers a race to stardom

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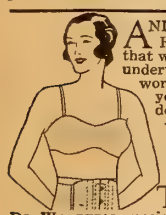
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As you probably suspected, Cliff Edwards is one of the pool-parlor boys. Just an old cue expert. Between shots, he's hunting for the next cue in his rehearsal book. But where's the ukulele?

The Hollywood Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

. . . **Eric von Stroheim** has his hair cut twice a week despite his barber's protest . . . The only possible sequel to Radio's "Pent House" would be "Repent House" . . . **Jean Harlow** wears flannel pajamas to the studios and everything is hip-shape. . . **Billie Dove,** all athletic, is applying for a pilot's license, but she won't permit her brother to fly. Says it's too dangerous . . . **Don Dillaway** rings **Dorothy Jordan's** doorbell regularly and sends her orchids . . . The "G" in **Edward G. Robinson's** name does not stand for "Gangster" but "Gould' . . . It was **Marie Dressler,** in speaking of chaperonage for girls, who said, "Any girl who hasn't enough character to take care of herself when she is young, never will have." And she's right . . . If you can imagine a dimpled "heavy," that's what **June Collyer** is doing in "The Brat" . . .

Picture-autographing threatens ping-pong as Hollywood's favorite indoor sport. One gentleman whose business it is to frame photos states that he glasses more fervent messages than ever appeared in court, showing that depression has not struck the affection market. Often, too, ladies write the same ardent thought to numerous males. And without time lapses.

Some autographs confer compliments. M-G-M's portrait expert has one that reads, "To **George Hurrell,** the only man who ever made me look like **Cecil B. DeMille.**" **Roland Young's** remains our favorite. "To **Nancy Smith,**" he carefully wrote for his press-agent, "who shares my enthusiasm for caterpillars." She is still doubtful about it.

Louise, manicurist at Hollywood Athletic Club, believes in toys for her actor patrons. In the bowl of soapy water are tiny jade and soapstone fish, monkeys, marbles. Keeps clients from fidgeting.

Here is a man who knows his status. **Lee Marcus,** president of RKO-Pathé and boss of **Pola Negri, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett,** attended a party at the **Lowell Shermans'.** "Oh, are you a real president?" chirped a girl. "No—only a glass shot," he answered. A glass shot, kiddies, is filmed through a pane on which a portion of the set is painted. Saves construction and the illusion is pretty life-like on the whole.

Speaking of **Pola,** she didn't have any too much fun abroad. Ill, she spent eleven months on the French Riviera recuperating, and four of them in bed. She's well now and weighs one hundred ten.

Money, we are glad to report, is again getting into circulation. One of the three Lincoln pennies imbedded in the concrete that forms the threshold over which **Billie Dove** and **Jean Harlow** enter the Caddo offices has been pried out.

Boulevard Sideshow: Frantic searchers for prize sacks hidden along street. Finders will redeem them for gold at Warners' Theater. It's a "Gold-Dust Gertie"-Anniversary Week stunt. "I Surrender, Dear" blaring from a truck placarded with a rival theater's "No More Children." **Marjorie White** in a yellow-and-black Austin roadster. Six-foot-umph **Sam Hardy** in blue suit, red tie and yellow roadster, with "Little Billy," the midget, at his side. Tall thin man with flowing hair walking east. Short fat man with flowing hair walking west. Neither speaks. Overhead the Goodyear blimp telling, via loudspeakers, why **Joe E. Brown's** latest is his funniest.

The title of the **Garbo-Gable** picture has been changed from "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox" to "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox," and everybody feels much better about it.

Wonder what happened to the news vendor with the baggy pants, huge shoes and derby who sold papers, calling them in a shrill, piping voice, at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street?

Mervyn (Boy Director) **LeRoy's** life philosophy: "It all comes under the head of amusements."

What would you say, **Garbo?**



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At Last—A Greta Who Talks

(*Continued from page 55*)

back in the habit of saying things, no?"

The barrier was broken then. I asked her what in the mischief she did with herself. If men, beauty parlors, bridge teas, the Embassy Club and movie openings were no part of her life—what then?

She smiled. "I like to keep busy. There are many things to occupy me without Hollywood. Before you came, I am modeling a bust in clay. It was very nice compo-si-shun, but something terrible happen. The clay is too wet and the head and arms sink so—" she flattened out her hands in graphic gesture. "Now I mus' wait for the clay to dry out a little.

"Also, soon I am starting another picture. I am mooch busier before I start a picture than I am when in production. First, I must design my own costumes, select the materials for my gowns, and have fittings and conferences with the studio designer. Here are some sketches I made for my gowns in 'Transatlantic.'"

Clever, These Norwegians

SHE lifted them from a small table at her side. Everything from an elaborate negligée to a sports suit had been cleverly sketched by Greta's own pen. In drawing the faces she had caught an amazing likeness to herself.

"I like very mooch to keep busy at such things as my modeling, my drawing, or the study of my singing or dancing in the evenings."

This keeping busy at talents, rather than social affairs, was instilled in Greta at an early age. Always there has been behind her an adoring and ambitious mother, who began Greta's career as a dancer while she was still attending school in Copenhagen, Denmark. When she was six years old, she made her first stage appearance—as a blonde "angel" in a dance ballet. From that moment Greta was a recognized artist. As the youthful protegée of the Queen of Denmark, she attracted much attention and before her fifteenth birthday had danced by royal command in three courts of Europe. When she was old enough to assume dramatic rôles, she assumed them.

How You Came to Know Her

IT was as an actress-dancer that she first made her appearance in New York in "Beggar on Horseback."

Following the long run of that clever satire, she came to Hollywood under contract to Paramount, where she made "In the Name of Love," "Lost—A Wife," "The Wanderer" and several other pictures. At the expiration of her contract she freelanced for two pictures, "Fazil" for Fox and the ill-fated (so far as Greta's participation went) "Hell's Angel's" for Howard Hughes.

She admitted it had seemed "fonny" to see "Hell's Angels" after she had worked so long in it, with another girl in her rôle. But she did not mind—because she so thoroughly understood that her accent barred her.

"That is another thing I mus' do with my time," she smiled, "study to improve my English. When I am first offered this contract by the Fox people in New York, I work very hard to get rid of my Norwegian accent. When I come to the Coast, the first picture they have for me is 'Women of All Nations,' in which I mus' talk with heavy accent. But they tell me there are many American rôles that will be expected of me. So I must prepare myself."

Modeling, singing, sketching, studying and more studying—topped by perfect contentment in being no part of the Hollywood gossip picture!

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REV. MATTHEW,
Dept. D, 1037 E. Vernon, Los Angeles, Calif.

You Can't Keep A Good Trouper Down

(*Continued from page 80*)

the mother of his five or six children. She infinitely prefers her work, her career, with its defeats as well as its triumphs. She would love to have a baby. She says, "A barren woman always envies a mother." She wishes she were daring enough or foolish enough, whichever it is, to have a baby out of wedlock. At the moment, marriage does not appeal to her. A baby does.

When she was a tiny girl she knew that, someday, she would be an actress. She did the conventional things. She always thought, "I'm doing these things now, but I won't always be doing them." There was nothing in the happily humdrum family life to make her imagine she ever could be on the stage. Of all places! It seemed as set as possible that she would live her life in the home-town, teaching school, holding a small office job, doing the little, usual things. It was also more than probable that she would fall in love with a local swain, marry, settle down, have babies and "carry on."

That was the one thing on earth she feared —the local swain. She had seen him "happen" to others too often. She realized that she was normal, romantic, emotional, inclined to idealize, and that she would be pitifully easy prey to the delusion of love-in-a-cottage. Then where would go this impossible dream of greasepaint and make-believe and the plaudits of the crowds?

Lois stayed away, *deliberately stayed away from the local swains.* Not, she tells me, because she was too pure for the usual adolescent dallying, not even that she wasn't tempted—*but that she was afraid.* There was something more precious to her than this love-in-a-cottage. It was success-on-the-stage.

Came the beauty contest and along came Lois. And contrary to the usual fiction-with-a-moral, *she does not regret it.* She doesn't look back on some small-town John with a burning regret and an aching heart, wishing that she could exchange the glamour of Hollywood for the domesticity of a Little Home.

Not in Love Now

LOIS doesn't *want* a Little Home. She says that if some extremely interesting, sincere and well-to-do man should come into her life, if she should fall in love with him and he with her, she might marry him. In such a case she might even consider giving up her work—providing he was doing some work of sufficient import to interest her. Their minds would have to run in channels so mutually harmonious and helpful that he might one day say to her, "I could never have done this if it had not been for you." She has been in love. She has got over love. Never again will she take it so seriously, so *naïvely,* with so touching a belief in its eternity. Now, for Lois, love will be viewed with her tongue in her cheek, with the knowledge that no love need last forever.

The New and Different Lois

AS Lois has grown to be different in her personal life, so has she grown to be different in her professional life. More reticent. More exacting. Less giving. Not a Garbo. But not, ever again, the *Pollyanna* who would do anything because she was good-hearted and it was requested of her. She is going to refuse to make personal appearances. She will pick and choose among interviewers. She will refuse to speak to hundreds of women at hundreds of women's clubs. She will do and she will give the best she has in her to her work on the screen. And off the screen she will live as discriminatingly as she chooses.

She has a little circle of intimates—Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, Gloria Swanson, Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, The Clive Brooks, and some charming people not in the profession at all.

She is, she says, a gypsy at heart. She hates to be rooted to any one place. She likes to pack a bag and depart, at a moment's notice, for strange and different parts. She has, she tells me a life nobody knows anything about—

And thus you have the new Lois Wilson.



Hoopla! Just Dorothy Lee's own little way of showing you she isn't head-over-heels in love any more. She and James Fidler, publicity writer, have decided their brief marriage wasn't a success

How It Feels To Play The *Other Woman*

(*Continued from page 66*)

very few women, indeed, who have entered the life of another couple and deliberately planned from the beginning to wreck their home. It evolves naturally, so simply, that it is almost without the knowledge of the three involved. There is a slang phrase that fits the domestic triangle beautifully: '*It is just one of those things.*'

The Wife Is More Dangerous

"BUT when the knowledge *does* come—then it is the wife who is in danger of slipping into the Other Woman rôle. That may sound funny—but the wife who is convinced her husband is really in love with another woman, and that she is not just a passing fancy in his life—if that wife does not grant him his freedom, then she assumes the cloak of the dangerous woman. I believe that more wives than Other Women have spoken that famous line of mine in real-life: 'So? You think you will get rid of me? I'll show you!' And because they can legally do it they hold on, desperately, to the remnants of a love that has grown shabby between them. Such wives are clinging only to a man's name, his protection and his possessions. They automatically become the Other Woman, standing between the man and the woman he really loves."

She shrugged. "In my own case I did not relish that rôle. When my marriage went on the rocks I did not cling to the sinking ship.

"After all, a wrecked marriage does not mean a wrecked life to a woman in these modern days. Now that I look back on my divorce I find I have not the slightest animosity. I wish them well. I hope they find a deep, permanent happiness. I didn't arrive at that philosophy overnight. Between me and that first 'hurt' are a couple of years of good hard work—and change of scenery."

The scene changed when she shifted her professional activities from Broadway to Hollywood.

Here For Adventure

"I WAS glad to get away from the East. When I boarded the train to come to Hollywood, I felt like an adventurer starting a new life. And, believe me, it really was an adventure. There was no contract in my purse, or even a verbal agreement with my manager that I would find work on the Coast. But I had cut all the old ties and I was in the frame of mind to take a chance on anything. Strangely enough, the first rôle offered me was that of a home wrecker in Cecil De Mille's 'Madame Satan.' Unfortunately, my sense of humor had not then come to my rescue. I turned it down—and lost out on a contract with M-G-M by my independence.

"I feel I've been very lucky—walking into a contract with Paramount so soon. It happened by my making a test for them—a very *ga-ga* and innocent-little-girlish test. I out-Brianed Mary Brian on that strip of film. The first director to see it was Edward Sutherland. He sat there looking at all my ingénue screen tricks, suddenly slapped his hands together and said: 'That's the girl—that's the girl I want for the Other Woman in "The Gang Buster."'

"A studio casting official was sitting beside him. He protested: 'But that girl's an ingénue.'

"'So are Other Women,' said Mr. Sutherland."

Wynne laughed: "Who knows? Maybe he's right."

News And Gossip Of The Studios

(*Continued from page 99*)

Now they are frequently seen together.

The night young Doug opened in his stage play "A Man in Possession," Marlene and Josef von Sternberg were in Joan's dinner and theater party.

SKIPPY-JACKIE COOPER, Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler have struck up a great friendship and lunch together almost every day they spend at the studio.

We even saw Greta Garbo turn an interested eye in the wake of the dashing Mr. Cooper as he, Wally and Marie crossed the lot the other day.

Greta is said to like children very much. It would be pretty sad, though, if she came between Skippy and Marie.

MARILYN MILLER likes to give herself presents. Whenever Marilyn is blue, or ill, or even particularly elated over something she is in the habit of "treating" herself to something nice. She says it changes her entire mental viewpoint.

Just recently Marilyn underwent an operation for appendicitis.

The day after she came out of the hospital, she bought herself a new Rolls-Royce!

BROTHER and Sister—how the pajama craze has hit Hollywood! Pajamas for every type and occasion . . . of every material and color.

Lola Lane wears a pair of tailored navy-blue pajamas on the street. The jacket, which looks like the jacket of a suit, is trimmed in large white buttons in double-breasted effect. The legs are so wide that at first they give the impresion of a very long skirt.

Mrs. Monte Blue wears "sports pajamas" made after the lines of a sports dress in green-and-white plaid for Sunday afternoon "at homes."

Jean Harlow has the most beautiful pair for evening wear. These are formal pajamas of shell-pink lace, with abundant ruffles on the legs that completely disguise the "pajama" idea—giving the effect of a circular skirt. The blouse is very décolleté—but can be more, er, *draped* with a little matching jacket.

EVERY time Helen Twelvetrees has a vacation between pictures, she and her new husband, Frank Woody, fly over to Reno. "I certainly feel out of place," laughed Helen, "as the only woman in Reno with her own husband."

THAT hot-house-flower of the screen, Constance Bennett, has turned very athletic. Even in this hot weather Connie is taking two tennis lessons daily.

ONE of the nicest things in Hollywood is the deep friendship that exists between Natalie Moorhead and her step-son, Alan Crosland, Jr. The boy, who is in military school, is often seen lunching and shopping with the girl he calls "Nat."

The other night, at the opening of a big picture, the boy accompanied his father and new mother, splendidly arrayed in his most formal uniform.



How to go places and see things!

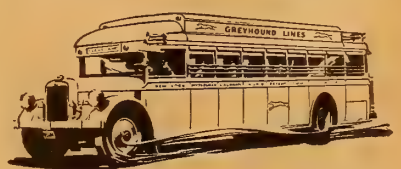
DO YOU ENVY THE FRIEND who can throw a few things in a bag and be gone, to see new places and new faces—most any week-end?

Don't envy—do it yourself! Greyhound buses open the way. They make travel so much more interesting, while they bring the cost down to meet the slenderest purse.

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THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Wynne as a Gun Moll



Why do they always give Wynne Gibson the part of a gangster's girl? She sure thinks she is tough but is getting tiresome.

M. Caleb, New London, Conn.

Only Constructive Criticism Welcome

I wish to protest against letters like that of Jane Woodrum in a recent issue, concerning Constance Bennett. Miss Bennett's acting is legitimately a subject for public discussion, but I cannot see that the shape of her head is. Those who cannot break into print without airing their personal spites and jealousies will be much better off if they stay out.

I am also getting very tired of people whose principal recreation seems to consist of giving advice to Clara Bow. Perhaps she needs it. I don't know. But I fail to understand how it concerns the public. Those who enjoy pictures can—and will—continue to go to see them. Those who don't are free to stay away.

Edward Wagenknecht, Seattle, Wash.

Those Hungry Eyes



Do you like Joan Crawford? I do and I don't. She is beautiful, charming, looks interesting, but there's something missing, somewhere.

What do you think?

Don't you agree with this? If Joan Crawford wouldn't diet so strictly, she'd be lovelier than she is now. Her eyes look hungry in some of her pictures published in fan magazines.

In "Paid" Joan Crawford fitted that rôle nicely because as *Mary Turner* she was supposed to be a poor undernourished girl.

If I were in Joan Crawford's boots, I'd eat more and if the public didn't like me with a few more pounds, I'd get out.

Jeanette dePont, Lyndhurst, N. J.

The "Lanky" Swede

Has the movie industry turned into a Garbo specialty? All I can see or hear is something about the glamourous Garbo. I would like to see the "lanky" Swede take her carcass back across the pond. We have some beautiful American women on the screen. Let's put some praise at their feet.

James Eady, Birmingham, Ala.

Is There No Law Against It?



'Tis true (according to Mr. Hays' standards) that words, such as God, damn and also Hell are forbidden. But what about the Health Department?

Within the first three hundred feet of "Public Enemy" five men spit. They are bartenders, gangsters and toughs. The director thought it made them look tough. Well, it made them look exceedingly stupid. Then too, what about the small boys in the many audiences throughout the country? Youngsters, under twelve, who will, most likely, follow suit. I thought that when the signs "Spitting Unlawful" were posted, it ceased. But now, we pay, it seems, to see people do that, which is disgusting and also setting a bad example for small boys. A thing like this does not help pictures.

Mrs. E. H., Hollywood, Cal.

Poor Policy, Connie

Constance Bennett acts a bit snobbish in pictures. I imagine she is that sort of a person, but I don't think it is very good policy in pictures, and others agree with me.

J. A. R., Columbus, Ohio



Mary Shows Her Undies

My idol has fallen! When Mary Pickford cavorted around in "Kiki," showing her underclothes as she did, I was disappointed.

Not that such is unusual in any picture, or from any star, except Mary Pickford. America's Sweetheart has long abstained from taking such rôles. We do not condemn nor look down upon other actresses for showing their undies in pictures, but at the same time we, or at least I, feel surprised to see Mary do it, and I resent it.

Never again will I feel toward Miss Pickford as I have felt for many years; never again will I hold that sweet, sincere affection for her and her acting that I once held.

M. M. Turlington, Jr., Seminole, Okla.

Tallulah No Siren

Who ever had the nerve to suggest putting Tallulah Bankhead in the movies? And as a siren at that. With her drooping eyelids and her straggly hair she looks better fitted for the rôle of a *hausfrau*, scrubbing floors and doing the dishes.

Carmen M., West Hollywood, Cal.



Elissa's Lingerie

I admit I like the girls' knees round and their lingerie revealing, hence the following irked me considerably.

The lingerie Elissa Landi wore in "Body and Soul" looked more like a couple of flannel nightgowns than anything else to me.

And the knees Patsy Ruth Miller displayed in "Lonely Wives." Oi! Oi!

Abner Smith, Denver, Colo.

Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Why They Can't Appreciate Garbo



There seems to be much criticism of Greta Garbo of late. The truth is that Greta Garbo does not appeal to persons of low intelligence for the same reason that Shakespeare does not appeal to them. They are utterly unable to appreciate her superb artistry.

Let them have their ga-ga girls, their Alice Whites and Clara Bows, with their slapstick, their cheap tricks, and their weak, vacant, pretty faces. These come within their limits of mental appreciation.

Because she has the shy, sensitive soul of a Genius, she withdraws herself from a world that cannot understand her. So she is called an eccentric. Because she prefers a sane and simple life to the hectic, artificial, unnatural life of Hollywood, she is called a mystery.

To take a man who can appreciate nothing of art but that which appeals to the cruder senses to see a Garbo picture is like leading a bull into a museum of art!

A. Holmes, Worcester, Mass.

More Attention to Details



I wonder why directors do not notice the little things that so often spoil the effect of an excellent picture. For instance, in "The Big Trail" one becomes lost in sympathy with the struggles of the brave men and women in their progress across the desert and then is completely disillusioned by the sleekness of the cattle that are lowered over the side of a canyon. Why are they not lean after the long trek across miles of sand?

And why does the wagon train, after being battered over canyon walls and through rivers and stretches of mud, look as respectable as at the start? And if Marguerite Churchill must appear in one dress through the whole journey, why isn't it mussy at the end of the trail?

And why must John Wayne ruin a touching love scene with these words, "the answer must be yes or no—it can't be *maybe*"? I can remember when this slang expression was first used and I am far from pioneer age.

In nearly every big picture one finds details that take away the effect of reality.

C. A. Petrofsky, Sheridan, Wyo.

Here's a Dare



I wish I could line up those who say Buddy Rogers is not an actor and throw bombs at them to see which one I could hit first. Buddy is neither a poor actor nor a sissy, so why try to make out that he is one? I dare any one of you to go to Hollywood and make a picture that would turn out one-tenth as successful as Buddy's poorest one (if there ever was a "poorest one").

Come to -you Buddy Rogers fans, and let's defend our -g, handsome boy.

X. Y. A., Marion, Ohio

More Power to Marlene

I wish that people of the movie world would all get together and give one big pull for Marlene Dietrich. She far surpasses Greta Garbo in the art of acting. However, this world goes big for tradition. And Garbo is simply a tradition. She took the world by storm.

Texas Tech, Lubbock, Texas

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"



The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*



Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect — instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Powder Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat almond base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips Just what you've wanted — lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Six Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



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Why soft, silky hair, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre—is unobtainable by ordinary washing.

SOFT, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of soft, rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural tones of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre. See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

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Kills germs; soothes pain; promotes quick healing when youngsters are hurt.



HIS LIMPING BROKE A FOURSOME AT THE 9th BECAUSE HE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● They had kidded, boasted, planned a week on this foursome. All set for 36 holes, Bill begged off at the 9th and limped into the locker-room.

The skin between his toes was now so red and raw he could hardly bear to keep on shoes. Too long he had neglected the infection called "Athlete's Foot"!

Several weeks ago he noticed only a persistent itching. The skin between his toes *was* cracked. It *did* appear unwholesomely moist. But, not realizing that this infection *might* become serious, he passed lightly over the symptoms*.

Don't YOU take chances; this infection preys on millions

Many a vacation, many a week-end outing has been spoiled by a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*. It causes "Athlete's Foot." No one is immune; you may be its next victim.

It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom. And its presence is so widespread that health authorities estimate "*at least half the adult population is infected at some time.*"

Absorbine Jr. kills the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

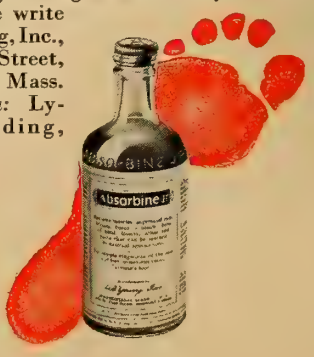
If you have the slightest symptom—itching between the toes, moist white skin, with cracks—you can't *wash* away the germs of "Athlete's Foot."

They thrive on soap and water, strange as it may seem. Bathing can therefore do more harm than good, when nothing else is used. The safe way to combat this infection is the regular application of Absorbine Jr., rubbing it well between the toes. For laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign*, douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep dousing it on*, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like it. You can get it at drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. Take Absorbine Jr. on every outing—use it freely. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 271 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.



---

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

UP YOUR STREET...



...a woman unfaithful

...tongues wagging neighbors pointing

...a girl ... she knows her mother is wronging her father yet defends her...for she understands

This happens on any day UP YOUR STREET... on any Street... in any city...

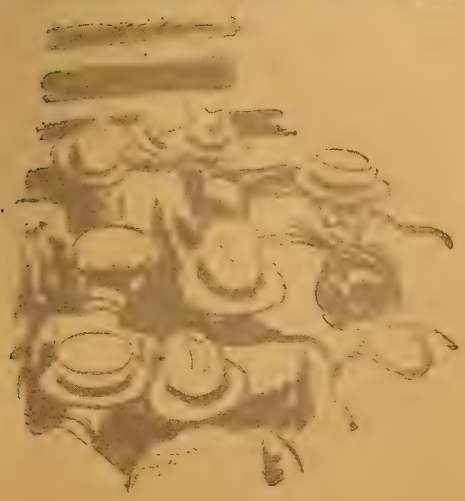
SAMUEL GOLDWYN
presents

"STREET SCENE"

A United Artists Picture with

SYLVIA SIDNEY - ESTELLE TAYLOR - WILLIAM COLLIER, Jr.

Directed by King Vidor from Elmer Rice's play of the same name



As a play "Street Scene" won the Pulitzer Prize; ran for two solid years on Broadway and played every important city in America!

As Samuel Goldwyn's outstanding contribution to the screen it is even greater than the stage play, combining as it does all the terrific heart appeal of his success "Stella Dallas", with the dramatic sweep of King Vidor's "Big Parade".

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Stars of
"THE COCOANUTS" *and*
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"



Directed by Norman McLeod

in "MONKEY BUSINESS"

Celebrate Paramount's 20th Birthday Jubilee!

•

Paramount is celebrating 20 years of leadership with the greatest pictures in its history! Watch for "24 HOURS," "A FAREWELL TO ARMS," "NO ONE MAN," "LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER" And such stars as HAROLD LLOYD, GEORGE BANCROFT, MARLENE DIETRICH, RUTH CHATTERTON and others in the greatest pictures of their careers!

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ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N.Y.

LAUGHING days are here again! With that famous frenzied foursome, The Marx Brothers, in a new madhouse of merriment—"MONKEY BUSINESS." It's the first of the great pictures in Paramount Jubilee Month—September—when leading theatres everywhere will feature Paramount Pictures. Watch for announcements. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

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Motion Picture

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

OCTOBER
1931

Twentieth Year
Volume XLII, No. 3

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

$20.00 Letter

Another Way Of Looking At It

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Gangster pictures are poisoning the minds of the younger generation. Rot!

There has been quite a bit of talk about the bad effect the now popular crime pictures will have on the young boys of to-day. How can such a statement carry any weight?

Here's my way of looking at it. Isn't it more logical that the children who see these crime and crook pictures have the desire to follow in the footsteps of the heroes of these pictures—the cops and the detectives—and not the criminal, who is either brought to justice or killed in every gangster film?

Every boy likes to think himself a hero. Therefore, isn't it more natural for him to be influenced by the men he idolizes—the men who get the crooks and not the crooks themselves? He knows that the crook gets killed in the end and that it is the hero of the story who does the killing. That's why he worships the hero. Don't they always applaud the hero when the gangster is captured? Doesn't this go to show that it is the heroic part they admire and try to imitate and not the criminal whom the screen always presents as a cheap, yellow culprit who always gets what's coming to him.

I believe that these pictures are more apt to have a tendency to teach right from wrong and have no tendency to influence anyone wrongly. Our boys are hero-worshippers.

So, producers, keep giving us these peppy gangster pictures that actually teach a lesson. *H. Pat.*

$10.00 Letter

Perfect Profiles Not Necessary

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Brawn and Brain, rather than Blandness and Beauty, are having their fling in the movies now; perfect profiles are no longer necessary and age is not a handicap. This is most gratifying to those who, like myself, prefer the leer of Edward Robinson to the sweet smile of Robert Montgomery; the roughness of Dressler and Beery to the persistent Peter-Pannishness of Gaynor and Farrell; the naturalness of Rambeau to the posing of Garbo; Charles Bickford's rugged countenance to the angel face of Lew Ayres; and the wrinkles of Edna May Oliver to the writhings of Jean Harlow. And I haven't mentioned Will Rogers and George Arliss! Don't think I'm absolutely agin youth and good looks—not so long as we have Clark Gable, Warner Baxter, James Cagney, Joan Bennett and Claudette Colbert. But then they can act, too.

Gable and Cagney are sensations — and it certainly seems like old times to have sensations again. I only hope—and don't we all?—that they will get the kind of pictures and rôles they deserve. *Effa E. Preston.*

$5.00 Letter

Vary Norma's Rôles

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Chalk up another big hit for Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." A great picture and a great cast. Lionel Barrymore, true to Barrymore tradition, was the living, breathing, drinking *Stephen Ashe.* Norma Shearer, as *Sylvia,* was superb, as she is in everything she does. But the trouble is, she usually does the one thing.

Now I am sure that all Norma Shearer fans agree that her rôles are becoming too standardized. Believe it or not, but Norma is getting a little bit too gay. We are getting a bit fed up on a steady diet of her indiscretions.

We want to see her in other types of pictures for a change. Stories of life by a quiet countryside; pictures of the middle walks of life, instead of having her go to Paris in every picture. *Mrs. Joe Miller.*

Movie Moratoriums

CHICAGO, ILL.—While "moratoriums" are in season, why not one each on gangster, war and sex films? Another on drinking scenes. One on affected English, slang, mannerisms that irritate. Also a moratorium on the use of standard fiction so completely rewritten that its author could not recognize it, that is, nothing except the title. A moratorium on over-advertisement that so fires our imaginations that the film inevitably falls below our expectations. A moratorium on super-sophistication. . . .

And in place of these, more Technicolor films of high-class operettas such as the Victor Herbert or Gilbert and Sullivan ones, the Friml, Strauss and Romberg classics. These contain beauty that is as lasting and refreshing as the best things in life. *Barbara Mueller.*

Marlene Is Leg-Conscious

GIRARD, KANSAS.—Recently, I saw "Dishonored" and as a hosiery advertisement, it was a huge success. The picture convinced me of one thing—Marlene Dietrich is leg conscious. Why Marlene mars her charming personality and otherwise marvelous acting by an over display of legs is quite beyond me.

The picture opened and closed with a pair of legs, not to mention a dozen or more close-ups of them, the flipping of skirts and tiring efforts of the star to convince her audience that she does have beautiful legs.

Marlene lacks the sophistication that has made Greta, Constance and Tallulah outstanding. Can you imagine Greta making a leg display? Perhaps she doesn't have beautiful legs, though I am quite sure she would never exploit her charms in this manner. It lacks individuality.

Perhaps I owe an apology to Marlene. It might have been the fault of a leg-loving director. At any rate, I hope in her next picture we will again have the charming Marlene of "Morocco" and not the leg show of "Dishonored." *Sue Haney.*

They're Only Human

SEATTLE, WASH.—When the movies were in the gingham-apron-and-romper stage, Theda Bara discovered that her career as a vampire depended very much on how gullible the public was anent her relationship to Cleopatra. Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello, and others, were afraid to marry, obtain a divorce, or to admit they were parents. Since then, the movies have leaped to gigantic heights; one can hardly believe the present-day films are related to the old "came the dawn" movies. Since then, women have bobbed their hair, inhaled cigarettes and demanded equality. Since then, Youth has made a free translation of mature conduct . . . . Briefly, then, with all this, one expects a change in the public mind —a change in the direction of strength and character.

But where is it? There's Clara Bow, whose career is in jeopardy because of unfavorable publicity; there are still screen players afraid to admit being a parent. A number of lovely actresses lost out in the "big industry" (and incidentally, their lives), because the public decreed they were too plump. If reports are true, Lew Ayres is afraid to marry because of public sentiment; Irving Thalberg isn't permitting Norma Shearer to have any more "Free Love and Soul" vehicles because they might endanger her popularity.

Did someone say we are an open-minded and democratic people? Well, it looks to me as if the road to independence will be a still longer and more arduous one if the public doesn't stop insisting that the film-players live in glass houses. *Kay Matthews.*

Awaiting Clara's Return

AUSTIN, TEXAS. — Not being a regular movie goer I was somewhat set back if not annoyed by the numerous pictures featuring Clara Bow. I weakened and went to see one: "Three Weeks."

Completely was I won over to her world of fans. She portrayed the fire of life and youth that we all feel but somehow never bring to the surface.

Again and again I went to see this beautiful girl. Through each picture I lived, laughed and cried with her.

Then ugly stories, tales we won't believe, began to seep out. Things most disgusting. But not once have I lost faith in that little redhead.

Breathlessly, we await her return—in a big picture. *Ruby Ozbun.*

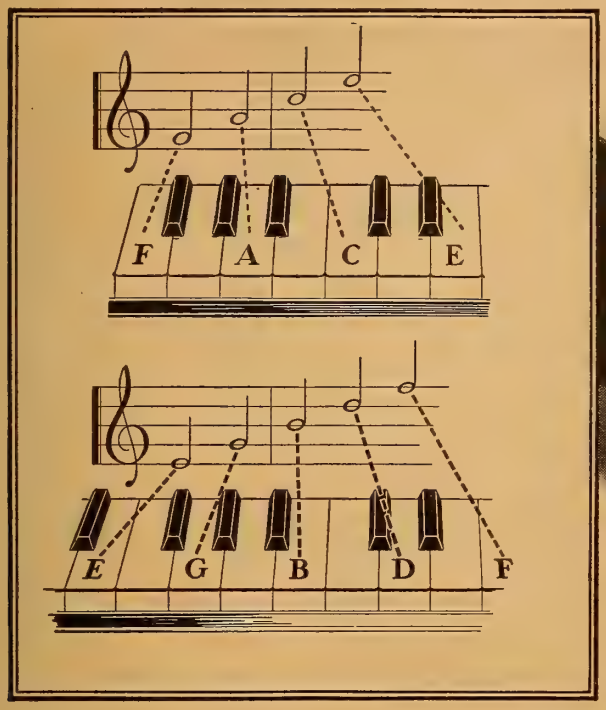
(*Continued on page 79*)

Prizes For Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, and Five Dollars for the three best letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 150 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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YES, learning to play your favorite instrument this thrilling new way is actually as easy as it looks.

Notice the first picture. The notes spell F-A-C-E—face. That wasn't hard . . . was it? Then look at the second E-G-B-D-F—Every Good Boy Does Fine. You can't *help* learning. All you do is look at the pictures and you know the entire scale!

Your next step is to play actual tunes, right from the notes. And all of the lessons of the famous U. S. School of Music course are just as easy, just as simple as that.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now.

For by this remarkably clear and fascinating course, you learn in the privacy of your own home, without the aid of a private teacher. No more hard, tedious hours of dry-as-dust theory or finger-twisting exercises.

Just imagine . . . a method that has removed all the boredom and extravagance from learning to play, a method by which you learn music in less than half the usual time, and at an average cost of only a few cents a day!

Easy as can be

These fascinating lessons are like a game. Everything is right before your eyes—printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You can't possibly go wrong. First you are *told* what to do, then a picture *shows* you how, and then you do it yourself and *hear* it. The best private teacher in the world could not make it clearer or easier.

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you have to have "talent" or "musical ability." You don't at all, *now!* More than 600,000 people who could not read one note from another, are now accomplished players. Some of the U. S. School of Music students are playing on the stage, some in orchestras, and thousands of others have discovered the glorious new popularity that comes to the man or woman who can entertain musically.

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.....Instrument?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



He *didn't* count sheep jumping a fence

NO SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink ...and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels... but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom... and the beds... well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels listed below.

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AKRON, OHIO ..... The Portage
FLINT, MICH. ..... The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. ..... The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. ..... El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ..... The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. ..... The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. ..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. ..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. ..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Hayakawa, Sessue—playing in *Daughter of the Dragon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing in *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—recently completed *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *The Man I Killed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Fifty Fathoms Deep*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *24 Hours*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *The Age For Love*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—playing in *Devotion*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Heart and Hand*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Janney, Leon—recently completed *Penrod and Sam*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—recently completed *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kerrigan, J. M.—recently completed *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—recently completed *Arizona*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

LaRoy, Rita—playing in *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lebedeff, Ivan—recently completed *Follow the Ladies*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lightner, Winnie—recently completed *Side Show*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *No One Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *The Cisco Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Consolation Marriage*—Radio Pictures Studios—780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *Bachelor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—recently completed *Bought*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—recently completed *The Brat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Marsh, Mae—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Marian—recently completed *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Marshall, Tully—recently completed *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Disorderly Conduct*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—recently completed *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—recently completed *Friends and Lovers*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mercer, Beryl—playing in *Are These Our Children?*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miljan, John—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *A Family Affair* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in *West of Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Polly—last release *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Corsair*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Myers, Carmel—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Negri, Pola—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—playing in *Ambassador From U. S.*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—recently completed *Son of India*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Elliott—recently completed *The Last Flight*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

O'Brien, George—playing in *Riders of the Purple Sage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Consolation Marriage*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Oland, Warner—playing in *Daughter of the Dragon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—playing in *Sob Sister*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—recently completed *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—last release *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—recently completed *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *Twenty Grand*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—recently completed *Eddie Cuts In*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rambeau, Marjorie—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles—playing in *The Man With Red Hair*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *Ambassador From U. S.*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *Ladies of the Big House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—last release *A Free Soul*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *The Greeks Had a Word for It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Street Scene*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—recently completed *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Tonight Or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *The Road To Reno*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Taylor, Estelle—recently completed *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—recently completed *Murder by the Clock*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Salvaged*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Vail, Lester—playing in *Consolation Marriage*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Watkins, Linda—playing in *Sob Sister*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wayne, John—recently completed *Arizona*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *The Age For Love*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wong, Anna May—playing in *Daughter of the Dragon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—recently completed *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *The Blind Spot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.



HIS QUAINT HUMOR IS SCREAMINGLY FUNNY...
HIS "POP MARTIN" CHARACTER IS DELICIOUSLY HUMAN

The screen's most lovable comedy character

ANDY CLYDE

In a great new series of short comedies produced by Mack Sennett

Andy Clyde achieves new heights of laugh supremacy in these uproarious new two-reel comedies.

The screen's grand "young-old man" in his inimitable role of "Pop Martin" is a gay grandaddy with bad-boy instincts. His inability to avoid awkward predicaments will delight you. His pathos will tug at your heart strings. You'll love him while you laugh at him . . . and agree with the critics that Andy Clyde is a laugh-master without equal.

Any Mack Sennett Andy Clyde Comedy is worth the price of admission. And so is any other *Educational* short feature or novelty. "The Spice of the Program," *Educational Pictures* give you laughs and thrills in abundance. Watch for them at your neighborhood theatre.

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ANDY CLYDE
COMEDIES

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"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

"THE CANNONBALL"
First of the new series of Mack Sennett Andy Clyde Comedies; loaded with laughs

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., *Executive Offices:* 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y



The Hollywood Circus

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

They're still laughing at the girl who said she was hurrying back to the studio for re-makes.

The studio ban on unauthorized visiting has made it hard on time-killing lads and tale-swapping boys. One writer reported forty-seven visitors in the course of a day and none of them necessary, either. Now the writer is able to finish that story he started last year. And **Gary Cooper,** before the edict, was pried from under five salesmen, all trying to sell him gadgets.

Human Interest

The huge Newfoundland dog that has roamed for years on Hollywood Boulevard is not a stray. He sleeps, we have just found out, at the Iris Theater and is fed juicy morsels by the corner butcher.

Paramount executives are anxiously awaiting signs of Afro-Americanism in their **Marlene Dietrich's** speech. She has taken **Charlie** (Two Black Crows) **Mack's** Beverly Hills home and at the studio is using **Moran's** old dressing-room. So far she has not been influenced by her environment. At least no one has heard her murmur, languidly, "Wha- what's the idea a-bringin' tha-at up?"

Producers and writers have been sitting around thinking, again, and they've all struck upon the same idea. Another flaming youth cycle. We—and that means you and I—are going to be inundated with kid pictures. Radio's making one with fourteen youngsters all under twenty years. M-G-M's using **Dorothy Jordan, Madge Evans** and **Anita Page** to youthful advantage. **Hal Roach** is shelling out the "Boy Friends" series. Our talkie dictionary will have to be revised for next season. "Hot shot" is going to refer to high school honeys and not to a gangster's shooting ability. Probably improve our morale, too.

Jack Oakie's mother, according to son, is his best press-agent. "Sure," says **Jack,** if you care to listen, and we did, "she goes to a picture and whenever I appear she starts to applaud. If nobody else does, she nudges the guy at her right and says, 'What's the matter, you sluggard?'"

Enterprising press-agent suggests dresses to match your garden. **Mrs. James Gleason,** as an example, in flowered chiffon against her pansies and petunias; an iris-figured frock on **Helen Chandler** in her iris-plotted garden. It's a good enough idea, but how about the cacti garden girls? Burlap for them.

We're still gurgling at the prank that rascally song leader played on the Hollywood Kiwanians. "All men who have birthdays this month, raise hands," he shouted. "All right, now we're going to sing 'Darling, I Am Growing Older' in their honor."

And still they talk about our wild parties.

Eleanor Boardman's home is way up on one of Hollywood's highest hills. Her pool affords her a panoramic view of the city as well as the pleasant sensation of looking down on other stars

---

Complaint Desk

Southerner **Grady Sutton** of the Roach arena doesn't like it at all. In billing him in the "Boy Friends" series they persist in calling him "Alabam" **Sutton** and he's never been there, sah—get that straight. He's from Gaw-gia, Florida and Tennessee. It's probably that old mammy-song influence exerting itself on the title writer.

The Nobel Nonsense Award this month goes to the Hollywood gelatine dispensary that billed it "Lover Come Back to Me with **Jack Mulhall.**" That's one way of meeting **Jack.**

Notes on a Small Boy

Jackie (Skippy) **Cooper** dotes on spaghetti, loves pineapple-cottage cheese salad, loathes arithmetic, prefers geography, yearns to sing like **Bing** (Crooner) **Crosby** and thinks lifeguards are underpaid. He wants to be a writer, is learning three words of Spanish a day, signs his name **Jackie Richard Cooper** because he worships **Richard Dix,** and sits on **Louis B. Mayer's** lap whenever he goes to talk to him about his new contract. He will make "Sooky" for Paramount before he goes to M-G-M.

He and his "maw," as he calls his young mother, are highly amused at the story, now current, that he is a midget and has been twenty years in vaudeville. Publicized as both six and ten, he is really seven, going on eight. At three years he had memorized the Two Black Crow records. He is an only child and lives with "maw," "mother-mother"—his grandmother, and an eighteen-year old uncle.

Roscoe Ates, without a stutter, tells of the Scot who insisted upon a June vacation because the days were longer.

Lese Majesty Department

Lady tourist who 'phoned R-K-O-Pathe and asked if **Ann Harding** could be on the set at eight-thirty instead of nine the next morning because she wanted to get her studio visit over as soon as possible.

If it's **Paul Lukas** you're inviting to dinner be sure to send the menu for his

(*Continued on page 84*)



H. B. WARNER

MARIAN MARSH

ANTHONY BUSHELL

GEORGE E. STONE

FRANCES STARR

Ona Munson : Robert Elliott

Directed by
MERVYN LeROY



FIVE STAR FINAL

Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions . . . . . A sweeping drama of pathos and passion — betrothal and betrayal — honor and hypocrisy — with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation . . . . . Greatest picture of the year — with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast. « « « «

with the most versatile actor on the screen today..

Edw. G. ROBINSON

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YOUR GOSSIP TEST



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1. By what other name was Alfred Aloysius Smith, who died recently, known?

2. Do you know who Alison Lloyd is?

3. With whom have rumors connected the name of Dorothy Lee?

4. How was Irene Delroy injured recently?

5. Who is the famous movie star who is soon to become a mother and whose present contract troubles closely resemble the famous Helen Hayes "Act-of-God" Baby Case?

6. Can you name the stage and screen star who is giving up a successful screen career for her husband's sake?

7. Whose wife, upon parting from her famous husband, said that "fame and family happiness are not consistent?"

8. Are you familiar with the name of the former screen siren who, according to rumors, now weighs about 250 pounds?

9. Mary Brian has been going places with a young screen player. Do you know who he is?

10. Who is the girl who has been publicized as a forthcoming screen star and cast in several pictures and yet has not appeared on the screen so far?

11. Do you know the name of the director who has a garbage business?

12. Can you name the famous screen lover who is being sued for divorce by his equally famous wife?

13. To whom was June Collyer, the popular motion picture player, wed recently?

14. Why was Fifi Dorsay charged with disorderly conduct while in Indianapolis, where she was making personal appearances?

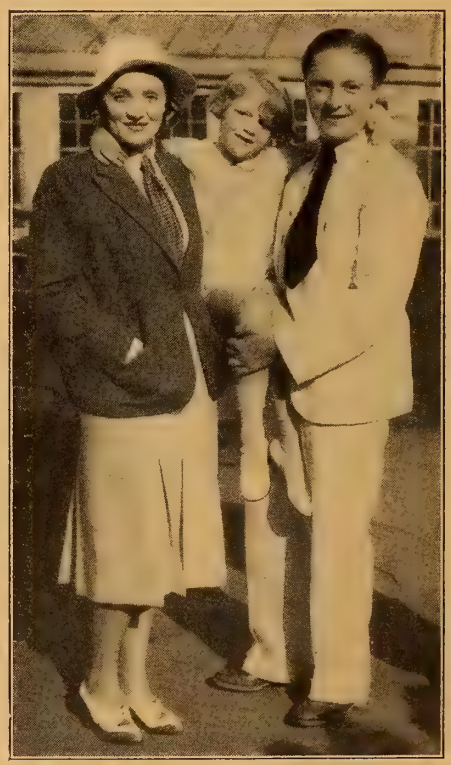
15. Do you know what Winnie Lightner named her small son and why she chose that name?

16. While her famous husband is in Reno, she is going places with a former New York stage player—who is she?

17. Do you know a chap by the name of Raymond Glenn?

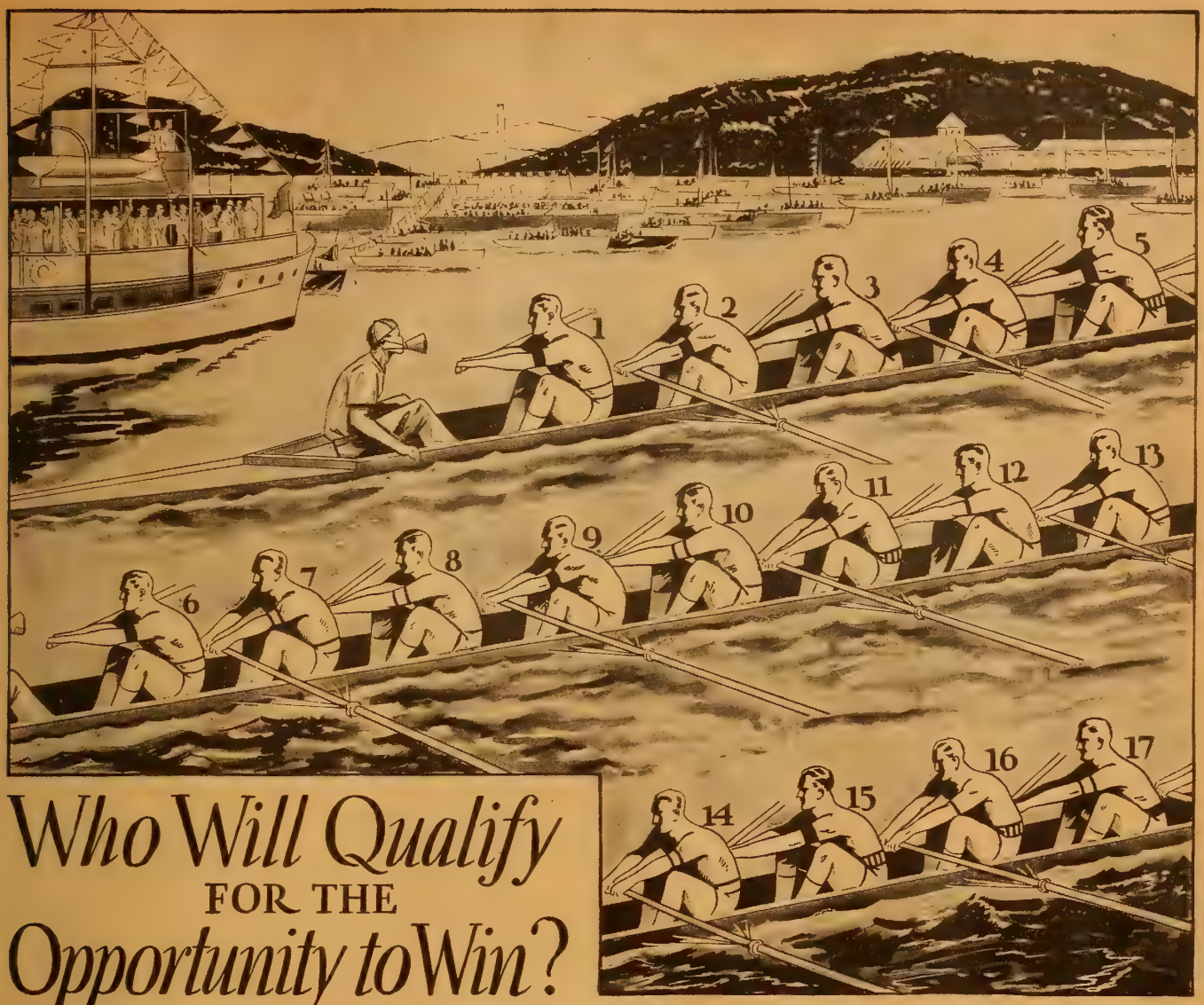
18. Who is the motion picture star who was once famous as "The Kodak Girl"?

19. Why has a well-known movie actress and singer gone to Europe?



20. Who are the three members of the smiling family group shown above?

(*You will find the answers to these questions on page 96*)



Who Will Qualify FOR THE *Opportunity to Win?*

$8,275.00 in Prizes

FOR purposes of publicity, a nationally known $1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve $500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question — "Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, **and only one,** is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.

Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of $125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of $625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,
Room 75, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.

We Tell You --Motion Picture!



What Warner Brothers are doing by their big stars and all of their *little Nells*

October, 1931
Another Open Letter

DEAR Frank Lee Dunne (and, of course, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE):

First of all, thanks for those compliments in your open letter addressed to us in your August issue.

Frankly, we are proud of our present list of stars. It is gratifying to know that you and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have taken note of how that list has grown. It is always pleasant to realize that one's efforts toward a cherished goal are not passing unobserved.

You have always had a keen eye for what the public wants—in fact two keen eyes. Now I can see that both of them are trained on the present undertaking of our company. That is flattering. Will you keep watching? I want you to observe the success of our artists, now that they are embarked on a new program of achievement.

There was only one thing I didn't understand about your letter. You asked what we were going to do with all these stellar players, now we have them. I had felt that we had already furnished an answer to that question. At least that we had begun to furnish it—since actions are supposed to speak louder than words.

Let's start with the stars you mention first—the feminine group of which you say, "How I would hate to undertake looking up worth-while stories for that sextette of pulchritude and artistic temperament!" (I'm glad, by the way, you note the "pulchritude"—we think the same ourselves.) These six young women are Barbara Stanwyck, Dolores Costello, Constance Bennett, Kay Francis, Dorothy Mackaill and Bebe Daniels. Of Miss Stanwyck, you were good enough to say many pleasant things, including the fact that we "gave her a hit in 'Illicit.'" Her present picture is "Night Nurse," which we believe to be one of the most authentic and thrilling dramas we have ever sponsored. Following this, she is to do a promising story called "The Purchase Price" and, then, the well-known Houston Branch play, "Safe in Hell." Dolores Costello, recently returned to film-making, has, we think, turned out a fine performance in "Expensive Women."



As for Constance Bennett, her latest Warner Brothers picture, "Bought!", has just been released. In connection with this picture, I am going to quote a few lines from a review of its pre-release showing in Los Angeles, appearing in the *Hollywood Reporter*. As you know, this ranks as one of the most outspoken and reliable of the West Coast trade journals. "'Bought!' is an excellent vehicle for Constance Bennett,"

(*Continued on page 102*)

In the August MOTION PICTURE we addressed a letter to Warner Brothers, asking about their stars. Which brings this answer from Jack Warner (left). The Warner beauties above (left to right): Mae Madison, Evalyn Knapp, Marian Marsh, Polly Walters, Joan Blondell, Lillian Bond

Tooth Paste for Two at the price of one!

—*and results as amazing as the price!*



Few people are innocent enough, these days, to believe that two can live as cheaply as one. But many a couple has found that even if the old theory is not true of any other expenses, it is true of tooth paste.

From 50¢ dentifrices, they have switched over to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube. This makes their *combined* bill just what *each* of them paid before!

Most people use a tube a month. Saving 25¢ twelve times, means $3 a year, for each person in the family. This often adds up to quite a sizable and welcome economy.

Naturally, however, it would be foolish to save money at the cost of inferior tooth-cleansing. That would only result in dentists' bills many times the yearly cost of any tooth paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans, whitens, and polishes as well as any brand made. It contains a special element which does the work excellently, with half the effort—yet is absolutely safe for your tooth enamel. And the lively, clean taste it leaves in your mouth reminds you of Listerine itself.

We could never offer you this high quality at so low a price except for two facts. Our manufacturing methods are perfectly efficient. And vast production is made possible by the continued demand of millions of men and women. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



A pair of golf hose presented to you!

By using Listerine Tooth Paste rather than a 50¢ dentifrice, you save $3 a year. That would buy Listerine Tooth Paste for another member of your family for an entire year—or any number of things, such as a pair of golf hose.

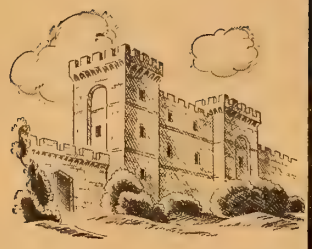


The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend **Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes**

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

A lovely Royal Visitor compliments American Women

The Marchioness of Milford Haven





LADY MILFORD HAVEN, daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the British Royal Navy, a son of the late Prince Louis of Battenberg.

LADY MILFORD HAVEN sat in her suite in a great New York hotel, high above the brilliant pageant of Fifth Avenue. It was evening, and she was royally lovely in a sheath of white satin with dazzling jewels and superb pearls that echoed the creamy perfection of her skin.

I put the question I had come to ask and the Marchioness smiled enchantingly.

"American women? But of course—I find them delightful! So pretty. So charmingly dressed. So perfectly groomed. They have the most appealing charm that any woman can possess—"

"And that—?" . . .

"—is a beautiful complexion, unquestionably."

Lady Milford Haven's pretty compliment was obviously sincere. "Thank you!" I said, and we went on to talk of the care of the skin.

"No wonder American women have beautiful complexions," she smiled, "for many I have asked tell me they follow the Pond's Method."

"You know it, too?" . . . Delightful to discover another royal user of Pond's!

"I find it the simplest way to keep my skin fresh and clear," she explained.

You, too, should follow these four steps to loveliness:



1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt to the surface . . . At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, less expensive yet more efficient because *softer*, so much more absorbent. White or peach. "The best way to remove cold cream," Lady Milford Haven says.



3. With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish lingering oiliness, close and refine pores, and bring a lovely natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.



4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a cool, well-bred finish . . . Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvelous to keep hands soft, smooth and white—use always after having your hands in water.



• • •

Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening at 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

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Ernest A. Bachrach

Her beautiful Spanish name of Dolores means "Lady of Sorrows," but the sad-eyed Del Rio is beginning to leave her sorrows behind. She has regained her health, has found that marriage can be happy, and plans a happy return to the impatient screen

DOLORES DEL RIO





Edward Thayer Monroe

GLORIA SWANSON

What wouldn't the women of America give to know how Gloria remains so beautifully young and glamourous? The glorious one returns to dramatic acting in "Tonight or Never," in which she plays an opera star



RICHARD DIX

Come out of those shadows, Rich, we know you! You may keep us fans guessing in thrillers like "The Public Defender" and "Secret Service," but the big mystery is—when are you going to have another "Cimarron"?



Otto Dyar

Gary took a suitcase and went abroad for a rest—which consisted of a hike through Italy. Now he's back, looking strong and healthy again, smiling away more marriage rumors, and working hard in "The Broken Wing"

GARY COOPER



Preston Duncan

EDMUND LOWE

Sergeant Quirt? Says who? There's a persistent rumor that Eddie is all caught up with his merry-marine rôles and is going in for straight drama. He started in "Transatlantic," and continues in "The Spider"



A little like Janet Gaynor—but even more sensitive. Her large, dark eyes and her sad mouth only begin to tell you of the drama stored up in her small body. A great name on the stage, she comes modestly to the screen—"to be a different person"

HELEN HAYES

Look Out, Hollywood! Here Comes Helen Hayes!

When there's better acting to be done in the movies, Helen Hayes will do it. Fresh from long triumphs on Broadway, this fine actress is destined to shine as well on the screen as she did on the stage

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

HAVE you ever heard of Helen Hayes? If you haven't, you don't know your American stage—for she is one of the Big Three of the native drama. And if you have, prick up your ears. For Helen Hayes is now in the movies.

Hollywood is excited about her. She is the biggest stage capture yet—among the feminine stars. And how about Helen? Is she excited about Hollywood?

If you pin down this little girl with the big personality and make her confess, she'll tell you—well, Hollywood isn't just what she expected. It's a town of mild, domesticated people who are all yearning to be refined and have babies. But she is delighted to be here—because it is giving her a chance to stop being young.

For years Helen has been an enforced ingénue. Her stage public, which watched her grow from a child actress of six to the flapper of "Bab: Sub-Deb" and on to "Coquette," will not let Helen grow up. They want her as a sweet (but dramatic) young thing and nothing else. But out here she is going to play rôles that are adult or sophisticated—or perish in the attempt.

This being immature has become rather hard on Helen. In her late twenties, with a husband and baby to prove her personal maturity, and a distinct tendency to talk intelligently, she finds herself doomed to be a sort of feminine *Peter Pan*.

This Is Her Big Chance

"I'M decidedly not the sub-deb type," Helen protests, "either in looks, or in mind—I hope! And I've begun to feel terribly silly cavorting around the stage and perching on chair-arms. But I've never been allowed to make the transition from youth to maturity in the theater.

"Maybe this is my chance to do it now. None of the movie fans ever heard of me, or have any preconceived notions or prejudices about me. It's going to be marvelous to be able to start from scratch in a new medium."

She's making the transition with a big leap, so there'll be no mistake about it. Helen's first picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is "Lullaby," which the melodramatic Florence Reed played on the stage. It's foreign to the traditional Hayes rôle as that kimono-and-opium-den was to Janet Gaynor. She starts out as a virtuous young girl, but her descent into sin and degradation is swift and complete, and she ends up tragically—prematurely aged.

"It's awfully lucky for me," she says, "that my husband has been assigned to write the dialogue. He's writing all the things I say best."

Charles MacArthur, author of "Lulu Belle" and co-author of "The Front Page," is the dialogue-writer-husband, and father of Helen's baby, despite the fact that little Mary MacArthur was at first hailed as an act of God.

Helen can't be as unknown to movie fans as she hopes. They couldn't all have missed the story of the "Act-of-God Baby" when it was spread across the country two years ago.

About That "Act-of-God" Baby

I SHOULDN'T bring up this subject at all, because Helen is afraid that the unfortunate title may cling to her little daughter for life. She has been indignant about it from the very beginning.

But many people have the impression that Helen herself labeled the baby an act of God, in order to get out of her contract when she was on tour in "Coquette," several weeks before the child was born.

"No, no!" cries Helen, maternally outraged by the very

(*Continued on page 93*)

High-Lights About Helen Hayes

She first appeared on the stage when she was six—and has acted ever since.

She has been a star since she was eighteen. She is now about twenty-six.

She has appeared in a long succession of stage hits—no failures. The most famous: Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" and "Coquette." She played in "Coquette" eighty weeks.

Expecting a child (she is the wife of playwright Charles MacArthur), she suddenly had to leave the cast. The show closed. The manager sought to escape paying extra salaries by claiming the star's motherhood was "an act of God."

When little Mary MacArthur was born, the headline-hunters called her "the Act-of-God Baby"—much to Helen's distress.

Her first picture will be "Lullaby"—totally different from anything she has ever done.

She will then play *Leora*, the nurse, in Sinclair Lewis' finest story, "Arrowsmith." Here's a rare combination of a real story and a real actress!

She is in Hollywood "to be a new person." And she will be!



Weddings That

Hollywood is famous for romances with happy the stars are sometimes unhappy. The stories of



Greta Garbo was fascinated—but was she in love with John Gilbert?



John Gilbert has never been the same since Greta cooled toward him



When Joan Crawford whooped it up, she went with Michael Cudahy



Michael Cudahy might have won Joan, if he had been less of a playboy

Acme



When Constance Talmadge was eighteen, she was almost Mrs. Barthelmess



It took Dick a long time to recover from his break with Connie

By MARQUIS

EVERYTHING possible has been written about the Hollywood romances that end in marriage. Word is rushed out to a waiting world how Dotty Dimple keeps the love of her star-husband, Harold Handsome, by always seeing that the marcel is in place before she descends to the breakfast-table. (If you can find such a thing as a breakfast-table in Hollywood). It is also told how Harold Handsome admires his wife for being famous and successful. The news is rushed out, I repeat. There's no telling when Dotty Dimple will take a flier to Reno, and Reno is *such* good copy now.

Reams and reams have been written about the Hollywood marriages, but little has been told of the romances that have been just as fervent, just as thrilling, but have ended without wedding bells and sixteen bridesmaids. Love affairs that have grown cold . . . sudden quarrels . . . fate . . . and broken hearts.

Somehow, the romances that have ended unhappily, the marriages that never were, are more interesting than the ones that have reached the conventional ending of "Lohengrin" and orange blossoms. Probably because they are unhappy. Hollywood is so accustomed to that embrace in the final reel that real unhappiness comes almost as a novelty.

There have been few more romantic or tragic love stories than the one that is told of Constance Talmadge and Richard Barthelmess.

He Waited a Year—in Vain

CONSTANCE, after two disastrous excursions into matrimony, is now happily married to Townsend Netcher, a wealthy Chicagoan. Richard Barthelmess has found happiness in his second trial at marriage. But it seems hardly likely that they have forgotten completely that deep love of early youth. For Connie was the first great romance in Dick's life.

They were engaged when Connie was not yet eighteen, and Dick was not much beyond twenty. "Peg" Talmadge, the lively mother of Norma, Constance and Natalie, did not entirely approve of Dick. To be perfectly frank, she wasn't at all sure that he had much of a future, but her objection was half-hearted then. It didn't seem possible that a shadow could cross the path of that love.

Then Connie left Los Angeles hurriedly. She was attempting to avoid process-servers from the old Selznick Company, where she had been starring. Connie had other affiliations in view, and it was important to keep out of the way of Selznick attorneys. It was Dick Barthelmess who helped her escape from her well-surrounded home one night. He placed her on board a train for New York, and they both laughed a little at the exciting, youthful prank. Dick didn't know then that the train was carrying Constance forever from his life.

When she returned to Hollywood again after more than a year, she told Dick that marriage was impossible—that their romance was ended. It was a great shock to Dick.

Their love story ended unhappily. Perhaps the shadow of that first experience ruined the first attempts at marriage of both Connie and Dick.

Bebe's First Love

BEBE Daniels' engagements threatened to go on forever until she fell in love with Ben Lyon. They are ideally happy, but Bebe kept the Hollywood jewelers and florists prosperous for many a day. Will Rogers once suggested that Bebe plan a real campaign—a baseball player in the summer, a football hero in the fall, and Santa Claus at Christmastime.

It was reported that Bebe was engaged to Jack Pickford and Charles Paddock, among others. Not at the same time, you understand. And while we're on the subject, you should remember that Ben Lyon was madly in love with Marilyn Miller, who later became Mrs. Jack Pickford. Pretty involved.

However, those who know Bebe say that there have been but two loves in her life. Ben is one, and, years ago, Harold Lloyd was the other.

It was while Harold and Bebe were making their famous series of short comedies that they fell in love. Bebe couldn't have been more than sixteen then, but

Never Happened

endings. But in real life the great love affairs of these broken romances are the most dramatic of all

BUSBY

Harold gave her an engagement ring. Bebe's career meant most to her and she did not care to risk it by marriage. After she broke the engagement, Harold had the ring made into a scarf-pin. He still wears it.

There was more than one romance in the life of William S. Hart. For almost two years he was engaged to Anna Q. Nilsson.

There was another time when Hollywood linked the name of the colorful two-gun man with that of Jane Novak. Just more examples of marriages that might have been, and never were.

Hart's marriage later was bitterly unhappy. It made him a recluse from the cinema town, and ruined one of the greatest careers in pictures. There might have been a happier ending if the girl had been Anna or Jane.

Janet Was Almost "Mrs. Moulton"

JANET Gaynor actually got as far as the court house to secure a license to wed Herbert Moulton, a young Los Angeles newspaperman. She changed her mind at the last minute, but their friends were confident that they would wed before the year was out.

That romance was wrecked by the rising tide of Janet's tremendous success in "Seventh Heaven." The quiet, shrinking, little Janet awoke to find herself a world's celebrity. New vistas opened to her. The most famous doors in Hollywood welcomed her. She realized that she was not ready to marry. The studio did not wish it—and there was Charles Farrell.

Janet admits that once she and Charlie *almost* thought they were in love—and it always has seemed significant to Hollywood that she married Lydell Peck impulsively and suddenly, and without giving Charlie any warning. And Janet didn't know that Charlie was going to marry Virginia Valli until he had done so—also suddenly and impulsively. All four are happy, however, in their married life.

There was a time when Joan Crawford seemed very much in love with Michael Cudahy, son of the wealthy meat-packer. The Cudahys, for years, had figured in the news, and Michael was good-looking, a free spender, a marvelous dancer. Just the type to appeal to Joan's show-girl heart—for the Joan of those days is hardly recognizable as the Joan of to-day. They were together every evening. Joan collected dancing cups from every café in Los Angeles. Then the studio took a hand. Joan had to lead the quiet life. She had to stay home and keep away from night-clubs. She was becoming conspicuous. She might lose her contract.

The Break Changed Joan

THE love of Joan and Michael might have endured, but that the young man liked bright lights and music too well. He couldn't stay home merely because Joan was being chastised. There were other girls. Constance Bennett took Joan's place. And it piqued Joan to see the blonde, poised Connie capturing Michael's interest! What love Joan may have had for young Cudahy died in the subsequent undesirable publicity he gathered for himself.

If Joan had married Cudahy, it is not likely that she would be the gracious, graceful woman that she is to-day. She might not even be on the screen to-day. Her taste in friends, and things to do, changed from that time. Joan isn't a show-girl any longer.

The whole world knows about Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. They had never been introduced when they appeared on the set of "Flesh and the Devil," and after that they forgot the world. They were terribly in love. At least, John was terribly in love, and Garbo—well, Garbo was *fascinated* by the vital, magnetic Gilbert. She appeared in public with him. In all her career, it was during those days that Garbo made the most consistent effort to lead the normal, happy life of a young girl.

John expected to make Garbo his wife. He built a suite of rooms for her in his hilltop home. He summoned an expensive decorator. Nothing was too priceless to



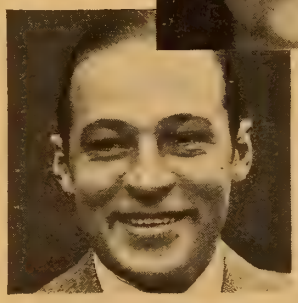
When Clara Bow was a starlet, her boy-friend was Gilbert Roland



Roland had plenty of competition from Gary Cooper and Donald Keith



Everyone remembers how Pola Negri wept when Valentino passed away



But The Greatest Lover of All was mourned by a million women



Lois Wilson didn't become Mrs. Dix—and still is a bachelor girl



Richard Dix didn't marry Lois Wilson, and he still is among the single

go into that suite. Finally Garbo saw it. She shrugged indifferently. She didn't like it. It was all to do over. And, anyway, the fascination Gilbert had held for her was waning. The romance was over.

Garbo bore no lasting heartache from that love, but, undoubtedly, Gilbert lost something that he has never regained. The vividness that was John's in "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow" has paled, somehow. He has no liking now for love scenes, and his private life is almost that of a hermit.

Viola Dana's Tragedy

THE pages of Hollywood history are crowded with these stories of broken romances. There is the tragic tale of Viola Dana, and Ormer Locklear, her aviator fiancé. Viola, in those days, was one of the greatest of the old Metro stars. Every day, at a certain time, Locklear flew over the studio, and Viola stood in the little garden and waved to him. One day he didn't come. Viola watched and waited. That night she read of the crashing of his 'plane, and his death.

It hardly seems necessary to go into the romance of Pola Negri and Valentino—if a romance ever really existed. It is a bit too recent to dwell on the highly-publicized engagement of Clara Bow and Harry Richman.

Not so recent is the memory that Hollywood would not have been surprised to hear that Clara had married Gilbert Roland, with whom she had a heavy romance for a while, or Gary Cooper, or Donald Keith, or the young collegian who wrote such scorching poetry.

Gary Cooper was very much in love with Evelyn Brent before he had ever heard the name of Lupe Velez. People rather expected Richard Dix and Marceline Day to marry.

Yet before that, you could almost hear the strains of "Lohengrin" when Dix appeared with Lois Wilson. They were a romantic couple for several years—and some say that Richard is still the big memory in Lois' life. Just some more of the marriages that never were. Rich and Lois have never married—anyone.

That old phrase—"often bridesmaid, but never a bride"—applies just as well to some of the Hollywood beauties as to some of their less conspicuous sisters.

Mary Brian has been rumored engaged to most of the eligible young men of the screen—and she's still a spinster. Maybe most of those rumors emanated in press-agents' offices. But didn't Buddy Rogers once testify that he had asked Mary and that she had turned him down?



Ben Lyon was madly in love with Marilyn Miller before he ever met Bebe



Marilyn Miller married Jack Pickford, who once went with Bebe Daniels



Viola Dana, now happily married, was once engaged to Ormer Locklear, tragic flier



Lieut. Locklear, famous aviator, was killed in an airplane accident in the early days

Acme



Jane Novak's name once was coupled with that of William S. Hart, the two-gun hero



Would Hart have become a hermit if he had married Jane Novak—or Anna Q. Nilsson?



Harold Lloyd still wears the diamond that Bebe Daniels returned



Bebe Daniels gave up Harold Lloyd only for the sake of her future—and it was hard

It seems sort of odd, but Lois Moran, Greta Nissen, Dorothy Jordan and Jean Arthur have never had their names tied up romantically with young Hollywood blades—at least, not often enough to count. No one even suspects them of being on the way to the altar.

Joel Heart-Broken?

THE gossips would have you believe that Joel McCrea is heartbroken, because his "romances" never seem to catch fire. His name has been linked with Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill and Constance Bennett—and he has never progressed beyond the friendship stage with any of them. Others will tell you that Phillips Holmes is the boy who nurses—or has nursed—a bruised heart, because a New York girl he thought he was engaged to marry eloped with someone else.

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky were put in much the same spot as Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, until Vilma married Rod La Rocque and the fans discovered Ronnie already had a wife. So far as known, Ronnie has never been in love with any screen star—an honor he shares with Ramon Novarro.

Maybe you think William Haines should be included in the same category, but there are those who say that his constant companionship with Polly Moran isn't a Haines idea of horse-play. In other words, they imply that he's serious—and predict that this is one of the weddings that *will* happen when Bill is through with the screen.

The broken romance of Sally O'Neil and Marshall Neilan has become a Hollywood legend. For five years Sally idolized the fascinating director—and then, suddenly, something happened. Neither has ever said what. They broke off. Sally took it hard—so hard that it has taken her two years to recover.

And to bring this up to the minute, the cinema luncheon tables are buzzing with the news that there may not be a wedding between Howard ("Hell's Angels") Hughes and Billie Dove.

Oh, yes, they were engaged. When Billie was asked about it, she merely held up for inspection an enormous diamond—and she wore it on her business finger, too. But Howard, it appears, has taken a sudden and absorbing interest in Lillian Bond.

Romances do end unhappily—even in Hollywood, where *Cinderella* is the most popular heroine of all scenarios. Motion picture business is motion picture business, but when it comes to heart trouble, Hollywood isn't a bit different from Biloxi or Detroit.



A Brand-New Spanish Custom

Let them play the rumba on the tuba down in Cuba! Loretta Young is all set for a tango on the rocks of Malibu. She isn't hanging onto her sombrero any more tightly than she's holding onto summer. The pajamas help, of course—but the principal thing is the sea. The rocks, incidentally, aren't the ones on which her marriage to Grant Withers was wrecked

Will Television Mean the End of Garbo?

Talkies replaced silent pictures, and new stars replaced most of the old. Now Television is almost here—and may bring even newer faces to the screen. Will Garbo, Dietrich, Cooper and other top favorites weather the storm?

By MURIEL BABCOCK

IN ASKING: "Will Television Mean The End Of Garbo?" we intend no reflection upon Greta. We single her out only because she represents all that is glamourous in Hollywood to-day—which may not be the same Hollywood tomorrow. When Television finally comes—and we're told it's just around the corner—every screen star will be affected. Will Greta (and the others) go on to greater glory? Or will they vanish?—Editor's Note



Garbo, the world's most famous blonde, may have to become brunette

HOW would you like to loll at your ease in the big armchair after dinner, turn a radio knob and let "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" with Greta Garbo unfold itself before your eyes? Or turn it another notch and get "An American Tragedy"?

All of this on that vacant wall space where once hung "A Stag at Bay," one of those gilt-framed wedding presents.

Or—step to the telephone, ask the operator to connect you with the Fox program for the evening, and see in rapid succession, "Young as You Feel," "Transatlantic" and "Merely Mary Ann"?

No battling crowds to get downtown to the theater, no standing in line after you buy your ticket, no dressing up to go out, no rush, no flurry—just peace and carpet slippers at home and, instead of a fast-moving novel, a couple of good, exciting motion pictures with your favorite stars right in the living-room.

Push a button and see a picture. Rest and enjoy yourself.

It sounds fantastic—it sounds like a dream or a page out of "The Arabian Nights," but it may be true before you realize it. Only one or two little gadgets need to be invented before home Television may be as commonplace as home radio concerts. At first, however, Television will probably be confined to theaters. You will pay for a seat and see a film that is broadcast from some distant station instead of run off from a projection booth. Or perhaps a play that is being performed in New York will be televisioned to a hundred theaters in other cities.

Rapid-fire developments in the perfection of this great new electrical wonder lead Hollywood to believe that Television will be here before another twelve months have passed, and that a tremendous new revolutionary period is facing motion pictures, radio, and the entire entertainment world. No one yet knows exactly what is going to happen.

Is Television Being Held Back?

SOME say that Television is perfected now and is being held back by desperate financial and movie powers, who see in it a great menace that will wreck carefully planned budgets for the coming year, and turn businesses topsy-turvy.

Talkies, you may remember, came too fast. You know and I know how they upset Hollywood. Great fortunes were made with the Vitaphone, but great losses were also chalked off. Everybody—producers, directors, stars, minor players, extras and exhibitors—took socks of one kind or another.

UPON WHOM WILL TELEVISION "PUT THE FINGER" IN THE MOVIE COLONY? WILL THE MIGHTY ONES OF TO-DAY—THE GARBOS, THE DIETRICHS, THE WILLIAM POWELLS, THE GARY COOPERS—BE TRAMPLED DOWN IN A GREAT TELEVISION GOLD RUSH, EVEN AS COLLEEN MOORE, CORINNE GRIFFITH, EMIL JANNINGS AND JOHN GILBERT WERE TRAPPED IN THE ADVANCE OF THE SOUND ENGINEERS WITH THEIR TALKIES?

Television will be bad news for the blondes, from present indications. In England sight-and-sound engineers seem to like pale faces and golden tresses. But in America only brunettes seem able to meet the difficult television tests. Redheads are out of consideration, both here and in England. What now, Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Nancy Carroll, Peggy Shannon, and Mary Astor?

Most of the feminine favorites of the films to-day are blondes, or are inclined that way. Garbo and Dietrich are fair-haired competitors. Constance Bennett has corn-colored hair. Ann

What Will Television Do To The Stars?

When the talkies suddenly arrived, such favorites as Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith and John Gilbert went under a cloud.

When Television comes—no less suddenly—what is going to happen?

Present tests indicate that blondes do not "screen" well in Television. Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, the Bennetts, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, Jean Harlow, Marion Davies, Elissa Landi, Helen Twelvetrees and Mary Pickford are all blondes.

The three ideal Television types thus far selected (none of whom is associated with the screen) are all decided brunettes. Pola Negri, Dolores Del Rio, Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson, Barbara Stanwyck, Kay Francis, Lupe Velez and Claudette Colbert are, luckily, dark.

Redheads are colorless in Television broadcasts. The screen titians—Clara Bow, Peggy Shannon, Nancy Carroll, Janet Gaynor and Mary Astor—will have to become brunettes.

In Television, a woman's figure will be distorted if her voice is not clear. Stars like Ruth Chatterton will not have to worry—but many may have to pass new voice tests.



"Hello, honey! May I come over?" Girl, picking up 'phone, forgets that her caller can see as well as hear her. Just a preview of the Television era, when privacy will be a thing of the past

Harding is an ash-blonde. Ruth Chatterton is semi-blonde. Look at the silver-haired Jean Harlow. What will happen to these when television comes along? Will they disappear —or will they become brunettes and continue to be among the mighty?

The Ideal Television Types

ALREADY Television has its Garbo and Dietrich rivalry. Technicians of the Columbia Broadcasting Company have chosen Natalie Towers as "The Television Girl." Dorothy Knapp, stage beauty, is "Miss Television" to the National Broadcasting Company. Both are decided brunettes. To make the battle for fan mail a three-cornered affair, the General Broadcasting Company puts forth dark-haired Billie Davis as "The Personality Girl." None of these girls is a screen star.

Television's preference of brunettes will be good news to such Hollywood beauties as Pola Negri, Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, Sylvia Sidney, Kay Francis, Lupe Velez and Estelle Taylor, who have not succumbed to the blonde epidemic.

A peculiarity of auburn hair is that it seems to vanish in a television journey. Red lipstick, for the same reason, is taboo. Blue must be used. Face powder must be a dead white. Men must rub green paste or powder on mustaches and beards.

David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, which controls two picture studios (Radio and RKO-Pathé), recently announced that three Television broadcasting stations will be built immediately—one in New York, one in Chicago and one in Los Angeles. His company is proceeding with the utmost secrecy in its experimental work.



Marlene Dietrich

Furthermore, Mr. Sarnoff's company is constructing a great Radio City to cover three entire blocks in the heart of New York, dedicated to "Radio, music, motion pictures and TELEVISION." There will be two huge theaters (of four thousand and six thousand seating capacity), thirty broadcasting chambers, and possibly the Metropolitan Opera House, within the limits of the City.

Sarnoff—who has been uncannily right in his prophecies concerning radio and talkies in the past—says that Television will create unheard-of markets for pictures, will stimulate the whole entertainment world. It will carry films everywhere—into the home, the factory, the garage, the general store, everywhere that radio goes to-day. More pictures will have to be produced to keep up with the demand, with more actors, actresses, writers, and directors needed.



Gary Cooper

The New "Theaters of the Air"

ALTHOUGH you may not realize this—I didn't until I began checking up — there are twelve Television broadcasting stations in the country already. (There will be probably another half-dozen by the time you read this, so fast are permits being issued!)

They include: W1XAV, Boston; W2XBS, New York; W2XAB, New York; W2XCR, New York; W2XCD, Passaic, N. J.; W2XCW, Schenectady; W2XR, Long Island; W3XK, Sulphur Springs, Maryland; W8XAV, East Pittsburgh; W9XAO, Chicago; W9XAP, Chicago; and W9XG, Lafayette, Indiana.

These broadcast various programs. In New York not long ago, actresses Gertrude Lawrence, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Frances Williams, and prize-fighter Primo Carnera appeared, rather squeaky and distorted, it is true, in experimental television theaters. A travel film, orchestra music, and lecturers were also broadcast. It was a pretty good program.

Radio magazines are carrying articles on how to build amateur Television receiving sets. One company is putting

(*Continued on page 94*)

News *and* Gossip



It's called "lazy ping-pong"—the game being to make yourself comfortable and let the score go hang. Newcomer Polly Walters—who reminds some of the folks of Clara Bow—shows how it's done

Fryer



Fryer

Leon Janney and his dog have plenty in common. Like Leon in "Penrod and Sam," the chow answers to the name of *Penrod*

"WHAT do you think of Greta Garbo?" someone asked Gavin ("Romance") Gordon, rumored to be deeply in love with her. "Do you like her?"

"Think!" said Gavin exasperated, "*think* of her? What do you think of Fujiyama or Niagara Falls? Like! Do I *like* Garbo? Do you *like* the Taj Mahal, or Mont Blanc or Wagner?"

AN interviewer from New York tells this. He had written a story about Nancy Carroll's early life and wanted some baby pictures of Nancy, which were repeatedly promised him. At last, with the closing date for the story approaching, he went in desperation to the publicity department. "Hasn't she found those baby pictures yet?" he asked. The publicity man looked harassed. "Well," he confessed, "you see, Nancy didn't like her own baby pictures, and so far we've shown her thirty-seven babies and she turned them all down!"

THEY say that Greta was called into the Front Office and that one of the executives began to talk to her about the hard times and depression and the fact that it would be considered very clubby of her if she took a salary cut—just till times got better. For some moments he struggled on, without comment from the stony figure across the desk. Then in desperation he paused, wiping his brow. Greta said nothing. They both said nothing. At length the lips of the great Garbo opened. "I vonder," said she pleasantly, "ven the next boat she sail for Sveden."

ONE of the smartest studio moves in many a day was the casting of both Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari." Both are at the crest of their popularity—and somehow, no one ever thought of the two together before. Can't you imagine the curiosity of fans when the picture appears?

You might as well give up hope of ever seeing Garbo and Gilbert together again. Greta, they say, will never be willing.



With Walter Huston right at the top of the screen ladder, he isn't looking over New York for any stage work

NANCY certainly didn't take Hollywood, the studio, or her friends into her confidence when she married Bolton Mallory, editor of *Life*. She met him last winter on a cruise, and sued her husband for divorce five months later—on their seventh wedding anniversary.



It took Eddie Cantor eight weeks to pick these eight beauties for the chorus of "Palmy Days." They're all newcomers

of the Studios



To Donald Cook—who used to be one of Dorothy Mackaill's boy-friends—the idea in lazy "ping-pong" is to keep your eye on your opponent, not the ball. He seems to be succeeding

She married Mallory a week after the Mexican divorce was granted, in the town hall at Newton, Conn., with the doors locked to keep out a curious crowd of townspeople who rushed from their homes and stores when word went around that Nancy Carroll was in town. Mallory is said to be very wealthy.

ONCE in a long while a movie hero gets the chance to prove he's a hero in real earnest. Bill Boyd's rescue of two men from a burning yacht in his cabin cruiser, *Minx*, off the Catalina shore was one of these times. Funny part of it—one of the rescued men had once refused to sell Bill a big insurance policy! Dorothy Sebastian was with Bill and shares the honors. Grant Withers also rescued Marjorie White when she fell off a yacht.

IN A simple blue chiffon dress with an enormous corsage of yellow orchids repeating the gold of her hair, and wearing a plain platinum band without diamonds for a wedding ring, Carole Lombard became Mrs. William Powell. They left for Honolulu with a full moon to light them on their honeymoon way. By changing the hour for their wedding five times, they managed to shake off their friends and get married with no one except their families present. Bill's son was not there, it being the time that he was to spend with his mother according to the legal arrangement. "I don't know," Bill said hesitantly when someone said it would be splendid for his son to have him married again. "Life has so many strings to it—" However, Carole and the boy are crazy about each other, and here is a case where we feel sure things will work out right. Bill is determined that this marriage shall last, and Carole, for all the wisecracking that Bill adores in her, has sobered down immensely this last year.

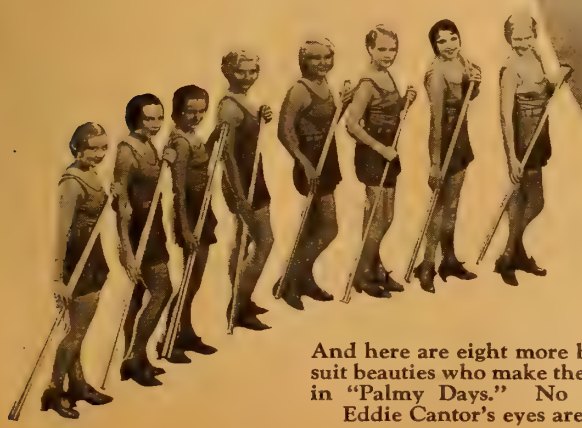


Lippmann

Like most comics, Joe E. Brown is straight-faced off the screen. He's resting from his labors in "Local Boy Makes Good"



Dixie Lee solves the great problem of what to wear under the new backless gowns—a backless chemise



And here are eight more bathing-suit beauties who make their bows in "Palmy Days." No wonder Eddie Cantor's eyes are big!

RUMORS (the hot weather seems to bring them out):

Billie Dove walked out on the set of her picture the other day.

Dorothy Mackaill is really going to marry Neil Miller, who returned from Honolulu with her.

Garbo has given orders that Clark Gable is to be admitted to her studio bungalow—an honor granted to few.

John Gilbert says he's sorry Ina Claire is getting that divorce.

While Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa have been away from Hollywood, Warner Oland (below) has been the screen's leading Oriental. And he's Swedish! He supports the two stars in "Daughter of the Dragon"



Come on in—the relaxing's fine! Just a little discovery by Margaret Caverley, who's a discovery herself—by way of Educational Comedies. She's the newest platinum-blonde



Richee

This magazine's recent story on the Taylor murder mystery brought police a letter claiming that an Eastern woman saw Taylor shot.

Rumors . . .

HO-HUM! Summer in Hollywood: Sylvia Sidney and her escort, a hard-working young writer, drop in at the Cocoanut Grove. To Sylvia's horror, all the movie stars still left in town are there. She wails, "I can't bear 'em! Let's go!" The h-w. y. writer smolders at paying the cover charge after two minutes at the table . . .

Florence Britton, Sam Goldwyn's latest discovery, leaves a highbrow book open at a party. When a shout goes up: "Who's reading this?" Florence languidly reclaims her property under the awed gaze of the other guests . . .

Fred Kelsey, who plays movie detectives, chases a hit-and-run driver down the Boulevard and brings him back in triumph . . .

Doug Fairbanks reaches in through the splintered window of an overturned sedan and pulls out the occupants, before the ambulance arrives . . .

Pineapple ice is a grand thing to shake in a cocktail shaker—with other ingredients . . .

"Grand" becomes the favored adjective hereabouts, replacing "swell" . . .

Most of Hollywood has yet to see the lady whom Clark Gable has just married for the second time . . .

Marceline Day surprises everybody with the announcement that she has just married a Mr. Klein twice in a few weeks to make it sure . . .



Fryer

The newest hard-luck girl—Evalyn Knapp. She fell off a cliff while hiking, sprained her back and will be idle for months



Keystone

Not the Vagabond Lover? Right! Rudy Vallee and his bride, Fay Webb (whom he met in Hollywood) take a stroll on New York's Fifth Avenue

John Gilbert likes a Hawaiian princess named Lilinolakawani.

Rudolf Sieber, here to see his wife, Marlene Dietrich (not to mention his daughter, Maria), will stay to direct some pictures.

SUMMER in Southern California is a lazy time at best. This summer has been especially lazy because so many studios have been running only half the time. But Ivor Novello, composer of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and English matinée idol, now making a picture for M-G-M, has been easing the universal boredom by



Zelma O'Neal may be a miniature golfer, but she's no golf widow. Whenever her hubby, Anthony Bushell, can find time to play, they tee off together

Gary Cooper (below) went to Italy for a vacation, but he didn't stay long. He was lonesome for those cows and chickens (not to mention Lupe) and finished his rest on one of his ranches. "There's no place like home," says Gary



unique tea parties. His house boasts a sun parlor. And when the party drags, his guests take sun-baths—so one of them reveals.

CLARA BOW is shooting rabbits at the Rex Bell ranch and they were kidding Rex about it. "So she's an expert shot, eh?" said Dick Arlen. "That's why you're here!"

"Clara cried over the first rabbit she shot," Rex explained. "Big tears were running down her cheeks when she picked it up."

"What will she do when she shoots a deer?" asked Stew Erwin.

HOLLYWOOD is the place where interesting marital experiments are being tried out. There are the Mervyn LeRoys, who have a six months' trial separation. That is, they are going to part for six months and see how they like it before going to Reno.

Robert Armstrong has won his divorce suit from his wife—the former Jeanne Kent.

Bob filed suit in the Los Angeles court and charged that his wife refused to stay "put." "She always wanted to be traveling," he told the Judge. "In the past few years of our married life we were separated much more than we were together."

When Jeanne decided to go to the Orient on a dancing tour, that was the last straw so far as her husband was concerned.



One of the more serious—and seductive—newcomers is Bette Davis, who shines in "Waterloo Bridge"—and yellow "bungalow pajamas"



Ben Lyon knows how to make a propeller do its tricks. That's why he's now a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Corps

RUBY KEELER arrived back in Hollywood and Al Jolson was so happy at the idea of seeing her that he showed up at the station two hours ahead of time. The train *would* take that occasion to be two hours late! With four hours to kill—Al decided to go to a Mexican picture show to kill time.

The girl at the box-office may have been a Mexican—but she knew her American movie stars. When Al emerged from the show, a small army of Mexicans had gathered outside to inspect Al and his Dusenberg town-car that was parked at the curb. The car, incidentally, is one of his presents to Ruby.

(*Continued on page 85*)



This little sensation from Broadway would rather play backgammon than sleep—but she's willing to rest while she's playing. Just as a reward for playing another little game-for-two so well in "The Smiling Lieutenant," Paramount executives suggested a little of both on the sands of Malibu before she startles the natives in "24 Hours"

MIRIAM HOPKINS' BED AND BOARD

By Dorothy Manners







The Stormy Petrel *of* Broadway

Richard Bennett, the daddy of Connie and Joan, speaks his mind about Hollywood and says a mouthful of startling things

RICHARD BENNETT, stormy petrel of Broadway, papa of Constance, papa of Joan, and less spectacularly, papa of Barbara, has set the high-water mark in startling interviews. When hotter-than-hot audiences are granted, Mr. Bennett will grant them.

I was prepared for something different, to say the least—but I lived to learn that what would be startling to you or me, or even John Barrymore, is just so much split-pea soup to Mr. Bennett.

His particular brand of firecrackers is legendary along Broadway. His famous curtain speech, to the effect that all audiences are morons and all critics "mental degenerates," has been repeated from Coast to Coast—but not embroidered upon. It would be impossible to embroider upon the Bennett. The eccentricities of those darlings of the screen, Constance and Joan, are mere ripples compared to the dynamic tide that is their father.

The new and attractive Mrs. Bennett let me in. She invited me to be seated. She said: "Mr. Bennett will be with you in a moment . . . *maybe.*" With that she lighted a cigarette, opened two windows and strolled back into the depths of a suite that seemed to be endless. Probably a half-mile away she was talking to someone who had evidently gone deaf on her. It was something very involved and complicated about a dentist's appointment the deaf person was to keep. Suddenly there was considerably more door-slamming, there was the sound of approaching footsteps—and the door swung open.

Very Much in the Flesh

THERE in my line of vision stood no artist of the theater, no *Jarnegan,* no would-be seducer of "The Dove." Rather, a very bare gentleman, clad only in a bathtowel and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, staring crossly at me as he ran a hand through very rumpled, indignant hair. The bathtowel ended abruptly at the knees, where Mr. Richard Bennett himself continued in two bare legs, neatly set off by gracefully pointed toe-nails. It was the toe-nails that got me. They say that in cases of emergency one's mind fastens to the most trivial detail. It was the toe-nails that got me. "If you're the person who's here to interview me—I'm going up on the roof to take a sun-bath. If you want to talk to me—come along!"

In barefooted indignation he patted into a bedroom, possessed himself of a sheet and a pillow and lammed out toward the elevator. An innocent bystander, on the verge of coming out of her apartment just as we drew abreast (Mr. Bennett, the towel, the pillow and I), suddenly thought better of it and shut her door swiftly. Such squeamishness! Mr. Bennett ignored it. "I take a sun-bath every day between two and three," he remarked sociably. "Damn. I forgot my cigarettes!"

I offered one of mine. My only regret was that I had none of that nonchalant brand.

Once upon the roof, it became clear that Mr. Bennett was, indeed, in the habit of taking daily sun-baths. A corner was comfortably furnished with a cot, a chair and a smoking-stand.

Sudden Exposure

MR. BENNETT suddenly let go the towel. I blinked—I clutched something for support. When I opened my eyes again, my host was in the pleasant throes of sun-bathing, decently, highly respectably clad in the lower trunks of a bathing-suit. The trunks had been under the towel all the time! It just goes to prove the evil mind of that woman who shut her door!

He seemed of a mind to toast his exposed chest first. His eyes closed against the sun and for a moment I thought he had dozed off. "What did you want to talk to me about?" he inquired somewhat sleepily. It was just a mood. Before I could answer, he had jumped to a sitting position.

"If you're here to ask me a lot of damned-fool questions, I'll set you right from the start. I'm sick of being interviewed by these nit-wits who don't know who I am.

"The other day, a fool woman came out to the studio to talk to me. She carried a pencil and a silly little notebook. The first thing she said was: 'How do you like pictures, Mr. Bennett?' I said: 'Madame, what the hell difference does it make? If you knew anything about me, you'd know this wasn't my first experience in the movies. I'm not following my kids in. They're following me. I was in pictures with Fatty Arbuckle and Wally Reid 'way back in the days when Connie and Joan were still begging for five cents to buy ice cream cones.'

(*Continued on page 84*)

The Favorite Stars—

Towns and cities, the world over, have picked their film favorites, workers—who see the stars at their best (and worst)—to tell you

By Jack



RICHARD DIX

Rich, John and Ann are two kings and a queen on their lots



ANN HARDING

Maurice Chevalier is Australia's most popular screen star, according to a recent contest conducted by newspapers in Melbourne.—News Item



JOHN BOLES

SO they have movie star popularity contests even in Australia! That leaves only Abyssinia, Iceland and Southwestern Sumatra to be heard from—not forgetting Hollywood.

Every other town in the world, boasting a daily paper, has had its pulses excited at some time or other by a picture popularity poll.

Clara Bow still holds sway in Brooklyn. New York votes for Lew Ayres. If we remember rightly, Charles (Buddy) Rogers reigns the favorite in Chicago. Claymore, Oklahoma, is all for Will Rogers.

But for various reasons the movie capital has never dared publicly pick its own favorites. Why? Perhaps the answer lies in the people living so close to the stars that they can't see them for the shadows they create.

But leaving the public out of it and turning to the studio workers, it can be truthfully said, they see the stars as they really are—and waste no words in voicing their preferences. Some of their selections will surprise you—as you'll discover upon reading this "inside" story.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



MARJORIE WHITE

Their co-workers rate Marjorie, Warner and Marie ace-high



WARNER BAXTER



MARIE DRESSLER

WE set out to discover the truth. And, frankly, the sum total of our discoveries amazed us. For we talked, not to the town's picture fans, but to the inside studio personnel who see actors at their best—and worst. The electricians, property men, script clerks, gatemen, sound technicians, messenger boys—in fact, folks from every known occupation in the production end of the film industry voted for personal favorites.

They were asked to express their preference not on the basis of actors as actors, but of actors as people. And strange as it may seem, the average reply began, "Whom do I like best on this lot? Well, I can tell you whom I like least. There's ———." And so we obtained two answers to our query.

Perhaps it might be a good idea for you to join us on our meanderings from studio to studio (no mean feat in these days of stringent pass systems). Ready?

We'll start with Paramount. Too bad Clara Bow isn't there any longer. Clara was always the most popular gal on the lot. Regardless of her scrapes and unwelcome publicity, the gang knew Bow's heart was in the right place. More syndicated than sinning, that was Clara. There wasn't a worker on the lot who wasn't her pal.

And Mary Brian gone, too. The most democratic girl in Hollywood, they call Mary. Always playing jokes. Never forgets a name or a face. Speak when you're spoken to? Not Mary. She'll speak first and always have something cheery to say.

Carole Wears the Crown

CAROLE LOMBARD is queen of Paramount now, with Wynne Gibson first lady-in-waiting. What a pair of girls! Barrels of fun, both of them. And Sylvia Sidney, too. Is it any wonder that with such live wires to lead the procession, Ruth Chatterton, Marlene Dietrich and Kay Francis are outdistanced in personal popularity? They don't like or don't understand dignified ladies at Paramount. They're respected, of course, but that isn't popularity.

RICHARD ARLEN and Gary Cooper run nearly neck-and-neck in leading the male contingent. Dick has a bit the best of it. He's easier to know than Gary. Chevalier they like without knowing. (He has made most of his pictures in the East.) That smile of his wins votes.

Norman Foster and Eugene Pallette—there are two cards. Right down to earth and as comfortable to have around as a pair of old slippers. Remember the time out on location when the cowpunchers liked them so well they invited them in to the bunkhouse for a hot lunch? The rest of the mob ate their box-lunches and were happy that Norm and Gene were feasting. That's popularity.

Clive Brook has a surprising following for one so dignified. Regis Toomey—he's a good guy, too. So's Fredric March. And Buddy Rogers, a nice kid. Phil Holmes is slowly winning back the esteem he lost when he "went Hollywood" a year ago.

Paul Lukas won a good many friends by the way he stood up under the razzing he got when he

As Picked By The Studios

but Hollywood has remained discreetly silent. It takes the studio who's popular in the old home-town. Here are their favorites

GRANT

was first struggling with the English language. It was a bunch of prop-boys who coached him how to get back at director Bill Wellman when Bill gave him all the wrong answers. Jack Oakie, though, is not so popular. That guy can dish it out, but he can't take it.

At that, Oakie is better liked than George Bancroft. The gang say they can't see Bancroft for the opinion he has of himself. Someone ought to take the capital "I" out of his vocabulary. And Nancy Carroll and her "temperament." What a laugh. She'd be a nice girl if she'd only get onto herself.



CAROLE LOMBARD



The Powells are both hits, and how the boys like Lily Damita!

WILLIAM POWELL



LILY DAMITA

Damita Almost Too Popular

NOW let's go over to Radio. There the factions are divided between those who like the tomboy Dorothy Lee and those who prefer the more sedate Mary Astor and Irene Dunne. Betty Compson is highly regarded by all who know her. A trouper, they call her. But she makes only an occasional picture on the lot. She's out on loan most of the time.

LILY DAMITA rates near the top. Lily makes friends with everybody. Her set is closed to all visitors—not because she is temperamental, but because she refuses to allow work to interfere with her pleasure in meeting people. We also record a few scattering votes for the up-and-coming juveniles, of whom RKO boasts a score. Of the comparative newcomers, Lita Chevret leads the girls and John Darrow the boys. Rochelle Hudson also gets some votes.



RICHARD ARLEN

RICHARD DIX is king of the RKO lot. Even when he was living the rôle of "Cimarron" and didn't look like himself, he retained his popularity as "good, old Rich." Ambidextrous, we call it. Many folks make fun of the continental Ivan Lebedeff, imitate his hand-kissing and other mannerisms. But he is high in favoritism.



BEBE DANIELS

Dick, Bebe and John are easy to know —and easy to vote for



JOHN MILJAN

Hugh Herbert is described as a great guy, Rosco (Stuttering) Ates as a good egg, and Chic Sale as a specialist on and off. Ricardo Cortez has as many men friends as female admirers.

The regard in which Lowell Sherman is held is even more unexpected. He may not be particularly well-liked by the white-collared contingent, but prop-boys, electricians and other production workers fight for assignments on his unit. Which presents a paradox, for Sherman is generally thought of as a ladies' man.

Everybody's for Fifi

AND now to Fox, the home of contracted unknowns. There are players on that lot known only to the paymaster and not even to him by sight.

If Fifi Dorsay needed a fillip to her popularity with the Fox gang, and it is doubtful if she did, she achieved it by an almost unheard-of gesture upon leaving for that trip to France (her first trip there, by the way). Fifi filled several suit-boxes with personally selected gifts for everyone she knew in the studio and distributed the remembrances with words of appreciation for past kindnesses.

Since Fifi left, MARJORIE WHITE leads the girls. And this is surprising—she ranks even above Janet Gaynor, according to our poll. Toward Janet the boys hold a protective attitude. They'd go to battle for her, if necessary, but it is Marjorie who inspires a hail-fellow-well-met admiration.

Next in line is Marguerite Churchill. Then Una Merkel, Sally Eilers, Greta Nissen and Elissa Landi. Elissa is regarded as having too many brains for a woman. No woman has a right to be that clever.

WARNER BAXTER is head man at Fox, with George O'Brien a good second, and Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe tied for third. Next, in rapid succession, come El Brendel, Spencer Tracy, Warren Hymer and George Stone.

Joan Bennett wins hands down as the least-liked person on the lot. She has a talent for making herself unpopular. Virginia Cherrill also falls in this category. It seems as if Virginia can't forget she was Chaplin's leading lady.

Frank Albertson, once a most popular youngster, has fallen somewhat from grace lately. He hasn't been the same since his marriage, they say. Charlie Farrell, too, has changed in recent months. A little distant, somehow.

No, we haven't forgotten Will Rogers. It is just that Will keeps to himself and for that reason is thought taciturn and moody. He works with practically the same crew on every

(Continued on page 88)



Bachrach

The Love-Life of Ivan Lebedeff

The romantic Russian actor has had his share of love adventures — and one of them is being filmed with himself as the star. This story reveals the Old World romances of Hollywood's greatest hand-kissing expert—who has been in love four times in his life

By Gladys Hall

"TO be in love," confides Ivan Lebedeff, "is to play a beautiful game—seriously. Otherwise it is not worth the playing."

The screen story of this mysterious, romantic Russian's life—"Strange Women"—will tell one of his adventures. Only one. There have been many others—in the Court of the Romanoffs, at the front, in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris, Budapest and London, in the Red Revolution. . . .

He has been in love four times in his life. He has loved twice. Between the two there is a vast distinction:

"When you are in love, it is a fever—a burning need to be near the woman every instant. When you love, it is a calmer thing—more profound and lasting. One gets over being in love. But when one loves, one always loves—no matter what distance or disaster may intervene."

It is not among the sensationally beautiful women, Ivan says, that a man finds great love. Healthy, normal women offer the greatest possibilities, the deepest emotions.

Garbo, for instance. She is healthy—but there is something abnormal about her, some echo of sad memories that prey on her mind and her emotions. Marlene Dietrich is a neurotic type—almost feverishly restless. Not among such women, for the most part, are the strong loves found. . . .

Quickly Loved, Quickly Lost

IVAN'S first love came to him when he was six. A beautiful little girl named Nina visited his home at Christmastime. The young Ivan had never before thought of girls as being different from boys, or women from men. There had been his mother and his father and all the other people. But now there was Nina. He could not keep his eyes away from her. His heart pounded as he looked at her. He wanted to be near her all the time.

Two days later he was taken to see the little Nina. She was dead. She still was delicately lovely. His mother had wanted him to see Death beautifully for the first time. She did not know that he had also seen love.

"To me, to-day, *all women are strange*—because of that experience."

When Ivan was a boy of twenty, at the University of Moscow, he met an aristocratic lady of thirty-two or three. He loved her. She loved him. She was one of the two loves of his life. And he will not speak of her. "We will not touch on that," he says. "I can say nothing—except that every young man should have an older woman to teach him life beautifully. This happened to me—with her."

When he was a bit older and in the Army, he was sent on a perilous and delicate mission—to trap a woman spy. His youth and air of naïveté were counted upon to disarm the woman and betray her confidence. He attended a dinner party among the diplomats. A suave and beautiful woman with sad eyes and tragic mouth sat opposite him. The cold fear penetrated him that this was the woman he sought.

The Woman Trapped by Love

THE next day and the day following, they rode together. By the third day he knew that the woman was the spy. And by the third day he knew that he loved her—and that he hated her, because she was an enemy of his country. Far more sadly, by the third day the woman knew that she loved him. On the third night Ivan invited her to sup with him in his rooms after the theater. And there he heard the information he sought.

He told her who he was and on what mission he had come. He told her, hate being uppermost, that nothing she could do, or say, would save her. He laughed at her pleas. The spy was conquered, but the woman persisted. She told him that it did not matter what he did with her in his official capacity, but she wanted him to remember her with tenderness as a woman. The young, hard Ivan let her tell him the story of her life.

And at the end of her bitter, tragic account he promised her that he would do all that he could for her. He went to the Russian Embassy. He told them that he had the woman they sought. He would deliver her to them, providing they would deal with her according to his instructions. Those were his terms. They accepted. He stipulated that the woman should be sent to prison under proper surveillance, that she should be kept there in safety and comfort until after the War, at which time she should be set free. They agreed. The woman was surrendered.

Ivan never saw her again—the strange woman who had

(*Continued on page 98*)



Clever, this Chinese! Who'd ever know Anna May Wong doesn't really come from the land of paper windows and cherry blossoms—but from little old Los Angeles? And when you see the Oriental star come back in "Daughter of the Dragon," you'll never guess how Westernized she has become—unless you read the story over the page

Famous Oriental Stars Return To The Screen

Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong have been away from American movies for several years—winning stage triumphs in New York and European capitals. They've now returned to Hollywood to win back screen honors

BY BETTY WILLIS

TWO of Hollywood's stepchildren, who slipped away some years ago when fortune seemed to be looking in the other direction, have just come back in triumph. Since they left the American screen, Anna May Wong, the Chinese Flapper, and Sessue Hayakawa, the most famous Japanese actor, have become international figures.

That makes them eligible to be co-starred by Paramount in "Daughter of the Dragon," and to be treated with something like veneration in the old home-town.

Anna May and Sessue haven't met since they left Hollywood, but their experiences have been very similar. Strangely so.

Both captivated Europe, on the screen and on the stage. Both conquered race prejudice and have been received as unofficial good-will ambassadors—Anna May of China, and Sessue of Japan. Both were singled out for honors by the British royal family, and received the attentions that London society likes to bestow on theatrical figures. They have learned languages. They have displayed great versatility and earned a great deal of money.



Richee

Sessue Hayakawa

They reacted to this success in completely different ways. Anna May Wong came back completely Westernized. She is exactly like any slightly affected American girl. The Chinese flapper has an English accent now. She thinks in Western terms. Her manners, her dress, her humor, her attitude, are Western. She loves tea—but an English brand. Her face no longer looks very Chinese.

The only things Western about Sessue Hayakawa that I could discover were the black-and-white American sport shoes emerging from beneath his two kimonos. He smokes Japanese cigarettes, has Japanese people around him, talks with a completely bewildering Japanese accent, looks Oriental, and above all, thinks with the Oriental's attitude.

What They Have in Common

ONE thing they have in common—they are both fatalists.

"Never make plan," says Sessue with his difficult accent. "Never plan ahead."

Anna May, with Western verbosity, is more explicit in expressing her philosophy.

"I always say it is better not to expect anything. Then you are not bitterly disappointed. And if you succeed, it is doubly wonderful. I never try to make things come out as I want them. I just let things alone, and let them take care of themselves."

Anna May may not have struggled against Fate, but it's not altogether accurate to say she has let things alone. She has shown great determination and sagacity in planning her career, and has helped Fate along by studying and perfecting herself in everything that might further it. Without the will and the wisdom behind her slanting eyes, the little daughter of the Chinese laundryman could never have worked up to the English accent and the Paramount contract that now distinguish her.

In the good old silent days, picture companies often used Los Angeles' Chinatown as a setting. There Anna May—whose Chinese name means "Frosted Yellow Lily"—felt her first craving to be a movie star. Most of her school days were spent playing hooky—either at the picture show or watching the

companies at work. She asked innumerable questions about how it was done, and was known to everybody from the director to the prop-boy as the Curious Chinese Child. They couldn't hold out against her inquisitive coaxing, and pretty soon she did her first extra work in Nazimova's picture, "The Red Lantern."

How Anna May Succeeded

"I FEEL I am a very fortunate person," Anna May said, looking back on those days from her present pinnacle. "All people have their dreams, and it's wonderful just to have them. But when they actually come true, you are happy and lucky beyond what you have any right to expect, and it is very wonderful.

"I think it was my fatalism that made me able to start working out my seemingly impossible ambitions. That, and the fact that I was very imaginative—it was possible for *anything* to happen, it seemed to me. I was so young when I began that I knew I would still have my youth if I failed, so I determined to give myself ten years to succeed as an actress. Ten years is not a long time in the Chinese mind."

Her parents were opposed to her career. They wanted her to marry and have a family, and live an upright, domestic life, in the honorable fashion that is the ideal of every Chinese girl. During her first contract with Paramount, in silent pictures, her father refused to see any of her productions, though he had reluctantly given her his permission to be an actress.

"Chinese children," said Anna May, "are brought up with a great deal of discipline, a sense of responsibility, and a tremendous loyalty to each other. They may not be demonstrative and kiss each other, but a Chinese family will stick together through fire. White people often kiss each other a good deal, but desert each other in any kind of trouble."

So Anna May's family stuck to her through her early days in Hollywood, through the hard times that drove her to a picture contract in Germany, and through the amazing success that has brought her back to the studio where she started.



Anna May Wong

Why She's Glad She's Back

"IT'S wonderful, my success, because now I feel I can help my family—there are so many of them. When I went away my brothers were little boys. I couldn't believe it when I saw them —all grown up, with long trousers and deep voices."

The boys were probably equally amazed by the erstwhile Frosted Yellow Lily. With English accent, Paris gowns, and a great deal of American money, Anna May must have presented a startling change. She acquired that accent by taking lessons, at a cost of two hundred guineas, and she got her money's worth. Anna May begins her conversations with "I say," ends them with "Well, cheerio!", says, "It's a jolly nuisance," and calls her native land "Amuddicah."

"When I came back, I decided to keep my English accent," she explained, "because I think it suits me, and I believe it's right to take whatever becomes you and make it part of yourself."

Her years on the Continent have acted as a sort of finishing school for Anna May. In brushing against the most famous people of all nations, she has acquired an almost appalling poise. She is self-sufficient and intelligent and has an air of being too sure of herself to feel ill at ease in any situation or any company,

In the past three years she has made three successful pictures in German, two in English, and one in French. She has had a great personal success on the London stage in "The Circle of Chalk," and on the New York stage in "On the Spot." She has sung and danced in an operetta in Vienna.

Anna May Wong has been away three years.
In that time she has learned German and French, and acquired an English accent.
She has made three successful pictures in German, two in English, and one in French—and has been a sensation on the stages of the Continent, London and New York.
She is glad to be back.
She went away a Chinese flapper—and now many tell her that she no longer even looks Oriental.

Sessue Hayakawa has been away twelve years.
He went to London by way of New York, and was a success on the stages of both cities.
He made a picture in France, and wrote a novel there.
In one evening at Monte Carlo, he lost his entire fortune.
He returned to Japan, broke a tradition of his native stage, and became Japan's greatest actor.
He did not want to come back to Hollywood.
He has remained completely Oriental.

How She Conquered Europe

WHEN she first arrived in Berlin in 1928 to fulfill a picture contract, she didn't know a

(*Continued on page 90*)

The Merry Wives

The married couples of the movie code. When their lives are so different promises mean



Kay Francis was married, recently, to the actor, Kenneth MacKenna. She's telling the world she is happy

BY DOROTHY

HOLLYWOOD wives should be the happiest in the world—don't you think so?

Instead of worrying about holding the love of a single ordinary male, aren't they loved by the handsomest men in the world, and paid for it, too?

Can't they play the marriage game without obeying the rules and without anybody finding fault with them? ("Oh, well, it's just Hollywood," says gossipy Mrs. Grundy, a fan herself.)

The unwritten commandment of marriage—"Thou shalt not get talked about"—does not apply to Hollywood wives, who hire expensive publicity agents just to get themselves talked about.

"Till death do us part" makes wifehood a lifetime job to most women, but in Hollywood the phrase, translated means: "Till Reno does us part." It's a short married life, but a merry one, in movietown; and when the divorce comes, as it usually does, it's a merry divorce, too, without bitterness or resentment.

"We're still the best of friends," the happy couple invariably tell reporters, and they mean it, too. Any day at lunch-time you may see ex-husbands and ex-wives chatting gaily together across a table at the Embassy. Betty Compson, who divorced Jimmie Cruze, still calls him up to scold him for not taking care of his cold. Marilyn Miller, who divorced Jack Pickford, invites him and his new wife to dinner.

No wonder the merry wives of Hollywood are envied by humdrum helpmates, who read of these glamourous lives at the end of a dull domestic day of cooking, washing, sweeping!

No Kitchen Slaves in Hollywood

IF any movie wife ever does any of these things, it's pretty certain there is a camera around—and that there's silk beneath the apron! There was the famous star, for instance, who had herself photographed in frilly gingham, in the charming pose of taking a loaf of home-made bread from her oven—and when the picture was printed, the baker's name showed up, plainly stamped on the side of the loaf!

Not that many of the silken screen ladies don't know how to cook. There was golden Claire Windsor, who literally stepped onto the screen from the hot kitchen of her stuffy little Kansas City flat. And there are Irene Rich and Ann Harding and many another who kept house in less prosperous days. And Loretta Young, who helped her mother run a local boarding-house as a child. And Billie Dove and Evelyn Brent, who know what can be cooked over a gas plate in a furnished room in Manhattan's Roaring Forties without betraying the dish to the landlady's sniffing nose.

But when they become famous, they untie their aprons and come out of the kitchen for good. The only two movie stars I know who cook for the pure love of breaking eggs and trying out cake with a broom-straw are Louise Fazenda and Marie Dressler. You should taste Louise's bran cookies — but that's another story.

And as for sewing a button on their famous husbands' Byronic shirts—try to imagine Lilyan Tashman with a thimble over her Chinese manicure, threading a needle while Eddie Lowe, in his athletic underwear, waits to start for his day's work at the studio. *You* try—I can't.

Why Movie Marriages Are Different

Because—husbands and wives are paid to get talked about for publicity.

Because—young married couples are constantly separated.

Because—the bride and groom are paid to make ardent love to other handsome men and women.

Because—the wife is often more famous than her husband—and wealthier.

Because—it is so easy for ex-husbands and ex-wives to be the best of friends.

Because—the movie stars live the freest kind of lives.

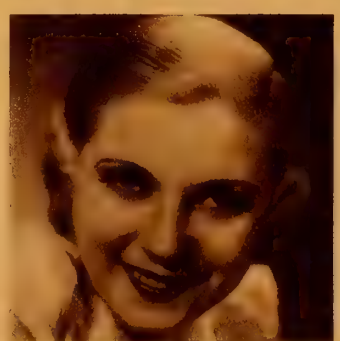
Because—of the Hollywood translation of the marriage ceremony

"For better or for worse" often means "Till I become better known or you do."

"For richer or poorer" often means "If you're as rich as you say."

"In sickness or in health" sometimes means "In sobriety or not."

"Till death do us part" can mean "Till Reno does us part."



Lilyan Tashman is the merry wife of Edmund Lowe—and intends to keep him, for Eddie's a good fellow

Hard to Be a Helpmate

WALKING down Fifth Avenue, arm in arm with her husband of two days, Fay Webb—Mrs. Rudy Vallee to you—blushingly told reporters, "No, I don't want to work in the movies. My place is at Rudy's side now." Most movie brides start out in this old-fashioned way—only to run up against the fact that with hubby on location in Arizona or the South Seas, it is difficult to *stay* at his side!

"Douglas and I don't even see each other for days at a time," moans Joan Crawford. "I'm working at night and he has an early call, or if I'm 'between pictures,' Douglas is working in

of Hollywood

colony have gaily revised the marriage from yours, how can their wedding the same thing?

CALHOUN



Betty Compson divorced James Cruze—but she's his merry li'l pal just the same and guards his health



Bill Powell and Carole Lombard are the smilingest couple in Hollywood. They say they're married for life

two at once." Only a traveling salesman's wife knows what a help this situation can be in relieving the monotony of even the happiest marriage!

"Helping a husband's career" is still a wifely duty elsewhere, but it has a quaintly old-fashioned sound in Hollywood, where the Little Woman's career is often as big as her husband's. Ruth Chatterton, coming wearily home after all-night shooting at the studio, with a costume-fitting and an interview ahead of her for the day, can hardly be blamed for not inquiring tenderly of Ralph Forbes, "How did your work go to-day, dear? Tell me all about it—I'm *so* interested!"

But wives who have to listen to dull business details (with a brightly interested expression covering their boredom) might well envy the shop-talk that is the table conversation at Pickfair and other homes where husband and wife share the same interests. "Ben and I seldom go out to parties," confesses Bebe Daniels Lyon, "because we have so much more fun sitting around the house hearing each other say our lines for the next day."

Children Are No Trouble

EVEN the children — who make so many marriages distressingly domestic and turn flaming lovers into harassed parents — find their proper place in the Hollywood ménage. Producer Irving Thalberg does not have to walk the floor with a teething Irving, Junior, after a hard day's work —like Salesman John Jones. Actress Norma Shearer doesn't have to purée the spinach for Irving, Junior's, necessary vitamines—like Housewife Jane Jones, damp with perspiration.



Twice divorced, though only twenty, Dorothy Lee may soon marry again. She's going places with Marshall Duffield, football star

"We would hardly know there was a baby in the house," smiles Norma coolly, every glittering hair of her smart coiffure unruffled by clutching baby-hands, "except when we slip into the nursery to see him."

As for money—the rock on which so many matrimonial barks come to grief — Carole Lombard doesn't have to coax Bill Powell with an extra-nice supper or any other of the traditional wifely gags when she wants fifty dollars for a new dress (I bet Carole's dresses cost more). And Ann Harding doesn't have to hear Harry Bannister shout, "Do you think I'm made of money?" when she wants a new town-car.

In a city where wives often earn several thousand dollars a week more than their husbands, the man of the house may present his wife with swimming-pools or imported roadsters, but he might properly feel resentful if he had to buy her shoes. "My husband has given me only one jar of cold cream and one pair of stockings since we were married," blonde Josephine Dunn told the Court when she asked for a divorce.

Naturally, with fans of both sexes writing ardent love letters, and their pictured charms belonging to everyone who can pay forty cents—loges fifty—to see them, the possessive instinct is not so strong in movie families.

When Husband Kissed Only Wife

TRUE, there was a time when both the athletic husband and the golden-haired wife of a famous movie marriage objected to the professional embraces in each other's pictures. When the wife was about to be kissed by the hero, her husband, made up to look like her leading man, took his place. When the husband was about to imprint a kiss on the lips of his leading lady, the wife, in wig and gown to match hers, received the actual kiss. That has been the only case in which we have known marriage to interfere with movie romance.

The Eddie Lowes are happy and broad-minded. "But if any of Eddie's leading ladies try to rehearse a scene out of business

(*Continued on page 99*)



Otto Dyar

SEPTEMBER MORN, 1931

When the sand is still wet (and cool) from the tides of the night—that's the time to race down to the water. That's the way Frances Dee greets each morn, September or otherwise. After being *Sondra* in "An American Tragedy," she's on tiptoe, watching for that Big Opportunity that's just over the horizon

Acting Is Woman's Work

So says Leslie Howard, brilliant young actor, who is tired of the stage and screen and the crowds that follow them—and intends to live in solitude as an author

BY FAITH SERVICE

HE may have achieved unusual success—but Leslie Howard is not satisfied with being an actor. He says acting is woman's work—effeminate. Besides, it is boring. In all but a few cases, it is futile. He'd much rather be a hermit.

It isn't a pose. He means it. And in this story he gives you the true slant on himself. A new slant.

Leslie Howard was born April 24, 1893, in London. The son of non-professional people. He did the things he shouldn't have done in the suburbs of the city.

He was, he says, "doomed to life." We are all doomed to life. Worse, *we are doomed to death the day we are born.* He says that of his own two children. "And so," he adds, "to hell with not spoiling them—"

He went to private school and Dulwich College. Liked amateur theatricals and cricket. Harbored an ambition to write. Still harbors it, more and more. **He is on the verge of finishing a play. If it is not as good as some of the plays he reads, he will write another. If it is as good, and he modestly believes that it is, he will produce it with himself in the title rôle. And after that he will appear on the thespian boards no more. He will retire from acting for all time. He will become a hermit—and write.**

After birth, school and college the next vital Howard statistic wears a mercantile hue. He banked. He was a clerk. A bank clerk. He banked rather vaguely. He found it dull to count the petty savings of costermongers.

Then the War. A very vital statistic.

Leslie went with the English troops to France. You've read "All Quiet on the Western Front" and the new one about the road back—yes?



The Slant On Leslie Howard

Served with English troops in France in World War.
Gave up job as bank clerk to become an actor.
Scored tremendous hits on the stage in "Outward Bound" and "Berkeley Square."
Believes immortality is reached through children.
Is so near-sighted he can't see an inch ahead of him without glasses.
Never separated from his wife and children.
Because of fagged nerves is always seeking solitude.
Wants to be a writer so he can work *alone.*
Hasn't any friends among picture people.
Not interested in women and thinks Hollywood a tragic town.
Is afraid of death—and somewhat afraid of life.
Family means more to him than anything in the world.

The Biggest Event of All

WHILE on leave, Leslie went one Spring day to the little ivy-covered chapel called St. Mary's-On-The-Wall. He was married there. He wonders at Hollywood marriages. He says that ceremony at St. Mary's-On-The-Wall was something that mattered. "One never forgets a thing like that."

It has mattered, enormously, to him. More than anything else in his life.

He returned from the War and was never quite the same again. Separated from life by a gray haze in which move bloody shadows and shattered forms.

Banking was even duller after that. He turned to the theater.

There were several struggling starts. And then meteoric recognition—in "Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Green Hat," "Escape," "Her Cardboard Lover," "Murray Hill" (which he produced himself), "The Truth About Blayds," "Outward Bound" and "Berkeley Square."

While appearing in "Outward Bound" he attracted the attention of motion picture execs (surely a Vital Statistic!) and repeated the stage rôle in the talking shadows.

He went back to England. He says, "We saw a house in Surrey. Eight acres. Trees. The green Surrey hills."

"We." I had almost forgotten the two most vital statistics in Leslie Howard's life—his children. His son, twelve. His daughter, six.

"They are my immortality," he says.

They all wanted that house. They wanted to own it, to live in it forever. Their children and their children's children

Why He Came Back to Hollywood

THEY couldn't afford to buy it. Leslie said, "We will go back to Hollywood. I will make a few films. We'll buy the house."

They returned to Hollywood—it is always "we" and "they" with the Leslie Howards. They are never separated. It would not be bearable.

Leslie signed a six-months' contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He made "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "A Free Soul" and "Five and Ten." He has bought the house in the green Surrey hills. He will not, though urged, sign another contract. He doesn't understand motion pictures. Perhaps he is too near-sighted. There can be no individuality in pictures, he says. Pictures are a gigantic machine. He doesn't in the least know what he is doing or why.

(*Continued on page 89*)

And So They Lived Happily Ever After



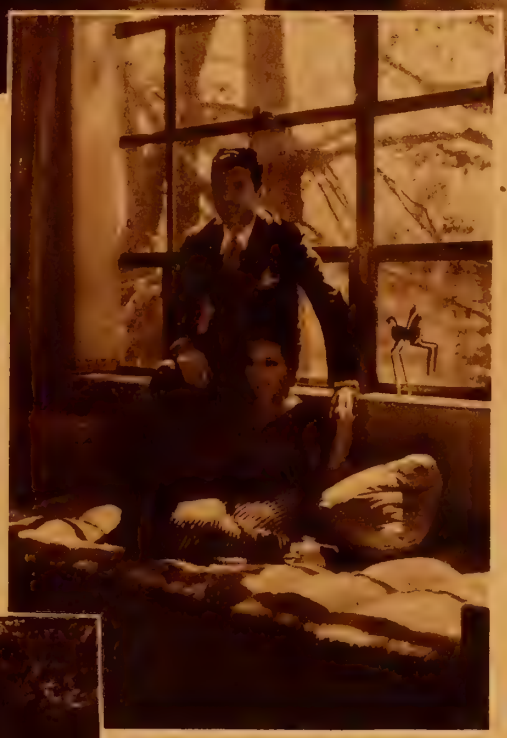




An unusual beauty deserves an unusual setting—and this is the lifetime one that Cedric Gibbons has provided for Dolores Del Rio. Besides being her husband, he is art director for M-G-M—and designed the entire house, himself. Glass, steel and concrete are the materials he worked with. The picture above shows them in a corner of their upstairs living-room, which seems to be right up in the trees. In the center, you see the steel staircase. At the right is the fireplace. Note the modernistic angles. The floor is black, the walls silver, and the couches are grass-green

All photos by Bull





After three years of constant effort, Cedric Gibbons finally met Dolores Del Rio. Six weeks later, they were married. While still honeymooning, Dolores fell critically ill and for weeks her life was in doubt. On the first day she was allowed to go out, Cedric showed her his wedding present—this house, built during her illness. Above, you see part of their living-room, of which two sides are just windows. Every piece of furniture is built in. Right, the happy couple glorying in their surroundings



Most of the film famous obtain privacy by having their homes set far back from the street. Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons achieve exclusiveness in a more unusual way. Their home (located in Santa Monica) is only a few feet from the curb—but its modernistic front is practically windowless. Living in a world of their own like this, they confidently expect to honeymoon forever



Roberta Gale



Marian Marsh



Elda Vokel



Evalyn Knapp

By
HALE
HORTON

Every pretty little newcomer there are some among 1931's will surely arrive. Here are Can you pick

Which Of These Starlets

CAN every pretty little newcomer be "a promising actress" and "a potential star"? Especially when there's a bumper crop of Kinema Kuties? Right the first time! The answer is "No."

They fly to Hollywood on the wings of "long-term contracts," they find themselves hailed as budding Bernhardts (by the press-agents), they pose for press photographs, and then—they vanish. Some three or four of the entire crowd may eventually attain stardom. And the rest of the flock who pull up panting at the studio gates, full of optimism and ambition, catch nothing but a load of grief. Who can pick the winners? Can you?

These youngsters—they're all in their teens (approximately)—are found on the stage, in musical comedy, "society," and even in the African jungles! One sweet young thing was snared while sleeping peaceably on the sands at Miami. "I was dreaming of nothing so disturbing as a movie contract," explains Roberta Gale. "But when I woke up, I was signing one." Imagine her chagrin at suddenly finding herself a movie starlet!

Then, too, the girls are captured in high school and swooped away from their homes, their dolls, or their husbands. And more than half of them are dropped at the end of their first six months without even receiving a part!



Cecelia Parker

Why are the studios wasting so much money in wholesaling contracts? Why, indeed? It seems to be just another sweet mystery of life, for nobody understands. The studios don't, and the youngsters themselves are certainly in the dark. Maybe the studios hope to find some overnight stars among the batch and hook them into long-lasting, small-salaried contracts, all of which is smart. But wouldn't it be a lot smarter to give at least seventy per cent of them a chance?

Too-Often-True Story

THERE was the little peroxide-blonde outside the iron-barred entrance to one lot. "I'm just one of the young stage finds," she explained sadly, "that the studio brought out to the Coast, only to let our contracts lapse without ever putting us before the camera. Some of us were lucky enough to borrow the return fare to Broadway—but I'm still out here, living on the occasional extra work casting directors hand me."

Noel Francis was a bit more fortunate. Maybe, having been in the "Follies," she knew how to get along. Anyway, she's beginning to show all the signs of Hollywood advancement. "But," Hollywood will tell you, "for months they refused to use her—until finally she succeeded in weeping herself out of her contract and catching a small part in 'Resurrection,' the result of which work earned her a contract with RKO. Now she has gone platinum-blonde and is busy all the time." You saw her in "Smart Money" and "Smart Woman." Smart woman is right!

However, there are others. Some seventeen or eighteen of them, who look as if they still might have contracts six months from now. Let's look them over:

There's June MacCloy, for instance. Lured from the "Scandals" or "Vanities" or whatever it was, June was given a five-year contract with one studio. One morning her option was unrenewed, but by afternoon her agent had secured a long-term contract with another. "Five years, bristling with options," she confided. "I call it a six-month contract. Am I right or am I wrong?" June is right, of course—but it looks as if she is on the right track with those hard-boiled rôles she's taking. The public does love its movie menaces!



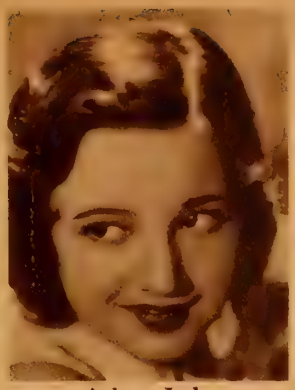
Kitty Kelly

Little, But Oh My—!

SPEAKING of girls heading in the right direction, just take Sidney Fox—and if you don't think she has fire, just try calling her an amateur blackjack player! She may be only five feet tall, but she's a dynamic bunch of brunette danger. She wrote a column of advice-to-the-lovelorn when she was fifteen, has studied all branches of music and drama, and has done a number of New York plays. As a result, she is the only newcomer whose contract causes old-time stars to go green-eyed with envy.



June MacCloy



Arlene Judge

cannot hope for stardom—but big crop of youngsters who the most promising ones. the winners?



Conchita Montenegro



Noel Francis

Will Become Big Stars?

Sidney's as smart as they come, and she actually knows this business called acting. And since she photographed like a million dollars in "Bad Sister," "Six-Cylinder Love" and "Strictly Dishonorable," and is willing to work night and day, she simply can't miss being one of our more brilliant stars.

Another Universal bet is Bette Davis. She may lack the glamour of Sidney, but she is equally as good an actress. In "Bad Sister," Bette was the drab one of the two, and she handled the difficult part for all there was in it. You can look for some very neat acting from Bette.

RKO actually has a Kinema Kutie Farm, on which the studio plants all its seedling stars and carefully nurtures them along, trying to make them grow into big-time actresses. Moreover, RKO is giving every one of them a chance to show her progress, if any. There isn't one who isn't doing some acting.

This young society girl, Ruth Weston, already has acquitted herself commendably in several pictures, the latest being "Smart Woman" and "The Public Defender." And how did she get her break? "While Van Dyke was shooting 'Trader Horn' in Nairobi," she relates, "our *safari* ran across his, and he saw some amateur movies that Father had made of me while I was shooting wild animals. When I arrived back in New York, three film companies were searching for me. Imagine!" While you have yet to hear of an authentic society girl making a grand slam in the picture game, Miss Weston may turn the trick. She is talented and attractive—and sophisticated.

Arlene Can Hardly Wait

BUT only time and the public can tell. As Arlene Judge, another RKO Kutie, is willing to testify, it may take a long, long time. "If," Arlene moans, "I have to hold my breath until I get a big part, I'm going to need artificial respiration before long. Tonight they're sending me down to the Biltmore to entertain a bunch of college boys. I wonder if that's the big break they were telling me about when they signed me up in New York?" But in spite of her pouting, Arlene has nice spots in "An American Tragedy" and "Are These Our Children?"



Mae Madisor

Another RKO farmerette with possibilities is the aforementioned Roberta Gale, who was discovered on the sands of Miami by the mother of the president of RKO. When Mother Schnitzer saw Roberta (so the story goes), she wired son Joseph, who immediately hastened down from New York, took one peer at Roberta and called for the cameras. After screen and voice tests, she was handed a contract and sent to Hollywood, where, with no previous experience, she at once captured parts in three pictures. While the world is still breathing easily over Miss Gale's endeavors, she might just zoom up to stardom. And if so, she will not be retarded by the fact that she is an exquisite second edition of Clara Bow.

And don't forget Marian Marsh. She has the same appealing beauty as Dolores Costello, and, although before getting a contract her experience added up to zero, she started off by being Barrymore's leading lady for two pictures in a row. That alone should hurl her into Hollywood's hall of fame.



Rochelle Hudson

Good News About Evalyn

ANOTHER white hope of the Warner Brothers is Evalyn Knapp, the pale, dark-eyed youngster from the Middle West who looks like somebody from Paris. She was coming right along when she went hiking up in those Hollywood hills, fell in a canyon, and fractured some vertebrae. Every single one of the Warner Brothers breathed a sigh of relief when the doctor said that, after a few months, she could act again.

Mae Madison, whose alliterative name is easy to remember, is still another Warner Brothers' youngster who may break into the big money some day. And their Joan Blondell is as neat a bunch of wisecracking femininity as ever soothed an eye. Although the chances are against her ever being starred, she can have good featured roles as long as she wants them—and even a child can tell you that what this country needs more than a good five-cent cigar is a bevy of capable

(*Continued on page 100*)

How The Stars *Get*



Noah Beery goes riding on his ranch, better known as the Paradise Trout Club. Note the flowering cherry tree in the valley and the snow on the mountain

When the players grow tired of fame and luxury, they want to get as far away from Hollywood as possible. A few sail away in their yachts, some look for remote mountain cabins and others go to Hawaii, where they are free from studios and worrying about their careers

That Big Little Girl Who Came From Broadway

It took a smart actress to succeed Clara Bow—that's why Sylvia Sidney was nominated

By
CHARLES GRAYSON

SYLVIA SIDNEY was born in New York City on a slap-bang holiday in the middle of a heat wave. Everybody was excited and the temperature kept going up. And that's the way it has been with Sylvia ever since.

She is sixty-four inches tall and weighs one hundred and four pounds. Her emotions are easily aroused, and she thinks that a girl is young only once. Also that women are a pretty dull lot.

She cares passionately about freedom. She says: "I can't stand people feeling responsible for me, worrying about me. That makes me feel so tied down, so *captured*. I must live my own life in my own way. I've *got* to!"

She thinks buttermilk is good only to bathe in, but she will calmly dispatch a lunch of caviar canapes, shrimps supreme, clear soup, green asparagus Vinaigrette, roast duck, candied sweet potatoes, creamed spinach, Mont Blanc cake and several coffees with no more fuss than the usual girl consumes a sandwich and a malted milk.

Her sense of humor is broad and infectious. When she laughs, she laughs all over. Her face creases with joy and she bends almost double, grasping at her chest.

She likes to drive fast. When her huge black car is doing its utmost, she will let go of the wheel and beat it with her fists, crying ecstatically, "I love to go fast! I love to go fast! I love to go fast!" She then will look at her cringing and door-clutching companion and, wide-eyed, ask: "You're not *scared?*"

Some Facts About Sylvia

Has blue-green eyes and tints eyelashes a light blue.

Was twenty years old this August. Is five feet four and weighs 104 pounds.

Became stage actress when sixteen years old and four years later became highest-paid youngster in show business.

Received screen contract through fine acting in "Bad Girl."

Not interested in her own sex at all. Thinks women a pretty dull lot.

Her heart-shaped face not easy to photograph.

Has been assigned Clara Bow's dressing-room.

How It Seems to Sylvia

SHE says: "The sex-appeal artists seem to have set a standard in Hollywood. Unless a girl goes for every man she meets, she is said to be under-sexed."

She made her début at twelve in the Little Theater in New York, and her first hit at fifteen in the graduating play of the Theater Guild School, "Prunella." When the company went on the road, she was fired for staying out until 'way after the prescribed bedtime for kid troupers.

Her eyelashes are colored a light blue. Her eyes are a blue-green, with curious brown lights. When she is angry, the pupils dilate to make them seem almost black. She got angry with Von Sternberg during the making of "An American Tragedy." He goaded her until she blew up with a bang they heard in Fort Worth. Then she went in and played a scene that drew a hand from even the electricians. Which was probably just what Josef was after.

For a year after "Prunella," she was unable to get a job. "Go home to your mother, you baby!" said the managers. She was less than five feet tall and plumpish. She had a face like an orange. She would go home. But she would come back.

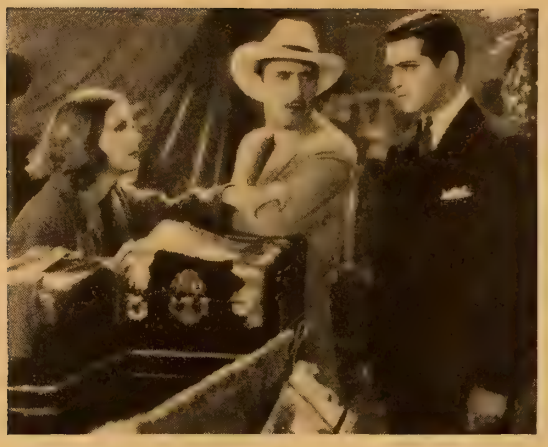
She broke her ankle two days after being signed for the Hollywood plum of the year, the rôle of

(*Continued on page 92*)



The Picture

REVIEWS OF THE



SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE

Garbo And Gable Strong In Weak Story: This is a second-rate picture structurally, dramatically, even photographically. Greta Garbo does not look her best, and Clark Gable has not yet learned his camera angles. Having said that, we must add, "Don't miss seeing 'Susan Lenox.'" Don't go to see it critically, but emotionally. Look at it not as a story, but as the appearance together of two who have one thing in common—a magnetic and dynamic quality that radiates from the screen to the audience.

In rambling episodes it tells the story of the love of a "lost lady" for a young architect, balked and bitter and furtive—until a short sequence at the end suddenly and without warning makes it respectable. Without believing in "teams," we would like to see these two together in a good picture.



BOUGHT

Connie At Her Best: "Bought" is smartly written and lavishly mounted—but you can't fool us! It's the draymer of the poor working girl who looked above her station, and the rich seducer—a reliable plot and one that can still be good in this sophisticated age.

Constance Bennett plays the girl who is born with a taste for "nice things". Through the phases of model in a smart gown shop and office assistant to a fashionable physician she attains her aim—a rich marriage—only to have that old meanie, Her Better Nature, get in her way. Connie is as you want her through this picture. Ben Lyon, photographing badly, is sincere as the lover who wins her back after her adventure in Wealth. Her wealthy benefactor (and unknown father) is touchingly played by daddy Richard Bennett.

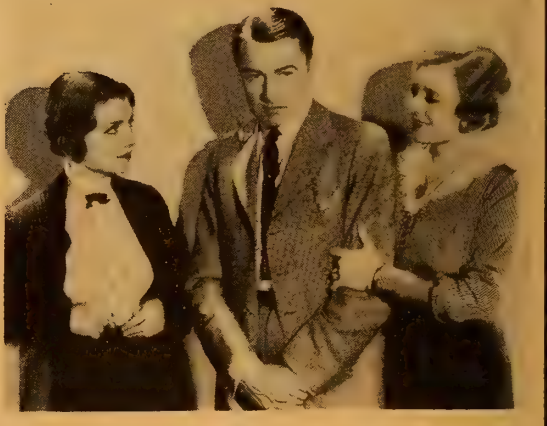


LULLABY

Helen Hayes Deserved Better Start: The much-heralded screen début of Helen Hayes is made in the variation of number seven of the "Madame X"-"Stella Dallas" theme. Why it was used to introduce the charming little performer to film audiences is just another vagary of the Hollywood mill.

You know your "Madame X" and your "Stella Dallas," so it is needless to repeat the plot of "Lullaby" here. Suffice to tell that the unmarried mother sells herself to educate the son as a doctor instead of a lawyer. And it is under the wheels of his car that she meets her death, an unrecognized and unmourned old woman.

Miss Hayes, striving valiantly, plays the long-suffering French peasant girl. Neil Hamilton is the first man in her life and Lewis Stone, the second.



SILENCE

Brook Has A Chance To Act: This is a strong story, told with great simplicity and restraint, which gives Clive Brook an opportunity to show what a really fine actor he is—a fact that too many drawing-room dramas have almost obscured. The plot is built around a story that a condemned man tells to a priest under the seal of the confessional, explaining why he is going to die for a crime he did not commit.

Peggy Shannon, as the sweetheart of the 'Nineties (those saloon scenes will make audiences homesick) and later as her own daughter, establishes herself as one of the imports from the stage with a great screen future. The scene where the dishonored father miserably faces the daughter he has never seen will bring unashamed tears. There is a surprise twist at the end.

Parade

Newest Pictures



THE STAR WITNESS

Most Human Gangland Picture To Date: It isn't one of these courtroom dramas, except incidentally. Walter Huston, who has played *District Attorney* so many times, is given the picture in the billing. But audiences will give it unhesitatingly to Chic Sale as the flute-playing Civil War veteran.

A commonplace, humdrum family unwillingly sees a gang murder and one by one the clerk-father, the high-school son and daughter, and the bewildered housewife-mother are frightened and tortured into silence by the killers. But grandpa is shrilly defiant.

Through a picture that is entirely too talky, this spunky old warhorse wanders with his beloved flute. This is the most human angle on the gang situation yet portrayed on the screen—the relation of gangsters to the life of everyday citizens.



THE PUBLIC DEFENDER

Dix Wasted In Mild Thriller: Once again, as in the dear dead days of "The Tiger's Claw" and the "Masked Menace," mysterious cards bearing threatening messages appear suddenly on desks and tables, and wealthy crooks quake. Richard Dix plays the young society man who alleviates boredom by a double life in which as "The Reckoner" he deals out justice to criminals not touched by the law.

It's an old-fashioned thriller tricked out with smart modern settings—and a lot of good clean fun, too. Ingenious are the ways in which Dix and his two henchmen outwit the crooks' protectors, but Richard is not altogether convincing. A man can't go on being boyish forever! He is too good an actor to waste on such stuff—entertainment though it is. Ruth Weston, who has little to do, does it interestingly.



THE BRAT

Old-Fashioned Story—Just Fair: Attempts have been made to modernize this stage play of an older generation, by bringing the slang in the dialogue up-to-date and putting June Collyer and Virginia Cherrill into ultra-modish togs. But the story of the little gutter waif still remains old-fashioned.

Discovered by a novelist in a night court, *The Brat*, played with rather timid exuberance by Sally O'Neil, is still so innocent that when her benefactor kisses her she considers herself engaged to be married. The loss of at least twenty-five pounds and a very bad makeup have changed Sally, and the director has completed the transformation by severely restraining her from her old tomboy ways. Despite the creaky story and irritating dialect, however, it will appeal to audiences satiated with gangster pictures.



WATERLOO BRIDGE

Fine Picture—Don't Miss It: Courage marks every phase of the making of "Waterloo Bridge." British James Whale, who directed "Journey's End," has done another intelligent piece of work, telling his story without compromise or fear.

It is the stark and tragic story of a girl forced, by changing wartime conventions, to ply the age-old trade of the streets. She is not painted as a fallen angel, but rather a moral coward who takes the easiest way. In the course of her nocturnal promenades, she encounters a young soldier enjoying his first London leave. He does not suspect her profession and in his decency, the girl finds love. But she realizes her past is too great a barrier and . . .

Mae Clarke plays the girl and Kent Douglass the boy, supported by an excellent cast.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



SPORTING BLOOD

Racetrack Story Has Appeal: There is so much affinity between the movement of racing horses and the medium of the movies, it is a wonder they are not featured more often. The real drama here is not the rather tawdry story of the racetrack touts, etc., but the thrilling and simple tale of the career of a great race horse against the background of a Kentucky farm and Ernest Torrence.

The plot, however, is concerned with a circle of crooks who turn a noble sport to their own base uses. Clark Gable plays a gambler who betrays his friends and dopes race horses. Too many such rôles will not help the very promising career of this new screen "find." Madge Evans, as the gangster's moll, redeemed by love for the beautiful horse she has rescued, adds a fresh, charming personality to the screen. The race scenes are as good as a newsreel and that is intended for sincere praise.



SMART WOMAN

Horton Makes Picture Worth While: When Edward Everett Horton appears on the screen's cast of characters, one can always bank on his turning in an appealing performance. He is human nature at its funniest. He is your next-door neighbor—and yourself, too, as you appear to the man next door. In this broad farce, disguised by smart dialogue as modern comedy drama, he takes the picture away from Mary Astor and Robert Ames with the first quirk of his eyebrow. As the helpful friend of the family who tries to assist the wife of his flirtatious partner to get her husband back from the toils of a blonde gold-digger, Horton makes you forget a machine-made plot.

In the palmistry scene, and the scene where his own wife watches, cynically, while he exerts his charms on the gold-digger, he does some of the most amusing farcing we have seen recently on the screen.



BAD GIRL

Well Done In Every Way—See It: Proving beyond any doubt that dirt is not a prime requisite in screen entertainment, Fox has taken one of the most sensational novels of last season, deleted all its suggestiveness, and given us as entertaining a little picture as we have seen in many a day. "Bad Girl," as Vina Delmar wrote the story, shocked by its unadulterated frankness. The screen drama is the simple story of a young married couple groping toward parenthood. Both are practically illiterate—both are inarticulate. Neither thinks the other wants their baby and through a series of misunderstandings, they fight their way to ultimate happiness.

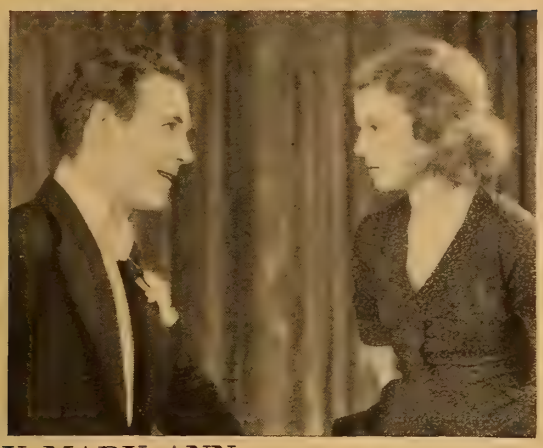
The girl and boy are exquisitely realized by Sally Eilers and James Dunn. The latter, a newcomer, gives promise of winning great popularity. Frank Borzage, the director, is at his best with stories of adolescents and "Bad Girl" ranks with the best.



MURDER BY THE CLOCK

Thrills And Horror Here, Worth Seeing: As a welcome change in murder technique, this is a tale of horror rather than mystery. Instead of having to sit in baffled ignorance until the last few minutes, the spectator is let in on all the horrid secrets as they occur, a method which heightens the gruesomeness of the show. It's a morbid story of a rich old lady who has to choose between her idiot son and a drunken nephew as an heir, and of the series of murders that follow her own.

All directed by a Borgia-like fiend expertly played by Lilyan Tashman, who has a rôle worthy of her at last. The spectacle of Lil vamping the giant idiot to further her murderous schemes is as shocking as anything on the screen. Irving Pichel is fascinating and terrifying as the idiot who wants to kill, and William Boyd is good as the one man Lil can't vamp. This is really a pretty good blood-curdling piece.



MERELY MARY ANN

Farrell And Gaynor Will Please You: Not only are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell reunited in "Merely Mary Ann," but Janet has the opportunity to return to the rags of an oppressed slavey. And you know what the Gaynor-Farrell combination in a Cinderella story does to the nation's hankies.

Charlie is a struggling young composer and Janet a lovely little orphan, working in the boarding-house where he lives. They dream of the days when they will be rich, but when it is revealed that Janet is the heiress of a large estate, the boy decides to struggle on alone. In her absence, he pours his love into his music and composes a tremendous operatic success. And, of course, Janet attends the opening.

Pure sentimental romance this, incorporating a few musical interludes. On the whole, it is well-made and acted appealingly by the stars and by Beryl Mercer, as the landlady.



LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE

Colorful, But Not Unusual: Was Edward Laemmle, the director, striving for Art in the ending of his picture? Or did the economy wave dictate a sudden ending? This story of a half-breed cattle baron, a Mexican dancer, and a rigidly pure Texas Ranger is so short that it was not until the *Mickey Mouse* Cartoon was well under way that the audience was certain it was over. And that the lovely heroine, trampled by a stampede of cattle, but still unruffled, would not come to life.

Local color is laid on thickly in the first scenes, and the extras earn their money by being extremely noisy. Spanish songs, mantillas and twanging guitars remove any doubt that the picture is going to be very very romantic. The dark-eyed lady is played with real fire by Dorothy Burgess.

Despite pursuits, escapes, moonlight serenades, and the spectacular stampede, it will not excite you.



THE MAGNIFICENT LIE

Not Good Enough For Chatterton: The title is misleading. The lie is a tawdry affair from its start as a joke on a blind man to its finish as a joke—we are afraid—on the audience. The plot takes us from the meeting of a shell-shocked American doughboy with a famous French actress to the time when he becomes a rancher and sees her in "Camille." He loses his sight during the performance and some merry spirits palm off a cheap café-singer who can do French impersonations as the woman he has idealized.

Ruth Chatterton—and Chatterton can do much—cannot make a tragic figure or a grand passion out of the soiled motives or slapstick methods of the singer. Ralph Bellamy gives a clear characterization as the hero. The blame may be laid on the scenario. The cast is excellent and worked hard with scenes that veered from farce to pathos, from drama to sentiment, ending with a remarkable auto accident.



TRANSATLANTIC

Interesting Enough—Different: An interesting production, with its action taking place on a *de luxe* ocean liner, and enacted by an able cast. The story treats of one of those gentlemanly crooks with a heart of gold, who go about being of service to ladies in distress as a sort of side-line to the business of larceny. Which is right up Edmund Lowe's alley.

Director Howard has employed a frankly Teutonic technique in establishing his shipboard locale. One might think the first half of the picture a direct importation from UFA, what with odd angles and shots of odd faces. Too, the first half of the production is marred by a musical accompaniment, which for the greater part drowns out what the actors are saying.

Lois Moran, Jean Hersholt, Greta Nissen, Myrna Loy and a competent crowd of others do their best; but Lowe's over-confidence and Howard's arty direction are severe handicaps.

Jean Harlow Sets the Styles for Autumn

Is it any wonder that women—and the men, too—turn for another look at Jean Harlow when she sports something as smart as this Lanvin suit of homespun (left)? The skirt is black and the jacket mustard color, with a mustard crepe de chine blouse. She wears a small black hat with a French nose veil and carries a double fox scarf



Perhaps Jean was thinking of those chilly Fall days when she selected the black Lelong coat dress below—days when it isn't warm enough for only a dress and yet not cool enough for a coat. It is made of lightweight kasha cloth with a luxurious removable silver fox collar. With it she wears a small black knitted off-the-face hat





The graceful ivory white chiffon Vionnette gown, above, seems to be just the thing for Miss Harlow's blonde loveliness. The blondes, as well as the brunettes, have gone in strongly for white for evening wear. And don't you think the short cape with it, which is made of the same material and trimmed with white fox fur, is adorable?



Jean, knowing that there is nothing so feminine as flowered chiffon, chose this white Patou Carnegie model (above) which is figured in green. And everyone knows that green and white are ever so elegant and flattering to a blonde. Miss Harlow likes her shoulder-flowers down the back instead of the front. They're of green chiffon

Jean Harlow is one of Hollywood's well-dressed stars and knows what to wear for every occasion. But Jean dresses differently in private life from the way she does on the screen -- her gowns being more modest and chic and not so daring. The Fall fashions displayed here are from Jean's personal wardrobe



The Girl Who Was Not Scared of Garbo

Very few actresses can appear with the great Greta and not suffer an inferiority complex. But Karen Morley forgot that Garbo existed and gave such an arresting performance in "Inspiration" that she has become famous overnight

By NANCY PRYOR

IT'S hard enough for a pretty girl to hold her own in support of any established star of Hollywood, much less get a chance to register. When the star is Greta Garbo, it is practically impossible. But Karen Morley did it.

How many other women do you remember from Garbo pictures? Marie Dressler, in "Anna Christie," of course. Marie is a grand old trouper, whose charm lies in her great ability and even greater heart. She is no girl in her teens just starting out. Karen Morley *is*.

Far be it from me to start a war by hinting that the newcomer took anything from the Great One in "Inspiration." But that picture has not been rated as one of Greta's best even by her most avid followers—and somehow you did remember that other girl, the one who plunged to her death when she learned that her lover (Lewis Stone) was through with her. It was an arresting performance from a new face—a face not exactly beautiful, but haunting.

She had all the earmarks of a seasoned actress—a veteran from Broadway, perhaps, though the facts about her were a little vague.

It wasn't until the news leaked out that Karen Morley was a local college girl from the University of California at Los Angeles, who had walked out of a classroom to step into the Garbo picture, that Karen developed into a minor wonder. A college girl holding her own with Garbo—now, there *was* something!

Add to this the fact she did not appear to be afraid of Garbo—which is more than you can say for many actors who have had more experience than a classroom offers. It's worth anybody's time and effort to try to find out where she got all that, isn't it?

No Typical Newcomer, This

GIVEN half a chance and a publicity luncheon, most clicking newcomers are prone to break down with sheer gratitude at "the break I'm getting," expressing hopes that they "will justify the confidence" they have inspired, and bursting out with a rush of thrilled adjectives that would slow down Floyd Gibbons.

But Karen Morley is different. Her calm in the face of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract is ample proof of her unique personality. She just isn't built for gushing.

She's medium tall and medium blonde, without benefit of peroxide or platinum-henna.

She looks grand in pajamas and wears them around the lot, in spite of the fact that newcomers are supposed to follow, not set, the styles.

With only six months of experience behind her, she is bound to be new to studio life—but it's a cinch it isn't exciting her. The day we lunched on the screened-in commissary porch (reserved tables for stars), her frank brown eyes scrutinized the neighboring charmers, coolly giving back frank stare for stare, exchanging husky greeting for greeting with Anita Page, Joan Crawford, Marjorie Rambeau, Robert Montgomery. Occasionally she lighted a cigarette, though she admitted they were bad for her. Not once did she break down about being thrilled about her great chance—the wonder of working with the Great Greta—or her hopes of living up to her promising start.

She lifted a poised, slightly surprised eyebrow when I bluntly asked her if she had been "scared" of Garbo.

"No," she answered, evenly, "not 'scared'—though it was a little difficult, at first. I didn't quite know how to address

(*Continued on page 86*)



"Palmolive is a delightful soap to use—bland, soothing and gentle, yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties."
Marguerite Hoare of London



"Don't use just any soap ... particularly if your skin is irritated! Use Palmolive. It is made of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm." Niraus of Madrid



"Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine soothing cosmetic oils—will do for your face. That is why I recommend only Palmolive."
Pessl of Vienna and Budapest



"Palmolive Soap improves your color and tones up your skin. It is bland and neutral. Use this fine facial soap twice a day."
Dahlstrand of Stockholm



"Ordinary soap may irritate the skin and hurt the tissues. That is why I insist upon Palmolive, a true beauty soap."
Pezza of Naples



"Thorough cleansing must be obtained by daily use of soap and water. I recommend the vegetable oil soap—Palmolive."
Sterck-Schinzel of Cologne



"It doesn't pay to experiment—when beauty is at stake use Palmolive. Nothing equals its stimulating, soothing cosmetic oils."
Paul of Fifth Ave.



"Use Palmolive, a soap that is effective but gentle in its action. The vegetable oils of olive and palm make Palmolive soothing."
Hoefer of Chicago

These famous names are among the 20,000 beauty experts who recommend Palmolive



"Repeated experiments have convinced me that vegetable oils in soap are best for your skin. That is why I say use Palmolive."
Mrs. McGavran of Kansas City



"Don't mistreat your complexion by using the wrong soap—use Palmolive. Its vegetable oils make a soap that is safe."
Jessie Henderson of Los Angeles

When soaps claim beauty results

ask first what they are made of

Palmolive tells you—willingly—it is made of olive and palm oils

TODAY there are many soaps on the market. Some make extravagant claims. You are often confused—don't know which soap to choose. You take great chances, endanger your complexion, unless you know what is in the soap you use on your face.

Choice of experts

Palmolive Soap is the choice of over 20,000 beauty experts. They know what's in this soap. They know it is made of olive and palm oils—the world's supreme cosmetic oils.

Don't let anyone convince you that soap which merely *claims* beauty results will do for you what Palmolive does. Palmolive results come from Palmolive only.

Palmolive is a pure soap. Its delicate, natural color comes from the fine vegetable oils of which it is made. It is naturally wholesome, just like the complexions it fosters.

It gives a creamy, fine-textured lather that removes accumulations of dirt, oil, powder, which otherwise cause coarse pores, roughness, muddiness—a dozen and one blemishes to skin beauty.

Youth captivates ... youth charms. Use Palmolive—only Palmolive—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Consult your beauty specialist

There is just one person whose business it is to help you keep good looks. That is the trained professional beauty specialist. Put your beauty problems in her hands. She will help you solve them.



Retail Price 10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



Fascinating stage and screen star has a Complexion Secret you, too, can share!

"I AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. But who would believe it looking at the recent picture above!

"And I am now realizing that it is not birthdays which really count. It is whether or not a woman retains her youthful complexion.

"After every performance of my present stage vehicle, *Elizabeth the Queen,* I use Lux Toilet Soap to cleanse my skin of makeup. Not only does it remove every trace of grease paint, but it protects my complexion and leaves my

LUX Toilet

"I'm over 40!"

Pauline Frederick

face feeling fresh and invigorated. I have used this soap regularly for a long time and find that it does wonders for my skin."

Countless other beautiful women of the stage and screen agree on the soothing qualities of this white soap.

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses (including all stars) 605 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*. It is official in all film studios. The Broadway stars, the European stars, too, are devoted to it.

Surely *you* will want to try it for your skin!

Soap — 10¢



PAULINE FREDERICK in her present stage success, *Elizabeth the Queen*. With amazing versatility she transforms her face into a remarkable likeness to the famous queen!

Sally's Back!

Sally O'Neil, once a popular star, is the pluckiest girl in Hollywood. While hard luck pursued her the past two years, she never gave up hope of getting another chance in the movies. Now that she's back in "The Brat," her Irish eyes can smile again

By JOAN STANDISH

"SALLY O'NEIL To Play The Title Rôle in 'The Brat'" was the announcement. But back of that announcement was drama. The bright-eyed little Irish girl who had been one of the Big Stars a few years ago, and then had had the world's worst breaks and had dropped from sight, was coming back. She was going to have Another Chance—and a big chance.

Hollywood, knowing the story, felt a lump in its throat.

"Gee," breathed Sally, herself, "it's grand to hear 'Attagirl, Sally' after all these months of 'Poor Sally!' I guess people mean to be kind when they pity you—but it doesn't do anything for your morale."

Sally is not "coming back" from a vacation. She's back from every sort of trouble that hounds the human footsteps—money-trouble, love-trouble, heart-breaking family trouble. Only Clara Bow's tough-luck story is in the same class as the brand of misfortune that has dogged Sally.

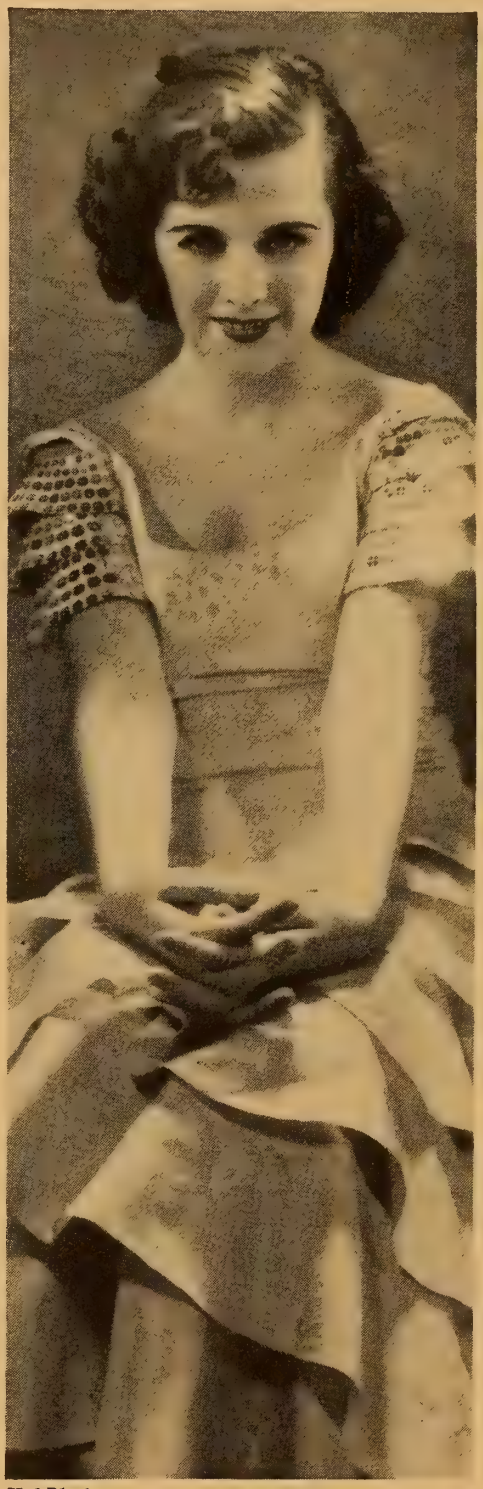
It all seems a little unfair that girls like Sally and Clara, who sought only gaiety from life, should find it so frayed and shabby.

"And yet," says Sally, "I'm not sorry it happened the way it did—everything."

In her funny little sweater-and-skirt costume for her rôle in John Ford's picture, with her dark hair curled to her shoulders and those Irish blue eyes of hers lighted with real laughter for the first time in two years, she looked like the same pert little Mick of her M-G-M days. Gone was all the excess weight that had added years to her appearance. Sally now weighs one hundred and three pounds and is all set for action "to lick the world again."

The Worst Was Yet to Come

"I GUESS I am an incurable optimist. Even when everything crashed at once, I still held on to the belief that it couldn't be forever. I used to say to my manager, Ivan Kahn, 'Well, things can get just so bad—and then they can't get any worse.' For a little while it looked as though there was a conspiracy to make me eat those words. When I lost my contract, I thought that was pretty bad—but that was just the beginning of all the things I was to lose."



Hal Phyfe

Sally O'Neil has been the original hard-luck girl of the movies. Her appearance in "The Brat" marks her first big screen rôle in two years

The first calamity to befall Sally, I believe, was the ending of a great love affair that had been the paramount interest of her life ever since she set foot before a motion picture camera. On Sally's part it was a deep, hurting love that countenanced humiliation, alternating with a lilting sort of happiness for more than five years. It was the worshiping sort of love of a very young girl for an older and fascinating man, who has been fascinating to a great many women of Hollywood.

"Now that it is all over, I can look back and see that the deep feeling I had for him was not for the Man. To me he was a god, an inspiration—the handsomest, grandest man in Hollywood, or the world. I had fifty pictures of him that ranged all the way from his childhood through every stage of his life. They were all framed and hanging on the wall of my bedroom. Every night before I went to bed, I kissed every one of them. That lasted for five years. Then suddenly I realized it was all over—that his whims could no longer hurt me or touch me in any way. It hasn't left me bitter—I wish him only the kindest and happiest things of Life.

What Bad Breaks Taught Her

"WHEN suddenly all the lesser things were swept away, all the clothes and the cars, the servants and the friends I had thought were *for* me—it didn't hurt nearly so much as I thought it would. It taught me one of the most valuable things I have learned about myself: It takes so very much to make me unhappy and so little to make me happy.

"I had thought I needed excitement and success and all the things that go with them—but I learned that the real me was just as happy in a Ford coupé as in that long green car that used to attract so much attention on the Boulevard. The day I was forced into bank-

(*Continued on page 103*)

This seal answers the question:

"what toothpaste should I use?"



What is this seal?

It is the seal of acceptance of the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This Council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, and chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of any product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

What is the meaning of this seal?

This seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. When found on a toothpaste, it means that the composition of this toothpaste has been submitted to the Council, and that its claims have been found acceptable.

Colgate's bears this seal

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price—but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's—and quality alone—that has held its leadership for years and years.

Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth healthfully and completely clean.

Colgate's costs only 25c

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE



Winnie Lightner doubles for an entire troupe of "freaks" and gets many a laugh in "Side Show"

Alexander Hamilton—George Arliss plays the young genius of Colonial times, whose life was a network of drama—and achieves his greatest triumph. Exceptional in every way (W. B.).

An American Tragedy—Theodore Dreiser's powerful story of weak youth comes to the screen in shortened form—but still is potent. You won't forget Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney in the principal rôles (Par.).

Arizona—A colorful Western, in which the scenery is more impressive than the story. John Wayne is featured (Col.).

The Bargain—The screen's most realistic father, Lewis Stone, changes jobs with his son (John Darrow)—and each learns an interesting lesson (F. N.).

Big Business Girl—Loretta Young and Frank Albertson try to lead separate married lives, with the usual complications (supplied this time by Ricardo Cortez). Semi-naughty, but neat (F. N.).

The Black Camel—A screen star is murdered, and it's smooth *Charlie Chan* (again played by Warner Oland) who solves the absorbing mystery (Fox).

Broadminded—Joe E. Brown and Buster Collier go to California—of all places—to escape women. Not as funny as intended (F. N.).

Caught—As an Amazon of the old West, Louise Dresser leads Richard Arlen to suspect that she is an outlaw leader—and he seeks to prove it. Different, but lacks suspense (Par.).

Chances—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s first starring picture takes him to the battlefront again. His acting and Anthony Bushell's almost conceal the fact that the story is weak (F. N.).

Children of Dreams—An operetta with a new setting—the orchards of California. Paul Gregory and Margaret Schilling, who sing well, are new—but the story is old (F. N.).

The Common Law—When Constance Bennett falls in love with high-minded Joel McCrea, conscience makes her reveal her past. Hardly novel, but both manage to be believable (RKO-Pathé).

Confessions of a Co-Ed—That silly little story of the co-ed who missteps bobs up again—with Sylvia Sidney in the title rôle, and Phillips Holmes her temporarily faithless lover (Par.).

Enemies of the Law—A Secret Service girl falls in love with the man she is pursuing and tries to reform him. Mary Nolan does all that is humanly possible with such a story (Capitol).

Ex-Bad Boy—Not a gangster picture, but an amusing comedy of the adventures of a small-town Romeo, played devastatingly by Robert Armstrong (RKO).

Expensive Women—Dolores Costello arrives back on the screen, more glamourous than ever—even in the rôle of a woman-of-the-world (W. B.).

First Aid—Grant Withers gets another screen start as a young interne who is kidnaped by gangsters to perform a difficult operation. An out-and-out thriller (Sono Art).

Five and Ten—What can happen when a millionaire neglects his family, as visioned by Fannie Hurst. Marion Davies and Leslie Howard do surprisingly well with the thin material (M-G-M).

Five-Star Final—Edward G. Robinson plays to perfection the rôle of an editor who loses his conscience, and you see a powerful, bitter indictment of scandal sheets (W. B.).

The Girl Habit—On the verge of settling down, Charlie Ruggles tries to recover some love letters from a gangster's moll. Rough, but funny (Par.).

Goldie—In the manner of Lowe and McLaglen, sailors Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer pursue women in general and Jean Harlow in particular. He-man humor (Fox).

The Great Lover—What the well-dressed lover can hope to accomplish, as amusingly demonstrated by Adolphe Menjou (M-G-M).

Guilty Hands—Because he stole "A Free Soul" in a highly melodramatic part, Lionel Barrymore again has a startling rôle to perform—and does it very well. The ending has a real kick (M-G-M).

Heaven on Earth—An idyll of love in the Mississippi flood region, made exciting and touching by Lew Ayres and Anita Louise (Univ.).

High Stakes—Just "tight" enough to be clever, Lowell Sherman proves that his brother's wife is a little gold-digger. Slight, but smooth (RKO).

A Holy Terror—George O'Brien pursues the murderer of his father in a Western that is both faster and more amusing than most (Fox).

Homicide Squad—Leo Carillo, who did such a good job in "Hell Bound," has another tense gangland story (Univ.).

Honeymoon Lane—Eddie Dowling's sentimental musical comedy of boarding-house life comes to the screen, with the music soft-pedaled. Ray Dooley, new comédienne, steals the picture right away from Eddie (Par.).

Huckleberry Finn—The satisfying sequel to "Tom Sawyer," with Junior Durkin again playing *Huck*, and Jackie Coogan, *Tom*. Don't send the youngsters; take them (Par.).

Hush Money—Joan Bennett learns that her associates are racketeers, tries to get away from them, is blackmailed. Surprisingly good for such a familiar theme (Fox).

I Take This Woman—That big Westerner, Gary Cooper, tames the little high-hat girl from the city (Carole Lombard). Lightly likable (Par.).

The Lady From Nowhere—Just when John Holland gets on the trail of those counterfeiters, Alice Day gets in his way. A thriller of the pre-war type (Chesterfield).

The Mad Genius—Again John Barrymore hides that romantic profile and plays a bitter rôle—this time, of a crippled dancing master. The quality of John's acting testifies to his liking for this sort of thing (W. B.).

The Mad Parade—An all-female cast—headed by Irene Rich, Evelyn Brent and Louise Fazenda—enact a drama of women in the trenches. None too convincing (Par.).

The Maltese Falcon—Dashiell Hammett's mystery thriller remains a thriller in its screen version, with Ricardo Cortez the money-mad detective. Bebe Daniels, starred, has a lesser rôle (W. B.).



Lionel Barrymore throttles Kay Francis for one of the thrills in the sinister "Guilty Hands"



Claudette Colbert again has a dramatic time on the edge of society in "Secrets of a Secretary"

The Man in Possession—Entertaining nonsense about a young ne'er-do-well who becomes a sheriff's clerk, occupies a lady's house, and becomes her butler. Robert Montgomery is the young man (M-G-M).

Men of the Sky—Orthodox spy story, with Irene Delroy the patriotic siren and Jack Whiting her lover. There's music in the background (F. N.).

Merry Wives of Vienna—Another proof that the Germans have it all over the Americans in the production of movie musical comedies. The story is slight, but it has gay tunes, gay acting, and a surprising number of pretty girls (C. F. E.).

The Miracle Woman—Cynical about religion, Barbara Stanwyck becomes a fake revivalist—until love comes along. Different, to say the least—and Barbara turns in another powerful performance (Col.).

The Mystery of Life—The world-old drama of Evolution unfolded on the screen, with a lecture on the side by Clarence Darrow of Dayton, Tenn. fame. For students more than amusement-seekers (Univ.).

Newly Rich—Detailing the battles of two Hollywood mothers (Edna May Oliver and Louise Fazenda) over their little darlings (Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green) who are movie stars. If the acting were less strenuous, the film would be funnier (Par.).

Night Angel—'Way over in Czecho-Slovakia, Nancy Carroll gets all tangled up in some intrigue, with Fredric March coming to the rescue. Far-fetched (Par.).

Night Nurse—An ordinary nurse becomes involved in some extraordinary adventures, and Barbara Stanwyck is so tensely believable that you'll be on the edge of your seat from start to finish (W. B.).

Pardon Us—Laurel and Hardy venture into feature-length comedy and have an uproarious time, at the expense of all previous prison pictures (M-G-M).

The Phantom of Paris—Wearing a Van Dyke beard and playing the part of a romantic magician, John Gilbert makes an exciting comeback and proves that he has mastered the talkies. Previewed as "Cheri-Bibi" (M-G-M).

Politics—As a pair of crusading suffragettes, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran have their own way of ridding a town of racketeers. Hilarious melodrama (M-G-M).

Rebound—On the "rebound" from other loves, Ina Claire and Robert Ames make the temporary mistake of marrying one another. In mood and manner, it's reminiscent of "Holiday" and every bit as good (RKO-Pathé).

The Reckless Hour—Dorothy Mackaill has a hard time winning Conrad Nagel, thanks to her past with Walter Byron. Dorothy makes it worth while (F. N.).

The Road to Singapore—William Powell's first picture for Warner Brothers—and a good one. The scene is the South Seas, and the story concerns his pursuit of Doris Kenyon, who is unhappily married (W. B.).

Runaround—Chorus-girl Mary Brian intends to marry Geoffrey Kerr for his money, but he intends no such thing. Amusing light comedy (RKO).

(*Continued on page 83*)

"Congratulations!

You've truly captured youth's own color tints in this new Two-Tone Powder . . . Seventeen!"

Says DOROTHY MACKAILL

A powder to imitate the actual complexion tints of youth? Yes! . . . that is the marvelous principle on which Seventeen Two-Tone Powder was created!

For the purpose of a powder is *not* to coat the skin as with a mask. Powders which dull the natural skin tints are really ageing in their effects.

The ideal seventeen-year-old complexion is *alive.* The exquisite colors come and go. The skin seems actually transparent. The color tints are fresh, radiant, subtle.

And so should be the color tints in your complexion powder! *Then* you will have naturalness, not artificiality . . . youthful delicacy, not mature dullness.

Seventeen found a way to imitate the natural color tints of youth. This principle, we call Two-Tone.

Ingredients of different weights are blended: light and heavy. The heavier powder clings closely to your skin. The lighter weight powder, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone . . . which creates a subtle overtone . . . and lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth.

There are various shades, of course, in Seventeen. Select your own, as in any other powder. *But* compare this shade with the shade you now are using! Take a little in your hand. Note the life, the radiance, of Seventeen. Then, a fluff of Seventeen on your skin. What a glorious difference! You will congratulate *yourself* on having found this Two-Tone, Youth-Tone Powder.



Youth-Tone tints in Seventeen Rouge and Lipstick give you—with Seventeen Two-Tone Powder—a complete Youth-Tone make-up!

GIVE THE LITTLE GIRL A HAND



Fryer

If Joan Blondell wants to go boating in that new outfit of hers—navy blue jacket and white jersey trousers—she'll have to pull more strings than those. She's too good a comédienne to be allowed a day off—especially when she's needed every minute in "The Greeks Had a Word for It"

THE THRILLING "HALF-FACE" TEST

THAT REVEALED THE TRUE SECRET OF SKIN LOVELINESS

Under the Constant Supervision of 15 Leading Dermatologists, 612 Women Compare Skin Care Methods . . . and Find the Real Road to Complexion Beauty.

•

On one side of the face...one skin care method. On the other side...another.

This dramatic test was made for 30 days . . . not on one complexion, but on 612. Not under one dermatologist . . . but under 15. Not on one type of skin . . . but on skins of every type, of all ages from 15 to 50.

The beauty preparations used on one side of the face by these 612 women included every well-known soap, cream and lotion. On the other side, the treatment was always Woodbury's Facial Soap. After 30 days, the records showed: In 103 cases, Woodbury's had corrected blackheads; in 106 cases remedied acne; in 115 cases reduced oiliness; in 83 cases shrunk enlarged pores; in 81 cases made the skin less dry. Even "normal" complexions found finer texture, a fresh bloom under the gentle stimulus of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

No other cleansing agent, soap, cream or lotion, noticeably helped either faulty or normal skin.

It would be hard to ascribe such wonder-working powers to a soap, but Woodbury's is more than a mere soap; it is a beauty treatment founded on the special formula of a true specialist in skin loveliness. It gathers its powers to remedy and to beautify from oils and balms and unguents too fine and costly to be used in an ordinary toilet soap.

For years millions of women have found skin loveliness through Woodbury's. Many have never known complexion troubles because they have daily guarded their skins with Woodbury's.

Why not begin today to see what a 30-day Woodbury treatment will do for *your* complexion?

•





The statements made in this advertisement have been examined by a leading New York dermatologist who found them to be in accord with the reports of the 15 skin specialists who conducted the nation-wide Beauty Test. The names of the doctors are not published here, but the Editor of this magazine has them on file, and they are available to any genuinely interested inquirer.

© 1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 910 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous sample of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ☐	Flabby Skin ☐	Sallow Skin ☐
Dry Skin ☐	Coarse Pores ☐	Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐	Blackheads ☐	

Name _____

Address _____

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



GOOD PIE FOREVER

It's rare these days for a comedy to be pure slapstick, but it's even rarer for such a comedy to be continuously funny. "Good Pie Forever" is both. For one thing, it is built around a new idea. Billy Wayne is the boy-friend of Thelma White, whose father wants to be a pie-maker on a big scale, but has no market for his wares. Billy hits upon a way to make the town pie-conscious. They load a truck with pastry and cruise about the city, tossing the pies at all and sundry, including the mayor, policemen, newlyweds, a soap box orator and others. All the victims are visibly impressed by the tastiness of the pies, which makes for a happy —and slapstick—ending (Vitaphone Varieties).

BABYKINS

If you saw "The Unholy Three"—or even if you didn't—you will get a kick out of this little number. As in the famous Lon Chaney thriller, a midget poses as an infant, and his pal is a big husky. In this case, however, the big bruiser (Bill Halligan) makes his little buddy (Pee Wee Singer) enter a baby show. The prize is five hundred dollars and he wins it, but the giant pockets the money. While *Babykins* is still smoldering about this, along comes a gushing woman who is crazy to adopt him. The "father" makes a deal with her and pockets two thousand dollars more. *Babykins* escapes from his foster-parent just in time to catch up with his double-crossing pal. Novel (Vitaphone Varieties).





SLIDE, SPEEDY, SLIDE

With the World Series bearing down upon us, it's time for a kidding of small-time baseball players. And here's a good one. *Speedy* (Tom Dugan) is pitcher for the Clayville nine, which is playing a World Series all its own with an outfit in the same class. *Speedy*, despite his stutter, is a local hero and the fiancé of Daphne Pollard, whose adulation he takes for granted—until the evening before the deciding game, when he finds her in the arms of Wade Boteler. The discovery renders him unfit to pitch the next day—until the ninth inning. The way he comes to the rescue of dear old Clayville fulfills all the best traditions of hokum—and of comedy (Educational).

JUNE FIRST

If you like blonde gold-diggers (and who doesn't—at a distance?), you'll find June MacCloy not only an eyeful, but an amusing eyeful. At the moment, she is Hollywood's leading exponent at the none-too-gentle art of making men look ridiculous. To get enough money together for a trip to Europe, she and two girl-friends make up to as many men as possible, get as many presents as possible, and pawn the gifts. June collects engagement rings, and every time she gets one, sets the marriage date as June first. Just as she is stepping on the boat, a policeman arrests her and takes her to the church, where a dozen would-be bridegrooms are waiting. She makes a getaway, as a clever blonde would (RKO-Pathé).





THE GIGOLO RACKET

No Broadway star has more imitators—and fewer competitors—than Helen Morgan. She is in a class by herself when it comes to singing blues. In this short—made in her spare time away from the "Follies"—she has two numbers, and puts both across in her languorous, teasing way. Morgan addicts would hardly ask for anything more, but for screen fans who may not be Morgan-mad, she is the center of a mild little melodrama. Just as she is about to open in a new show, her press-agent has a brainstorm and tries to get her engaged to a gigolo—an idea calculated to put her on the front pages. The man she picks, however, isn't one of the brethren, after all (Vitaphone Varieties).

THE MESSENGER BOY

Some actors are at their best in shorts—and Benny Rubin is one of them. In features he serves as the comedy relief, but in this little laugh riot he is the whole show. Cast as a dumb messenger boy, he is hired by a night-club queen to take her youngster for an airing. He succumbs to the wiles of the woman, only to become involved in a series of embarrassing moments. On the verge of being caught in her dressing-room, he dons feminine disguise—and finds himself forced to double for the girl in the club's adagio act. The two male partners take Benny for a series of wild tosses, all in dead earnest. His agony is acutely funny, and the ending is a howl (RKO-Pathé).





WHIPPET RACING

It's refreshing to come across something different—and "Whippet Racing" is plenty different. This is a favorite sport in Southern California and Florida, but rare in other parts of the country, which alone makes such a short a novelty. In addition, the subject has a novel treatment. You see how the long, lean dogs, allegedly the speediest animals of all, are trained and, for a climax, witness a race that packs a thrill. The picture puts across the lure of whippet-racing, in which training counts even more than in horse-racing. The running dialogue, supplied by Peter Smith, is sparkling and amusing, besides telling you all you should know about an unusual sport (M-G-M).

FAINTING LOVER

Respecting that old rule that every good comedy must have its pathetic implications, Mack Sennett turns out an amusing skit about an unsuccessful lover. Wade Boteler, who has spent the best years of his life in making a fortune, at last decides it is time for him to marry—and his eye lights on Addie McPhail. Addie doesn't turn him away, but he runs into competition in the hefty shape of Vernon Dent, who not only plays the piano and saxophone, but sings. Vernon wins the girl. As they are being married, Wade tiptoes into the church (his shoes squeak), and breaks down completely, not only weeping, but fainting—much to the annoyance of the wedding party, and the delight of the audience (Educational).



VILO-RAY Now Astounds the World's Beauty Authorities

- *The Famous Lucille Young Again Gives Women Amazing New Beauty. Results that Seem Utterly Beyond Belief*
- *Until Seen. Startling, Mysterious Rejuvenation.*

By Jas. C. Staunton

I HAVE SEEN a 68 year old woman made to look 20 years younger. I have watched while sallow skins came to a glow of marvelous natural color. I have seen blackheads disappear as though by magic. I have witnessed the almost instantaneous banishment of lines and wrinkles. Muddy, blemished complexions have been given marvelous transparency before my very eyes.

All this in the famous laboratories and Salon of that amazing woman, Lucille Young, scientific magician of beauty, advisor to millions, famed in a dozen countries for original discoveries without equal.

And now a discovery to make all others seem insignificant—the sheer, stark, seeming miracle of VILO-RAY. This incredible, youth-giving, breath-taking result of years of research is a *fifteen minute treatment.* Just fifteen minutes to give results that heretofore have taken months.

I'll tell you how I have *seen the treatment given* — a way *you yourself may easily follow* — a way that brings VILO-RAY to you *in your home* . . . at a few cents for a treatment, instead of the Salon cost of $10.00. Until recently, fabulous sums had to be spent to produce the VILO-RAY treatment. Now, a new marvelous process has brought the treatment within the reach of all. And, according to her custom of over 20 years' standing, Lucille Young is giving her GREATEST DISCOVERY to the whole world of women for a sum *anyone* can afford.



The Method is EXACT, yet easy when Lucille Young explains it . . . as she does to all taking the treatment . . . as she will to you in her Method Directions sent with the ready prepared ingredients. I, myself, have applied the VILO-RAY Treatment, with the same utterly astounding results that Lucille Young achieves.



feet. Think of it! VILO-RAY energizes the capillaries, creating a health influence upon the skin that is marvelous. You can *feel* VILO-RAY "picking up drooping muscles," ironing out lines, firming contours. After a single treatment, you can actually *see* the wonderful natural glow in your skin, the erasure of lines, the firming of sagging chins, the smoothing out of contours.

WHAT VILO-RAY IS —HOW TO USE IT

Here is the treatment. First the face and neck are thoroughly cleansed. Lucille Young uses a special cleansing cream. But other good cleansing creams will do *almost* as well. Next Lucille Young shows you two mysterious containers. Through the crystal glass of one, you see a fascinating, violet hued liquid. And you learn part of the startling secret. This liquid has been *irradiated* by the marvelous Ultra Violet Ray. Special electrical apparatus is required to create this ray . . . in which the liquid is bathed . . . and later given its mysterious violet hue. In a second container a pale yellow semi-solid, a secret formula that Lucille Young alone knows . . . one that other chemists have so far been unable to analyze . . . one that energizes skin and muscle structure as has never been done before.

As you watch, Lucille Young applies these two components of her VILO-RAY TREATMENT.

THOUSANDS of Lucille Young's regular patrons have already used VILO-RAY . . . in their own homes.

As nearly every woman knows, Lucille Young serves scores of thousands of patrons all over the world — women who could never come to the Salon. Thousands of these women have been personally advised of the new VILO-RAY treatment by Lucille Young. They have eagerly sent for, and tried, the supreme achievement of their beloved and trusted beauty authority . . . and their expressions of delight, of amazement, of joy are so extravagant that had I not seen equally amazing things, I could not believe such incredible praise.

WHO Should Use Lucille Young's VILO-RAY

Unlike all other beauty creams, lotions, and specifics, Lucille Young's VILO-RAY Treatment is for both *young and old,* for those who desire to correct beauty defects; for those who simply wish to become *more beautiful.*

VILO-RAY has the property of energizing, of waking up skin tissues and muscle structure beneath the skin. It makes use of the astounding discoveries of the world famous University of Copenhagen regarding the myriad of tiny blood tubes of the skin called capillaries. The average person has enough of these to equal 60,000 square

Lucille Young

How VILO-RAY is Sold to You—

VILO-RAY is entirely too scientific, too magical, too marvelous, too APPARENT in the results YOU ACTUALLY SEE, to need subterfuge. It doesn't have to hide behind ambiguous promises. In fact it really doesn't have to MAKE ANY PROMISES AT ALL.

Therefore you may buy VILO-RAY with the unconditional guarantee that the entire purchase price will be REFUNDED WITHOUT A WORD OF ARGUMENT if you, yourself, simply write in and say "I want my money back." You do not have to explain, give details, or anything else. Lucille Young offers you VILO-RAY as the most marvelous beauty discovery of the age. If YOU do not enthusiastically agree, if you are not so wild about the new beauty you achieve that you want to praise VILO-RAY to the skies, then Lucille Young DOESN'T WANT TO KEEP YOUR MONEY.

You Do Not Have To Send Money with Order

You are cordially welcome to send for VILO-RAY c. o. d., sending no money whatsoever. Then, when VILO-RAY, arrives, simply pay postman $2.95 (the Special Introductory Price), plus the few cents postage. If you prefer to save the postage, send remittance with order. My Guarantee insures your satisfaction or return of $2.95 on your "say so."

LUCILLE YOUNG,
351-A Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your famous VILO-RAY Treatment, complete with instructions and everything to use just as in your Beauty Salon. I understand that if I am not delighted with results, I shall have the full purchase price $2.95 returned to me by notifying you within ten days and returning any unused VILO-RAY, or even the empty containers.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....

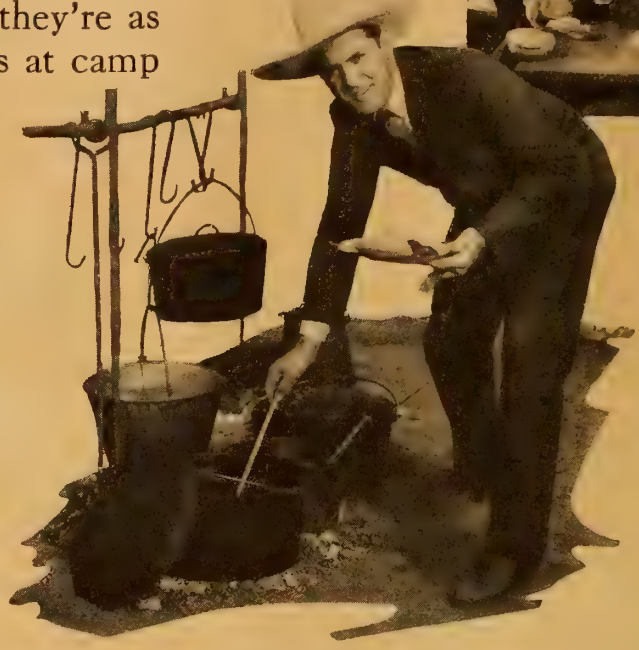
NOTE: My guarantee makes it convenient to send cash with order, and you then save the postage. If you desire, enclose Special Introductory Price of $2.95.

Campfire Grub As the Cowboys Cook It

Ken Maynard and Buck Jones give you some outdoor cooking specialties that will melt in your mouth. And they're as easy to prepare in the kitchen as at camp

By SUE DIBBLE





"Speakin' of grub," says Ken Maynard, rustling up another plateful for himself, "how about some Spaghetti Maynard? Or don't you folks like this hombre's tasty dish?" Up at the top, Buck Jones isn't saying a word—he's just diving into a Cannibal Sandwich, his third in a row

WHEN it comes to campfire cooking, you can't beat the cowboys, Ken Maynard and Buck Jones. They can prepare you dishes that you'd travel twenty miles on a rough-ridin' burro to eat. When they cook their own special grub (and don't let the boys hear you calling it by any other name) it's going to melt in your mouth.

"Most people don't know there's a difference in outdoor appetites and indoor appetites," says Ken Maynard. "They bring baskets of skimpy little sandwiches, made of white bread and wrapped up pretty in tissue paper. They insult good frying eggs by hard-boiling 'em and stuffing 'em with goo. They bring cakes and sweet pickles and fancy fixings as if a picnic was a pink tea. 'All we need is some ants,' they seem to think, 'and we can have a picnic!' When you're outdoors, you don't want that sort of eats—you want something simple, and fillin' and flavored so's you know you're eatin'!"

Ken ought to know. His barbecues are famous. Once he made a bet—the loser to entertain at dinner. He lost and made his plans to give a formal dinner to four or six, at the most. But when the winner of the bet gleefully called him up on the morning of the dinner to tell him that he had invited seventy guests to his party, Ken didn't bat an eye. He turned his dinner into a barbecue on three hours' notice.

And here is what he gave them:

BAKED BEANS OF THE GREAT OPEN SPACES: They're grand if you cook 'em in a hole dug in the ground, but they can be pretty good if they're started the tenderfoot way—over a stove. Soak four cups of navy beans overnight. Drain and boil until beans are soft, but not broken—which usually takes an hour. Then put 'em in bean pots.

Mix one teaspoonful of baking soda, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three-fourths teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of dry mustard and one half-cup of molasses. Add a cup of water. Insert two and a half pounds of salt pork, pour liquid mixture over beans and bake four hours, basting occasionally.

But here's a trick Ken knows—that any cowboy should be ashamed of! If you want to have baked beans for an outdoor barbecue, he says, and hurry things up, there's a way to make canned baked beans taste exactly as though they were bean-holed beans. Pour the contents of as many cans of beans as needed into big baking pans, insert wedges of salt pork two inches square all through the beans, pour the molasses mixture described above over the whole and simmer over the coals of an open fire for an hour. Nobody—except a cowhand—could tell the difference!

HASH À LA DUDE RANCH: Brown five pounds of ham-

(*Continued on page 80*)



Here's a sizzling panful of Ken Maynard's Baked Beans of the Great Open Spaces—which can be sniffed all of a mile away, even if they are cooked under the fire and not on top of it



And here's a panful of Hash à la Dude Ranch, as it appears before being cooked. Once you smell it frying, you and every other hombre would travel ten miles on a pack-mule to stow it away

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

The New Brand of Humor

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—We praise the talkies for the masterpieces we have had in the past two years—for Holiday, Disraeli, and all the others. But let us not forget the new brand of humor we have had, instead of the old slapstick. The talkies have made all the difference in the world in our comedies. They have given us Laurel and Hardy; Andy Clyde, Harry Gribbon and Marjorie Beebe; and last and best, Mickey Mouse, Flip, The Frog, and Felix, The Cat. In fact, these last mentioned cartoons are so fascinating that I have many times endured an inane "Feature" in order to see one of the cartoons and felt that the money and time was well spent.

Dorothy Springer.

Sardines or Caviar

OMAHA, NEB.—The neighborhood grocer would not put sardine labels upon his caviar and advertise it as sardines. He knows that the people who buy sardines want sardines and they would not appreciate or like caviar. Instead, he would lose their trust and their trade.

The symphony orchestras do not advertise themselves as jazz bands playing the latest song successes. If they did, they would attract an audience who would be dissatisfied when they heard serious music that they did not understand or like. The people who love symphonic music would not attend. The result would be an empty hall at the next performance.

Everyone recognizes the poor business judgment such actions would imply. Yet producers continue blithely to attach sardine labels to caviar pictures and to exploit jazz band advertising for symphony orchestra themes through sensational titles and preshowing advertising. Is there any difference?

Isn't it only good business to name pictures in relation to their true nature and to advertise them under the same principles? Then people will not be misled into expecting a different type of picture and consequently be disappointed and producers will find one cause for diminishing movie audiences removed.

E. C. Whelan.

Profitable Adventure

BOULDER, COL.—Since most of us have to get our adventure vicariously, the younger generation is no exception. Consequently, the younger boys' reaction to the type of films being shown is something like this: "Aw, who wants to go to the movies and see a lot of mush?"

It used to be that errands were eagerly done for movie money. Last summer they were done for miniature golf money, and now, for the dozen or so adventure magazines that fill the newsstands.

If the exhibitors want the young folks back in the theater (and I know they do), they will have to give them good clean adventure in which the villain always "bites the dust," and right triumphs over wrong.

The youngsters don't want to go and watch these slow motion affairs with, to them, a meaningless jumble of words. And what do they know or care about the nuances of the present day sophisticated love making as exemplified in most of the films?

However, these youngsters will be the future theater goers. If they become disgusted and turn away now, it will be that much harder to get them back.

So I say again, give the kids some Adventure pictures! *Geraldine Wynne.*



No woman should risk unknown substitutes for Kotex

Kotex is safe, secure; it can be worn on either side with equal protection.

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex."

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

Why risk health?

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface.

The feeling of security that comes with perfect fit, perfect adjustment. And the fact—how important, too—that you can wear Kotex on either side. There's no worry about inadequate protection. No chance of embarrassing situations.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1. *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
2. *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3. *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
4. *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

 (*Continued from page 78*)

burger in a little fat over an open fire to get started, then toss into a baking pan. To the fat still left in the frying pan add a tablespoon of flour and a chopped onion. Let it fry slowly and add a cup of broth or water, mixed with a little chopped garlic (Ken warned you food should be flavorsome out-of-doors), pour over the meat in the baking pan and cook covered for about an hour over the coals. Add two and a half pounds of diced raw potatoes, and salt and pepper. Cook slowly another hour. Add chopped parsley and green pepper.

SPAGHETTI MAYNARD: The trick to this is the sauce. Add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil to two pounds of strained tomatoes, and a half-cup of water in which a clove or a sliver of garlic has been stewed. Season with salt, pepper, paprika, cayenne, one small green pepper (chopped fine), and a half-cup of grated cheese. This makes sauce enough to mix with two pounds of boiled spaghetti. It should be simmered in a big frying pan for a half-hour.

Buck Jones has a chuck-wagon that he takes on all location trips with him. It's like a model kitchen on wheels. Buck says that all cowboys are drugstore cowboys these days and require their grub cooked modern. But Buck's favorite sandwich, which is always on his outdoor lunch menu, doesn't require any cooking at all. And it's good, too. If you don't believe it, try it yourself. He calls it:

CANNIBAL SANDWICH: Mix raw hamburger with salt, pepper, a dash of mustard, and perhaps a bit of Worcestershire sauce. Spread thinly on two slices of buttered bread, put thin shavings of onion between the slices—and warm up over the campfire. With a cup of hot coffee, nothing ever tasted better!

Buck says that no outdoor meal is reg'lar without pancakes. His recipe: buckwheat and white flour in equal parts, baking soda and sour milk and a sprinkle of salt. Grease the frying pan with salt pork, get it sizzling hot, and you won't need a tenderfoot invention like a pancake-turner. Just toss 'em over! Molasses is the only fit thing to eat with 'em. If there aren't any of the boys from the ranch around to razz you, though, Buck admits, you can get just as good an effect with ready-mixed pancake flour and save a heap of trouble.

If heathen dishes like chili con carne, chow mein and chop suey find favor with the civilized American palate, Ken and Buck don't see why their favorite dishes can't hit That Empty Spot. When you eat their stuff, you *know* what you're getting. (The aroma usually tells you.) And what's more, it fills you up. That's the important thing in this age of thin meals—almost as important as the expense, which is practically nothing at all. Even cowboys can afford it.

If you cook outdoors, you don't have a gas bill, which cuts down the expense still more. But if you don't mind having the gas on for a few hours—now that the weather's cooler—there's nothing to stop you from preparing these dishes in your own kitchen. And if you think the neighbors might object—you'll be surprised how many will be pounding on the door to get your recipe.



The Greta Garbo Sandwich

KEN MAYNARD and Buck Jones tell you about some new ways to take the edge off those outdoor appetites. And here, for the sake of contrast, is a woman star's idea of a satisfying sandwich—and one, moreover, that requires no cooking. It is the origination of Greta Garbo, herself—who likes the outdoor life, but has an indoor appetite.

The sandwich has but one layer—of either rye or bran bread.

The ingredients are:

Sliced imported Prager ham.
A thick layer of savory mustard.
A thick layer of mayonnaise.
Lettuce leaf.

Decorate with thin slices of tomato and sweet pickles.

NEXT MONTH—THE EVELYN BRENT SANDWICH



Buck Jones says no outdoor meal is a meal without pancakes—with all the fixings mixed on the spot. And don't take along any pancake-turner. If you aren't a tenderfoot, you can flop 'em over! And then pour on molasses—

Rounding up cattle and hoss thieves, a cowpuncher gets hungry. But Buck Jones isn't any man to stay hungry long. He always has a chuck-wagon handy, and all the materials for a Cannibal Sandwich. Look 'em over at the right!



IN HOLLYWOOD...*Screen Stars* insure *Beauty worth Millions*

with this new discovery in MAKE-UP



KAY FRANCIS, *Paramount Player, selecting the correct color harmony shade in Rouge, suggested by Max Factor . . . Photographed at Max Factor's, Make-up Studio, Hollywood.*



KAY FRANCIS *featured player in Paramount's "24 Hours."*

Kay Francis writes: "Individuality is what every screen star strives for; therefore, I have my own color harmony in Max Factor's Society Make-Up"



CAROLE LOMBARD *featured in Paramount's "No One Man" . . . Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.*

Magic effect of new color harmony principle doubles beauty...creates satin-smooth make-up that lasts for hours.

Blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette, alluringly beautified with individualized color harmony in make-up ensemble.

MAKE-UP is something different in Hollywood...that is why beauty appears so ravishing, so alluring when a screen star's image of loveliness is flashed on the screen.

You may now discover this difference...for you are offered the secret by the only one who can really reveal it...by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, whose make-up is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios and by 96% of Hollywood's stars.

"Color harmony in cosmetics is the secret of beauty in make-up," says Max Factor. "Off colors ruin beauty. Appear grotesque. Detract from charm. This the motion picture lights and camera proved. So I developed face powder, rouge, lip-stick, eye shadow and other requisites on an entirely new principle of cosmetic color harmony.

"Each shade is a color harmony tone . . . composed of chromatic colors in scientific balance. Each cosmetic is in the harmony scale of colors to blend with the complete color harmony make-up. No other way is it possible to achieve matchless beauty in make-up...and each type in brunette, blonde, redhead and brownette must have her individualized make-up."

You, like a screen star, may now share this magic in make-up. For you, personally, Max Factor will create the correct color harmony in Society Make-Up for every day...powder, lip-stick, rouge, eye shadow...exactly according to your complexion analysis...a priceless gift!

You'll also receive a copy of his book..."The New Art of Society Make-Up." You'll learn how to make-up a dry skin; how to make-up an oily skin; how to normalize the skin for perfect make-up; how to put on a make-up that lasts for hours; how to make-up the eyes so they appear larger and more colorful. Hollywood's magic of make-up offered to you by Max Factor...mail coupon now.



COURTESY COUPON — **Miniature Powder Compact...FREE**

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-10-45.

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up,"* personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

© 1931 Max Factor



Fryer

HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST BRIDE

Overnight, June Collyer has changed from a dimpled damsel into A Woman That Men Don't Forget. And her rôle as the enchantress in "Alexander Hamilton" must have done things to June, as well as her fans. She up and surprised everybody by capturing Stuart Erwin and eloping

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 72*)

Salvation Nell—The none-too-new story of the girl of the slums who redeems her man, acted with moving intensity by Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves (Tiffany).

The Secret Call—Peggy Shannon, the newcomer who replaced Clara Bow, makes a big impression in this frail story of a telephone operator who overhears a dangerous call (Par.).

Secrets of a Secretary—Again Claudette Colbert isn't married to the right man, but again her adventures on the fringe of society are interesting. You'll like newcomers Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa (Par.).

Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour—Two of Conan Doyle's mystery stories are combined to reveal the cleverness of his famous detective. An English-made picture, with Arthur Wontner an exciting *Holmes* (First Division).

Ships of Hate—The old thriller of the tramp ship, the lovely girl, the mutinous crew, and the shanghaied hero. Lloyd Hughes and Dorothy Sebastian are satisfactory as the lovers (Monogram).

Side Show—Winnie Lightner clicks in a comedy in which she substitutes for several members of a troupe of "freaks" (W. B.)

Sidewalks of New York—Buster Keaton's own version of life in the big city—one ridiculous scrape after another. Good Keaton comedy (M-G-M).

Smart Money—As the small-town barber who becomes a big-time gambler, Edward G. Robinson turns in another absorbing character study (W. B.).

The Smiling Lieutenant—Maurice Chevalier, again with the able help of director Ernst Lubitsch, satirizes romance and royalty. Even the music is gay (Par.).

Son of India—Ramon Novarro ushers in another era of turbaned love-makers, with a colorful, but unreal story of the romance of a young Hindu and a white girl (Madge Evans)—(M-G-M).

Sweepstakes—If you're interested in horse-racing (and who isn't?) you should enjoy this little tale of life and love around a racetrack—particularly James Gleason's wisecracks (RKO).

Tabu—A tense love tragedy of the South Seas, beautifully acted by an all-native cast, directed by the late great F. W. Murnau. Silent, except for musical accompaniment (Par.).

This Modern Age—Joan Crawford takes one more fling at the dancing-daughter type of drama and proves she has outgrown it (M-G-M).

Three Who Loved—Betty Compson cannot choose between bank-clerks Conrad Nagel and Robert Ames, until one of them gets into trouble. A little different triangle story (RKO).

Too Many Cooks—Interfering relatives all but wreck the romance of Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee, who aren't so amusing without Robert Woolsey (RKO).

Transgression—While husband Paul Cavanagh goes away for a year, Kay Francis takes up with Ricardo Cortez. The acting is excellent (RKO).

Traveling Husbands—A trivial comedy-melodrama involving Evelyn Brent, Constance Cummings and two traveling salesmen (RKO).

The Viking—A simple, strong story of life on the Labrador coast—part-talking, part sound effects. This is the picture conceived by Varick Frissell, who died in making it (J. D. Williams).

Wild Horse—Hoot Gibson makes use of some of his circus experience, in an amusing Western revolving around the adventures of a rodeo outfit. The trained horses are particularly apt to appeal to the youngsters (Allied Pictures).

The Woman Between—Lily Damita weds an older man, and then has the misfortune to fall in love with her stepson. An interesting story, but lacking action (RKO).

A Woman of Experience—Helen Twelvetrees gives her impression of a female spy. She is more satisfying than the story (RKO-Pathé).

Women Go On Forever—Coming back to the screen, Clara Kimball Young is seen as the landlady of a dramatic boarding-house. It has its moments (Tiffany).

Women Love Once—Eleanor Boardman marries well, but not wisely—yet abides by her bargain. Slow-moving "problem" drama (Par.).

Young As You Feel—Will Rogers seeks to cure his sons of their wildness by going wild, himself. Will and his humor are the whole picture (Fox).

Dorothy Dix SAYS

"Men fall in love with the womanly woman"

"Dear Miss Dix:

No man has ever asked me to marry him. Other women envy me my good position and fine salary, but I'm missing the real things—love, marriage, and a home.

ELIZABETH F———"



"CLEVER GIRLS so often forget that men fall in love with the *womanly* woman.

"Cherish the feeling of femininity—*clothes* can help you do this. Especially the things that don't show—pretty lingerie, delicate negligées, sheer hosiery.

"When you put on lacy, colorful, shimmering underthings you can't help but feel *feminine*. And this feeling is contagious—others respond to it at once! That's why I am so continually urging every girl to:

1. Buy the prettiest lingerie you can.

2. Keep it color-fresh and charming with Lux.

"Delicate lingerie won't fade or wear out if you wash it in Lux. Ordinary 'good' soaps too often take away a bit of color as they clean, but Lux is *especially made to preserve color* and to keep fragile things lovely a long, long time.

"MOREOVER, your *surroundings* can help bring you confidence of charm. Pretty curtains, slip covers, colorful table linens, all form part of the charm spell when kept dainty with magic Lux." Dorothy Dix



Lace-trimmed lingerie of lovely peach satin washed 12 times in Lux—all its beauty of color and texture retained. Colorful and charming as new!

Duplicate lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap—color faded and drab, luster spoiled, lace and satin damaged. No longer dainty!

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Color Magic for Your Lips!

HOW innocent TANGEE looks in its modest gun-metal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

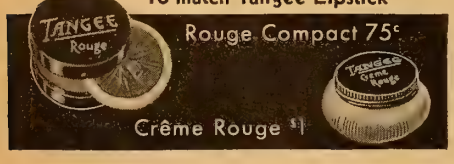
For *this* is the magic of TANGEE . . . it changes when applied to your lips and blends perfectly with your own *natural* coloring, no matter what your complexion.

TANGEE never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And TANGEE has a solidified cream base, one that not only beautifies but actually soothes, softens and protects.

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

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The Stormy Petrel of Broadway

(*Continued from page 39*)

Here for His Health

"I CAME out here this time because of my health. I went to pieces about eight months ago in New York. I worried myself to the point of a nervous breakdown. I knew I had to get away. So I came out to my California ranch while I rested.

"Being in California, I naturally came to Hollywood to visit Joan and Constance. One day when I was down at Joan's beach house, someone asked me why I didn't stay out here and do pictures. Well, why not? The stage is shot. Audiences are morons and critics are fools. I could pick and choose the stories I wanted to do and I could rest when I did not feel like working. I said: 'And that, Madame, is how I like pictures.'

"The next question that ninny hurled at me was: 'How did I feel about the careers of my kids?' How in the world could I feel about their careers? I'm tickled to death, of course. My kids couldn't be happy away from the profession. Why shouldn't I be glad that Constance is earning fame and fortune and that Joan has a good start? They're successful, aren't they? They've lifted themselves above the common run and made big names for themselves.

"Then this wench said: 'Your daughter Constance is supposed to be very temperamental. Does she get that from you?' That was a laugh, wasn't it? Asking me—if Connie gets her temperament from the Bennetts.

Connie Earns Her Salt

"GOOD God, why shouldn't she be temperamental? Any actor who is worth his salt, who is sincerely interested in his rôles to the extent of worrying about them, hoping about them, giving birth to them is bound to be temperamental. Temperament is no more than an intense desire to give all that is in you, to work your nerves until they are frayed. Constance is an artistically honest kid. She gives one hundred per cent of value for every dollar she's paid. I've worked with her and I know no one works any harder on a picture than my kid.

"If she weren't temperamental, she'd be cheating the men who are paying her that enormous salary—she would be cheating them of her energy. Show me the artist who works hard and I'll show you one who has earned the right to be temperamental.

"Hollywood is a riot to me—the way they tack titles on people. Connie is 'temperamental'—Chaplin's a 'genius.' That's the greatest fable of Hollywood—'Chaplin's a genius.' Give me another one of your cigarettes. Where the devil do they get that 'genius' stuff about an actor of Chaplin's calibre?

"Debunking" Chaplin

"I TELL you he's lucky that the papers and magazines have perpetuated the myth of his 'great art'—so that people follow like sheep after him now without bothering to question what they are following. When his last picture opened in New York, you would have thought another Christ had risen to walk on the water. Yet what did you get for your money's worth—and your hours of standing in line at the box office? *The same old antics and tricks of a vaudevillian who has not changed his character in twenty years!*

"Chaplin has given the world an original conception of a character, just as *Jiggs* in the funny paper is an original character, but he has never created or breathed life into another rôle, into any other rôle. He is a stylist—not a genius. An actor who is a genius is one who creates many characters and breathes the same inspired flame of life into all of them. If any actor of the screen deserves the hand-made title of 'genius' it is John Barrymore, who is as convincing as *Dr. Jekyll* as he is as *Mr. Hyde.*"

Mr. Bennett suddenly flopped over on his face. He had not swooned. He was merely toasting his back. His eyes closed drowsily. "Hollywood's not so bad," he murmured, "if you could just live in it in this grand sunshine among the hills and the trees—and not have to listen to it."

I tiptoed silently toward the elevator shaft. Mr. Bennett, I think, was asleep.

The Hollywood Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

approval. That's what **Carman Barnes** did, with a throaty little chuckle. He'll probably scratch out the squabs and order broiled lamb chops. It's the height of humor this season for **Paul** to say, seriously, when iced consommé is served, "But I can't eat that, you know! Haven't you any bouillon?" It usually elicits a pained smile the first time from the hostess; after that she merely titters.

Smartest man in town is **Roland West,** producer-director. To guard against anyone stealing climax scenes and bleating them to another studio, he removes them from script and pockets them. It's disconcerting, though, in reading the scenario, to work up to the big moment and then have a tense sentence tell you: "Other scenes to be added." Leaves you up in the air and gasping.

If it hadn't been for other engagements **Harpo** (Silent) **Marx** might have been a painter. **Harpo,** when **Neysa McMein** told him she drew three grand for illustrations, rushed out and got a studio, a model (female), a brush, a canvas, and started to paint. After two hours the model yawned, walked to the easel and said, "M'Gawd! I could do better myself." **Harpo** handed her the brush. She proved it.

With that, **Harpo** picked up his hat and walked to the theater, where he silently put on greasepaint.

Something to Think About Department

Ten books have been written about **Greta Garbo's** life. And she probably hasn't read any of them. They are in Italian, German, Danish, Spanish, Polish and Swedish . . . **Fifi Dorsay** taught French to **Dorothy Mackaill** when they were New York chorines. Neither needed lessons in creating engagement rumors . . . **Stymie,** aged six, has taken **Farina's** place in "Our Gang." He was named, need we say? by a golf enthusiast, Director **Bob MacGowan** . . . Just to be different, **Georgie Bancroft** is summering in town and wintering at the beach. There are all ways of outwitting objectionable week-end guests . . . **Karen Morley's** real name is **Mildred Linton.** She's a bet either way . . . So is **Madge Evans** . . . **Pola Negri's** toes and fingernails match her lips . . . Closing thought: they'll be chewing betel nuts yet.

News And Gossip Of The Studios

(*Continued from page 37*)

GRANT WITHERS fell off a merry-go-round horse at the beach and knocked out two teeth.

CARMAN BARNES is going to write a novel of Hollywood. Let's hope it is not based on her own experiences in the movies. There will be too many blank pages —where nothing happened.

FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD Beauties You Never Hear Of:

Virginia Bushman Conway, the lovely wife of Jack Conway, who directs Joan Crawford's pictures. Virginia is a statuesque brunette.

Mary Ford, wife of John Ford, the Fox director. Mrs. Ford is a dusky brunette with the features of a madonna.

Tove Blue, the tall, titian-haired wife of Monte Blue.

Athole Hawks, wife of Howard Hawks and sister of Norma Shearer. Many people consider Athole lovelier than Norma.

Betty Montgomery, the cute and pretty wife of the famous Bob.

Sylvia Sidney's stunning and youthful-looking mother.

NOW Jimmie (Press-Agent) Fidler and his young wife, Dorothy Lee, are separated. Eight months after they were married. Several weeks ago, Dorothy ingenuously confided to an acquaintance at the Deauville Club: "Yes, I'm married at present, but I am going to get a divorce as soon as I've been married a little longer so it will look better. And then I'm going to marry—" Here she mentioned a famous local athlete. But since this young man may not have heard of his impending happiness yet, we will leave him nameless. This will be Dorothy's third marriage—if she keeps her word. She is twenty.

GARY COOPER went to Europe alone, carrying two suitcases. He says he wanted "to think." "I haven't done that for four years," said Gary with his slow smile. He wandered about Italy on foot, using Naples as a starting point. Not much like the way most stars travel, but the traveler's way.

Rumor says he and Tallulah Bankhead exchanged frequent cables.

DIRECTOR JAMES CRUZE is so excited by the efforts of two of the leading fan magazines to get Fatty Arbuckle a second chance on the screen that he is thinking of calling a mass meeting of Arbuckle sympathizers and well-wishers and giving them a dinner, to talk over ways and means of helping the once-most-popular comedian of them all. And now we hear that E. W. Hammons, boss of Educational Comedies, will star Fatty in a two-reeler.

SWIMMING at Laura La Plante's beach house the other afternoon, we met John Wayne with his wife, one of the prettiest of the movie wives. Also Grant Withers, with blonde Estelle Bradley, who seems to be consoling Grant somewhat for Loretta Young's filing divorce proceedings. At least, he was calling her "honey" and she was calling him "dearie"—and what does that mean in Hollywood as well as everywhere else in the world? They do say that Ricardo Cortez is consoling Loretta.

(*Continued on page 87*)



This unpleasant job ended forever by . . .

KLEENEX
DISPOSABLE TISSUES

NO one likes to wash handkerchiefs. It's the most unpleasant task imaginable. Why do it?

There's no longer any necessity whatever for any woman to perform this disagreeable task. Kleenex costs so little, and it's sold the country over.

Wonderful in many ways

Kleenex is a remarkably soft tissue, the size of a handkerchief. It's gentler than any handkerchief, and scientific tests prove it's nearly twice as absorbent.

Due to the very low cost, each tissue is used just once, then destroyed. This not only saves washing. It prevents self-infection from germs in handkerchiefs. And permits a clean, fresh tissue each time.

Kleenex is particularly valuable during hay fever and colds, when a dry handkerchief is so necessary to comfort.

Other uses

Use Kleenex for removing face creams, as authorities advise. Its great absorbency assures thorough cleansing of the pores.

Motorists like to keep a package in the car. Mothers find Kleenex useful in the nursery.

Kleenex comes in many lovely tints as well as white, in Cellophane-wrapped packages, to keep tissues absolutely fresh and clean. The convenient package permits easy removal of tissues with one hand. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

"I protect my complexion by using Kleenex to remove cold cream."



BLANCHE SWEET

"Many women do not realize that the skin may look clean, while it contains dangerous dirt, held in by cleansing cream that has not been completely removed. I have found Kleenex absorbs better than anything I have ever used."

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The Girl Who Was Not Scared of Garbo

(*Continued from page 66*)

her. She is so overwhelmingly famous, you know. I didn't know whether I should wait for her to speak to me—whether or not we were to be formally introduced—whether I was to nod to her as we passed on our way to and from the sets. The first two days, nothing happened. The third day of the picture we were introduced and while we did not become chums, I found Miss Garbo cordial and really very nice to work with.

"She isn't the kind of star who sits on the set, watching to see that no member of her supporting cast rates an extra close-up. When she is finished with her scenes, she retires to her dressing-room to study lines—and leaves the rest of the cast in the hands of the director. She's gorgeous at minding her own business. I tried to follow the good example she set by minding mine, too," laughed Karen.

The kool, kalm Karen first saw the light of day in Ottumwa, Iowa, and lived there for thirteen years before coming to Los Angeles and the Hollywood High School. Her health was delicate and her mother and father believed the sub-tropical climate of Southern California would be more beneficial to their only child than the drastic winters and summers of Iowa. At least, they hoped to get Karen's lovely patrician nose out of books for a little while. She was, and still is, an inveterate reader, particularly fond of plays and poetry.

Hollywood happened to her in the beginning as a mildly interesting little suburban town with tree-shaded streets, warm afternoons for tennis on the high-school grounds, even warmer evenings under the stars at the Hollywood Bowl, and a very interesting dramatic class at school to which she devoted a great deal of her time.

Karen brought her high-school dramatic activities along with her to college. Around the campus her histrionic ability earned her considerable reputation as "an actress." This was no surprise to Karen. She had been thinking of herself as a stage actress for a long time.

Her successful reign as a big frog in a small puddle gave her added confidence to step out during summer vacation and see what she could do for herself in engagements in local stage productions.

Elsie Ferguson's show, "Mirage," gave her a first real chance—"if you can call 'ten lines to speak' a real chance," she added. "My part was so small none of the critics noticed me—but I did somehow manage to attract the attention of an agent, who came backstage to visit me after the show and asked if I would be interested in working in pictures if he could secure an opportunity for me.

"Until that time I hadn't thought of the movies—that is, for myself. I had no reason to believe I would photograph well.

"Two weeks after the Ferguson show closed, I received a call from my friend, the agent, to make a test for M-G-M for a rôle in Greta Garbo's picture. I considered it more of a private test to find out for myself whether or not I really had a chance on the screen—than an opportunity to get started so soon."

Around the lot they will tell you that Karen's first test was startlingly effective. She read lines like a seasoned trouper. Her voice came with husky intensity over the sound track. Her face, through the eye of the camera, was different, arresting. She wasn't the pretty-pretty type, but she had something far more rare in a girl so young—distinction, and an almost uncanny poise. Clarence Brown, Greta's director at that time, was so impressed by her test that he signed her immediately for "Inspiration"—and here is Karen with three pictures, the Garbo film, "Never The Twain Shall Meet," "Politics," and an M-G-M contract all within six brief months.

Now she is to play the leading feminine rôle in Howard Hughes' production of "Scarface," opposite Paul Muni. Of "all" the rôles she has played so far, Karen looks on this as her greatest opportunity.

"The girl is a tart," she explained. "I play her hard-boiled and tough in a blonde wig. I hope the Powers-That-Be on the home lot drop around to see that picture so that I will not continually be cast as a Misunderstood Young Thing. Ingénue parts are a terrible handicap. I don't see that there is any particular reason why I should be stuck with them."

Karen's interest in the movies is confined exclusively to her work upon the screen. The Cocoanut Grove, the tea dances at the Roosevelt, the premières, and all the eligible young men are just going to have to struggle along without her. Only one concession has Karen so far made to being the type—and it hasn't turned out so well.

"After watching the antics of several stars," she explained, "I came to the conclusion that it is quite as necessary to be popular around the studio—as it is on the screen. Well, I've done my best to become the pal of the prop-boys and the electricians. I've gone through all sorts of antics to prove I am a good scout—but," she shrugged a slim shoulder as she laughed, "I guess it isn't in me. Yesterday a girl in the casting office told me she heard I was high-hat!"

High-hat, or merely reserved, Karen Morley's having no trouble keeping cool these warm days.



News And Gossip Of The Studios

(*Continued from page 85*)

HARRISON CARROLL quotes Richard Dix as making this caustic dig at his own profession: "You know, actors are all punch-drunk from banging themselves with powder puffs!" Rich and RKO are reconciled again—and the rumor that Charles Bickford would replace Dix on the studio's schedule is laid to rest. Militant Charlie is reported on the outs again with M-G-M.

PERHAPS Lila Lee and Johnny Farrow will not be able to marry this fall as they planned. The government has been showing an annoying interest in how John entered the country, and now it looks as though the marriage may have to be postponed on account of the absence of a bridegroom. If, as friends quote John as telling them, he was a sailor on an Australian vessel and "jumped ship" in San Francisco, it is a wonder that he has managed to remain as long as he has in Hollywood. In spite of passport worries, however, John has sold one of the studios the idea of making a picture of California and its inhabitants twenty thousand years ago. He attended a scientific convention recently and got the idea from the speech of an anthropologist.

LILA and Maureen O'Sullivan were swimming in the same pool at the Garden of Allah the other day. It's a small pool—but they managed not to see each other, while the reason for their coolness, Johnny Farrow, sat on the edge of the pool. Maureen, by the way, is stepping out a bit these days with Russ Gleason, who's also attentive to Mary Brian.

WE wonder if Greta Nissen really does cut her hair herself—as her friends claim?

MOVIE stars are backing the newest air venture, a three-planes-a-day line to Reno, called "The Star Line." Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Harding, Reginald Denny and other big stars have invested in this, and stand to make a lot of money—so long as Reno is the new whoopee town for the movie colony. Agua Caliente—so the story goes—was instrumental in closing the gorgeous casino at Ensenada by refusing to allow good auto roads to be built to this new resort, but Caliente can't do anything about Reno! They say that Southern California is worried at seeing all the amusement money leaving for Nevada and is considering entering the competition by making new gambling laws—but until they make new divorce laws also, they won't be in the running. For "Combine business and pleasure" is the motto of the merry Reno boosters.

MAE CLARKE played in "Waterloo Bridge" at Universal—and Henry Freulich, the photographer, took her picture. He made Mae look lovely. She was grateful—that's one version. She made a marvelous subject, he was interested—that's another. Anyway, they're now engaged.

HARRY BANNISTER went to the fights at Reno without Ann Harding, who hates fights. The next day Hollywood told in the minutest detail how Ann was leaving Harry because when she tuned in the radio at home she heard the announcer at the fight arena call, "Folks, here comes

(*Continued on page 91*)

Beautiful Betty Compson

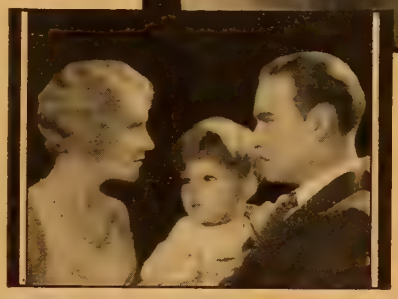
Shows How to *Keep* Young or *Get* Young



Amazing Beauty Secret Takes Hollywood by Storm

Betty Compson is one of the many Hollywood beauties who look as young today as they did 10 years ago. They credit their unfading youthful skin and the absence of lines and wrinkles to Sem-pray.

Miss Compson says: *"An actress who has discovered Sem-pray doesn't need to spend much time on beauty treatments. It takes only a minute or two to apply and the results are a soft, fresh skin. What more could the most elaborate beauty treatments do?"*



Betty Compson, whose flawless, unlined skin brings admiration everywhere. She uses and recommends Sem-pray to those who wish to maintain or regain youth and beauty.
At left—Betty Compson, Conrad Nagel and Dickie Moore in a scene from Radio Picture "THREE WHO LOVED."

How Women Famous for Lovely Skin Looked Young and Pretty When Old *Try Their Secret FREE*

Sem-pray is different from any beautifying and youthifying cream you ever used. It cleanses, clears, softens, youthifies and beautifies the skin as no ordinary creams ever have.

Sem-pray ends wrinkles, age-lines. Reduces large pores. Pimples, blackheads, and red spots go. This one cream does the work of several different creams, lotions and skin tonics, *and does it better.*

It is a wonderful secret over 100 years old, handed down from generation to generation in the family which still owns it.

Women of this family were noted for their flawless complexions, and for their youthful, unlined skin even when they were old. The secret of their unfading youth was closely guarded, although even in the olden days they made and sold the preparation to women who came to their town to get this youthifying and beautifying cream. Its fame had spread wide.

Only 3 people in the world know the secret. Sem-pray is made of rare Eastern youthifying and beautifying oils not found in other creams. The process is so intricate that it takes 3 months to make Sem-pray. Consequently chemists who wish to imitate the process are unable to do so. Women who wish to look lovelier and younger can obtain the benefits of these wonderful oils only in Sem-pray.

New Beauty Overnight Age-Lines, Wrinkles Go

Look 10 Years Younger

Fashionable women, famous actresses and screen stars were the first users of Sem-pray when the family began to sell it through the stores. Many older stars, who still play young girl parts, credit their new youth to Sem-pray.

Use Sem-pray before going out at night and skin looks lovelier instantly. It cleanses, stimulates and freshens the skin as nothing else can.

Use it at bedtime and the improved appearance of your skin by morning will astonish you.

Sem-pray gives the skin radiant, girlish color and soft, velvety texture. It quickly erases wrinkles and the telltale network of lines about eyes and mouth. Smooths out lines on neck.

Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin. Makes all skins normal, due to its stimulating and tonic effect.

The Only Beauty Aid You Need

Sem-pray also ends pimples, blackheads, roughness. Softens parchment-like or leathery skin. Reduces large pores. Tones skin tissues *without growing hair.* Firms sagging muscles. New beauty overnight. New youth quick.

It is the only beauty aid you need.

These wonderful Eastern youthifiers and beautifiers used in Sem-pray are compressed into dainty, rose-pink, almond-scented cake. In oval, push-up container, used easy as lipstick without touching with fingers. Use any time, anywhere. At home, in office or when traveling. Wonderful foundation cream, too. Blends rouge and powder perfectly. Prevents caking or spottiness. *Guaranteed safe, pure.* All stores 60c.

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Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 2 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic.

Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. (You can hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, fatty meat and pastry). An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

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The Favorite Stars—As Picked By the Studios

(*Continued from page 41*)

picture and while the few who know him like him immensely, he didn't poll a particularly high vote in the total.

It is for essentially the same reason that we must leave United Artists out of our considerations in this popularity contest. Nearly every star at "the all-star studio" has a separate production unit. As individuals foot the pay-checks, it is difficult to obtain unbiased opinions.

All we can do is to mention the special enthusiasm with which the United Artists bunch speak of Gloria Swanson, Ronald Colman and Chester Morris; the regrets they express at Norma Talmadge's retirement; and the pleasure they evince over the fact that Billie Dove is now working there. Mary and Doug, we're sorry to report, are thought to have gone a bit too swanky, what with dukes, earls and things.

So out to Universal City, where praise runs rampant for the sweetness of Bette Davis, the charm of Lois Wilson, and the trouping of Lucille Browne. JOHN BOLES is the unquestioned idol of the day. A fine fellow, John—gracious, thoughtful, kind, considerate. A pleasure to work with him. Slim Summerville is a great guy too.

Young Lew Ayres has gone a bit sullen on them. Arguing about his contract, he rode rough-shod over the gang. Refused to cooperate and spent his time on the set by himself, being moody over in one corner. It was such a change from the nice kid he used to be that his fellow-workers resented it. Said stardom had gone to his head.

Genevieve Tobin hasn't as many friends as she might have if she were a little more gracious. Rose Hobart and Sidney Fox are accused of unnecessary temperamental outbursts. Universal likes to be thought of as one big family which, as a matter of fact, it is.

Where Powell Reigns Supreme

ON our way into town, we'll stop off at Warner Brothers-First National. Here our old friend, WILLIAM POWELL, is monarch of all he surveys. Bill went out of his way to make friends when he first came to the studio from Paramount—made it his business to learn the names of everyone from the information-desk girl to the colored bootblack. Moreover, he remembers them and always has a cheery word of greeting. Result: his popularity has grown by leaps and bounds.

Walter Huston is another popular actor at Warners-First National. Success has left Huston as unassuming as when he was merely a four-a-day vaudevillian. James Cagney has a host of friends won by his quiet, well-mannered conduct—not at all the sort of person he portrays in gangster pictures. The reserve of David Manners was a drawback to immediate popularity, but now that they know him, they like him.

George Arliss, Richard Barthelmess and John Barrymore are prime favorites with their own units. As a rule, they work with the same crews and do not mix very much with others. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is likewise withdrawing from general contacts.

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon are extremely popular. Winnie Lightner has jovially won a large following who enjoy her good-humored antics. Joan Blondell is a jolly good fellow and Dorothy Mackaill has a host of friends among her co-workers.

Marilyn Miller's habit of not caring about whom she makes clever, but barbed remarks has estranged many folks who once liked her. Edward G. Robinson and Joe E. Brown are thought egotistic. Nor is Loretta Young particularly beloved. But it is Constance Bennett who arouses hearty antipathy. She has the same talent as her sister, Joan, for making herself unpopular.

Yet when we journey out to Pathé in Culver City, we find Connie is better liked on her home lot. Perhaps she misbehaves only when she is at other studios. Stories of difficulties with a high-hatted Miss Bennett, we recall, were prevalent when she was on loan to Metro and Fox, as well as First National.

At Pathé, the unquestioned queen is ANN HARDING. She holds everyone within her charm. Helen Twelvetrees has settled down considerably since her marriage and is winning a host of new friends. The sweetness of Marion Shilling is a strong factor in her popularity.

Among the men, James Gleason, Bill Boyd and Eddie Quillan are running a dead heat, with Robert Armstrong a serious contender.

And so we move on to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the last studio on our list. Here, for the first time, the pass system catches up with us. We have talked with not more than forty people when we are summoned into an executive office and asked to forget M-G-M in our popularity poll, please. Too many queens on the lot to invite internal dissension by finding who is most popular. And well we can believe it from the indications of even our comparatively brief survey.

Marion Davies and Norma Shearer were running neck-and-neck in the balloting. MARIE DRESSLER, however, was leading them both. Marie is universally loved, as is her team-mate, Polly Moran. Then, too, Marjorie Rambeau was making a strong bid for one so new on the lot.

Joan Has Slipped a Little

JOAN CRAWFORD, though, wasn't doing so well. Joan has changed radically in recent months—the influence of Doug, Jr., they say. Gone artistic. And they don't like the new Joan half so well as the old.

JOHN MILJAN was mentioned by everyone with whom we talked. A fine fellow, they all agreed. Lawrence Tibbett rated high with the ladies and Wallace Beery swept the field with the men. Robert Montgomery is coming back from a partial eclipse caused by his going slightly Hollywood. Reginald Denny, Conrad Nagel, Neil Hamilton, Jean Hersholt—all have their champions. Billy Bakewell is a dandy kid. Ramon Novarro? "Sweet"—an adjective also used for Dorothy Jordan and Johnny Mack Brown. Anita Page appeals to the older people, Hedda Hopper to the younger ones.

Even at her own studio, Greta Garbo remains the unknown factor she is elsewhere. John Gilbert has likewise kept more to himself since talking pictures came in. He feels deeply the partial loss of his once-great drawing power at the box-office.

While Garbo and Gilbert are but slightly known on the lot, William Haines is perhaps too well known. His continual wisecracking has offended many people who have been the butt of his jokes.

And that completes our quest for Hollywood's most popular players—for the present. Perhaps six months from now the tide will turn in other directions. Who can tell? But one thing is certain. It takes the studio workers (the men and women who work around the lots) to know the stars. The public may have its illusions and place its favorites on high pedestals—but it's the men and women who work on the sets who can tell you, truly, whether the stars belong on high pedestals or not.

Acting Is Woman's Work

(*Continued from page 49*)

He *likes* to know what he is doing. So do you.

He looks like an English conception of a young college professor.

He is thin and blond and nervous and wears horn-rimmed glasses, because he is so near-sighted he can't see an inch ahead of him. He peers at his food when he eats.

He might be called homely by those untrained in observation of fine bone structure and sensitively-modeled features. He is certainly no Gilbert, no Colman, no Brook. He is, more, a Roland Young.

He says, "If people only understood our physical disabilities, perhaps they would judge us differently."

We were talking about Garbo, and Dietrich and Bow and others. He believes that people are as they are, do what they do, because of the flesh-and-blood machines they inhabit. In his own case, it is nerves. He suffers from nerve exhaustion. (A vital statistic.) By the end of a day he is so fagged, so extremely exhausted, that he must get away from people. He does. And he is called temperamental, high-brow and a poor mixer.

What His Children Do for Him

HE has never delved into mystic matters, despite "Outward Bound" and "Berkeley Square."

Hours of play with his children do more to re-vitalize him, re-animate him than any diversion he can imagine. *He has the gift of becoming a child again.* I mean, *really* a child. And his children know that another child, an enchanting child has come to play, and they are enchanted. They *love* him. Which is his only belief in any form of reincarnation. Children can give us our childhoods again.

He wants to be a recluse, a hermit. People jade his nerves. Which is why he wants to be a writer. So he can work *alone.*

I suggested to him that he play "Jude, the Obscure." He liked the suggestion. He added "And I know the Hardy country—"

He is absent-minded. You have to prompt him. "You were saying—?"

He hasn't any friends among the picture people.

He never goes to parties, never gives them.

He isn't interested in women (another *very* vital statistic). Perhaps he is, but doesn't know it.

A pretty girl spoke enthusiastically to him from across the studio lunchroom. He responded gallantly. When he had finished, he peered across at me and said, "Who *is* that person? I couldn't see—"

He thinks Hollywood is a tragic town. He wishes somebody would dip his pen in heart-break and farce and shadow and light and write about it.

He believes that life is more important than art. More important to live in flesh and blood than to create in paint or powder.

He is afraid of Death—and somewhat afraid of life.

He is playing opposite Ann Harding at Pathé at this writing. He admires Ann. His admirations for women are impersonal and abstract.

He says, more definitely than he says anything else, "My family mean more to me than anything in the world."

He is a gentleman—another *very* quaint Vital Statistic.

Did You Know That--

Other stars who are thinking of leaving the screen are
Barbara Stanwyck?
Charles (Buddy) Rogers?
John Barrymore?



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Famous Oriental Stars Return To The Screen

(*Continued from page 45*)

word of German. Emil Jannings benevolently advised her to answer "Nein" to everything—to be on the safe side.

Less than two years later, she spoke German so perfectly in her first talkie, "The Flame of Love," that critics accused her of having a double for the dialogue.

During her first stage appearance, in "The Circle of Chalk" in London, the King's sister came to congratulate her personally, behind the scenes.

"Sometimes it happens," said Anna May, "that when you are very happy within yourself, you radiate that feeling and attract happy people to you. I had a very marvelous time socially in London. Many of the finest people became my friends and were wonderful to me."

Once for two weeks she didn't have to buy herself a single meal.

She made speeches in Chinese, and sat next to Noel Coward at a luncheon.

She visited Paris and learned to speak French. She was mobbed by adoring crowds in Berlin.

She was even used as publicity for the *Graf Zeppelin*, which transported four pigeons to her brother in Los Angeles.

Anna May found absolutely no race prejudice in Europe.

"That's one reason why I was so happy there. Of course, it depends a lot upon who you are. People who might ordinarily have racial feeling would make an exception in the case of a celebrity. But there everyone was lovely to me."

That is not always true of America. "But what difference does it make?" asks Anna May. "People like that—who would be rude and unkind—you wouldn't wish to know anyway, so it doesn't matter.

"It's Fun While It Lasts"

"I COULDN'T give up my career, because I feel it is really drawing China nearer, and making it better understood and liked. And I also love the fame and the fun. It may not last long, but it's nice in the meantime. And I take all the fun with it. Some famous people say, 'Oh, I know I'm just invited because I'm So-and-So. They don't like me for myself.' I know they're asking me because I'm Anna May Wong, but I turn the tables on them—I go, and I enjoy myself.

"People tell me I've changed so since my European experience, and that I don't look like a Chinese girl any more. I believe the mind and spirit show through the features. My face has changed because my mind has changed. I think like the people of the West—except in some moments of despair and stress. Then I fall back on Oriental philosophy, which is to accept not to resist. There's no use to struggle. That philosophy gets you through a lot of tight places."

The same philosophy has taken Sessue Hayakawa through tighter places than any that Anna May has experienced. Sessue's star began to set in Hollywood just as Anna May's was beginning to rise. The old folks and some precocious young ones remember when Sessue and Fanny Ward were the sensation of the screen in "The Cheat." That was in 1915 when he was a Paramount star. Later he produced his own pictures and, as is usually the case, failed.

There were several things Sessue had been wanting to do for many years. He had always wanted to revisit Japan, where he was born. He had always wanted to appear on the New York stage. And he had always wanted to go to Europe.

Hayakawa Makes No Plans

"NEVER make any plan," said Sessue. "Want to go somewhere, pack up night before and go. Never plan ahead."

So, strictly without planning ahead, he packed up the night before and did all these things in careful succession. He went to Chiba, where he was born, and where he was destined by a political heritage to become the mayor, or something. He went to New York, and appeared in a play called "The Tiger Lily." He went to Paris and made a very successful picture called "The Battle," in which they used seventeen warships, which seemed to be a matter of great pride to Mr. Hayakawa. He learned to speak French.

He went to London, to give a command performance before the King and Queen of England—a very great honor. He also made two pictures in London.

He returned to France and wrote a novel.

He went to Monte Carlo, and in one evening lost his entire fortune—four hundred thousand dollars. That was something he did not plan ahead.

He returned to New York and made more money playing in "The Love City" and touring in vaudeville.

Then he returned to Japan, where he smashed a national tradition. In Japan, professions are hereditary. Hayakawa was the first man not of a theatrical family to appear on the Japanese stage. He translated English plays into his native language, and staged them in European dress. "Seventh Heaven," and others he knew would appeal to the idealistic and beauty-loving mind of the Japanese. He was profitably engaged in this when the cable came from Paramount, asking him to play in "Daughter of the Dragon."

"Was planning new play," said Mr. Hayakawa. "Didn't think it wise to come. But after exchanging maybe twenty cables, I consented."

Sessue Hayakawa is rich again, with the self-confidence and poise of Anna May Wong. But unlike her, he is past youth, and his character is set definitely and permanently in the Eastern mold.

The moral of this story is—plan everything ahead, carefully, painstakingly, cleverly. But pretend you're just letting things take care of themselves. That seems to be the Oriental secret of success.

Did You Know That--

Valentin Parara, Grace Moore's new husband, was one of a group of Spanish actors imported to Hollywood for Spanish versions—and never used?

England's fans are getting all excited about Elissa Landi—which they never did while she was over there?

Al Jolson's latest bright one is: "Things are so bad around New York that they're imitating Eddie Cantor"?

Atlantic City harbors an ambition to be "the Hollywood of the East"?

Joel McCrea thinks Constance Bennett and the Marquis are going to marry? (Henri's divorce from Gloria Swanson is final November 7.)

News And Gossip Of The Studios

(*Continued from page 87*)

Harry Bannister with his beautiful blonde wife!" Except for the fact that the fights weren't broadcast from Reno, and that Ann didn't turn on her radio all the evening the report was correct—except for the blonde!

DIRECTOR Norman Taurog, famous as being the uncle of Jackie (*Skippy*) Cooper takes a great interest in youngsters. Talking to Jackie (*Sid Sawyer*) Searl, Taurog asked, "Jackie, what is your ambition?"

"Aw," said Jackie, sagely, "I haven't got any ambition. I just want to be a director."

AN English newspaper cabled the office: "Report here that Garbo planning to elope with King Vidor in October. Is this true?" Do people set dates for elopements, we wonder? Besides, there's the little matter of King's already having a wife, and by the way they look and act together on King's new yacht, there doesn't seem much prospect of Eleanor Boardman's consenting to King's elopement with another lady, even the great Garbo.

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s stage play, "The Man in Possession," opened at a local theater, the audience was composed equally of movie stars and movie fans come to watch the movie stars. It was interesting to note that though all the celebrities got a hand when they strolled down the aisle, it was Marlene Dietrich who brought down the house when she trailed in with little Josef Von Sternberg in her wake. Enthusiastic fans stormed after her down to the orchestra seats and *leaning across Joan Crawford, who sat beside her*, begged Marlene to sign their programmes for them!

"ALL the women in Hollywood," says Hale Horton, "are turkeys. All you hear from them these days is 'Gable, Gable, Gable'!"

THE prospect of the Howard Hughes-Billie Dove romance culminating in a wedding seems remote. It is said by people who know them both that they are not engaged now—indeed, it is even rumored that young Mr. Hughes is interested in one of Hollywood's most flaming flappers (Lillian Bond, if you must know). But he is doing well by Billie's new picture, which is finally almost completed after five high-salaried dialogue writers tinkered with the lines.

LILYAN TASHMAN and Edmund Lowe have their friends puzzled as to what to give them for their new beach house. Everything in the house from the carpets to the kitchen pans is red-and-white. Whether it was the idea of interior-decorator Harold Grieve or of his wife and helpmate, Jetta Goudal, I don't know—but it is an amazing place. The drawing-room has curtains of white table linen edged with red, the divan is covered with red linen striped with white, and the white chairs are upholstered in white leather, trimmed with red braid. Even the floor is white linoleum stippled with red. Red-and-white beach umbrellas and hammocks carry out the scheme outside on the beach, and Lilyan wears red-and-white sports clothes. Ilka Chase brought her a present of red-handled fruit knives with white glass blades. It takes talent shopping for things like that!

(*Continued on page 104*)

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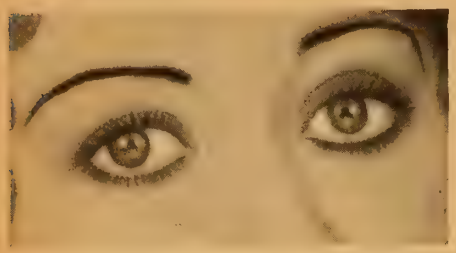
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The Big Little Girl Who Came From Broadway

(*Continued from page 59*)

Rose in "Street Scene." The doctors feared she would not be able to walk for four weeks. Two weeks later she limped into the Blossom Room—to dance. You will see her in the picture.

She says: "Just what is one to do—keep aloof in hopes of the Real Thing, or experiment, looking for it? Neither way is satisfactory. Doing the first, one is apt to miss it entirely; and the second is apt to spoil everything by too many mistakes."

At sixteen she obtained her first chance in the professional theater. Her salary was one hundred and fifty dollars a week. She went out and bought a leopard-skin coat for three hundred dollars. The play ran for two weeks. She still has the coat.

She is at her best in a house-dress, with her hair in what I believe is known as a washerwoman's knot. When she gets all fixed up in furs and hats and wraps and things, she looks like a sub-deb on the way to her first luncheon at the Ritz. Too, probably because she realizes how striking she then is, she is apt to become a bit grand when dressed up.

And when she gets grand she may at any moment draw herself up and exclaim, "This is all too *bore*-making!" in a voice that would make Ethel Barrymore cringe. But the next instant she probably will grin and say, "Don't you think Ivor Novello is a nice guy?" Her mind works like that.

She goaled New York in her first real dramatic opportunity, in "Crime," in which also appeared Robert Montgomery, James Rennie, Kay Francis, Kay Johnson, Chester Morris and Kent Douglass—all now in pictures. This show made both her and Douglass, as the young lovers.

How She Reached Hollywood

THEN for the next four years, although she gradually became the highest-paid young actress in the business, she did not have one successful play. Until "Bad Girl," in which Ben Schulberg saw her, and after which he lured her to Hollywood to replace Clara Bow in "City Streets."

She says: "People in the theatrical business worry too much about everything that pertains to it. When a thing itself isn't important, how can its details be?"

Despite all the money she has made during the past few years, she hasn't saved a cent. Financially, she is now just where she was when she started. Because she has a mad yen for whatever she wants when she wants it—no matter what the cost.

But now she has decided to be more cautious, to save. Money, she feels, will set her free. It will give her the chance to do all the things she has not done. Travel. To have leisure for thought. To have time to get acquainted with herself, to know another life than that of the theater.

At the Paramount studio she has been assigned the dressing-room recently vacated by Clara Bow. This is significant. Traces of Clara's habitation are so recent that it still is a fantastic chamber of red and gilt and brocade, with "Rex" carved into the dressing-table. Presently, however, it will be somewhat toned down.

Sylvia says: "It is perfectly possible for a young and healthy person, terrifically emotional in her work and looking a regular Sheba, to be contented with a celibate private life."

In Hollywood the thing that she misses most is her New York habit of window-shopping on Fifth Avenue at night. She looks forward with regret to the rapidly approaching day when it will be impossible for her to mosey around the street looking at things, without a crowd looking at her.

Women glare at her mistrustingly. Men gaze. That's fine with her; she is not interested in her own sex. She will look at a group of women lunching together and murmur: "Gosh, I don't get that at all. What fun can it be? I can't see it."

When she is working, she goes to bed at seven-thirty. When she is between pictures, she may not go to bed at all. She is fascinated by needlepoint and works over it for hours at a time. She likes sun-baths, modern music, and the idea of having a baby.

She lives on one of the highest hills in Hollywood, where her balcony offers a view all the way to the sea. Ronald Colman lives nearby. And Ann Harding. And close, too, is the house where dwelt that unfortunate genius, F. W. Murnau.

Her living-room is high, wide and handsome. It is flanked by a den full of books, mostly by the more brilliant and exotic of the moderns. Here also are caricatures of her cute, heart-shaped face by the late Ralph Barton, and life-masks of it by Richard (*Tol'able David*) Cromwell.

She uses no other make-up than the blue eyelash pencil and a red, fragrant lipstick. She is an ardent mimic, and gives imitations with an uncanny vividness.

She lives with her mother, who is the youngest and prettiest of all the mothers of film stars. Sylvia was twenty years old this August, and like most people born under the sign of Leo, is generous, warm-hearted, gay and impulsive. Until she is aroused. And then—

She is to be watched for—and out for!



Ann Harding and Harry Bannister see their new six-passenger 'plane loaded with gasoline. Wonder where they're going now?

Look Out, Hollywood! Here Comes Helen Hayes!

(*Continued from page 27*)

suggestion. As a matter of fact, she was the last person who knew anything about it.

"'Coquette' was playing in Los Angeles when the doctor told me I must stop work at once, and the play, after running eighty weeks, was closed overnight. It's a rule of Actors Equity that when a play closes, the cast is entitled to a week's notice or a week's pay. The manager tried to get out of paying it through a clause in the ruling that reads, 'except in case of fire, riot, or an act of God.'

"He had the brilliant idea, when the matter was brought into court, of claiming that the baby was an act of God, and therefore he was not responsible. He might as well have called it 'riot.' That would have covered the situation just as well.

"He lost the case, but all the newspapers in the country took up the slogan and the damage had been done."

Meanwhile, Helen was cloistered in Hollywood, and as she wasn't a newspaper reader, it was easy for Charlie MacArthur to keep the facts from her. She knew nothing about it until a friend in New York wired her, saying cryptically, "It is the New Messiah."

"I pondered over that a long while, and then I thought, 'Well, he was a nice man, but he's simply gone crazy.' I showed the wire to Charlie and told him what I feared for our friend. Then, of course, he had to confess all that had happened.

The Start Her Daughter Had

"I WAS appalled—I, who had intended to be so secretive about my baby. I wasn't going to tell the newspapers about her at all. And here was my Big Secret getting into the funny pages! It did, literally—people drew cartoons about it. The New York press was full of it. I was horrified, and I still am.

"And incidentally, it made an awful fool of Charlie."

Little Mary MacArthur, says her mother, will not be an actress. For one thing, it would mean that she would have to be away from home a great part of the time, and Charlie wouldn't like that. He has seen enough of it in Helen's own case. And Helen, herself, is weary of travel. Her ambition now is to earn and save enough to retire. You suspect she would like to write.

Next to her husband and that baby, Helen likes backgammon. She admits to being one of the fiends.

"They say it's taking the place of sex on Long Island," she laughs. "Instead of wandering out into the night and necking and carrying on, people stay inside and get excited over their betting.

"But backgammon will probably never have the vogue sex has, because it's more expensive. Especially now, sex has the advantage of being the one pleasure left that's free. It's the most unfailing topic of conversation, among everybody, everywhere. You might think it was something brand-new. But it can't be. Though our ancestors rarely mentioned it, they must have known about it, because we're all here. It's just that we're beginning to admit for the first time that it's fun, as well as productive."

But in Hollywood, Helen finds, the situation is reversed. People are just beginning to find that sex is productive, as well as fun. Suddenly the women are all longing to have babies. Gone are the wild and happy days when everybody went around being natural. Now, with a new generation in mind, they're careful of their grammar and determined to go in for the finer things.

Disillusioned About Hollywood

"MAYBE at heart they're elemental," Helen said, "but they have such childish pretensions. They assume airs of refinement and almost of prudery. I expected Hollywood people to be bizarre and amazing. But I find that's just what they're not. The ones I've met have been nice, comfortable, domesticated people.

"A Hollywood party is a model of decorum—and boredom. I heard about the wild parties. I went, expecting to be shocked and thrilled, and I came home with a lot of new parlor games.

"The other night at a party the hostess stood in the middle of the room and said, "I will NOT have a Hollywood party! The men and women SHALL mingle!'

"The husbands all gather at one end of the room and talk about movies. The women, bored to death with each other, are marooned at the other end, talking about interior-decorating and the baby's formula.

"And the few people—Lilyan Tashman and Jean Harlow, for instance—who are pointed to with pride by the rest of Hollywood as the real sophisticates—Hollywood really can't take credit for them. I knew Jean Harlow long before she ever came to Hollywood, and she was pretty bizarre and amazing in Chicago.

"And Lil Tashman got in some pretty good work in New York in the 'Follies.' Besides, whenever I've seen Lil out here, she has been talking about plans for a beach house, or her new set of china, just like everybody else."

Her History—In Brief

THERE are some girls who never hear people swear or tell risqué stories. It looks to me as if Miss Hayes must just be the type who is protected. Maybe it's that old sub-deb bugaboo pursuing her still.

Helen was brought up in Washington, D.C.

"In spite of its cosmopolitan atmosphere, Washington is really just a small town," she relates. "Everybody goes to the same dancing-school, from the cabinet-ministers' daughters down to me—and I was very poor. Nobody in my family had ever been on the stage. But a friend of Mother's bought a stock company there. He needed a child in one production, and asked her if she'd let me do it. I did, and all my friends from the dancing-school came to see me and it was a big success. From then on—I was six—I played in about two plays a year. Finally the Shuberts saw me, and were impressed, and persuaded Mother to take me to New York, where they had me under contract for several years."

When that was over, back to Washington she went, and did more stock. Then she was remembered by a New York manager who sent for her to play with John Drew (uncle of the Barrymores). And so it went, until she found herself an established success, admired and publicized.

"I wouldn't know how to advise a girl to go on the stage. Because I never tried for anything. It was all just handed to me. People remembered me and sent for me. It must have been because I was talented."

That's how Helen became the perennial ingénue. She was so young and fresh and winning that people couldn't bear to see her otherwise. But just wait till you see "Lullaby." That will mark the end of another *Peter Pan*. And the advent of a great new screen personality.

Good-looking . . or almost?



IT takes more than a good face to get you by these days. You've got to have a clear complexion, sparkling eyes, lots of energy and enthusiasm, plenty of charm.

And you can't do it without *internal cleanliness.* All the beauty treatments on earth are no use without that.

So don't let poisons gather in the system and spoil your looks, your attraction for others, all your fun. Keep clean within by the saline method, with Sal Hepatica.

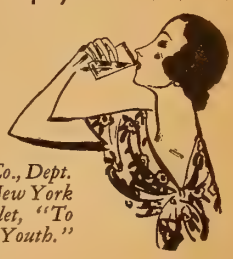
The "saline cure" is on the social calendar of almost all wealthy Europeans. At famous Continental springs, these lucky people each year seek the same benefits which Sal Hepatica offers to you at home.

Sal Hepatica is an ideal laxative. By banishing constipation, it keeps the bloodstream and system free of poisons that kill your charm and ruin your pep.

Begin today with Sal Hepatica, the saline laxative. Feel better. Look better. Have the clear skin, the shining eyes, the charm and verve and youthfulness that make men admire you!

Sal Hepatica

helps you to enjoy life more!



Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. T-101, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa., says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says: "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen. Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.

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Will Television Mean the End of Garbo?

(*Continued from page 33*)

out for sale in the 25c-to-$1.00 stores parts of an outfit that will cost about one hundred and twenty-five dollars when completed. Another offers a set at one hundred dollars.

You can see Television to-day is very much in the same stage that radio was ten years ago. The laboratory stage. Yet people are preparing for it faster. Theaters are secretly installing Television equipment along with their new sound apparatus. I know one in Los Angeles that has been ready for Television for nearly a year. Every picture studio has a radio hook-up of some kind.

Signing Them Up Already

EVERY new contract between a studio and a player now includes a clause giving the company "all television rights" to the player's services. **Ruth Chatterton's contract is said to have been the first to carry this new clause. It is rare for a studio to buy motion picture rights to a story without also purchasing Television rights.**

But will the big stars of the talkies be the big stars of Television? Or will the great ones of radio—crooner Rudy Vallee, singer Jessica Dragonette, blackface-comics *Amos 'n' Andy*, the announcer Graham McNamee and the fast-talking Floyd Gibbons—be the great names in the new sight-and-sound era?

Well, your guess is as good as mine. I will tell you a secret, however. That is, in Television, A WOMAN'S VOICE MAY RULE HER FIGURE. IF SHE TALKS IN RASPY, SQUEAKY TONES, HER FIGURE WILL COME IN ON THE PICTURE ALL DISTORTED.

I predict that the same stars of to-day who have successfully hurdled the talkie barriers will be the Television stars of to-morrow. As for the radio girls and boys, they've already proved they have voices—but how will they look? If they have false teeth and hooked noses, no amount of good sound will hide those little defects. If they're young and handsome, they are likely to stay with us.

A number of Hollywood stars are to-day reported by their hard-working press-agents to be "studying" for Television. This means they are working on their voices, working for good tones and good enunciation, all of which are requirements for talkies anyway. As a matter of fact, in the past, radio has been kinder to voices than the microphone. And you'll have to ask an expert the why of it—because I don't know.

One broadcasting system has been on the trail of Charles (Buddy) Rogers, urging him to give up the screen and become a radio band leader. They want to be sure to have a good-looking jazz *maestro* on hand when Television does pop around the corner—and Buddy fits the specifications. Moreover, they say he's willing—after a few more pictures.

Through the Telephone, Too

IF telephone television—something different from radio television—is perfected, there will be a lot of people moving the telephones away from the bedside. Just imagine having your 'phone ring at seven A.M. and having your best beau from New York, just arrived in town, see you all smeared up in cold cream! Or having your fiancé call you long-distance in the evening to discover you entertaining his rival. They would have to spot Reno divorce methods all over the country and possibly modernize the marriage ceremony!

Telephone television could be used in the movie industry. But radio will probably be cheaper. Although transmission by telephone might be more satisfactory in attaining clearness of vision and sound, it won't be practical on account of high cost. It costs to-day about twenty times the average toll rate and somebody has figured that if a performer were to sneeze in the middle of his act, just televisioning from one side of New York to the other, that little business would be worth something like twenty dollars.

How It Is Done

HOW do you Television-broadcast? It's simple enough. You go into a little dark room, look steadily at a circle of blue lights, and talk and act naturally. You must, it seems, stand about four feet away from the screen. Your picture comes out at the receiving end in a very small frame.

Technicians are working now to find a larger broadcasting screen that is practical. They are also working to find out how to pick up images at a greater distance than four feet—to show an entire stage or landscape. Later, they will work on methods to show images in their natural colors.

Image distortion, even when the voice is clear, still hinders radio and telephone television. Faces appear oddly out of focus, thin, gaunt countenances bulbously swollen, rotund faces almost unrecognizable. (Imagine not being able to distinguish between the lanky Gary Cooper and the plump Oliver Hardy!)

What Static Does to Faces

STATIC can do plenty to a radio program. But what static can do to a television program is sometimes disastrous. Faces come in on the receiving screen in a mangled condition, or badly blotched and freckled. When Mayor Walker opened Station W2XAB in New York, a thunderstorm was in progress. He acquired a mustache between the broadcasting room and the receiving sets. New York with its huge masses of steel and iron, and electrical interference in the form of flashing signs, elevators, and transit lines, is causing television engineers no end of trouble. But when broadcasting is perfected there, it will be feasible anywhere.

There will probably be direct Televisioning of plays and prize-fights and speech-making, and indirect or transcription Television. The latter will include the broadcast of motion pictures.

How are you going to pay for home Television? That is yet to be figured out. Maybe, at first, you will see only the old pictures, with the producers holding new films for theater release. Advertisers, such as the ones that have donated the radio services of *Amos 'n' Andy* to the public, may also buy films and give them to you free—interrupted occasionally with a little speech about their superior products.

Or, possibly, instruments will be perfected with which you can tune in only on certain stations. You may have to take your choice between a Paramount and a Warner Brothers' Television set. This is not very probable, because bootleg sets would almost certainly be manufactured.

The other night, in a Los Angeles newspaper office, an Associated Press man stopped me. He held a picture in his hand.

"Look," he said, "it's a photograph taken this afternoon, a couple of hours ago, in England. It was sent by radio across the Atlantic, and then across from New York to Los Angeles."

You saw it in your home newspaper the same morning I did. Well—and when did I say you'd have Television?

ugly hairs

Now "SNOW" simply melts them away! cleanly...quickly...safely...





It's so easy to use "Snow". Simply apply it. Remove it and your skin is clean, fresh, free of ugly hair.

WHAT woman isn't ashamed of superfluous hair? Yet shaving and harsh chemicals ruin a delicate skin. "SNOW" is something entirely new—non-irritating, harmless, mild. No itching, no rash, and every trace of hair is gone! Eminent physicians endorse "SNOW"—scientific laboratories of high standing declare it *absolutely safe.*

Use it on the legs—where transparent hose, and the stockingless mode of summer days, call attention to any dark, streaky, unlovely hair. Such a growth is objectionable to the fastidious eye—it may disgust the one you wish most to attract. All the year round, use "SNOW" to wipe away unsightly hair on the limbs.

"SNOW"— for fastidious women

Use it under the arms—where evening gowns and sportwear alike demand a smooth, clean surface. Here, where perspiration acid tends to burn and irritate the delicate skin, "SNOW" may be used with perfect comfort. None of the scraped, reddened appearance or burning sensation left by the old-fashioned razor!

Even on the face—where hair is so embarrassing and disfiguring—"SNOW" is safe, mild and effective. And because it goes below the upper skin, breaking off the hair before it reaches the surface, there is no short, stubby growth, no sign that any hair ever disfigured the skin! "SNOW" discourages the growth of new hair, too—each time it takes longer for the unpleasant growth to return.

A fibre brush FREE with "SNOW"

How do you use "SNOW"? It's ridiculously simple! Mix with a little cold water—and apply with the convenient little fibre brush given FREE with each package. Leave "SNOW" on a few moments—when you remove it, you remove the ugly hair as well. USE "SNOW" AS OFTEN AS YOU WANT TO! It does not coarsen the pores or thicken the growth of hair.

Doctors would not endorse it, if it were not ideal for women's use.

Money-back Guarantee

"SNOW" is the perfected depilatory—the discovery of a great European laboratory. It is positive acting—quickly, cleanly, it banishes ugly, beauty-marring hair growth. Always it leaves the skin silky smooth—completely free of hair.

We *know* that "SNOW" does all we claim for it, and more! We'll gladly stand the expense if you are not satisfied. You risk nothing! We post a *binding, money-back guarantee* with each package sold. Ask for "SNOW" at your druggists—or pin a $1 bill to this coupon and a large package will be sent by return mail, postpaid, with the *free* fibre brush.

"SNOW"

simply melts hair away

P. S. For men, too ... "SNOW" is the new amazing razorless shave! Use it and get the quickest, cleanest shave you've ever had. Even the toughest beard vanishes easily—even the tenderest skin gives up its beard without a trace of irritation.

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Dept. 2E, 299 Broadway, New York (Dept. 2E; 427 St. Francis Xavier, Montreal Canada).

Enclosed is $1.00 (C. O. D. $1.15) for which please send me the large size package of "SNOW" and the special fibre brush. If I am not satisfied with "SNOW" I am to receive my money back.

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Why Folks Grow FAT

Facts All Should Know

The study of ductless glands, in late years has revealed a great cause of excess fat. The thyroid gland secretion largely controls nutrition. It helps turn food into fuel and energy. When this gland is inactive, it is found that too much food goes to fat.

This discovery has largely changed the treatment of obesity. Doctors the world over now supply this lacking factor. As a result, excess fat has been disappearing fast. One sees that everywhere. This despite the fact that people walk less, because of motor cars. And starvation diets are no longer advised.

A Great Factor

Marmola prescription tablets embody this modern method. A famous medical laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. They have brought to multitudes of people new youth and beauty, new health and vim. Now almost everyone has friends who know the delightful effects of Marmola.

Marmola makes this new-day method easy and economical. A book in each box gives the formula and explains the results. Users thus know exactly what they are taking, and why. When the extra weight goes and new vim appears, they know the reasons for it.

If you over-weigh, let Marmola prove to you what the right and natural help can do. Stop when weight gets down to normal, and you feel and look your best. Then tell your friends whose figures are abnormal. You cannot do a greater kindness to the over-fat.

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of

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Motion Picture Publications, Inc.

1501 Broadway New York City

Answers To Your Gossip Test

(Continued from page 14)

1. Alfred Aloysius Smith, who died in London on June 26, was known the world over as "Trader Horn." His adventures in the wilds of Africa were published and filmed under that name.

2. Alison Lloyd is none other than Thelma Todd, the former comedy girl, who has changed her name because she is now doing more serious film work.

3. It is said that Dorothy Lee, erstwhile spouse of Jimmie (press-agent) Fidler, will marry Marshall Duffield, the collegiate hero, when her divorce is made final. Dorothy has always been known to go in for athletics, but it looks as though she is strong for athletes, too.

4. While in Quebec, Canada, on her honeymoon, Irene Delroy was thrown by a horse and suffered concussion of the brain, a dislocated hip and a broken finger. She was married to William Austin, Long Island realty dealer, July 15.

5. Bebe Daniels, who is married to Ben Lyon, is the star who is having difficulties over her contract with Warner Brothers as to whether she is to be kept on the payroll during her enforced absence from the studio while awaiting the long-legged bird.

6. Barbara Stanwyck is planning to leave Hollywood and break her movie contract because her husband, Frank Fay, is going to New York and she wants to go with him. Lucky boy, Frank!

7. Lawrence Tibbett's wife made that statement when she announced that she and her famous baritone husband had separated.

8. Nita Naldi, who was famous in the movies when there was a vogue for vamps, now tips the scales at 250 pounds, 'tis said.

9. Russell Gleason is the young man who is sweet on Mary and has been escorting her around of late. He is the son of Lucille and James Gleason and they are fond of her, too.

10. Evidently the screen camera has been unkind to Carman Barnes, who is the author of "School Girl," because she has been assigned to several pictures and then taken out of the cast.

11. Edwin Carewe is the director who is making a fortune turning common ordinary garbage into prepared animal food by a special process.

12. Although it was predicted that their romance was ideal, they were separated in less than six months and now John Gilbert is being sued for divorce by Ina Claire.

13. June was married to the somber-faced screen comedian, Stuart Erwin, July 22, 1931.

14. When Fifi went through with the publicity stunt of swimming in the Monument Circle Fountain, a war memorial, she created a scene and was arrested.

15. Winnie named her son Richard Barthelmess Holtrie after the star. She always admired Barthelmess, even before she went to Hollywood and met him.

16. She's Estelle Taylor who is being escorted around by Arthur Brown, formerly of Broadway.

17. Of course you don't, you know him as Bob Custer, the young Western player, who changed his name from Raymond Glenn for the screen and liked it better than his own so he had the courts make his screen name legal.

18. Eleanor Boardman is the motion picture player who was once known as "The Kodak Girl." She did some posing for commercial photographers in her pre-movie days and was the girl in an advertising campaign that showed portraits of her snapping pictures.

19. Jeanette MacDonald is in France to investigate the origin of a biography of her life published in novel form by the French author, Maurice Privat, which implies she was in an auto accident with Prince Umberto of Italy at a time when she was in Hollywood.

20. It's a reunion of the Sieber family, which consists of Marlene Dietrich, popular screen star, her baby Maria, and her husband, Rudolf Sieber, who is a German motion picture director at Paramount's Joinville Studios in Europe.



What actress would stare a gift-tiger in the mouth? Right! Kay Francis. The girl is a little like a tigress, herself, in "Guilty Hands"

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A daily sun bath—a few minutes in the morning or evening—will keep you looking and feeling physically fit.



Invalids confined indoors missing the life-giving, health-bringing power of natural sunlight, find the Health Ray Lamp a boon.



Ultra-violet rays prevent rickets by supplying Vitamin D to the System.

Now the Amazing Benefits of ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS for ONLY $5.95

A $100 Sun lamp can do no more

Now, through the magic of the Health Ray Lamp, artificial sunlight, containing all the rejuvenating and healthful properties of sunshine, is available to all—at any time of the day or night—at any season of the year. Now the great benefits of ultra violet radiation can be yours . . . through this new, full-strength, therapeutic, ultra-violet (and infra-red) lamp at the *lowest* retail *price* in the world . . . $5.95!

Mass production and tremendous sales alone make this possible.

Youthful Vigor and Vitality

A few minutes in the morning or evening will suffice for your daily sun bath . . . will keep you feeling and looking physically fit . . . your body stimulated with Vitamin D . . . your brain alert . . . colds, grippe . . . annoying little aches and pains will pass you by. The whole family will enjoy greater health.

Inexpensive Health Insurance

It costs only a few cents a day to enjoy the relaxing, healthful, vitalizing rays of the Health Ray Lamp. By subjecting yourself to these rays, you are building up a reserve of health and strength to withstand disease. You will look and feel vibrant, vigorous, fully alive. You are safeguarding your health in a pleasant, inexpensive way.

Real Sun Tan (the glow of health)

A genuine sun Tan is quickly and easily secured with a Health Ray Lamp. A few minutes a day spent bathing in the rays of this lamp will give you the same kind of tan you get on a Florida beach.

Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

These rays are especially effective in destroying germ life and imparting vigor and vitality. They also stimulate glandular function. They are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs and clarify the skin. Pimples and temporary blemishes yield quickly to their purifying action. Children respond rapidly to the beneficent effects. In cases of listlessness and anemia, the rays are unusually effective. An invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets.

Same Benefits as $100 Lamps

The Health Ray Lamp is a remarkable bargain. Users receive the same benefits as with the $100 and $150 lamps. It is two lamps in one. It not only produces ultra violet—those rays that destroy germ life, invigorate physically and mentally and stimulate glandular function—but an especially designed generator produces at the same time the warm infra-red rays which stimulate blood circulation, soothe, comfort and penetrate deeply into living body tissue . . . healing and preventing illness.

Brings These Many Benefits

1. Builds strength and vigor, resistance to sickness; invigorates the entire system.
2. By activating the cholesterol in the skin, Vitamin D is created which fixes the calcium and phosphorus in the blood, preventing rickets.
3. Prevents colds, grippe, lumbago, stops the annoying little aches and pains of every day.
4. Improves the appearance by imparting the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. Gives the same kind of Tan you would get from a month on the Florida beaches.
5. Frees the skin from pimples and temporary blemishes.

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Operates on either Alternating or Direct current. Resistance coil is of the best Nickel Chrome wire. Guaranteed for one year.

10 days Free Trial—Send No Money

The Health Ray Lamp, including goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., will be sent you for free ten days' trial in your own home. Try it at our risk. For ten days, experience its vitalizing, health-building effects. Compare the results with higher priced equipment. Send no money. Simply fill out coupon below and the complete outfit will go forward immediately. When it arrives, deposit $5.95, plus a few cents postage with the postman. After 10 days' trial, if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money.

There is only one requirement—that you include on the coupon the name of your local dealer from whom you would ordinarily purchase the Health Ray Lamp (for instance the name of your druggist or department store.)

Take Advantage of this special offer now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Please print name and address plainly.



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Send me one Health Ray (ultra violet and infra-red) Lamp, complete with goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc. at the special introductory price. Upon arrival I agree to pay postman $5.95 plus a few pennies postage. It is understood that if after 10 days I am not completely satisfied, I may return the lamp and you will immediately refund my money.

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100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are positively safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty, easy to apply. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35c box.





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The Love-Life of Ivan Lebedeff

(*Continued from page 42*)

found love in the arms of the man who would condemn her to death.

The Beauty Who Was a Peasant

ON the line of march one cold wintry night, Ivan's aides came to him and asked him to step back of the encampment. They had something they wanted to show him. He was not interested. They told him, "A woman." He still was not interested. A woman! Bah! He was prevailed upon—and he went.

There in the light of a huge, improvised oven, placing pans of bread in the flames, crouched a girl. She was strangely beautiful, sensitive-looking—for that setting. Her old crone of a grandmother sat near at hand. Ivan called the girl to him, examined her slender hands. They were those of an aristocrat—though roughened by toil. He noted her slender wrists. He asked the old grandmother: "Near whose estate did this girl live?" He was told—and he nodded. He knew that the blood of aristocrats coursed through those veins, uniting with the blood of the peasants. She had both beauty and strength.

He went back to his quarters and wrote at once to a rich and charming lady of his acquaintance. He described this girl he had found on the line of march, a mere camp-follower. He described her beauty, her spirit. He asked his friend to take the girl into her own home, to educate her. The lady responded at once. She would be delighted.

Ivan accompanied the girl and the old grandmother on part of their journey. In a small country village they found a tiny cottage and there, for three idyllic days and nights, they rested. "Three of the most beautiful days of my life," he says.

At the end of those three short, breathless days, the girl and the old grandmother continued alone upon their journey. From time to time she wrote to Ivan. After a little, she began to write to him in French and then in German. There were poetry and passion in her letters. And always she spoke of the three days and nights they had been together.

They have never met again. Ivan has never heard from her or of her since the War. He doesn't know where she is. The Red Revolution descended upon Russia and under those crushing boots the girl and her benefactress have been obliterated.

A Game With a Child

IVAN visited a friend at Frankfort-au-Main one Christmas season. There was an eleven-year-old daughter in the family. After the first dinner the child said to her mother, "I am in love with Herr Lebedeff. I am going to marry him when I grow up."

The next day, for a lark, the mother and other members of the merry-making party announced the engagement of the little Gretel to Herr Ivan Lebedeff. The announcement was made with a mock-seriousness. During the remainder of his stay, the child prattled joyously of their wedding and of what they should do when they had a house and servants of their own. Love—the strangest love in the world, which is the love of a child—poured out of her eyes on the slender Russian officer.

Ivan went away. They wrote letters. He called her his "little star." Soon, the Little Star was thirteen. Their engagement still was a matter of the utmost seriousness to her. Her letters were tender and affectionate. The letters of Ivan were kind and interested.

Then came the time when Ivan was leaving for America. He dined with Gretel's mother in Paris. And she told him, laughing (how *could* she?), that Gretel had sent him a message. She felt that, since they were engaged and since he was going so far away and might forget her, she had better give him a ring and he had better give her one. For the first time Ivan realized that their little game, playful as it had seemed, might not be a game to the girl now approaching sixteen. He sent her a ring. He took hers. He went away, resolving not to write her any longer.

Tragic Ending

HER letters became insistent, frightened. There was a note of passionate protest in them. Finally Ivan wrote her, gently explaining everything. It had been a charming game they had played. He did love her, he would always love her—but not in the way a man loves the woman he wants to marry. He tried to make clear to her the difference between these two loves.

There was a long silence. And then came a bitter, burning letter from the girl. She had always loved him as a woman loves a man. She had believed in him. Why had he been such a coward, such a despicable coward as to write this to her instead of seeing her and telling her face to face? Not all the strange letters from all the strange women in the world were so strange as this letter to Ivan from a woman who had loved him from childhood—who had become a woman at the age of eleven because she loved him.

To-day, he tells me, he hears from his sister in Paris that his Little Star is there, turning the town upside down, dancing, drinking, making love—a strange and tragic woman.

Ivan knew Mata Hari, the spy. He drove with her, one spring night in Paris, through the Bois de Boulogne, under a starry sky. She was dark and inclined to heaviness. She did not appeal to him. "A type bordering on the professional," he says. "No woman with the professional atmosphere has ever appealed to me."

A strange man—who has attracted strange loves—

A man who has known strange women—

The strangest man in Hollywood, this Ivan Lebedeff.

Did You Know That--

Thomas Meighan—who never liked Hollywood—is back at his home in Great Neck, L. I., after completing his second comeback picture, "Skyline"?

Wanda Hawley, star of silent days, is now promoting cold cream sales in a San Francisco department store?

Tallulah Bankhead is one star who had to *gain* weight? (She added ten pounds with a milk diet.)

Jean Harlow's suppressed desire is to play *Joan of Arc?*

Stan Laurel—of Laurel and Hardy—is an Englishman, and in the old days played one-night stands with Charlie Chaplin?

The Merry Wives of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

hours," says Lilyan Tashman, "that's different!" Last spring, when Lil defended her home by force and fingernails, Hollywood was inclined to sympathize, but to regard Lil as just a little bit old-fashioned.

Hollywood has its strict matrimonial code, too. It is altogether proper for the famous wives of filmdom to go to parties and public places without their lawful husbands. Indeed, when Betty Compson was Mrs. James Cruze, the audience at a première stared unrecognizingly at her escort until the rumor ran around that he was Jimmie Cruze! "I was married before and now I'm married again, but I'm going around with somebody else," explained a little flapper bride at a recent party. No one thought her odd.

It is understood that husbands and wives should do what they choose with their own money. Dorothy Lee, getting a divorce from Jimmie Fidler, the press-agent, is buying from him the house he built for her before their marriage. Estelle Taylor is dickering with Jack Dempsey to sell him their lovely home, which he presented to her as a wedding present. That's according to the Hollywood code.

Hollywood's Broadminded

YOU may, if you are a Hollywood wife, announce your engagement to someone else before you are divorced from your husband. No one will find any fault with that. The Eddie Sutherlands (he's a director) held a party to announce their impending divorce. But the marriage ceremony brings its obligations here as elsewhere, though its promises don't mean the same things in Hollywood as in Kalamazoo.

"For better or for worse" often means "Till I become better-known or you do." "I can do better," said one of the screen's sweet girl stars as she walked out of the première of her first big picture beside her fiancé. "I'm going to be too famous for you," and she handed him back his ring. It is a Hollywood promise as well as a premise. Each party understands that when he or she is left behind by the other's fame, it is good sportsmanship to step aside.

"For richer or for poorer." If this usually means "We'll have to stay married because of the community property laws," it also means a generosity in money matters seldom seen in marriage elsewhere.

"In sickness or in health," roughly translated into Hollywoodese, might be, "In sobriety or not." It is sometimes the most binding obligation of local matrimony. Never shall I forget the debonair star of he-man dramas leaving a brilliant party carrying his equally-famous blonde wife (completely passed out). In the doorway he paused to look back and wave a nonchalant hand. "Well, goodnight everybody!" he said. "Charming evening!" And so went home, the model Hollywood husband fulfilling his marriage vows!

The merry wives of Hollywood are free to spend their own money, free to go where they choose, with whom they please. Yet these wives have told me that they envy other less famous wives; that they sometimes long to be sheltered, protected, supported; that they have suppressed yearnings to wash dirty little faces and to wield brooms.

Women are women—even when they're famous. If they don't worry about keeping a husband's love, it's just as worrisome to keep a boy-friend's love. If they don't have to ask anyone for money for a new gown, they do have to plot and plan for a new contract. They may not be concerned with the unfaithfulness of husbands—but they lie awake nights, weeping over the unfaithfulness of fans!

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Properly indignant, the Inventor challenged the suggestion. The cutter was hustled off to the practical kitchen of a woman who serves advertisers in a very practical way. She tests household devices and foods and recipes, just as you would test them in your own kitchen.

On the appointed day a lovely layer cake was baked expressly for the try-out. The shiny tin hoop slipped gently over the tender frosting. The blades pressed into the smooth top, and sent little shivery cracks in all directions. Then the dreadful truth was demonstrated. *The beautiful tin cutter wouldn't cut. . . . It merely squashed the cake!*

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Solve This Puzzle Qualify for This Opportunity

There are many objects in the picture to the left, such as dog, girl, rooster, boy, tent, etc. See if you can find 5 starting with the letter "C." As soon as you do this, write them on sheet of paper or a postcard together with your name and address and send it to me at once.

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Which Of These Starlets Will Become Stars?

(*Continued from page 53*)

comédiennes. Joan is the leading one among the 1931 Kuties.

Loretta Sayers, the Larchmont society girl that Columbia signed up, is a smart one. Just before she arrived on the Coast, Aileen Pringle was offered the part of leading lady to Buck Jones in "The Avenger," turned it down, and hasn't been heard from since. Loretta took it. Now she's the feminine eyeful in such specials as "Arizona" and "Fifty Fathoms Deep."

But where's the ultimate star? What about Kitty Kelly, who wasn't so hard to look at in "White Shoulders" and "Runaround"? Or Rochelle Hudson, now romping about with Edna May Oliver in "Fanny Foley, Herself"? Rochelle doesn't know. "Having had absolutely no professional experience," she relates gloomily, "I came to Hollywood on a six-month contract, during which period I did nothing and was dropped." As a result of those achievements, she was given an RKO contract. "I guess they must be grooming me slowly," she adds. "I haven't been overworked." Busy or idle, Rochelle is a gorgeous, slender brunette, and may last a lot longer than some of the girls who have gone along faster.

Last, But Not Least

COULD the coming star be any of the bright-eyed sub-debs over at Fox—such as Peggy Ross, Cecelia Parker or Elda Vokel? You'll see Peggy in "The Plutocrat," Cecelia in "Over the Hill," and Elda in "She Wanted a Millionaire" and you can take your pick. Then, too, there's Conchita Montenegro, who came all the way from Spain to be the Spanish Joan Crawford in M-G-M's foreign versions—and did so well that she was transferred to English versions in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Then, before the public reaction to her had a chance to be felt, M-G-M let her slip away to Fox. She has distinct possibilities. And plenty of fire.

Paramount is getting all set to glorify Peggy Shannon, who came out from New York to play "atmosphere," and was given Clara Bow's ex-rôle in "The Secret Call." She made an impression in that despite the story, and she'll make the fans perk up even more in "Silence," which has some drama. She looks like Paramount's best bet among the youngsters.

Karen Morley is the little girl that the executives enthuse about at M-G-M. And she managed the romance in "Politics" very cleverly, so maybe they aren't mistaken. But how about Edwina Booth? "Perhaps the horrible torture I experienced in Africa," Edwina says dreamily, "was accentuated by the fact that I'm so intensely emotional." It isn't hard to believe, if you've seen Edwina—either in "Trader Horn" or in person (especially in person). Here's a regular tiger-lady, a bundle of passion and imagination. If she gets the chance, here's the girl who will set Hollywood aflame with her acting! Here's the most likely-looking star of all the Kinema Kuties of 1931.

Did You Know That--

Vivian Duncan (Mrs. Nils Asther) was informed by the State Department that her child was an alien because born in Germany—and must come in under the German quota?

One well-known woman star is rumored to be sacrificing $125,000 in salary in taking time out to become a mother?

There hasn't been a really big Hollywood wedding since the Thalberg-Shearer event? Everybody's eloping, these days—and saving money.

How The Stars *Get Away* From It All

(*Continued from page 57*)

Douglas MacLean, who used to be a comedian and now is a producer, sheds his worries on his yacht. But Doug uses his boat for business, as well as pleasure. He sailed up North this summer to find the right locale for a story of salmon-fishing he's going to film.

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli haven't been able to get away for longer than a week-end at a time since their honeymoon, but they do get away over Saturday and Sunday—also on a yacht. They have become part of the Hollywood mariners' colony that anchors off Catalina Island. Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston (and the family) are also there, as are Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian. Jobyna and Dorothy practically live at sea, and walk a bit to windward when they set foot on land. They don't seem a bit surprised that they're all happily married—seeing that they can get away from people.

Why Some Buy Ranches

EVEN Will Rogers, the chummiest person in forty-eight states, has his hankerings for solitude. He was one of the first to buy a ranch, and he spends most of his spare time out there, talking to the horses (polo horses, incidentally).

And all Will knows is what he reads in the papers.

Ranches are becoming more and more popular with the movie colony—for two reasons. They're not only good roomy hideaways, but they're safe anchorages if contracts aren't renewed one of these days. Gary Cooper has been a ranch-owner for years, as has Hoot Gibson. And Mrs. Gibson—Sally Eilers to you—doesn't seem to mind living there a bit. She says she'll probably never learn to ride a bronco, but it's a great life. There isn't a thing to worry about out there except the live-stock.

Animals don't ask for autographs.

Rex Bell bought a big ranch (fifty thousand acres or so) last spring—and it certainly came in handy when Clara Bow had her second breakdown. The doctor ordered a complete rest, away from people—and Rex's ranch was just the place. The telephone wires have been cut and Rex doesn't accept mail for Clara. If they hadn't come in by airplane, those agents from New York would never have been able to make Clara those big stage offers that she didn't accept. She looks the healthiest—and the happiest—that she has for years.

She's having a rest from too much Hollywood.

Noah Beery is another lover of the Great Outdoors, where there's plenty of Silence. But Noah is a business man, too. He turned his ranch into the Paradise Trout Club, stocking a brook that ran through his land with trout. What with fishing streams so scarce in Southern California that they're practically non-existent, the local Isaak Waltons flock to the Beery club. Noah has a rest-place and a gold mine, all in one. He doesn't have to worry if he never makes another picture.

Good Places to Hide

WALLACE BEERY'S island retreat which he reaches by 'plane, answers this need. He can lounge and be dirty, if he likes. He needn't care how he looks or how things are going at the studio. He's three hundred and fifty air miles away.

Reginald Denny's refuge is in the High Sierras, so remote that all supplies must be packed in on mules. "Hollywood can't get at you up there!" he says. Snow six months of the year is the great attraction. "It's always twenty degrees cooler at my place." His cabin—which cost a mere thirty-five thousand—has fourteen rooms, and has all the conveniences of a city home beneath its rustic atmosphere.

Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert weren't able to take a honeymoon for a year after they were married, because they were tied down by contracts. But when they did take one, they took a good one. They went around the world on a tramp steamer, and were four leisurely months in completing their journey.

Malibu Beach is all right for a week-end rest, but it won't do for a protracted vacation. It's too near Hollywood. There are too many people there who are "in the business." The shop-talk and the gossip and the sense of people looking at you persist. You wouldn't go for days without shaving at Malibu!

They have to get as far away as possible before they can be free of pictures for just a little while. Before they can let down and be themselves before they can *get away from it all by going native.* **Being famous is a strenuous business.**

They wouldn't like it a bit if they had to make a living by wearing overalls and getting dirty, chopping wood and changing tires. But they can play at it for a while and enjoy it.

I shouldn't be surprised if a regular beachcombers' colony sprang up in Hawaii, made up entirely of movie folk, spending their vacations away from the Hollywood grind and hooey.

One man's hardship is another's luxury. The players find their luxuries in the hardships of the workaday world. And they have the wealth to make these hardships romantic.



Marie Dressler and Polly Moran have to take time out to eat—but they study their lines meanwhile

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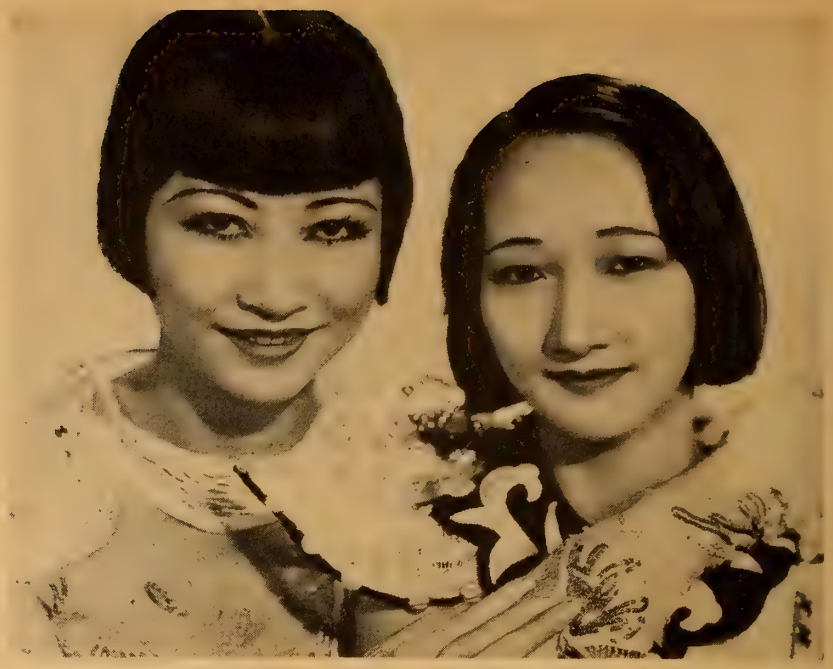
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Anna May Wong asks you to meet her younger sister, Mary (right)—and are you objecting? You'll see both girls in "Daughter of the Dragon"

We Tell You—Motion Picture!

(*Continued from page 16*)

says the *Reporter*, "and its producers have endowed it with players, care and production values which enhance the fan appeal of the picture itself. . . . We do not hesitate to prophesy the dollar success of 'Bought!', for added to the tremendous draw of the star herself, is the great characterization of Richard Bennett, her father, *AS* her father." There is much more in the same vein.

As for Kay Francis, her first picture under her new contract with us will be "The Rich Are Always With Us," an adaptation of a recent popular novel by E. Pettit. It represents, absolutely, the best material we could secure for her. We expect to be proud of Miss Francis' first performance for us.

Dorothy Mackaill, a First National star of consequence for several years, has recently completed "The Reckless Hour," adapted from another play by Arthur Richman. The original piece was "Ambush," one of the most successful productions in the history of the New York Theater Guild, a group which has never tolerated shoddy drama. I think you will find that Miss Mackaill has been equipped with an effective vehicle in this instance.

Bebe Daniels has made for us "The Honor of the Family," derived from the Balzac story which served so long as a great play under the same title. You speak of "worthwhile stories." "The Honor of the Family" strikes me as just that—worth while.

You see, I am of the opinion that we can "do right by so many Nells," as you feared we might not in your letter. As for certain of the male stars you mention—George Arliss, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess and so on, take my word for it, they are to have greater opportunities during the year to come than ever before. George Arliss will be seen shortly in a stirring "Alexander Hamilton." It is authentic historical romance. After that will come Clare Kummer's play, "A Successful Calamity," an outstanding Broadway piece, once produced by the discerning Arthur Hopkins for William Gillette.

William Powell's first picture for us, "The Road to Singapore," has been received with tremendous enthusiasm in its pre-release showings. It is something new for this able actor. One of the most ambitious departures from the conventional film drama that has been attempted in years (and this I believe implicitly) is "The Last Flight," our next release for Richard Barthelmess. Dick has been tremendously enthusiastic about this one. It follows no accepted standards and offers an unusual treatment of a story altogether new to the films. Above everything, it has honesty.

Of "Five-Star Final," you have already heard much, I don't doubt. But I cannot resist saying that it is a job which delights all of us. With this and "The World Changes," following upon his huge success in "Smart Money," Edward G. Robinson should establish himself as one of the greatest drawing-cards known to picture history. It is truly remarkable, in our opinion, how this young man has vaulted upward in the space of a single year.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Walter Huston, James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Winnie Lightner, Loretta Young, David Manners, Marian Marsh, Donald Cook, Charles Butterworth—there is not space now to deal with all of these. But accept my assurance for it. Satisfactory rôles, indeed unusual opportunities, are in store for all of them if plans work out as we intend. We have no wish to smother talent. Surely that must be clear.

Before I close I must thank you for that final paragraph of your letter, in which you say: "Anyway, Messrs. Warner, you are attempting something that no other studio has had the nerve to do—just as you've always had the courage to strike out into new fields. You keep the industry on the jump."

Now that has touched me deeply. Yes, I mean it. My hope is that the same may be said of us ten years from now—or twenty. If we still may be called courageous and alive to the shifting needs of the industry—then little else matters. That is the important thing to everyone—stars, directors, executives, everyone—even more important than the luck you wish us in our venture.

Sincerely,
J. L. Warner

Sally's Back!

(*Continued from page 70*)

ruptcy my only feeling was not for myself—but for those people whose claims against me I was not able to meet. I'm going to pay back every one of those bills if it is the last thing I ever do!

"I have not minded any of the things that have been dealt to me. It was only when trouble and unhappiness struck in the heart of my family that I was bitter—"

She was thinking of her young, impulsive brother who could not keep his name, or hers, out of the newspapers—whose companions led him into serious trouble. Because Sally loves him so deeply, because he is still "my favorite brother," she would shoulder his blame as well. "Perhaps if I had not been so foolish with my money—if there had always been enough so that the lack of it might not have been missed—"

"The other day I went to see James Cagney in 'The Public Enemy.' I had never seen Cagney before. Suddenly this boy walked onto the screen—this boy who swayed a little and thought he was cocky, but who was sweet and lovable under it all. I cried out loud: 'It's Hutch!' I almost fainted before they got me out of the theater. I never saw such an uncanny resemblance.

The Biggest Scene—to Sally

"THE other day in this picture we had a courtroom scene. I stood before the Judge and pleaded. If I had done that scene five years ago, it would have been just a courtroom set to me—an opportunity for a close-up with glycerine in my eyes. But I have stood in a real courtroom and pleaded with a real Judge, with every ounce of sincerity in me for someone who was very dear. I know that if I have one good scene in 'The Brat' it will be that one. It was too real for acting—it was too sincere for the need of tears that come out of a bottle.

"Right now, the only thing that really interests me is work—all I can get of it. You don't know how awful it can be, without work. I used to pray: 'If I ever get a job again, that's all I'll ever ask out of life.'

"At that time, when it seemed impossible for me to get work on the screen, I went to Henry Duffy and asked if he could not use me in a show. He was interested enough to give me the scripts of several old plays. Among them was 'The Brat.' It was the first I had ever known of that story—I hadn't seen Maude Fulton in it—and I was crazy about the part from the start. I told Ivan that if I could make that story on the screen I'd be the happiest girl in the world.

"The next morning there was an announcement in the paper that Fox was going to produce 'The Brat' with John Ford directing and Dorothy Jordan in the title rôle. I cried. Ivan felt so sorry for me, he tried to comfort me by saying he would see if he couldn't arrange a test.

"By some miracle I made that test—and right here is where I want to say that John Ford is the finest man I have ever known. I worked so hard—I tried so darn hard—I think it must have got under his skin. 'You want this part an awful lot, don't you, Sally?' he said. 'It would mean an awful lot for you to get it, wouldn't it?' I didn't need to answer that question. Two days later, they told me I was to have it! Suddenly, everything I had been through seemed to evaporate into thin air. I was so happy. I couldn't even remember when I had been unhappy.

"Honest," said Sally, "Hollywood isn't the tough town they say it is at all. What greater thing can anyone—or anything—give you than Another Chance?"

Can you wonder that Hollywood gets that lump in the throat about Sally?

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News And Gossip Of The Studios

(*Continued from page 91*)

THEY had been wrangling till mid-afternoon on the "Lasca of the Rio Grande" set at Universal as to whether the heroine should die or not. Finally, Slim Summerville put in his oar. "Let's kill her," said he, "and go eat." And so they did.

THREE years ago an extra girl grabbed a can of negative and rushed out of the burning laboratory room. She saved Universal three hundred thousand dollars—and was so severely burned herself that she was in the hospital many months. Carl Laemmle, himself, issued an order that so long as the studio was operating this girl should have a part in some Universal picture. She is the one and only extra in the movies to-day sure of a job. Rates for the extras have gone down from seven-fifty low to five low, and from fifteen top to seven-fifty top.

SALLY O'NEIL, who makes a comeback in "The Brat," says that she is in love with Lewis Milestone. She doesn't care who knows it. They've been going together for several months, she admits, and she's mad about him! She refuses to reveal Lewis's feelings.

WHEN Fifi Dorsay was within sight of the French shore, says Terrance Ray, her fiancé, she was to stretch out her arms and cry, "Oh, Mammy! Here I come!" It was not her fault, Fifi pouts, that she had to tell that great beeg wicked lie about being born in Paris. The press-agent put her up to it! Now, for the first time she actually is seeing Paris—and playing before Parisian audiences. According to Will Rogers, she has a big future on the screen when she returns. Terrance, by the way, admits with a grin that he, too, hopes to take a trip abroad this summer.

WHEN Mrs. Sarah Jane Nielsen sued Christian Peter Nielsen in Los Angeles recently, an interesting sidelight on the movies was brought to the public eye. Her husband, Mrs. Nielsen testified, used to be employed as a handy man by Leatrice Joy, but resigned his position "because Miss Joy would not accept his Communistic idea that she should give him half of her earnings as a movie star." Laura La Plante, for whom the communistic Christian worked later, also refused to see matters in Mr. Nielsen's way.

THE flag at Malibu Beach was at half-mast the other day in respect for the mother of director Herbert Brenon, the pride of the beach. At eighty-odd Mrs. Brenon was writing a weekly column for New York newspapers and had just had a book published. Everyone in the movie colony adored her.

WHERE do people hear the stories about the movie stars? While I was getting a shampoo in a local beauty parlor the other day, the hairdresser remarked on the cover-line of a recent issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in the waiting-room: "*America Wants Will Rogers for President.*" "Of course, Will Rogers could never be President of the United States, really," she said. "He isn't eligible. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, you know, and of course that makes him ineligible for President."

"Really?" I asked, thinking of Oklahoma Will's grammar. "Why, I think you're mistaken—"

"Oh, no, indeed," said the hairdresser with the flair for politics. "Why, his son is in Eton now. Yes, Will Rogers has just got back from England after putting him in Eton."

We made one last feeble attempt—abandoning the idea of explaining that Will, Jr., is entering Stanford in the fall. "But even if Mr. Rogers was educated abroad, that wouldn't rule him out as a candidate for President."

She considered the matter. "Oh well," she conceded, "maybe he can't be President because he hasn't ever been a Senator first—or something like that!"

SAID Will Rogers, surveying himself, resplendent in checks and wing collar, spats and cane with some satisfaction in the mirror on the set of his new picture, "Hm, guess folks are going to mistake me for that feller *Chevrolet* in this picture!" Will is refusing our nomination of him for President. He says that somebody told him that his name would bring in a big campaign fund, but he hasn't seen a cent yet. He signs himself, "the only ex-candidate, Will Rogers."

NORMA TALMADGE followed the fashionable exodus to Honolulu. She posted a notice on her stateroom door that she didn't wish to talk to the press. The steward was all ready to deliver her ultimatum to surging crowds of reporters—but was saved the trouble. None of the reporters asked for Norma! Gilbert Roland sailed on the same boat.

ON the set of "The Brat," Virginia Cherrill was doing a scene. When it was almost over, a wad of gum she was supposed to be chewing for the scene suddenly dropped onto her riding breeches. Hastily retrieving it, she found that a long strand stuck to the breeches. John Ford, the director, lifted his hands to heaven. "I've often wondered," said he "why it took Chaplin three years to make 'City Lights'."

NEARLY every celebrity who comes to Hollywood is regarded as fair prey by the publicity departments, which occupy their "visit to the studio" by taking pictures of them with some player. But when the Prince and Princess of Japan went through one of the bigger studios no cameras were leveled at them, no staring crowds followed. Signs placarded all buildings and all the studio offices, sternly announcing, "During the visit of the Prince and Princess all persons on the lot will remain indoors and away from the windows."

CARMAN BARNES — whom *Variety* refers to as "Paramount's by-and-with girl"—will soon be Paramount's "by-with-and-out Girl." The studio has admitted she will probably never make a foot of film, though she has been technically billed as a star for months. The pictures printed of Carman seem to reveal a rather odd screen personality, but a photographer tells me they are the few chosen from literally hundreds of portraits of the young authoress taken!

A HOLLYWOOD agent wired Dorothy Appleby, star of "Young Sinners," the New York stage hit: "Can place you as

Indian girl in picture but studio will only pay half salary you ask."

"Make it a half-breed and I might accept," wired back Dorothy.

SYLVIA, the famous lady who has taken pounds off the movie stars for several years, has everybody in town worried about her series of articles entitled, "Hollywood Undressed," in which she tells about her famous patrons. Bosom friends have become enemies because one stole a Sylvia appointment from the other. As nearly all the women stars and many of the men stars are among them, local society is wondering just what she will tell next. It is said that James Whittaker, one-time husband of Ina Claire, did the real writing of the book. By the way, Whittaker's second wife, who has the lovely and unusual name of "Halcyon," is now working in the movies.

A LADY with a tradition weighing heavy on her hands—that's Mary Pickford. The tradition gets between her and other people. At a Del Rio party not long ago, Ramon Novarro came up to Dolores. Said Ramon, "I'd like to ask Mary to dance a tango with me, but—"

"Well, why don't you?" asked Dolores practically.

"Oh, no!" said Ramon, scandalized, "No, I would not dare—not Mary Pickford! I might ask her to two-step, but a tango—no, it is impossible!"

AND here's a crack fresh from Malibu. "Wonder what nationality Ona Munson is?" asked someone, watching the vivacious Ona strolling by, accompanied by the famous director she is rumored engaged to marry. "Swedish or English?" "She's Lubitsch," remarked the spiteful vamp in the backless, sideless and almost frontless bathing-suit.

HAROLD LLOYD, visiting Doug Fairbanks, was left alone by the latter on the United Artists' lot and a studio policeman promptly ordered him off the lot because he didn't have any pass. Harold meekly went. But a newspaper-woman, stopped by the cop, stormed into Goldwyn's office to protest. "Why, on the Metro lot," she finished, "I'm allowed to go where I please." Sam listened without comment, but the next morning as the newspaper gal stepped onto the Metro lot the guard at the gate stopped her. She rushed to Louis B. Mayer's office. "I always have been allowed on your lot without a pass," she panted. Mr. Mayer shook his head regretfully, "As long as nobody complained it was all right," said he, "but this morning Sam Goldwyn 'phoned—"

AT a recent dance José Crespo ("the Spanish John Gilbert") was signing cards and programmes and menus as fast as the girls gave them to him. But there were several girls who didn't have anything he could sign. Was José stumped? Not a bit! He signed a bold "José Crespo" in indelible ink across their palms! "I don' min' doing that!" said José with a dazzling smile. "I don' min' making personal appearances. I don' min' making speech, but I don' like being judge which girl is prettiest. The other night they gave away a gran' piano and I mus' say which get it. I don' like that so much. But sign the hand, that very nice. And one girl, a very pretty little girl say, 'It is not enough, Mister Crespo, that you *write* on my hand—' so I kees her hand also!"

"A LITTLE FLAT in the Temple," Ann Harding's new picture was renamed "Devotion," but now it bears the tentative title of "Alias Mrs. Halifax"—Ann's own suggestion. Hollywood, however, says that "A Little Flat in the Temple" should be called "Squarehead." Hope you get it.

BEN ALEXANDER, driving down the Boulevard with a companion, was stopped by a friend.

"Hello, Ben," said he, "I see you're working. Say, have you met the kid who was imported from France for the lead in 'All These Our Children'?"

"I should say I have," said Ben with emphasis, "and what a punk that is! Gee, I've met high-hat people in my day, but this fellow Eric Linden beats 'em all! He isn't a bad actor, but conceited—! By the way, would you like to meet him? Here he is!" He waved an airy hand at his companion in the car, "Meet Mr. Linden."

Eric not acquainted with the quaint ways of Hollywood youth, smiled a trifle weakly as he shook hands.

JOAN CRAWFORD has gone very highbrow. One sees her at the commissary at Metro, wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, reading from a book propped against the vinegar cruet. One sees her at parties, aloof and languid, with eyebrows shaved to a thread, not joining in the general hilarity.

JUST to show how far Hollywood is moving into Reno there is to be a "Henry's of Hollywood" in the center of activity of the little divorce town. Henry Bergman, of Hollywood's famous *Henry's* is not going to be the proprietor. His partner, Joe, is back of the new deal. And "a new deal" is right, for the Reno *Henry's* will have gambling as well as food.

Joe is throwing a big opening for his friends in Hollywood and has chartered a train to bring them up to Reno. It will be a hot time in the old town—even though Reno is pretty hot already.

GEORGE BANCROFT is going to play Thomas Meighan's rôle in the revival of "The Miracle Man." George has had his heart set on this part for some time and now that Paramount is going in heavily for revivals of hits they have produced, George put in his bid just about the right time.

"The Cheat," starring Tallulah Bankhead, is another old story dug up from the files. Remember when Fanny Ward and Sessue Hayakawa created a sensation in this one?

JACK OAKIE and a gentleman named Whalen crashed their automobiles together on the street—and crashed temperaments in court.

Five people were hurt in the accident.

Whalen says Oakie came into an intersection without stopping at a boulevard stop. Jack says he was going only twenty-five miles an hour and that's as good as a stop.

It's up to the Judge to decide.

I HAD to take an English girl through the studios on the hottest day of the summer. She greeted every comment and explanation I made with a Buster Keaton pan. "Priceless," she would remark, "perfectly priceless." We stood on the set where Jackie Coogan was making "Huckleberry Finn." It represented a cellar, and a crowd of rustic characters were solemnly and earnestly pelting each other with rotten apples. They took the scene over and over, and the characters, perspiring freely, continued to throw apples. Presently she turned to me. "What a *curious* way of making a living!" she remarked. For an instant, I saw this astonishingly impossible business with the eyes of a total stranger.



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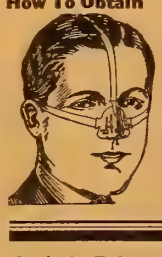
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He grows upon one like that taste of wine and is just as heady a potion.

Sometimes he has the mocking, sardonic smile of Mephisto. One sees horns—or is it just those rather obtrusive ears?

Then again his expression has a suggestion of the brooding compassion of the beloved Lincoln.

More than all this there is an elusive something hard to define. A hint of tenderness, a promise of complete understanding—?

How can women resist him?

Alas, *mes enfants*, it cannot be done. *V. D. Ferguson, Cambridge, O.*

Why We Head Toward Hollywood



After faithfully following the life histories of so many of our great stars, I've come to one conclusion: that all came from families who can boast an Uncle Oscar or an Aunt Lizzie who was the star of his or her particular age—hence the dramatic streak in our movie hero or heroine.

Secondly, if they have a naturally bad disposition, it is cut up, rolled in another form and is known as temperament.

If they like good music, they have an astonishing musical appreciation and ability.

If they have a natural craving for a home and children, they are eulogized as the "cream of the crop."

Despite constant warning by well-meaning Hollywood people, I've a mind to head for that place. Who can blame me?—everywhere I read: "She came to Hollywood poor and unknown and in two years she is washing her diamonds in champagne."

As long as we read that our present movie stars came to Hollywood and made good and their salaries are published, there will always be those who will stake everything on the chance in a million that they are the desired types. *Mrs. Chester A. Crapper, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Just Imagine

Can you imagine a photograph of:

Tallulah Bankhead without that cigarette and bored look?

Joan Crawford without her "banjos" stare?

Constance Bennett not looking ritzy?

Lilyan Tashman without her hands on her hips, head down and looking out through her lashes?



Dick Barthelmess not gritting his teeth?

Clara Bow without that famous pout?

Will Rogers displaying his sex appeal?

Stuart Erwin looking intelligent?

Maurice Chevalier and Jack Oakie not smiling?

And

Can you imagine an issue of a motion picture magazine without one of the following articles:

"The Truth About Garbo."

"The True Story of Norma Shearer."

"The True Life Story of Joan Crawford."

But keep on giving us these pictures and articles, we like them just the same. *Paul McLarty, Atlanta, Ga.*

Hollywood's Big Four

Yes, Hollywood would likely be deserted and be less dearer without Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett and Norma Shearer.

In them alone dwells art sublime and glamour galore. Their personality and talent all movie fans adore. *E. M. Karajulles.*



Lewis Stone Not Too Old

Please tell A. S. Fornalles not to be absurd. Lewis Stone is just at the age when he is the ideal lover and dangerously fascinating. His white hair, keen dark eyes, and lined face, together with his courtly and charming manner, make him far more romantic than any youngster like Buddy Rogers, or even Lew Ayres, adorable as he is. Nor am I panning the younger male stars; far from it, for Ronald Colman is one whom I have always admired and John Gilbert my supreme favorite. I also greatly admire Richard Barthelmess and Gary Cooper.

So tell this Fornalles person not to be absurd and call Lewis Stone too old to be romantic.

However, I agree with E. Williams. I wouldn't mind putting an arsenic tablet in Charles Bickford's breakfast food myself. *A. R. M., Wilmington, Del.*

The Not-So-Dumb Garbo

Greta Garbo is wise and I, for one, salute her. If she followed the usual "mixing" trend of stars she would soon lose the mysterious charm and fascination we have for her and would invariably join the ever-increasing list of near-forgotten players. *Sgt. W. C. Stilley, Governors Island, N. Y.*



Weep No More, My Lady

I read this magazine with a great deal of pleasure and would like to know if any one of its readers can answer this question: Why are all Norma Shearer's pictures full of sobbing and crying scenes? Can't we see this wonderful actress in a film where she does everything and anything but sob? *Sally, Beverly, Mass.*

Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

It's Enough to Make One Mad



My patience is exhausted.

In "Trader Horn" how could a girl of Edwina Booth's age have such white skin if she was left in the boiling tropical sun of Africa since she was a baby?

I failed to see why Clara Bow only wore two dresses in "Kick In." She is usually a flashy dresser and never bores her audience with two unbecoming dresses. Whose fault was it?

And why did they put the gay and sparkling young Joan Crawford in a Salvation Army garb in "Laughing Sinners"?

But I suppose I'll have to take the good and bad—enjoy the good things and close my eyes when something disappointing is flashed on the screen. *Marjorie Sutherland, Chicago, Ill.*

She Deserves a Better Break

Gertrude E. Lewis had her nerve with her when she said those malicious things about Dorothy Jordan in a recent issue.



Miss Jordan is a clean, sweet girl and an able little actress. Who could have played the part of a convent postulant more realistically than Dorothy in "Call of the Flesh?"

I wish those stupid directors would stop worshipping those sophisticated stars who only raise their eyebrows, widen their eyes and look ah! so wistful—Constance Bennett for instance. The directors ought to have more sense and understand the hearts and feelings of rising actresses such as Dorothy. *Elda Tavasso, Harrison, N. Y.*

He's Hard on Harlow

Who said Jean Harlow has S.A? S.A. demands a little mystery and no one can say Miss Harlow leaves anything to the imagination. To me her presence in a picture is enough to make it unsavory. *John Wilson, Chicago, Ill.*

Keep Him in Uniform

It was good to see Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and El Brendel together again in "Women of All Nations." Vic and Eddie are a pair! There are no others like 'em.



Hollywood has only one rollicking devil-may-care soldier — and that's Victor. It is murder to take him out of a uniform and give him but one woman to love. Outlaws are plentiful, but there is only one *Captain Flagg!* His map is ugly enough, but he cannot look mean. He has too much action for a civilian. Let him soldier under any flag and love women of all nations, but keep him in a uniform. *Margaret Hanna, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

This Will Hold Mr. Wilson

This letter is for Harry D. Wilson, author of "Why Garbo Plays Dumb." So Mr. Wilson thinks he has solved the Garbo riddle—well, well—and how easily!

Allow me to say that I think his article is absurd. Greta is a great artist and likes to be alone and for anyone to say that she is playing a game is to be facetious and narrow-minded.

I dare you to print this! *Claude Chiasson.*

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If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat face powder is tried.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved. Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately — as powder — as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings — longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin.* All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal* — in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat *does give* "twice the beauty" from face powder — and millions of women use it for this reason,

PRINCESS PAT

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The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, almond base Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

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Dept. 151-A. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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Street .....

City and State .....

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"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

What effect have harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos upon the throat? A famous authority, retained by us to study throat irritation says:

"The tissues above and below the vocal chords and the vocal chords themselves may become acutely or chronically congested as a result of the inhalation of irritating fumes in the case of chemists for example."

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Sunshine Mellows — Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

Motion Picture

November

25 cents



CAROLE LOMBARD

WHAT *HAPPENS* TO THE *CHILDREN* OF *DIVORCED* MOVIE STARS?

Why the Gilbert-Claire Marriage Failed!

MARLAND STONE

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● *Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*

CAMELS

Mild **. . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

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Sob sister



He didn't believe in marriage but she believed in *him!* Reckless, seeking the flower of life in barren thrills. A girl and a boy, rival reporters—till the girl is taken for a ride—a dynamic modern drama with a tremendous climax. With lovely Linda Watkins and the brilliant young star, James Dunn, who recently made a sensational picture debut in the most popular picture of the year, Bad Girl.



THE CISCO KID

O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, In Old Arizona—the first all-talking outdoor sound picture ever made. In The Cisco Kid, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors—another screen masterpiece by

FOX



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Motion Picture

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

NOVEMBER
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Twentieth Year
Volume XLII, No. 4

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

$20.00 Letter

"Street Scene" The Perfect Picture

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am going to make my letter to this department one in appreciation of the best picture I have ever witnessed —"Street Scene." It is by far the best talking picture that has ever been produced.

Truly, United Artists has made, under the direction of King Vidor, who is the genius of films of this type, a vehicle which will linger in the memories of all those who see this marvelous story of love and hate, passion, tragedy and comedy, portrayed in all its stark nakedness. It is a dynamic screen presentation of Elmer Rice's prize play, throbbing with life as we know life, no frills or fancies, and it holds you spellbound throughout as the story unfolds itself before you. It leaves nothing to be desired. You completely forget your surroundings and feel that you are an eyewitness to an actual part of the life on the street where this story takes place. Everyone should see it.

May I, through the columns of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, extend congratulations to all those who had a hand in making this wonderful picture, with special plaudits for King Vidor, its director, and the featured players, Sylvia Sidney, Estelle Taylor, Beulah Bondi, William Collier, Jr., and David Landau. *C. B.*

$10.00 Letter

Too Much Repetition In Newsreels

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—Is there anything that can be done about these news camera boys running pell-mell in great herds to the same fires, earthquakes, and inquisitions? I thoroughly enjoy the news reel at the first sitting, but the second sitting puts me in a dark, bilious mood and if I find myself facing a third of its kind I shove out in great haste. News dies when it is reported for the first time and repetition becomes irksome.

I understand when a happening is big news it is always pounced on and riddled to pieces —every one wants the lion's share and each one cuts many capers to get it. But no matter the subterfuge it is the same old story. Spain votes for the first time and that is all there is to it. We won't doubt it—so leave off the repetition for we heard you the first time. It doesn't matter whether the camera catches Spain going to the polls trotting and skipping in her frolicsome way with banners and ballyhoo or whether it catches her breaking down doors in her frantic effort for that first vote. Spain still votes.

It matters little whether the great notable stands under his favorite apple tree uttering loud sound views on prohibition or whether he sits in his study with rows of Tennyson at his elbow proclaiming those same views. He is still on prohibition and we know him too well ere this so we sit at boiling point just wishing for a soft brick to fill up his cavernous mouth.

Today I may see a close-up of a great liner plowing through dark waters and tomorrow I am sure to get a bird's-eye view of that same liner from a plane that whirrs in my ears seemingly to add a little pep to the stale subject.

Even though all this is true, I am willing to take that drop of bitter to get the news the movie way. But if something was done about it I would be the first to come out in the open with uncovered head and countless hosannas and libations. *Opal Pogue.*

$5.00 Letter

Bad Grammar

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—With the coming of the talkies, the motion picture industry has been revolutionized. No longer do short, unfinished sentences suffice for captions. Mental continuity must be preserved as well as physical. Oral action is just as important as the plot. Is it not reasonable, therefore, to assume that the grammar of the talkies should be fundamentally correct, if not elegant? Apparently not.

Why are such obvious discrepancies (as I am about to cite) allowed to go through as part of a finished production? In "The Devil to Pay" Ronald Colman says, "don't lay awake . . ." In the "Miracle Woman" Barbara Stanwyck says, "I have eaten, drank . . ." Have drank, eh?

Even if the authors, dialogue experts, and directors had made these mistakes in their scripts, can it be possible that Mr. Colman and Miss Stanwyck do not recognize such errors when delivering their lines? Don't think I am getting a pet prejudice off my chest as regards these players. When Miss Stanwyck is playing, she brings such qualities of skill, intelligence, and sincerity to her work as cannot be touched by any other actress. Mr. Colman's work is superb.

The talkies are still in the experimental stages. Unlike the legitimate, they have no specific attendants. Everyone goes to the movies. In recognizing this fact, why not try to please everybody? Good grammar will never annoy anyone; bad grammar will offend a few. *Monica La Torras.*

Make Characters Less Appealing

SEATTLE, WASH.—Last night I went to see "Son of India," and it made me wish for the *nth* time that we didn't have to see any more of these "never the twain shall meet" pictures. Of course, I don't have to see them, but sometimes, it's unavoidable, and if the family persists in discussing them in my hearing, I might as well get the play first-hand. My main objection is that the characters are so romantically depicted that you can't bear to see a handsome Hindu like Ramon Novarro or a charming Japanese like Sessue What's-His-Name losing the American girl. My tender nature chaffs at the strain.

If there must be this type of movie, please have the characters as homely and uninteresting as they are in life when actual members of different races marry. *Kay Matthews.*

Give 'Em Better Breaks!

EASTBOURNE, SUSSEX, ENG.—1930 saw the Talkies grow into a fine, strapping infant—but will film producers in 1931 allow it to grow up altogether, to be more intelligent, stronger, more real, more sophisticated? Here and there, there have been films of genuine brilliance and power, "All Quiet," "Journey's End," "Holiday," "The Big House," a good percentage of Ruth Chatterton's pictures. And how audiences have risen to them! For once in a while, they've been treated as intelligent humans with brains, by those films, and not as half wits with a child complex for fairy tales and sugary bedtime anecdotes. And what do the poor players think about it! They are given one good, strong rôle to play which they make alive and brilliant—and after that, they're soundly smacked for daring to be so precocious and are bundled back to nursery picture book stuff. Ann Harding in "Holiday"—and "The Girl of the Golden West"! Wallace Beery in "The Big House"—and "Way for a Sailor"! It's pathetic. Back they go to a bread and milk and sugar diet and audiences are firmly told they're not going to be given anything more that's "grown up." Hollywood in 1931 ought to scrap half its writers, three quarters of its moth eaten stock plots, all its cloying sentimentality, and all its ideas of What the Public Ought to Like, and then maybe we'll have better films and fewer hours of boredom. *Margaret Ferguson.*

Why Always the Happy Ending?

AUGUSTA, GA.—I am what one may call "A Movie Fiend." I go to every movie that comes to our town, good, bad and indifferent. When I haven't the price I borrow from a friend who has. I am not a cynic where the pictures are concerned; for the most part I enjoy all of them but for ONE most exasperating feature and that is Why, Why, Oh Why do we *always* have the HAPPY ENDINGS? Why should we be like children wanting our stories to end always: "And they lived happily forever afterwards." Why must we always leave the theater with the so-called "pleasant taste in our mouths?"

(*Continued on page 95*)

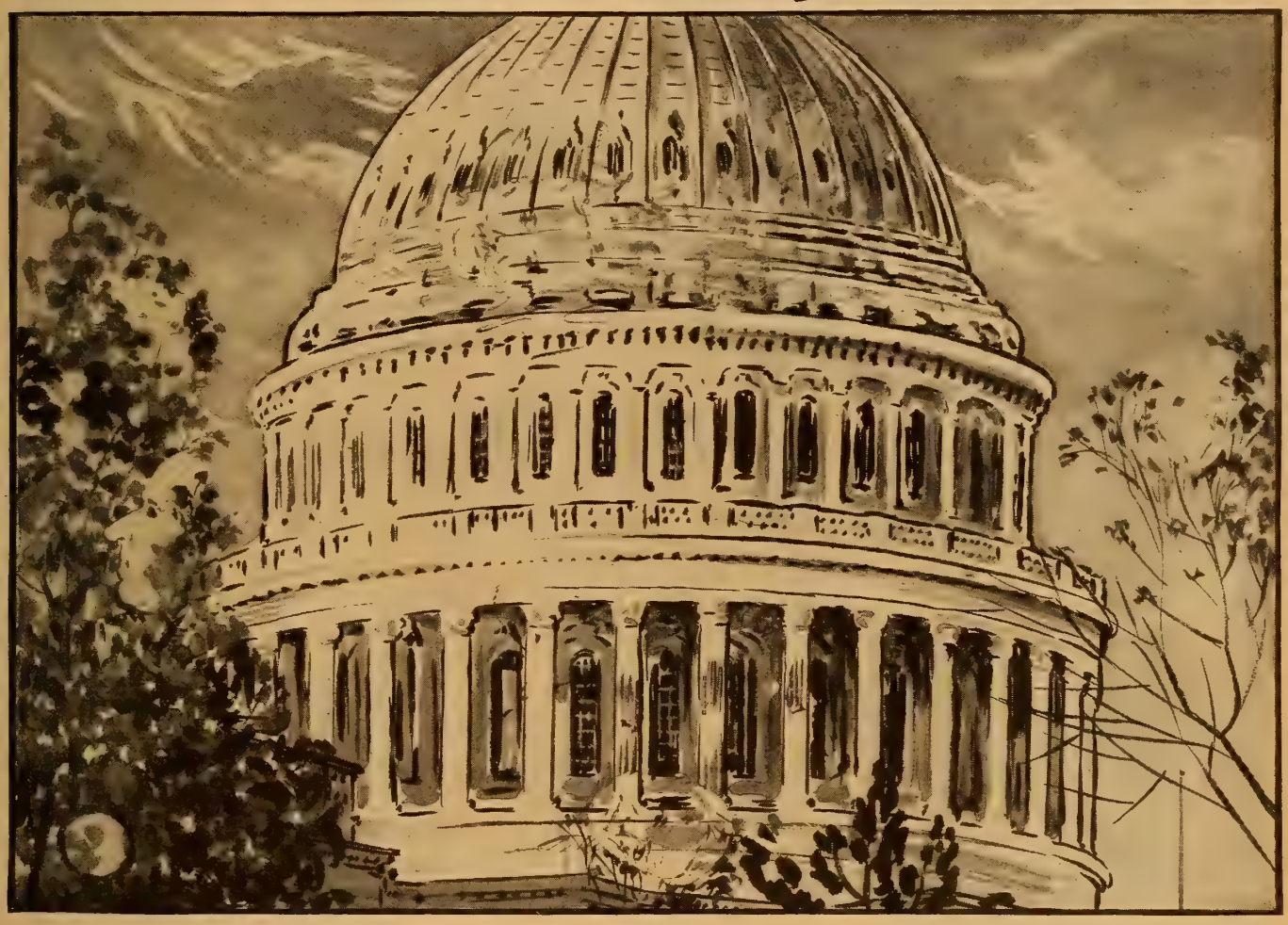
Prizes For Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, and Five Dollars for the three best letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 150 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



—how clever are your Eyes?



Can You Qualify to Win $4,000.00 Cash?

LOOK sharp! Dim visions of six of our greatest presidents are carefully hidden in this picture. CAN YOU FIND THREE OR MORE OF THEM? They are so dim as to be actually lost to the sight of all but the sharpest and cleverest eyes. As a test of your eligibility to win the highest prize of four thousand dollars, we ask that you find at least three of them. There is no other cost but time and postage. To see them, it may be necessary for you to turn this picture upside down or sideways, so scrutinize it closely from every possible angle. They may be on the dome of the capitol itself, in the clouds, lurking near the pillars, among the trees, or most anywhere. We want to find out if you are sincerely interested in our product. This $14,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes will be given and every one of the fifteen big prize winners will receive a beautiful new automobile or its full value in cash. This is a tremendous offer — you can win as much as $4000.00 cash. Even the smallest prize is $515.00 cash. On simple evidence of promptness, the first prize winner will receive $2,400.00 cash as an extra reward just for being quick! Think of that! Now look sharp! Can you see at least three visions of the hidden presidents? If your eyes are clever enough to find three or more of them, cut out only the faces and send to me with your name and address. Someone who has sharp, clever eyes to qualify and is quick, can win four thousand dollars. It might as well be you. If you pass this test, are quick and make the prize winning standing, this offer will bring you a prize of four thousand dollars in cash. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers can be accepted only from persons living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

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KANSAS CITY, MO. . . . . The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. . . . . El Conquistador
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SHREVEPORT, LA. . . . The Washington-Youree
TORONTO, ONT. . . . . The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. . . . . The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. . . . . The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Holt, Jack—playing in *A Dangerous Affair*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *24 Hours*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *Sour Grapes*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Heart and Hand*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Surrender*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—playing in *Dead Line*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *The Beloved Bachelor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Judge, Arlene—playing in *Are These Our Children*—Radio Picture Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—latest release—*Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lebedeff, Ivan—latest release *The Gay Diplomat*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lightner, Winnie—playing in *She Means Business*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *No One Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—recently completed *The Cisco Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *The Beloved Bachelor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Her Majesty, Love*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Manners, David—playing in *Poor Little Ritz Girl*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Marsh, Mae—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Marian—playing in *Poor Little Ritz Girl*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Disorderly Conduct*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Safe In Hell*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—recently completed *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—recently completed *Friends and Lovers*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mercer, Beryl—playing in *Are These Our Children*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Miller, Marilyn—playing in *Her Majesty, Love*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *A Family Affair*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Polly—latest release *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Corsair*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Negri, Pola—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—playing in *Ambassador Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, George—recently completed *Riders of the Purple Sage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Flying High*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Day, Molly—playing in *Sob Sister*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Oland, Warner—latest release *Daughter of the Dragon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—latest release *The Brat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—latest release *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—latest release *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *The Man From San Francisco*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *Twenty Grand*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—recently completed *The Tip-Off*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rambeau, Marjorie—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *The Man With Red Hair*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *Ambassador Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *Touchdown*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *The Greeks Had a Word for It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Working Girl*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—recently completed *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Tonight Or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Girls About Town*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Taylor, Estelle—recently completed *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *The Cuban*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *24 Hours*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—playing in *The Cuban*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Breach of Promise*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Cuban*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Watkins, Linda—playing in *Sob Sister*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—recently completed *The Age For Love*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wong, Anna May—latest release *Daughter of the Dragon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—recently completed *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *The World Changes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Roland—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.



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MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Karen Morley, who is pretty proud of her brains, still hasn't learned that you can't patronize a movie star. **Karen** was driving down the Boulevard with a famous screen lover, who up to that time had managed to feel quite romantic about her. When they passed a show window displaying a handsome motor yacht, the star grew enthusiastic, as men will about such things.

Karen leaned toward him mockingly:

"Did the little boy want to go in and look at the big boat?" she asked.

There was a gnashing of famous teeth, and bang! went another romance.

Bachelors living at the Garden of Allah are still wondering whether that was a flesh-colored bathing suit **Elsie Janis** wore when she dived into the pool after a gay bridge tea one afternoon, or not. They can't be sure, of course—but they have a shrewd suspicion. Why, **Elsie!**

Marlene Dietrich, her husband, **Rudolph Sieber, Josef Von Sternberg** and **Mrs. Von Sternberg** were all at the opening of "An American Tragedy"—but not together. **Mrs. Von Sternberg** walked up the left aisle accompanied by an unidentified man, while **Marlene,** flanked by **Joe** and **Rudy,** made a triumphant exit up the right.

Marlene wore purple velvet with long sleeves and no flowers. Her popularity was proved as much by the dirty looks she got from the lesser, orchid-laden actresses, as by the shrieks of the crowd.

Peggy Shannon and **Allen Vincent,** Paramount young folks, went to their first opening together, in an enormous cream-colored limousine hired for the occasion. They took it big, got nervous, signed autographs without being asked, and were wrecks when it was over.

Said **Master Vincent:** "I never could have gone through with it if **Peggy** hadn't been with me."

Sylvia Sidney, whose brilliant performance makes "An American Tragedy" worth seeing, went with her mother, had hysterics on the way in, and was taken home to bed immediately afterwards —the result of overwork.

Among those who regretted **Sylvia's** indisposition was young **Carl Laemmle.** The Paramount player has been paramount in his eyes, too. What with attending **Anita** (M-G-M) **Page's** birthday party at the Roosevelt Roof, **Junior** is playing favorites with no studio unless Fox wants to make a big fuss about it.

With the summer season slipping fast, Jean Harlow will make you remember how hot it was a couple of months ago. She's all set to make one last plunge into the pool

Anna May Wong very seldom ventures into Chinatown these days. Her own countrymen have never felt the same toward her since the death of her mother, when **Anna May** chose to go on playing in "On the Spot" in New York instead of coming back to the funeral.

"I thought the producers would let me go to Los Angeles," **Anna May** said, "but they refused."

The fact that she didn't go anyway is regarded by the Chinese as a breach of filial duty. So **Miss Wong** has been expatriated from the few city blocks, known as Los Angeles' Chinatown, which constitute her native land.

Hard Times Note:

The orchestra in the Beverly-Wilshire dining-room has been replaced by a concealed phonograph.

At **Eddie Brandstatter's** Embassy Roof, the three violinists read from a single sheet of music.

And **Lil Tashman,** who used to go for those $16.50 evening stockings, now never pays more than three dollars a pair. But maybe this item belongs in the Long Skirts Department.

Jack Gilbert, we are glad to advise, still has that fatal fascination. **Marjorie King,** M-G-M-ette, had her trunks all packed and the date set for a trip to New York, but after a few long walks on Malibu Beach with **Jack,** she lost interest in the big city and began to love Nature. She's still here.

There's a novel feeling of Brotherly Love raising its ugly head among our big stars. **Joan Crawford** and **Marlene Dietrich** went to an opening together, arm in arm and as thick as thieves, and afterwards outdid each other telling their friends how thrilled they were.

Now **Pola Negri** and **Greta Garbo** have become pals. **Greta** goes to **Pola's** beach house frequently. **Garbo** is a swell girl, says **Pola** magnanimously. She's just misunderstood, that's all.

This sort of thing must not be allowed to go too far. There won't be any glamour left in Hollywood if the girls are going to get together. It isn't like the good old days when **Gloria** and **Pola** used to hurl cats at each other.

What the town needs is not a Wickersham, but an energetic press-agent who will incite a few deadly and spirited feuds.

Jean Harlow is very sensitive to the tragedies of others. "Have you noticed," **Jean** inquired earnestly, "how many picture people have either died or been badly hurt or been married in the past year?" Jean and those clothes are still causing street riots—but Jean isn't interested in diamond rings. For awhile.

(*Continued on page 105*)



WARNER BROS.
present

WILLIAM POWELL

as
The man men remembered
and women couldn't forget
in

The ROAD to SINGAPORE

DORIS KENYON
MARIAN MARSH

Based on a play by Roland Pertwee
from a story by Denise Robins

Directed by
ALFRED E. GREEN



A greater William Powell—more intriguing than ever before . . . See him as Warner Bros. present him: Suave gentleman! Debonair lover!... See him at the glamorous height of his dramatic power, in a story of tropic nights; of love under a langorous moon; and of a key given but not used . . . See him experiment with love in The Road to Singapore—the finest screen play of his career—a great Warner Bros. production worthy of William Powell's talents . . .

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Acme

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1: Why isn't Elissa Landi interested in any of the handsome Hollywood boys?

2: Do you know Harlean Carpenter by any other name? Come! Come! think fast!

3: Now that Lila Lee has been granted a final decree of divorce from James Kirkwood, who is likely to be her next husband?

4: Can you name the two movie stars who have been reported engaged as well as married for several years and whose romance has now reached the frigidaire stage?

5: Do you know the name of the ex-wife of one of the screen's popular comedians who is reported engaged to marry a French film idol and ex-pugilist?

6: Gloria Swanson has acquired another admirer who is showering her with attention. Can you name him?

7: Who is the actor who neither drinks nor smokes?

8: Why should the fact that a baby girl was born to Mrs. George Webb be of interest to movie fans?

9: Against whom did Mrs. Josef von Sternberg, wife of the film director, start suits for libel and alienation of her husband's affections?

10: What happened recently that made Estelle Taylor very angry with her husband, Jack Dempsey, from whom she is separated?

11: Who is the motion picture actress who, although she is playing leading rôles, cannot be kissed on the screen?

12: Do you know who the widow of a dead movie star is who recently figured in a horrible tragedy?

13: Who is the movie blonde who was recently thrown by a horse while making a picture?

14: Which one of the very sophisticated screen ladies surprised Hollywood by announcing she was planning to have a baby?

15: Can you name the former comedy girl who is going around with one of the very popular film stars?

16: Who has been having one of the important executives of the industry as an escort lately?

17: Whose shoulders are insured for Fifteen Thousand Dollars?

18: What is the name of the blonde who has just returned to the screen after an absence of three years?

19: What does the group of pretty girls in the picture at the top of the page represent? Can you name any of them?

(*You will find the answers to these questions on page 96*)

They all adored this handsome fellow!

but... the *different* girl captured his heart

Can You find her?

To Qualify for this Opportunity

Simply read the instructions given below and send your answer today. Maybe you will be one of the 12 who will answer our advertisement correctly and place first in the contest for the 12 equal First Prizes which will be paid in this unusual distribution of prizes. Each first prize is a Ford Tudor Sedan or $500.00 with an extra $125.00 besides for promptness, making the total first prize you can win, $625.00 cash!

Just follow these few directions now. What you must send is the correct answer to the question—"Which is the different girl?" In this illustration the artist has pictured ten girls who adored this handsome fellow. To him ONE AND ONLY ONE seemed "different" than all the rest. The others "looked alike" after this one "different" girl had captured his heart. And by studying the girls carefully you, too, may see that ONLY ONE girl is different than all the rest. The girl this handsome fellow loved has a style all her own. Look at the hats, coats, belts, etc., which the ten girls wear. Study them closely. You may be able to find the "different" girl who is not dressed like any of the others. And if you think you have, send your answer quick for consideration.

$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this great Prize Offer. There are many attractive prizes besides the 12 first prizes of $500.00 each and the 12 awards of $125.00 each for promptness. Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. No one living in Chicago or outside the U. S. A. is eligible. Do you think you can find the different girl? Costs you nothing to try . . . rush me the number of the girl you believe is different . . . HURRY! $125.00 EXTRA given for promptness. Notice sent at once if your answer is chosen as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,
Room 134 52 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

$125.00 EXTRA *just for being prompt*



$8,275.00 GIVEN IN PRIZES



The Fans Want Fatty Arbuckle Back On The Screen

And Here Are The Letters To Prove It

Since we conducted a campaign to bring Fatty Arbuckle back on the screen, hundreds of letters have poured in, demanding that he be given a chance to make good. These letters have come from every section of America and Canada—from the largest cities to the smallest hamlets. Fans from every walk of life have insisted that the popular comedian of a decade ago should be back in the movies, bringing laughter into their hearts. We are reproducing a few of the letters to show that the fans are solidly behind him.—Editor

Fair Play From Alberta

CALGARY, ALTA.—I was truly wondering when any paper or magazine would have the guts to stick up for a much punished innocent man. We all know that he was simply railroaded into the blame for the death of Virginia Rappe. We are living in the twentieth century and such twaddle as contaminating children is a dead issue. What they don't learn at home they will learn free of charge, somewhere else. So let bygones be bygones and the ladies' clubs look after their own dear old-fashioned business.

Yes, Fatty, come on back. We will give you crowded houses just for one of your good old laughs. *C. Jones.*

Former Legislator Makes Appeal

IONE, NEV.—What would happen to motion pictures if they depended on the so-called club woman? I recall at Tonopah some years ago, there was a petition passed around to condemn the suggestive pictures. Nearly every one signed it, and remarked—"but if they cut them out, I am not going, they're tame enough."

E. E. Roberts, Mayor of Reno, was to get the axe in the May election for his liberal views, but he had a walk-away. So please tell Fatty he is invited back on the screen by the fair-minded people. *(Mrs.) Mayme Schweble.*

Thumbs Up From Sportsman

DAYTON, OHIO—Give Fatty another chance?

When I am hunting I don't bang away at a covey of quail sitting under a log; I give them a sporting chance and take them on the wing some distance away.

When I am casting among the reeds and pads, and an old bronze back is ready to strike hard and fast at the plug which I flip within his hitting circle, do I use a twenty-five pound test line and a surf rod? Not on your life!

I want him to have a sporting chance with light tackle; and when I land him—if I do—I may find the scar which tells the tale of a fight with another sportsman.

Seems to me that Fatty has been a good sportsman, and is entitled to another fight for life and the pursuit of happiness. Surely he has learned his lesson. Thumbs up. *Dr. O. B. Kneisly.*

Persecuted By Censors

DALLAS, TEX.—Fatty Arbuckle was found "not guilty." That is all that any fair-minded man or woman would want to know.

Regardless of personal opinions or prejudices, the verdicts of juries should be respected just as much as the Constitution of the United States. If anything must be presumed about a man, let the presumption be of innocence and not of guilt. It is the law.

The desire to censor, to prohibit, to reform, to persecute, is a neurotic disease. The censor's attitude is the result of an abnormal physical and mental condition.

The censor believes that other people are incompetent to determine what they should see or do. He doesn't believe in democratic government because he thinks himself the only person capable of governing. He doesn't believe in trial by jury because he believes himself the only person capable of judging.

The censor pretends he is clean-minded. But he is always looking for vulgarity and obscenity and is never happy until he finds it. He strains his imagination to interpret innocent gestures or words into expressions of lust.

I don't give a damn about Fatty Arbuckle. But I believe that his rights should be protected just as each of us would want his own rights protected and safeguarded.

Give Fatty Arbuckle the chance he is entitled to under the Constitution. Then let the people decide his fate by their votes at the box office. *Alton Vickery.*

Carried His Cross Too Long

HENDERSON, KY.—Should we allow Fatty Arbuckle to come back? Why not? Surely in ten years time he has plumbed the depths of humility and shame.

Why turn thumbs down on Arbuckle and placidly accept other actors both of screen and stage whose lives are not one whit better. And why, above all, greedily accept as subjects of our most popular plays, both on the stage and the screen, stories which for filth and nauseating detail make the Arbuckle-Rappe case seem like the adventures of Little Rollo on the farm? Yet the very same women and men who so righteously, with down-drawn lips, protest against this man having a chance at the only profession he knows, flock in droves to the salacious picture, thereby swelling the box-office receipts so that when others of us protest against being compelled to wallow in the sewer we are told "this is what the public demands."

If Roscoe Arbuckle is innocent of the charges hurled against him ten years ago, he has been far too long pilloried on the cross of public opinion. I am the mother of two children, a girl of fourteen and a boy of sixteen. I am a member of various women's clubs and church organizations, so that I feel that I can get the slant of parents, clubwomen and churches. But thirty-nine years of living has taught me that only God may judge. *Mrs. Walter Cannon Quinn.*

Give Him A Break

NEWARK, N. J.—By all means bring him back to the screen again. After all, ten years is a long, long time. Criminals of all descriptions, receiving a life sentence, have been known to be freed in ten years. We're all human—most of us drink—and whatever the story may be (I've heard several) I'm sure Fatty has suffered enough.

I, for one, am for him! *Marie Kay Gregory.*

Clergyman Champions Fatty

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—I knew Arbuckle in the beginning of his career and knew him when he reached his height, and I also know of the self-sacrifice Arbuckle has made, as well as assistance he has given actors and actresses. I really believe with all my heart that we, the

(Continued on page 95)


CREATORS OF IMMORTAL "CIMARRON"
BRING YOU THE FABULOUS STORY OF MODERN YOUTH.....A MOTION PICTURE WHICH LIFTS A CLARION VOICE TO WARN A GODLESS GENERATION!
PUT IT IMMEDIATELY ON YOUR CURRENT MOVIE LIST
Super-drama that strides boldly from out the ranks of routine productions and lays bare the amazing story of many of today's young moderns . . .
The growing boy and girl ... lashed to the Twentieth Century Juggernaut of Mad Ideals . . . are the most dramatic figures of our whirlwind civilization.
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT THAT STRIKES STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEART . . . and assuredly not a gang picture!
Directed by Wesley Ruggles
From a story by Howard Estabrook
The cast includes:
Eric Linder, Ben Alexander, Arline Judge, Roberta Gale, Rochelle Hudson, Beryl Mercer
YOUTHS ON TRIAL
COURT
"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"
RKO RADIO PICTURE

Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont



Blonde, irresistible, she is one of the most gifted younger hostesses of Wilmington and Philadelphia

whose cameo complexion is part of her gracious living

SHE stepped out of one of the leading women's colleges, married . . . and was catapulted into a life of travel which necessitated her meeting people of all sorts . . .

They fell promptly under her spell, for Mrs. du Pont is typical of the very young matron of distinguished background in her varied enthusiasms, her poise and her common sense.

Her cameo complexion has the exquisite delicacy of a Fragonard portrait . . . "Why do I use Pond's?" Mrs. du Pont asks. "I have excellent reasons . . . the method is so simple and quick . . . it does wonders for your skin . . . and you can buy Pond's everywhere you go, which is a comfort."

Four simple steps for exquisite skin:

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck, several times a day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface . . . at bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, less expensive yet more efficient because *softer* and half again more absorbent . . . They come in white or peach color.

3. Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and firm, banish oiliness, close pores and refine skin texture.

4. Always before you powder, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream to make powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives an exquisite finish . . . Use Vanishing Cream wherever you powder —neck, shoulders, arms . . . And on your hands to keep them smooth and white.



The secret of a cameo complexion is here revealed, Pond's four preparations for the care of the skin

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Hal Phyfe

JANET GAYNOR
and
CHARLES FARRELL

Have no fear, Janet and Charlie will cheer up and smile soon and so will all their fans because they're together again—as you and everyone want them to be —in "Merely Mary Ann" and "Delicious"—a fitting title for such a charming pair





John Miehle

ALISON LOYD

Another comedy girl finds success. How Thelma Todd has gone up in the world since her school-teaching days! See how she has acquired a pedestal along with her new name—Alison Loyd—now that she has been promoted to play serious rôles. You'll see her in "Corsair" with Chester Morris. Alison's rise should be an incentive to other comedy girls



Chidnoff

WILLIAM POWELL

It has been a great year for Bill Powell. And no one could blame him if he even believed in Santa Claus. First came his "going-over" to Warners, followed by his romantic engagement and marriage to Carole Lombard. And now, stardom, in a series of pictures destined to make him more popular than ever



Shalitt

NANCY CARROLL

Now it's Nancy Carroll who's looking pensive. Those burning ears tell her that people are talking about her. And why? Because everybody's wondering if her new marriage will take her away from the screen —and hoping not. Nancy's trying to make up her mind between scenes of "The Man I Killed"



Otto Dyar

PEGGY SHANNON

There's danger in those eyes and lips—and even in those shoulders. This new little redhead from New York came West to be an extra, replaced Clara Bow in "The Secret Call," then replaced Mary Brian in "Silence," and now has replaced Carman Barnes in "The Road to Reno." No other girl's safe with Peggy around!



Whenever Ronald Colman appears in a picture his acting is always marked by superb poise and restraint. These are rare qualities, indeed, and unquestionably have carried him successfully from one triumph to another. A new Colman picture is ready for you—it's "The Unholy Garden"

RONALD COLMAN



Hurrell

LOIS MORAN

They haven't been doing right by our Lois—that's what those reproachful eyes seem to say. She's tired of being a little sweetheart (with the accent on the "sweet"). She wants to be Dangerous. And she showed such possibilities in "Transatlantic" that she was selected to play opposite John Gilbert in "West of Broadway"



CLAUDIA DELL

There are natural blondes in Hollywood and Claudia Dell is one of them. And her blondeness is reflected in a sunny disposition that makes friends and keeps them. Her beauty and charm have advanced her rapidly on the screen. You couldn't help but notice her in "Confessions of a Co-Ed." She stood out

An Old-Fashioned Blonde—Moving Fast to Stardom

Nothing can stop Claudia Dell from getting anything she wants--especially when she *wills* the right things to happen. Which surely calls the turn on the amazing success of this deep-thinking, old-fashioned blonde from Texas

By GLADYS HALL



CLAUDIA DELL is startlingly beautiful. Claudia Dell is *good*. Claudia Dell is old-fashioned. That's a combination in triplicate, difficult to find—hard to beat. It's the same in Hohokus as in Hollywood.

Claudia is not merely pretty. She is really and authentically beautiful. If you saw her in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," you can trust that your eyes were not deceiving you. They sometimes do. Few are as beautiful off the screen as they are on. But Claudia—Claudia is a born-blonde, sun-kissed and healthy. And I'm not her press-agent.

She is a comforting exponent of the fact that beauty need *not* be dumb. Nor need it be attended by the scandal-mongers that have dogged the footsteps of Mary Nolan, Clara Bow, the late Barbara La Marr, and other sensational sirens. Claudia is as far from Easiest Ways and fulsome gentlemen who "set a girl up" in a swank and overstuffed apartment as she would be if she had bow legs and saber-shaped thighs.

Claudia feels sorry for girls who go "that way"—the poor, unfortunate girls who stumble into the pitfalls of the Broadways and usually end in a jelly on the asphalt under a hotel window. Or, equally jellified, in the tabloids, *with* illustrations. Or, as a third sad alternative, married—after a night of revelry and song—to some poor coat-rack of a millionaire's son.

Can Sew and Cook

CLAUDIA, I repeat, is old-fashioned. She likes to sew and help with the cooking. She lives in a rented house in the Carthay Circle neighborhood, with her mother, her father, her grandmother and her great-grandmother. There's a family for you!

They are all kids together, too. For Claudia was born when her mother was sixteen and her father eighteen. They *were* kids together—and they are kids together now. Claudia says that her mother looks as her older sister would have looked, had she had one. "Mother is a beautiful girl, a perfect knock-out," she says. "And Dad is my best beau. He's just a kid, too."

Claudia was an only child and the three kids have played together all their lives. They planned life out together as they wanted it—with Claudia slated to become a violinist, a female Heifetz or Kreisler. Against that day the brilliantly blonde child studied the fiddle for years. She still fiddles—for the family.

Claudia says, "I think people who always see the horrid side of every thing *think* horridly. Everything I have wanted to happen to me, willed to have happen to me and thought about, hard enough, *has happened*. I believe in right thinking and I won't be laughed down about it."

Claudia says that all this pother about the Younger Generation and the sinful ways thereof is more horrid thinking with *no basis in fact*. She says that if it is any comfort to perplexed parents to tell 'em for her that she *knows* it is applesauce.

The sort of thing, for instance, that Carman Barnes wrote about in "School Girl." And Claudia ought to know. She has had just as many opportunities to know as Carman. Indeed, more. She went to an English boarding-school in Mexico. She also went to

(*Continued on page 94*)

Some Facts About Claudia Dell

She was born in San Antonio, Texas, and after finishing high-school, came to New York and went on the stage. Played two seasons with the Follies and later in London.

She is a natural blonde, but wishes she were a brunette. Is afraid to darken her hair because she's afraid she's a blonde *inside*.

Hers is a nature that looks on the bright side of everything. Believes in right thinking and right living.

She has no use for people who raise the hue and cry over the jazz-loving Younger Generation. She is old-fashioned enough to think there's a good side to everyone.

She has a particular admiration for Joan Crawford—her acting, her looks, her personality and her clothes.

She is not engaged, nor is she in love. If she ever marries, she hopes he won't be an actor.

Almost from the day of their elopement on May 9, 1929, these two individualists found the sailing rough. John soon seemed to give up the idea that they would ever get along together—but not Ina. She made a desperate effort to keep their marriage from going on the rocks—even going so far as holding up divorce proceedings for several months in the hope of a reconciliation



Why the Gilbert-Claire

INA CLAIRE was a good sport from the day—May 9, 1929—that she married John Gilbert. Now that their marriage has come to the end that Hollywood expected (knowing John) and expected much sooner (not knowing Ina), she is still a good sport. It was not her fault that their marriage failed.

If she suffered disillusion almost from the time of the romantic elopement that swept this sane and clear-thinking woman off her feet, she never told the world about it. She made excuses to the public and to her own heart for any slights she had known. She invented explanations for reporters who, unable to approach John, asked her why they had taken separate homes. She termed the arrangement "a perfect experiment for two individualists."

A famous star on Broadway, she read bewilderedly the newspaper accounts of her marriage that paid so little heed to her that they even had her profession wrong. She was referred to as "the musical comedy star," though she had not been in musical shows since her Follies days. When her first picture was shown, she had the amazing experience of seeing "Mrs. John Gilbert" in lights on the marquees instead of the name she had made famous on Broadway: "Ina Claire."



When Ina Claire won her divorce she relinquished all claims for alimony or separate maintenance, or anything, except the actual expenses during the time she was John Gilbert's wife. Her marriage cost her over two hundred thousand dollars

"I've read that I married Jack for almost every reason except the real one," she says, "which was that I was mad about the man! As mad as a romantic girl in love for the first time. But the favorite story seemed to be that our wedding followed a wild drinking party. I felt as though our home on the hill had glass walls. People made bets on how long the marriage would last. Imagine! I was completely dazed—and, of course, I did the wrong things, said the wrong things."

Hollywood Partly to Blame?

YOU have the feeling that behind Ina's words is this thought: "In any other place but Hollywood, we might have been happy."

Only after two years of repeated separations and reconciliations, rumors and denials of rumors, did Ina Claire give up the struggle to "make a go" of her fantastic marriage with this moody, handsome hero of many screen love affairs. She suggested, when she went to New York last fall to make "The Royal Family," that he bring suit against her

By DOROTHY



When John Gilbert was divorced from Ina Claire on August 4, 1931, it marked his third matrimonial venture—and the second for Ina. John's first wife was Olivia Burwell, and his second wife was Leatrice Joy. Both of these marriages terminated in divorce. Ina Claire's first step in matrimony was with James Whittaker, the playwright and author, whom she married twelve years ago and subsequently divorced

Marriage has Failed

for "desertion," because this charge was more flattering to the wife, but John appeared to be aghast at the idea of admitting to the public that any woman would dream of deserting him. So Ina agreed to a divorce complaint that placed her in the embarrassing light of being an unwanted wife, rather than hurt John's career. And then she waited several months before filing the suit, in the hope that John would call her back.

Why did she give John all the breaks? There are several reasons.

"Maybe it's because I'm Irish," she says. "The Irish are clean fighters. They don't hit when a man's down. Jack was going through a tough spot in his career. He could be hurt much more bitterly than I by bad publicity. They tell me that he is frantic now for fear I will tell something that will put him in a bad light. He needn't worry! I couldn't drag down a man I've once loved. I think in the back of my mind I've taken the gaff in this because I wanted to prove to Jack that every unworthy or harsh and evil thing he ever thought about me was wrong.

"And there has been a little self-preservation in all my actions, too. Anger wrecks me. I found that out when I was a child and I've learned to keep it under control. Maybe that's what Jack meant when he complained that I was 'too intellectual' for him."

CALHOUN **And there must have been some love . . .**



It was soon after the release of John Gilbert's first talkie that he and Ina began living apart. But their differences were not caused over their pictures so much as over the fact that they were temperamentally unsuited for one another. A case of incompatibility

What Friends Reveal

INA CLAIRE does not enlarge upon her life as Mrs. John Gilbert. It is only in hints like this that she reveals why their marriage failed. Jack complained she was "too intellectual" for him. Again, "No home is big enough for two stars."

But friends fill in some of the blank spaces. They tell of the first separation of all—a few days after the elopement. John and Ina were week-end guests on a yacht that was anchored near several other Hollywood boats. John knew everyone there—and in those days he was a gregarious soul, as well as a restless one. Ina was a stranger to most of them, but she consented to share her new husband with the other week-enders, going from yacht to yacht, from party to party. Ina came back from one ahead of John, expecting him to follow her immediately. She waited for hours. When he did return, the violently hurt Ina had gone ashore, where a

(*Continued on page 86*)



When Evalyn Knapp fell, while hiking, and fractured her spine, even the doctors thought at first that she would never act again. But Evalyn—and her glorious health—fooled them. After many weeks in a hospital, she now is walking once more, and soon will be back at work—fulfilling Warner Brothers' prediction that she has a great future

UP AND ABOUT AND SMILING AGAIN

Making Good In The Old Home Town

Who would have guessed that they would some day become world-famous stars? Their families were as unknown as their butchers and grocers—and to the tradespeople and all of their friends these Hollywood youngsters looked like anything but young idols in the making



Clark Gable, when he was newly an ex-lumberjack, couldn't land anything but "extra" jobs. Now look where he is!

Clark

By MALCOLM ELLIOT

Read this amusing, human story and you'll see how hard it is to pick the winners when they're just beginning. This writer "knew them when"—and they were a flock of likable, good-looking youngsters, not heroes and heroines to anybody.—Editor's Note.

JACK DEMPSEY can rock a Missouri mule to sleep with his fist, but that never prevented Estelle Taylor from speaking her mind. John Gilbert may be a great lover to some women, but Ina Claire just got a divorce. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. may have a famous Dad, but he has drawn caricatures of that broad grin just the same. James Cagney may be a gangster to you, but his mother would tell you he sends money home regularly.

I wonder if Lydell Peck ever wipes away a tear when Janet Gaynor has to get down on her knees and scrub the floor (on the screen)? I wonder if Jack Oakie's mother (he calls her Ev) laughs every time he pulls a wise one? I wonder if people who live in the Grand Canyon ever notice the view?

For some reason or other—I can never remember just why—I have lived in Hollywood for fourteen years. I knew many of the present-day screen dazzlers when they were high-school kids, extras longing for a day's work so that they could eat again, property boys, or supers in Los Angeles stage productions. Occasionally, but not often, I thought that they might achieve the goal of fame.



Loretta

When Loretta Young used to help her mother in the boarding-house, who could foresee the Big Days to come?



Joel

The local damsels all admitted that Joel McCrea was good-looking—but he wasn't any Romeo. That is, in the old days!

I see them now both on the screen and off the screen. They aren't heroes and heroines to me. They're just friends. Good old Bill whose Latin "pony" I borrowed in school. Nice old Aggie who was an ugly duckling and grew into a beautiful swan. Darned if I can tell positively whether they're good on the screen or not. I'd rather take your word for it, if you live far away.

For instance, you can't expect me to get steamed up over Dorothy Lee when she does high-falutin' feminine emoting. I always think of Dorothy as the roughest little tomboy in town. She didn't like girls. She played with the boys, and she could throw a baseball into the middle of next month. She could climb trees, spit through her teeth, and skin-the-cat like a circus acrobat.

In fact, I remember the day when she fell out of a tree after skinning-the-cat for the tenth time. The fall changed the geography of her nose, and for some reason, left a bump on her tongue. She still has it. She used to play lacrosse, too. Once her picture was in the Los Angeles papers as the best girl lacrosse-player in these parts. It was a nice picture even if some hefty damsel did seem to be sitting on Dorothy's head. Anyway, that picture meant more to her than a hundred raving criticisms to-day. But can I take her seriously? No, Mr. Bones, I mean I can't take her seriously.

And Clark Gable. The girls tell me that Clark has all the other (s.a.) boys lashed to the mast and yelling for help. They say that he is heaven's gift to the shopping sex. I think Clark is so-so attractive. When I first met him in his "struggling days" around the Los Angeles theaters, he had trouble with his grammar and his teeth grew in tangents. I admire Clark for his determination to better himself. He got together the money to have his teeth fixed, and he learned to speak English as she is spoke in those fancy Lonsdale drawing-room drahmas.

Clark's Girls Did Some Walking

CLARK never had a nickel in those days. If someone had told him that he was to become a screen sensation he would have gone into hysterics. But Clark, come to think of it, had the old come-hither even then. Usually he had a date after the theater. He probably took the girls for a walk. He

couldn't have afforded anything like a buggy ride, for instance.

But when they tell me Clark Gable is Valentino's successor, I remember the big front tooth that Clark used to sport.

Loretta Young and Sally Blane were regular customers at the tea dances at the Ambassador during their early picture days. I think Loretta was about fourteen then. Very pretty, but so thin that you had to keep looking when you danced with her to see if you really had a girl in your arms. Sally, plumpish and more mature, was the belle then. Before that, I remember there were always swarms of youngsters at their mother's boarding-house. Times were not so prosperous in those days, but, golly, they did have fun. The old crowd doesn't see much of the girls now, and I know that it rather hurts the sisters. They haven't become upstage. Boys still swarm about the home of Loretta, Sally and Polly Ann, only now it's the picture boys.

Maybe I'm wrong, but Loretta's calm, cool poise and worldliness at eighteen doesn't register so much with me. I can remember when she had the longest legs and didn't know what to do with them. She didn't have a philosophy of life, either, except maybe: "One more dance," or "let's sit it out."

Eddie Woods Was Collegiate

NEITHER do I tremble in my boots when Edward Woods plays one of those tough gangsters, as in "The Public Enemy." I remember him from the University of Southern California, wearing a snappy norfolk coat (they were collegiate then) and majoring in dramatics. The meanest thing Ed ever did in his life was to swipe his roommate's only clean, white shirt, and the roommate had a heavy date with the queen of the Pi Phi house. I knew Ed in high school. The first time I ever saw him he was wearing short pants.

Maybe it isn't nice to tell, but I was present the night he took his first drink. The occasion was a fraternity banquet. I believe he smelled the cork and went immediately into a laughing jag, which lasted for an hour. The whole crowd of us, I do recall quite definitely, were invited to get t'hell out of the café.

I'm supposed to have chills when Ed shoots some gangster or maybe a cop? And I can remember how he looked in short pants!

Carole Lombard—only I knew her as Jane Peters—was another girl who frequented the Ambassador. And was she proper? She was naïve and formal and quiet. Her mother usually came along as chaperon. In those days she was going to Los Angeles High School and her hair wasn't golden blonde. The Peterses had money—not a great deal, but enough. Carole deserves the classification of "society girl" much more than many of the screen's recruits from "débutante" ranks. There is no hooey about her background.

Carole's personality has changed completely. The hearty laugh and good-fellow business—and they're real—have been developed since she entered pictures. I'm very fond of her, but I get all mixed up between Jane Peters and Carole Lombard.

Joel Was No Romeo

JUST to show you how little ability the neighbors have in picking comers, I never thought Joel McCrea had a Chinaman's chance. Every summer for several years I saw him down at one of the beach clubs. When Joel walked across the sand in his bathing-suit, girls just swooned. He was a nice youngster, quiet, well-bred, and much more interested in keeping up the tan on his body than in collecting feminine scalps. At that time he was doing a little "extra" work now and then, and he was anxious to make good.

I'm ashamed to admit it, but I thought it was a passing fancy. I expected him to marry some rich girl and spend the rest of his life selling bonds. Then Joel met Gloria Swanson. Gloria was interested and she helped him. Constance Bennett insisted on having him as her leading man. (Funny how Gloria and Connie have such similar tastes in men.) I think Joel is handsome and a swell, unspoiled person, but I'm still asking myself what all the shootin's for. A great many people in Hollywood knew Lew Ayres when he was living in a hall bedroom, and eating nothing but apples and peanuts. Not that he cared so much for them. It happened to be apples and peanuts or starvation.



Bessie



Sally

I saw him many times while he was playing at the old Plantation and other dine-and-dance places. He was good-looking, yes, but it would never have occurred to me that here was a youth who had that something that would pack theaters from Bangor to Biscayne—and Woods Hole to Walla Walla.

The same thing applies so far as I am concerned to John Wayne, Nick Stuart and Frank Albertson. I knew 'em when they were prop boys. And I knew John Wayne when he was Duke Morrison and played football at U. S. C. They may be heroes in Dubuque and Ypsilanti, but they're just Duke Morrison, Nick Stuart and Frankie Albertson to me.

When I first met Richard Cromwell, his name was Roy Radabaugh, and as long as I knew him I always had to ask his last name. He was seventeen then, and he looked about fourteen. He was attending art school in Los Angeles and going back to Long Beach for week-ends. I'll never forget how anxious he was



Carole



Dorothy

From top to bottom, Bessie Love, who once was poor; Sally Blane, whose mother ran a boarding-house; Carole Lombard, who was a local deb; and Dorothy Lee, who was a tomboy. Now they're heroines!

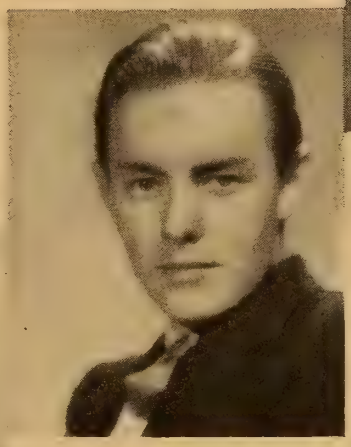
Their Pals "Knew Them When"

As Little Known As The Folks Next Door

to get away from the beach town. It seemed to give him an inferiority complex. His high-school days there had been anything but happy, and he had made few friends. For the first time he was really enjoying life.

I used to call on him in the little shop he had on Sunset Boulevard. He lived in a two-by-four space in the rear, and spent his days making amazing masks. I know he makes good masks, but I honestly can't be too sure about his acting. That "I knew him when" business keeps getting between me and Richard Cromwell of the screen.

Bessie Love—Juanita Horton to me—whispered in my ear once that she was playing hooky from high school and trying to get a job with D. W. Griffith. She was poor then, and shabby. She looked like nothing so much in the world as a little brown wren. I believe people around the studios *did* call her that. When I started interviewing picture personalities, Bessie was my first assignment. We spent all of the time remembering when. I can't sniffle over Bessie's sad scenes, because I always remember right away that she twangs a mean ukulele.



Richard



Eddie

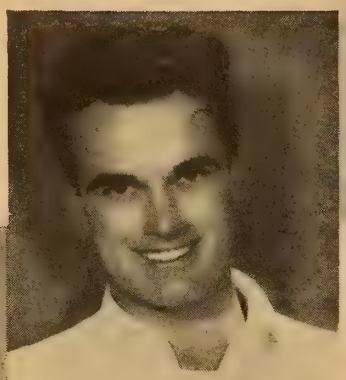
From top to bottom, Lew Ayres, who played in orchestras; Nick Stuart, who was a prop boy; Richard Cromwell, who was an art student, and Edward Woods, who was collegiate. Now they're heroes!

Looking back on Bessie's "tough sledding" I can't help but admire her pluck. Living right here in Hollywood her dreams, naturally, soared toward the movies. The Triangle studio, according to her fancy, was Journey's End. And then she met the old master, D. W. Griffith, who, at that time, was fully established as the directorial king. Bessie fancied how she would like to appear alongside of Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh and the other figures that D. W. was making famous. She had the wistful appeal so admired by the master—and, once, she came into his august presence, Bessie wasted no time. She charmed him. It was easy to charm the late Thomas H. Ince, too. She was in his pictures and over with his public at the same time.

Bessie is now married and, yet remembering her from the high-school days, I can't imagine her matured and domesticated. She will always be a little brown wren to me—and a whiz on the ukulele.

Tibbett Surprised the Natives

WHEN Lawrence Tibbett knocked the New York music critics for a flock of grace notes, I was as surprised as everybody else in Los Angeles. I had heard him innumerable times. I thought he had a nice voice for the parlor, but for opera—



Nick



Lew

oh, my dear, be yourself. You see, Lawrence always used to look hungry, and I know that there were many times when he practised his scales on grim determination and an empty stomach. He was stiff and ill at ease then. His magnificent aplomb and vitality came only with success.

Oh, he has a superb voice. It thrills me, too, but when he sings those stirring songs on the screen my mind travels back to one of his first concerts. Just a handful of people were there and Larry encored with "Mandalay." I'm not positive, but it seems to me that a slight earthquake shock sort of dampened the proceedings that afternoon. Most of the audience ran out. I "pulled a Paddock" and made it myself in nothing flat.

Norma Talmadge has lived in California so long that she, too, is so familiar and well-known that I'm not a competent judge of her pictures. Norma used to play those awfully tragic heroines, and just as I would settle down to squeeze out a few tears, I would remember some example of Norma's priceless humor. I'd laugh instead, and everyone in a radius of six rows "shushed" furiously. I've even watched Norma cook. Imagine *Camille* with a frying pan. You simply can't take a girl seriously as a dramatic queen when you've had your tintype taken with her (hat askew) at Venice Amusement Park.

I could go on sobbing about my dire plight for pages. Oh, undoubtedly, distance lends enchantment. I yearn for Madagascar and I wouldn't give a nickel for Malibu. There is a glamour in the unknown and the far away. Just ask Garbo if you don't want to take my word for it.

I'm very fond of my friends, but they aren't heroes and heroines to me. They're just folks.

And being just folks I can't accept them as you accept them—for they are heroes and heroines to you. I've known them from the days when they were just sprouting their wings—when rainbows rested just beyond the horizon and life was just ahead of them. It leaves me very much bewildered. I seem to overlook that the years pass on—and leave their milestones.

Can't Get Romantic Over Them

I WISH I didn't know that they liked liver and onions and hamburger sandwiches and corned beef and cabbage. I could romanticize over them if they had been strangers to me. But you can't get romantic over a crowd of fellows and girls whom you've known a good share of your life. The aura of mystery is missing—and *presto*, away goes the glamour and mystery and romance.

Perhaps that is why I'm so daffy about animal actors. I've never chummed with any of them (you can't get very chummy with a gorilla) so I can't say that I know any socially. I would like to know some movie dogs. They would make great pals.

That Is Why They'll Never Be Idols In The Old Home Town

News *and* Gossip



Anita Page knows her cues, offstage as well as on. It's Willie Hoppe, the billiards expert himself, who's showing her. But how can he keep his eye on the ball when Anita's around?

GEORGE WEBB, Esther Ralston's manager and husband, is registering smiles over the arrival of his new daughter, Mary Esther. "She weighed eight pounds, ten ounces," said the father proudly, "and she has one really beautiful feature—my mouth."

Esther's dearest dream in life, ever since her childhood when she played with dolls, was to have a baby of her own. She has been told many times by physicians that she could never have one. But now her greatest wish is gratified. And Esther expects to be back on the screen in a month.

MOTHERHOOD is fashionable in the movies these days. Nowit's Mrs. John Barrymore, who, we hear, has again abandoned screen fame for the nursery. Her first baby, Dolores Ethel, is a big girl now, and has a regrettable freedom of manner with her famous father. She delights in tearing the Barrymore morning paper out of the Barrymore hands and scattering it on the floor in a hundred pieces, while the Great Lover looks on with the idiotic pride of an ordinary papa. (These papas are all alike!)

By the way, the Barrymore profile is part of the interior decoration of the Barrymore home, being immortalized in one of the stained glass windows.

SUNBURN was the scourge of the movie colony during the late hot spell. Lilyan Tashman, in particular, suffered from a very bad "sun blister" on her upper lip. The burning sun didn't affect the dark Evelyn Brent. She boasts the darkest tan on the beach. Pola Negri returned from Malibu with a bright pink sunburn, and the recollection of being saved from drowning by the strong arms of Charles Morton. To be sure, eye witnesses on the beach claim the water in which Pola threshed about, must have been all of knee deep, and Charlie was the only man in sight when the Negri called for help—he *does* look well in a bathing suit—

BELIEVE it or not there is a new cult in Los Angeles, and a new idol. The fashionable society ladies of Pasadena and Los Angeles have a secret organization which holds meetings once a week—*to praise Clark Gable*. Whether they sing hymns about him we don't know, but this looks like Fame. His likeness to Valentino in regard to his eyes and smile, and the way he has come up the ladder, is really uncanny.

We just learned the other day that one reason why Clark Gable hung about Hollywood for several years without being able to get even extra work is that his ears stuck out prominently from his head. Both he and Rudie had operations re-



Want to go for a ride with Wallace Berry? You'll be safe. Wally even has a government transport license



Bull

Who said it's a cold autumn? Not Lillian Bond, who still finds a use for a straw hat. She's breaking several hearts by going to New York to appear in a musical show before her next film

of the Studios

adjusting the set of their ears, and both, immediately, got jobs.

JOEL McCREA says plaintively that he would rather go up to Will Rogers' ranch and rope calves any day than escort lovely screen stars to the Embassy. But the gals just won't leave Joel alone. We hear that he gets cables from Europe frequently, and they aren't signed "Connie" either. He had lunch with Dorothy (ex-Jimmie Fidler) Lee lately. Now Joel and Dot have been friends ever since they were in the seventh grade together, but the next morning's chatter columns had them "devoted." It is said that Ina Claire is looking in Joel's direction these days. What sex appeal will do for a lad!

THE newest subjects for shorts are *operations*. Yep! You can entertain your friends through the long winter evenings ahead by showing them a picture in natural colors of your appendix being removed. Howard Hughes is sponsoring these films which are for scientific purposes only. But the other day they had a preview of four of them. After a few squeals and giggles the feminine audience settled down to enjoy it.

THESE fancy marriage agreements simply don't work. Boys and girls may be modern, but husbands are old-fashioned. There was Dorothy Lee and her writer-husband, some few years older. Dot wasn't sure she wanted to be married. Jimmie was sure he did. So they agreed that Dot was to be just as free after she was married as she was before; she was to go out with other boys if she chose, and dance with anyone she liked, and not have to account for her evenings. Dot stuck to her agreement all right!

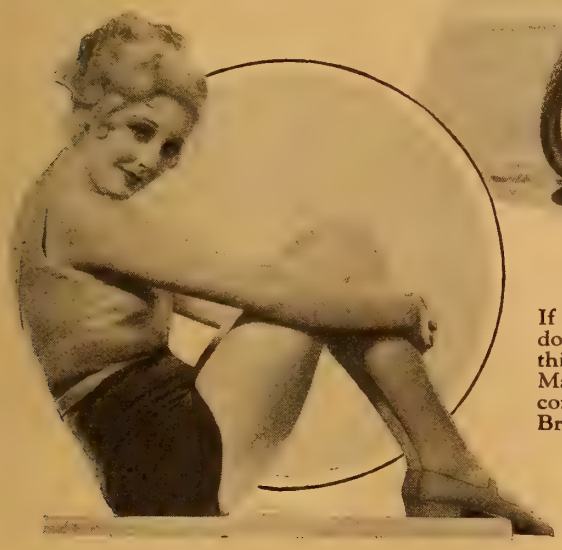
There was the party where her embarrassed husband received the guests in their new home alone. He explained that Dot was working late at the studio, which went all right till the young lady herself breezed in at midnight in an evening gown and told the assembled company that she had been dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with a boy friend!



The girls who are kicking—even if they are two of M-G-M's promising starlets—are Allwyn Astrid and Marjorie King. Members of the Noted Dame team?



If the standard weren't down on the bike, you might think Bert Lahr was taking Joan Marsh for a ride. The famous comic has just arrived from Broadway to make "Flying High"



She's in the best circles these days—but half of the folks don't know what her name is. At United Artists she's Alison Loyd, and at M-G-M she's called Thelma Todd. Maybe she'll compromise and become Alison Todd—or Thelma Loyd!

"RUTH CHATTERTON had three serious accidents this month," remarks Jack Grant, "two automobile smashups and 'The Magnificent Lie'!"

"TWENTY-SIX Men Died To Open the New Hughes-Franklin Theater." That is the message that Los Angeles billboards have been proclaiming startlingly. In smaller lettering they explain that the first picture in the tiny new three-hundred-seat theater on the Boulevard will be "The Viking" in which Varick Frissell and twenty-five others were drowned after their ship exploded. There are those who claim that Varick is still alive in some isolated Arctic settlement, "because he has



Fryer

What's Barbara Stanwyck so serious about? She's thinking of leaving the screen—and no foolin'. Success — even Barbara's kind — isn't everything, not when hubby, Frank Fay, is as far as Broadway. She wants to join him



A bit of Irish, this girl—and one of the brightest-eyed newcomers. Her name is Mae Madison, and you caught a glimpse of her in "The Mad Genius"

escaped worse accidents before." And recently Hollywood got a queer shiver down its spine when a whaling vessel reported seeing Frissell's dog, an inseparable companion, running wild on a lonely Arctic shore.

ZEPPO MARX and Sam Goldwyn sat down (so the story goes) to a friendly little game of backgammon the other day. The stakes were five hundred a game, and soon Sam was several thousand dollars behind. In Hollywood it simply isn't smart nor good etiquette for an actor to beat a producer. So Zeppo did his best to lose—and went on winning. In desperation he exchanged dice with Sam, then he played the numbers Sam shook and let Sam play his, but despite his best efforts he left the table some twelve thousand the winner. "We'll play golf tomorrow," he said, knowing Sam's reputation as a good golfer, "I'll give you your revenge." The next day they played golf and Zeppo's ghastly luck still held. He simply couldn't help it —he won another four thousand!

DURING the recent hot weather Hollywood learned which of its male citizens wore a belt and which wore suspenders. But there was one spot where shirt sleeves were frowned upon. The luckless actor who dropped in at the Brown Derby to eat in informal attire was sure to find a waiter, whispering at his elbow. A moment later the waiter would appear with a coat and, solicitously, help the actor into it. When lunch was over the guest left the coat with the tip for the next shirt-sleeved visitor. Three sizes of coat—big, middle-sized, and small were kept on hand by the thoughtful host, Herbert Somborn, for the use of embarrassed guests—and they were always busy!

WHEN Kent Douglas was a student in Manual Arts High School he was interested in dramatics and founded a Dramatic Club. It grew so rapidly that in a month from its founding it boasted two thousand members, all clamoring to become actors. The school athletics were neglected. Recitations languished. At length the authorities ordered the club disbanded to save the school.

WITH Gary Cooper on his way back from a summer of tramping in Italy, and Lupe (who is about to play opposite Lawrence Tibbett) being escorted places by no less a personage than Winnie Sheehan, Fox executive and guiding spirit of its productions, Hollywood is awaiting developments with interest—wondering whether the erstwhile lovebirds will renew their romance or go their separate ways.



Fryer

Loretta Young is wearing outdoor pajamas of the new sports woolens. Those horizontal stripes have a way of adding plumpness

THE Tibbetts' divorce gossip isn't very good, if you ask the chatterers. They complain



The sensation James Dunn caused by his acting in "Bad Girl" hasn't gone to his head. This new Fox discovery, who used to be an extra and also once sold lunch-wagons, is Forgetting About It with books

because neither of the principals will talk. The telephone number of their home—which the movie colony had written in its books—was changed the day the divorce plans were announced. But there evidently was nothing sudden in the plans themselves. *It seems that a local newspaper friend had been promised the story of the break seven months ago.*

IT was only two months ago that Lawrence was talking long-distance across the continent with his wife when he was horrified to hear her shriek, "Larry's drowning! Larry's drowning!" and fling down the phone. For twenty terrible minutes Tibbett tried, vainly, to get his home again on the telephone, with visions of one of the beloved twins dead in the new swimming pool. That's an ordeal that would make a plot for a *Grand Guignol* horror playlet! But the youngster was revived all right and the frantic father, three thousand miles away, reassured, though he nearly collapsed.

FRANK CARIDEO has settled it. Notre Dame's great quarterback of last Fall isn't going to marry Nena Quartero to whom he was reported engaged, or any other movie beauty. He's going to marry a little Southern girl he met while traveling with the team. But if the movies haven't got Frank, it seems likely, that big, blond Adam Walsh, captain of the 1924 Notre Dame Team, also working on "The Spirit of Notre Dame" for Universal, may make the transition from Football Fame to Movie Fame. He has taken tests and been offered a Universal contract. If he's wise he'll go back to his coaching job at Yale. Of the fifteen hand-picked good-looking college boys First National brought out several years ago to make a picture, only one still remains in Hollywood, though they almost all tried to make a future for themselves here. The boy who remains has a job as assistant prop boy!



Longworth

Isn't it funny how pretty girls seem to like homely dogs? But it wouldn't be a bit strange if the pooch liked Claire Dodd, newcomer, who's in in "The Road to Reno"

You saw Marjorie King in football uniform a couple of pages back—and here she is again, in quite, QUITE different togs. She used to play in Westerns—but no more!

Hurrell

"IF you don't think Connie Bennett's 'adopted' son is her own son you haven't seen him I guess!" a movie actress said the other day, "He is the image of the Bennetts, broad cheek-bones, high forehead, short face and all." One who knows Connie intimately says that Phil Plant settled the million on *his son,* not his wife when the divorce settlement was made.

But if that is true why the elaborate tales (carried in the press) that she had just renewed the baby's permit to remain in this country—he is supposed to be of English birth—by sending him to Canada to make a re-entry? It seems certain that Connie and the Marquis will be married in November. Pictures drifting back to this country show them at the fashionable races outside of Paris holding hands.

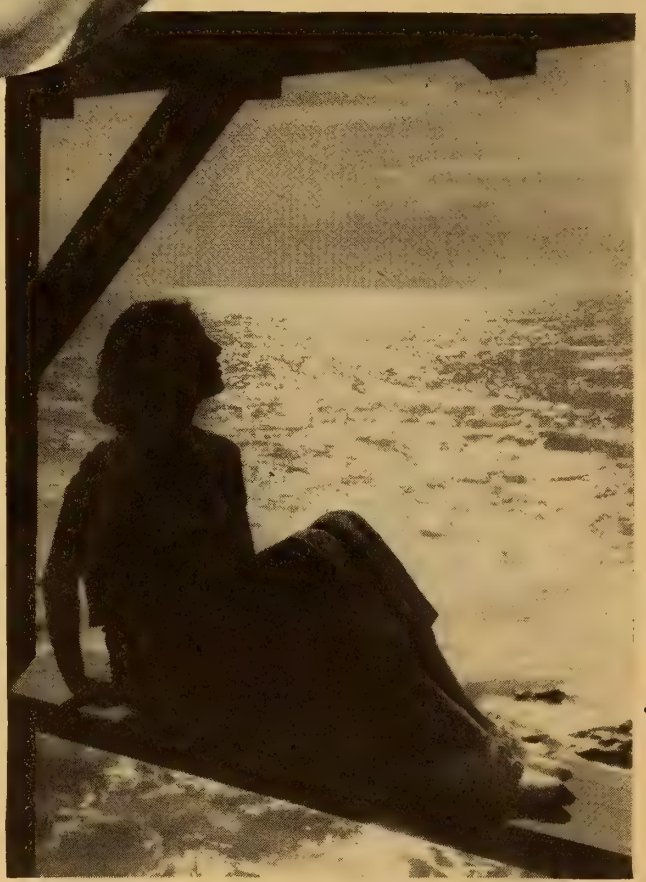
If You Want To Know What's Going On In Hollywood



Woodbury

The legendary office-boy come to life — that's what they're saying about Ray Cooke. His skin is covered with freckles that will get under *your* skin in Educational's new *Torchy* comedies

AND speaking of immigration troubles, not only is Nils Asther having his own, but they can't decide whether his baby is an American because of Vivian Duncan, or a Swede because of him, or a German because she was born in Germany! They let her into the country anyhow, after a look at her. At five months she is another little Eva, and Vivian looks so young that she and her daughter will probably be taken for the Duncan Sisters now!



Moonlight on the Pacific, and Loretta Young all alone—there's Life for you. However, don't get the impression that Loretta's lonely. Ever since she filed suit for divorce against Grant Withers, she has had a flock of suitors—with Ricardo Cortez reported in the lead

WALTER BROWN ROGERS, having hung about Hollywood hopefully, for years, ever since "All Quiet on the Western Front" opened, has given it up at last as a bad job. He is going back home and manage a movie theater instead of being an actor. It's all in the same profession anyhow! Of all the boys who made fame and fortune out of this picture he is the only one who didn't get a break, in spite of a Barrymore profile. And, as Walter Winchell says, they poison ivy!

KENT DOUGLASS is weakening. He declared, loudly, for the benefit of all who would listen, that when "Waterloo Bridge" was finished he was going back to Broadway to the stage —"where I belong." Now Universal is begging him to sign a contract. He is treated like royalty itself on the U lot, and the other evening Carl Laemmle, Junior, hearing he wanted to go to a party, dismissed the whole company which had been told to report for night work, so that Kent could go! Before—and after signing a contract makes two different stories! Money talks!

A GERMAN scenario writer at Fox gave a party the other day. Most of the guests were his own countrymen recently arrived in the movies and, like him, new to Hollywood. Every now and then he would inquire anxiously of the American players present, "Is this a real Hollywood party? I have read so much about them. I hope so!" To contribute to the spirit of whoopee the guests would shout "hooray!" or "*Wie Gehts*" every now and then, and the Germans finally took the host's bedroom door off its hinges and knocked several pieces of furniture apart to live up to what Hollywood expected of them. When they left their host was beaming with happiness. His party had been "real Hollywood."

HOLLYWOOD may be a small place, but it's big enough so that two people can keep apart very successfully for months, even years. Ina Claire has not seen Jack Gilbert in the four months since she arrived from the East, and has only spoken to him once over the telephone. But they send messages back and forth through friends.

"I hear," said



Hurrell

Joan Crawford just can't help dancing — there's rhythm in those feet. But she is going in for semi-classical steps these days—steps she's making up herself. Joan does her latest in black and white lace pajamas, as you can see at the right

Ina the other day with a rather wry smile, "that Jack is saying that as soon as the divorce is final he thinks we can be great friends! And perhaps we can. He is the most amazing human being! Once, after a terrible quarrel we parted, forever. I spent the night planning how I'd go down to see my lawyer the next day and start divorce proceedings.

But in the morning there was Jack beaming at me as if nothing had happened. "Let's have a beach house, sweetheart!" said, he, sunnily, "You draw the plans. You love to plan houses." And what do you think? I actually found myself spending the day drawing a clever and amusing little beach house with barber poles for awning posts, instead of seeing my lawyer!"



If nothing else, 1931 has been a year of great child acting—and Dickey Moore has done some of the best. His performance in "The Star Witness" ranks with any adult acting of the year

Fryer

THE wreck of the train carrying the "Cisco Kid" company had several Hollywood wives terrified by telegrams of re-assurance from their husbands. Lilyan Tashman was awakened from a sound sleep to be told not to worry, but the telegram didn't say what she shouldn't worry about. Mrs. Warner Baxter, ill in the hospital, got her first word of the accident when the nurse brought in a box of flowers with a message that Warner wasn't hurt at all.



With not a man in sight, Joan Marsh is making a pretty good pretense of being contented with a mannikin. This Los Angeles youngster, who was going to high school a year ago, is rapidly becoming an expert Other Woman on the screen. And isn't she a specimen of health?

IN the same hospital Joan Bennett is lying with her hip in a plaster cast. Warned not to ride a spirited horse in a scene, Joan insisted that she could manage him, and was thrown violently against a tree. The doctors say it was a clean break and Joan will be walking as well as ever in three months. Meanwhile, the picture two-thirds finished, has been put on a shelf. You never know what's going to happen. The human equation in the movies make it the most hazardous and costly business in the world.



Rosalie Roy has shapely shoulders, and her shapeliness—as you can see for yourself—doesn't end there. However, little extra girls don't become featured players overnight unless they also have talent. Rosalie has both—so she's one of the cast in "She Wanted a Millionaire"

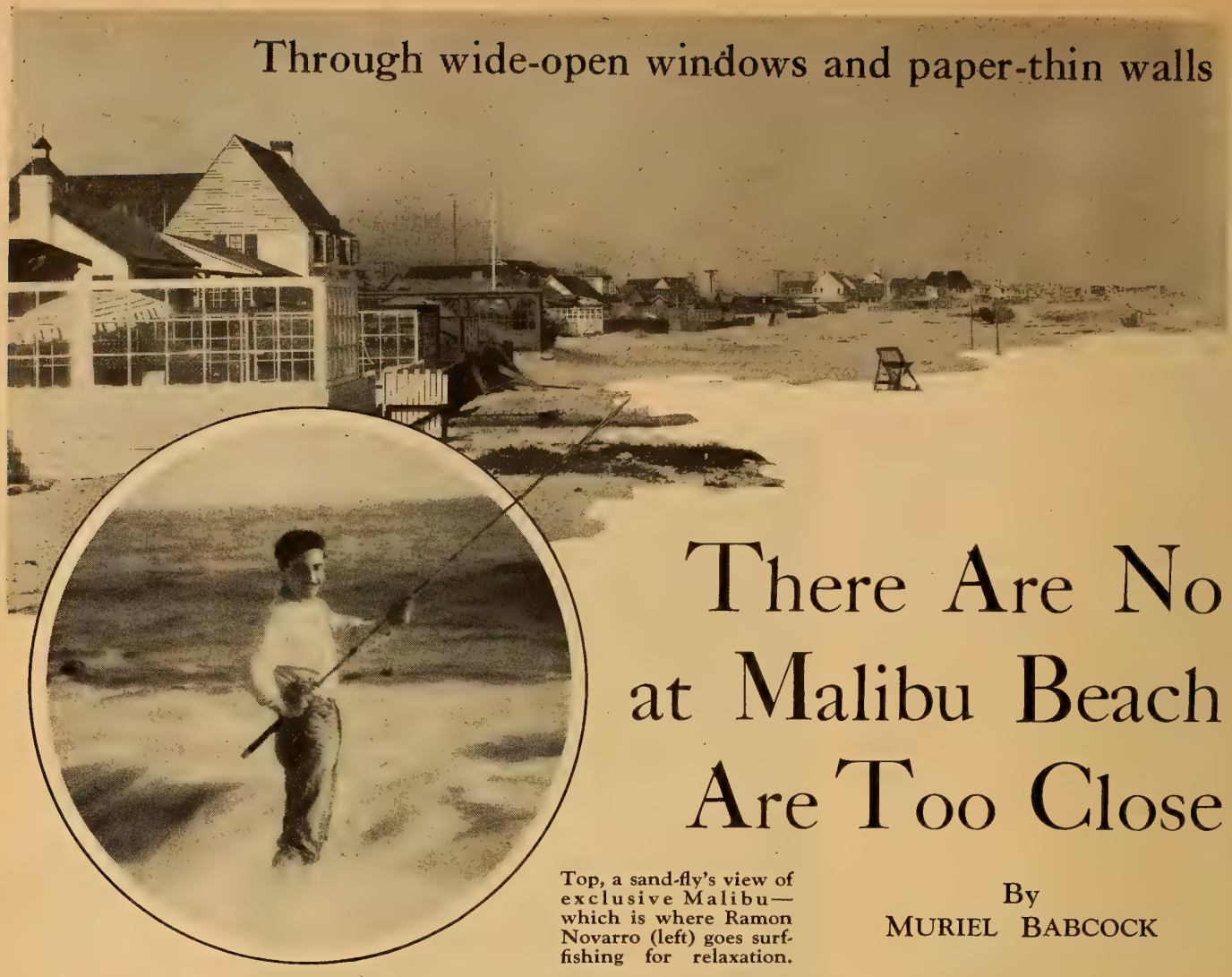
Hal Phyfe

ANNA Q. NILSSON has come back from Sweden. entirely cured—reports say—from the effects of the tragic fall she suffered while horseback riding three years ago. She left town on crutches and a cane, walking with the greatest difficulty. But the plucky actress refused to admit that she would not soon be back on the screen. The Viking strain will tell!

ANITA STEWART was spied in Hollywood the other day, looking like a girl in her teens. She admitted, almost apologetically, that she and her husband were still fond of each other. "What's your recipe for happiness, Anita?" we asked. She laughed, "Why I never thought about it, but we do spend most of our time among happy people—." Those careless, unconsidered words carry real wisdom. Most of our unhappiness in life comes from the woes we allow other people to dump on our shoulders.

(*Continued on page 91*)

Through wide-open windows and paper-thin walls



There Are No at Malibu Beach Are Too Close

Top, a sand-fly's view of exclusive Malibu—which is where Ramon Novarro (left) goes surf-fishing for relaxation.

By MURIEL BABCOCK

THERE is one place where the stars can't keep a thing to themselves—and it isn't Hollywood. It's Malibu Beach, where they go to rest and relax and play and forget they are in the public eye. They don't have telephones—because they might be called back to the studio. There isn't a reporter within five miles. There isn't a press-agent within twenty miles. But—

Everybody at Malibu knows what is going to happen long before it happens.

Everybody knows who is going to get divorced from whom. Who is making whom jealous—and how. Who is slipping down the ladder and who is shinnying up—and why.

They know about the new loves and the old. They know about the lady who leaves in a huff at midnight with all her belongings, and about the swain who failed to show up for his heavy date.

They can hear the crash of crockery and the rattle of windows when a world-famous star stages a fit of temperament and his equally famous wife comes right back with a few well-placed plates to the left of the ear.

In Malibu, guarded, exclusive, expensive beach colony, twenty miles up the Pacific Coast from Hollywood (where a modest, four-room little cottage costs ten grand and needs a staff of three servants to man it properly), houses are only four feet apart, the walls are paper-thin and windows eye windows in intimate, leering fashion. Moreover, windows are almost always open.

There are no secrets in Malibu, because there can be no secrets in a village where the head of the bed in one house is about three and a half feet from the next-door bar. Let the surf pound, and the wind whistle—but you can't help knowing what your neighbor is doing. And your neighbor can't help knowing what you're doing.

Nothing is sacred at Malibu Beach, twenty miles up the Pacific Coast from Hollywood, and favorite playground of the stars. Their high-priced cottages are so close together that all the neighbors know everything they do, say or think. It's like the smallest small town. And how they love it!

Just ask John Gilbert—two of whose ex-wives also live there.

Or Gloria Swanson, who has not only a former husband for a near neighbor, but also Constance Bennett (who is very, very friendly with Gloria's third ex-husband).

Or Barbara Stanwyck, who must have wondered what the neighbors thought when her husband went back to New York.

Or Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. Or any of these (to name only a few): Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent (the three original settlers), Warner Baxter, Dolores Del Rio, Richard Barthelmess, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Leila Hyams, George O'Brien, Neil Hamilton, John Boles, Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian and Rex Bell (not to mention Clara Bow).

No Romance for John and Joan

WHEN John Gilbert entertained Joan Bennett for dinner one soft warm evening this summer, John Considine (Joan's now-and-then sweetheart) came tumbling over. Why not? He's one of Jack's neighbors. When voices soared in angry fashion, when chairs tumbled to the floor with a crash—in short when John and Jack seemed on the verge of doing battle for a lady in the good old-time manner—all Malibu lost a good night's

the stars get an eyeful and earful

Private Lives —The Houses Together



Above, a view down the beach at Malibu —which doesn't look much different from any shore resort, does it? Note how close together the cottages are. It was down at Malibu that Leila Hyams (left) acquired that swell mahogany complexion

sleep. They'd no sooner doze off than the din would begin again.

They could hear, couldn't they? In fact, they couldn't help hearing.

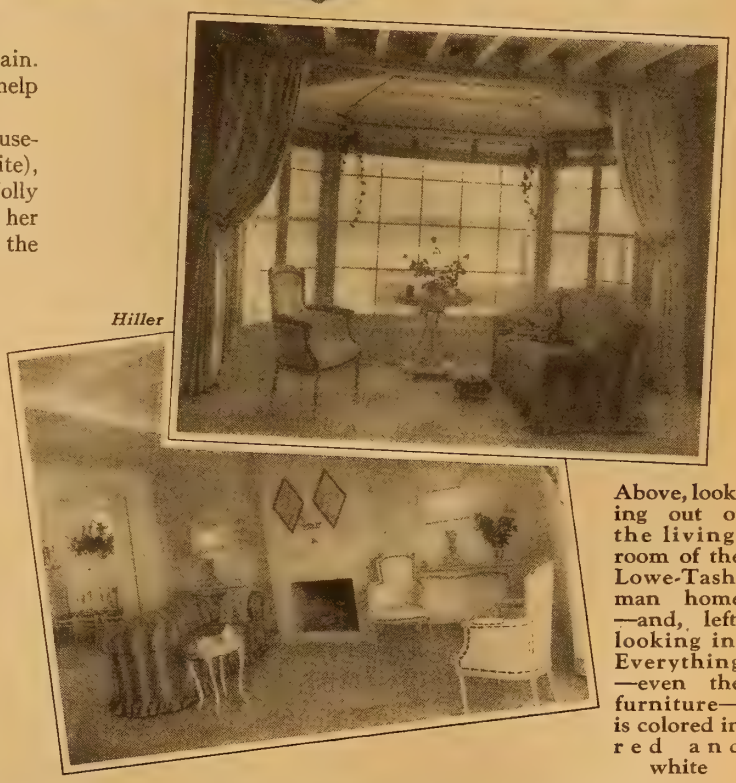
When Lilyan Tashman, one of the newest and gayest householders (she has a very swank house all done in red and white), disappeared mysteriously the other evening, following a jolly party, and was finally found cuddled up on a sand dune in her new ermine coat—the story ricocheted merrily up and down the beach. Whether true or not, it was a good story.

When Clara Bow, racing home early one morning from Agua Caliente after a big week-end, discovered to her amazement that she had brought with her one of the gambling resort's handsomest croupiers and left her fiancé, Harry Richman, behind her, fifty people talked about it at the Malibu breakfast table. And later craned their necks to see a hastily summoned 'plane land in a nearby field, load in the croupier and hurry him back to Mexico. At least, that's what the natives tell.

When the sedate Conrad Nagel—there are a few calm spirits in the colony—got a "mad" on the grocery man and refused to buy anything but an occasional package of yeast, the colony took it as the day's tidbit and chuckled delightedly.

They Aren't All Garbos

SOMETIMES you wonder if the movie folk aren't only small-town people after all. All but Garbo can stand just so much seclusion. Just so much of the exclusive Beverly Hills social racket, so many of the fine airs, so much caviar and filet mignon. Then they want to take down their back hair, throw their English accents overboard, and go village.



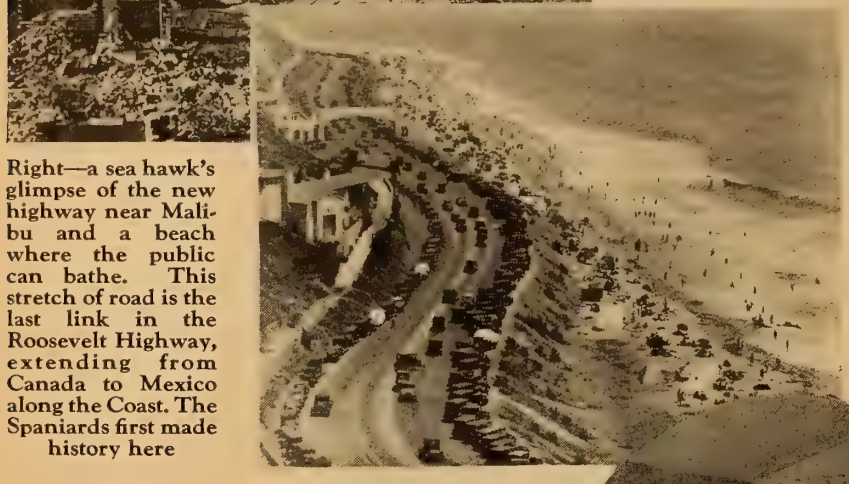
Hiller

Above, looking out of the living-room of the Lowe-Tashman home —and, left, looking in. Everything —even the furniture—is colored in red and white

Well, in Malibu they certainly do just that. There are exactly one hundred and ten houses in the colony, which from



Left—the ruins after the disastrous Malibu fire of last winter. The closeness of the chimneys tells why so many cottages were destroyed, causing $1,000,000 damage. Three who lost their homes were Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost and Buddy De Sylva



Right—a sea hawk's glimpse of the new highway near Malibu and a beach where the public can bathe. This stretch of road is the last link in the Roosevelt Highway, extending from Canada to Mexico along the Coast. The Spaniards first made history here

the outer state highway looks like nothing so much as one of the lesser New Jersey beach resorts. There is one grocery store, one gasoline station, and one real estate office. There is one strip of beach on which to loll. There are only two roads leading into the settlement. After six o'clock at night, one of them is closed.

Malibu's first residents were Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook and Ronald Colman. They were the pioneers, all of whom saw in what then looked like a deserted strip of quiet beach, away from the public highway and backed by marshland, a lovely place to go and relax. It isn't the same place any more, but Brent, Brook and Colman still live there quietly and with somewhat the dignity of "first settlers" among the newer element.

Malibuers of to-day include Constance Bennett, Joan Bennett (no, they DON'T live together), Warner Baxter, Marion Davies, Marie Prevost, Louise Fazenda, Gloria Swanson, Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, Leila Hyams, George O'Brien (and his parents), Leatrice Joy, Wesley Ruggles, Chico Marx, John Gilbert, Buddy De Sylva, Robert Z. Leonard, Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian, Richard Barthelmess, Sharon Lynn, Ralph Ince (he almost died of sunburn when he went to sleep on the sand one day), Herbert Brenon, Herbert Somborn (owner of the Brown Derby and former husband of Gloria Swanson), Neil Hamilton, Alice Joyce, Rex Bell, Grant Withers, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, John Boles and others.

Acme



Every Malibu house has its guest bar. The one at the right belongs to Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman and is red and white throughout—from stools to glasses to chinaware



Louise Fazenda lost her first Malibu house in the fire last winter—but has built a second



You have to get past this guard, at the gateway to Malibu, to see the stars

The Neighbors They Have

AT Malibu, they have a "get-together," instead of a "get-away." Instead of privacy, they have publicity and gossip and neighbors. And what neighbors! Just the folks you would think they wouldn't care to entrust with their secrets. Ex-wives (or, worse, ex-sweeties), deadly rivals for stardom, directors and producers, honeymooners—eating, sleeping, shaving, gossiping, drinking, quarreling—all within a stone's throw of one another.

Leatrice Joy's bungalow is only a stone's throw from John Gilbert's, which isn't so far from that of his newest ex-wife, Ina Claire. Constance Bennett, present possessor (apparently) of the affections of the Marquis de la Falaise, is only a few doors from Gloria Swanson, whose near neighbor is Herbert Somborn, her second husband. John Considine's house is so close to John Gilbert's that he can see—and hear—who comes to dinner. And Richard Barthelmess had the unique experience of having his boss, Jack Warner, build right next-door.

Some of them are noisy and some are quiet. If you lived there—or even stayed there just one week-end—you'd know who are which. Occasionally, as in any small town, the more sober-minded citizens flare into action to preserve the peace of their little community.

For example, when the capricious, nimble-toed young Dorothy Lee (now ex-Mrs. Jimmie Fidler) turned her cottage into a sort of weekly collegiate houseparty, with the radio going full blast on the front porch until the wee, small hours, with romping and dancing and a lot of boisterous, youthful fun, there were murmurs of protest that finally took the form of a petition from some of the nearest neighbors. I don't know that anything definite was ever done to have Miss Lee evicted, but somehow or other, she gave up her house after a month's residence and somebody else has leased it now. Which is proof that neighbors are neighbors the world over.

(*Continued on page 87*)



If you ask Jeanette MacDonald, she will tell you that fishing for trout in a mountain stream is as thrilling a sport as one could imagine. Yet it's no more thrilling than discovering that you are dead. Life is sweet to Jeanette. It means good fishing, fast motoring, singing and swimming and other pleasant pastimes. That's why she proves her death to be greatly exaggerated. Which you'll discover upon turning the page



After Death—Movie Star Comes Back to Life

Jeanette MacDonald makes certain that the report of her death is greatly exaggerated

As Told by Jeanette MacDonald to Jack Grant



THE CAUSE OF IT ALL

In August of last year, a powerful motor car crashed into a tree near Bruges, Belgium. The two occupants, a man and a woman, were taken to a hospital for emergency treatment. The man, whoever he was, must have been an important personage, for a temporary spur track was laid practically to the hospital door and he was taken away in a special train. The next day the lady disappeared.

For several months the populace ruminated upon the identity of the man, and finally it was decided (though I do not know how) that he was Humbert, Crown Prince of Italy. Attention was subsequently turned to the lady. First it was said she was an actress, then by degrees she became a movie actress, an American movie actress, an American singing movie actress and, finally, Jeanette MacDonald.

The stories that she had been blinded, was a suicide—and had been killed—soon followed.

At the left are Jeanette MacDonald and her fiancé, Robert G. Ritchie. They will be married as soon as Jeanette convinces the world she is alive



That Jeanette has two perfectly good eyes is proved in the way she gives you the once-over. She was reported a suicide through losing her eyesight



And here is Jeanette's infectious smile, revealing that her tragic death hasn't saddened her. You'd smile, too, if you lived as many lives as Jeanette

"IF I'm dead—it's lots of fun. Yet dead I am—as dead as a doornail, according to nearly all the newspapers in France, Belgium, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and points East—not forgetting the Kamchatka Peninsula.

"Really, the question is a bit confusing, for I am faced with the difficult problem of trying to prove I'm me, myself, in person—not a motion picture.

"It may not sound difficult, but wait until you've heard the whole story. I have a book before me at this moment proving I'm somebody else—a most scandalous somebody who had a royal romance and died a violent death a year ago.

"When I read in foreign newspapers that I had been hurt in an auto accident while on a clandestine ride with the Crown Prince of Italy, I protested mildly. I wish now I had objected more violently—but I thought it was a joke—then. I'm just beginning to get violent—and mad—now.

"Later, when I read that the Princess Marie José, wife of Humbert of Italy, met Jeanette MacDonald on the Riviera and shot her, it didn't seem so funny. (You must pardon my reference to myself in the third person, but I have come to think of myself as two people. You see, according to all reports, one of us is dead—maybe, my other self. Poor little me!)

"There seems to be a bit of difference of opinion as to how I met my fate. Some say I was killed instantly, others that I was shot through one eye and, as a result, committed suicide. Yet, there are still others who declare that I wasn't shot at all. One story has it that vitriol was thrown in my face, and that I got so despondent over the loss of my 'beauty' (ahem), I took my own life. In any case, I died.

"Naturally, the whole thing is absurd. I might say, *à la* Mark Twain, that the report of my death is greatly exaggerated. I know I am alive, but how am I to prove it? You see, they won't believe me! There have been times when I've doubted it myself, so confusing have the rumors and counter-rumors become. It looks as if I'll have to take affidavits abroad with me to convince Europe I'm not a ghost.

What the Shootin' Is All About

"TO begin with, all during August, 1930, I was in Hollywood. I was working at the Fox studio, making a picture with Reginald Denny called 'Oh, for A Man.' This title, it has been pointed out to me, is amusing in the light of what I was supposed to have been doing in Belgium. I find more amusement, however, in the recollection that, upon the exact date of my alleged joyride, I was playing in a Hollywood bedroom scene. For references as to my whereabouts during the month of August, I submit the names of Reginald Denny, the actor, and Hamilton MacFadden, the director—to say nothing of a score of electricians, grips, props



Jeanette is even killed in the book written about her (Note the title). It takes her through amazing adventures that she never experienced on the screen. Can you blame her for being shocked in becoming a dead heroine?

and cameramen. And my friends can tell you where I was.

"I might also add that not only have I been denied the pleasure of ever meeting Prince Humbert or Princess Marie José, but I have never visited any country in Europe. In substantiation of my, perhaps, regrettable provincialism, I refer you to the various steamship companies, the United States passport bureau and Col. Charles Lindbergh, all of whom, I am sure, will gladly tell you that, to the best of their knowledge and belief, I have never crossed the Atlantic." (Miss MacDonald told her story to Mr. Grant just prior to sailing for a vacation abroad.—Editor.)

"I make these references," Jeanette continued, "because a simple denial apparently does no good. I communicated with certain foreign papers, claiming my death was exaggerated, and the Fox studio officials substantiated the statement. We were amazed when the denials were not accepted. It seemed the Continental press held to the belief that a double had taken my place and name on the screen. I must say I was highly flattered to be regarded so important a figure as to command immortalization. It was explained Jeanette MacDonald did not sing any more in pictures because her double couldn't sing. They were ignorant of the fact that musical pictures were not in vogue and have only recently become popular again.

Photos specially posed for Motion Picture by Porter S. Cleveland





At the left is Jeanette's signature adorning her portrait, and above she autographs portraits for her admirers. This work gives her practice in signing affidavits proving she's alive



Fingerprinting is the best evidence of all to prove one's identity. Jeanette's fingerprints, at left and right, were taken before and after her "death"

"Then my engagement to Robert G. Ritchie was announced. Bob and I both thought the fact I was to be married might stop the reports of my demise.

My Body Lies Over the Ocean

"BUT, no, the foreign press even explained *that* to its own satisfaction. 'It is not Jeanette MacDonald whom *Mons.* Ritchie, the New York stock broker, is marrying,' ran the explanation, 'but Blossom MacDonald, Jeanette's twin sister. They tell us this only in attempting to prove she lives.' Can you bear it?

"Now, I have no twin and never have had. My mother will serve as reference to this fact. One of my two sisters, however,

(*Continued on page 100*)

What Happens Of Divorced

The custody of the child has vorced parents go their separate at it, the child suffers more than Hollywood's divorced couples spring from ordinary walks of luxurious and

BY DOROTHY



Charles, Jr. and Sidney Chaplin, sober sons of the comedian, are well provided for by their father, but live with Grandma—Lita's mother





The fetching miss at the left is Reginald Denny's daughter by his first wife. She lives with her mother

Leatrice Joy Gilbert—who looks like John, but lives with Leatrice—is reported to be a million-heiress

AMONG other sad words of tongue and pen might be added these: "the custody of the children." These very real little victims of divorce lead a strange and hectic existence in any walk of life. But it is even stranger and more hectic when they are children of Hollywood-divorced parents. And there is a reason for this:

When a banker, a butcher or a baker reaches the momentous decision of separation from a wife and child, in nine cases out of ten it is a comparatively sane move with property settlement, the custody of the child and other hurdles in the path of divorce carefully thought out before they are jumped. With acting folk—who are a notoriously self-dramatic race—divorce is likely to be an entirely impromptu affair. Papa, or mama, stalks out the door, races to the nearest lawyer's office—and *presto*—a divorce! The custody of the children—if any—is threshed out later.

Several years ago an actress brought divorce proceedings against her equally famous husband in which she charged that for days and weeks at a time he totally ignored the baby and seemed to find it a source of annoyance. Yet in another mood he was known to grasp the child to his artistic bosom, pour endearments upon her small head, and cry that she was the only real thing in his miserable life!

Such high and low tide of emotion makes the custody of a Hollywood child a little uncertain even after that custody has been bestowed by law. Yet who is to say that the love showered upon the child is any the less real because it is sometimes fantastic and temperamental?

Dick Barthelmess' Daughter

LITTLE Mary Hay Barthelmess has been a very innocent little storm center between her famous parents, Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, ever since their divorce several years ago. At the time of the action, the Court decided that little Mary was to spend six months of her life with her father—the other six with her mother. Barthelmess' feeling for the little girl is sincere and deep. But Mary Hay is equally attached to her. In the meantime both parents have been re-married and both have attempted to obtain the complete custody of the little girl.

The quarrel between Barthelmess and Mary Hay reached the newspapers last year just before Christmastime when Barthelmess requested that he be allowed to keep Mary through the holidays, though his "time" with her was legally up the first week in December. From New York came word that Mary Hay wanted little Mary with *her* through the holidays. I don't know whether the Court ever reached a decision on this fine point, or not. But Dick must have. He promised that the child would be in New York immediately following Christmas.

To the Children Movie Stars?

always been a problem as di-
ways. No matter how you look
the parents. The children of
are no different from those who
life, but they lead a more
hectic existence

MANNERS



Because Lila Lee wasn't healthy enough to romp with little Jim Kirkwood, she gave him up to her divorced husband



The blonde baby above is—you guessed it—Joan Bennett's. All Joan's, since she divorced John Martin Fox



Little Mary Hay Barthelmess spends six months with Papa Richard, then six months with Mama Mary Hay

He kept his word, though he argued frantically that the warmer climate of California would be far more beneficial to the child than the drastic winter of New York.

Those who know Barthelmess well say he has never failed to be promptly on hand when it is time for the child's six-months' visit with him. And while he flatly refused to keep his child's name on the front page by discussing her custody, it is understood that he has created a large trust fund in her name.

William Powell, Jr.

WILLIAM POWELL'S ten-year-old son, William Powell, Jr., is in the custody of Powell's former wife, Eileen Wilson. For years Bill did not see the boy at all, but he has always provided generously for his living and school expenses. Last year, just before he met Carole Lombard, Powell wrote and requested that his son be permitted to come to California to attend a local military school. He and young Bill grew to be very good friends and often went on all-day expeditions together.

A week before Powell and Carole Lombard were to be married, he invited Bill, Jr., to dine with them. Later, when asked how his prospective new bride and young Powell had hit it off together, the father made a wistful remark. "It is often difficult," he said, "to get all the threads of one's life pulling in the same direction."

It was not necessary for the Court to bestow the custody of little Patricia Kirkland. It was previously decided between Jack Kirkland and Nancy Carroll that the child should remain with her mother. Gossip has it that this was a tremendous sacrifice on the part of Kirkland—for he adored the little girl and was her constant companion—being even closer to her than Nancy, who was kept so busy at the studio.

But, perhaps, Kirkland stopped to consider many things. Perhaps a little girl is better off in the custody of her mother, especially when the mother is a famous woman, who adores the child and can provide more fully for her educational and social advantages than a writer-father who may be knocking around in various corners of the globe from now on. However, it was settled between Nancy and Kirkland that he might see Patricia whenever, and as often, as he wished.

Chaplin's Two Boys

TECHNICALLY, the two sons of Charlie Chaplin are supposed to be in the custody of Lita Gray Chaplin, with the stipulation that Charlie is to see, or have them for short visits, at any time. But Lita's stage and vaudeville contracts have kept her so busy that the children, Charles, Jr., and Sidney, are really in the custody of Lita's mother and

(*Continued on page 90*)



THE ONE— AND ONLY

There's only one gown in the world like this, just as there is only one Greta Garbo. It was designed by Adrian, M-G-M fashion expert, for Greta to wear in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." The material is a stiff green brocade, shot with silver. It looks like a million dollars, but may be sold for twenty. The story across the page tells you why

C. S. Bull

What Becomes of the Clothes the Stars Wear on the Screen

There is romance in the clothes that the feminine stars wear in their pictures. They represent a huge investment. The story of what happens to them is as dramatic as the lives of the stars they decorate

BY
HELEN DADE

NOT long ago a noted statistician came to Hollywood, hoping to unearth some startling figures. He sought the sort of figures that Einstein specializes in, not those that Ziegfeld made famous. But perhaps he was not blind to the other sort. For this is what he had to say later:

"The film city's greatest mystery is this: what becomes of the six million dollars' worth of fashionable clothes the feminine stars use each year in their pictures?"

Now when you stop to think of it, that is a huge sum. It represents a staggering number of frocks and gowns, hats and shoes, frothy lace undies and naughty negligée. And the studios use the best materials, because if they did not, the clothes would not "hang" well, and the efforts of high-salaried designers would be useless—the curves of stars (who are paid highly for those curves) would be hidden behind unseemly wrinkles.

It's a mystery, for instance, what became of that ivory lace evening gown Gloria Swanson wore in "Obey That Impulse?" Or is it?

If our statistician had gone about it systematically, he could have found the answer to his little enigma. That particular gown, a little detective work reveals, was purchased by the glorious Swanson from the studio wardrobe department at the completion of the picture. It was in advance of the styles, so the star thought she'd use it on a few off-stage occasions. Or perhaps it was mere sentiment on her part.

The End of Gloria's Gown

ANYWAY, she put it on one evening. But next-door to the Swanson home there is a very friendly Chow dog, and when the star stepped out into her driveway, clad in the famous gown, the canine strutted over from his yard to greet her.

"Now keep down, Chang!" she warned him. "This is a very special thing I'm wearing."

But Chang leaped up instead. His front paws landed on the front of the gown. Horrors!

"It can be cleaned, don't punish Chang for it!" the star protested in a truly sporting manner to the dog's owner, who came running up. But since Chang had been walking over automobile grease in the driveway before paw-printing the material, he had terminated the history of that gown right there. Almost, that is. It went to the Salvation Army, and no doubt was cut into several outfits to gladden the hearts of as many kiddies.

Something truly mysterious happened to the

(*Continued on page 84*)

What Happens to Those Clothes?

Some are bought by the stars, themselves—if they happen to like the same sort of thing off the screen. (Garbo doesn't.)

Some return to the studio wardrobe department—to be worn by extras in later pictures.

Some are sold to studio employees on the annual "bargain days."

But most of them go to "Mr. Smith," which means that——

They are either sold to the popular second-hand shops in Hollywood and Los Angeles,

They are renovated and sold for new—perhaps to the very stars who once wore them,

Or they are exported to Mexico.







The black sequin gown worn by Lily Damita, above, in "The Woman Between" was remodeled to fit Jeanne Helbling (right) in the French version of the film. Gloria Swanson (upper right) bought the ivory lace gown she wore in "Obey That Impulse"—and a dog's paws ruined it

JACKIE COOPER —A BORN ACTOR





HURRELL



"That stock went up three points?" you can almost hear Jackie Cooper barking at the top. "O. K. Sell me out, and buy me a thousand shares of Super-X Motors." And why not? Isn't his weekly salary in the hundreds? But don't stoop down to tell him he's a great kid—or you're likely to get the Bronx cheer (as above). Or, like those big business men of the movie underworld, he may pull a gat on you. He knows what one is. Wasn't he Richard Dix's pal in "Donovan's Kid"?



HURRELL

Jackie Coogan made his first million when he was nine. Jackie Cooper—and isn't this a great close-up of him?—won't do that, but they're predicting he'll go even farther in the end. Mrs. Cooper's boy (no relation to Gary) is eight years old and a born actor. He has so amazed some people that the story has sprung up that he is really a midget. They never said *that* about Jackie Coogan—or any other child actor





RICHEE

"You want to be my girl, eh? Well, you'll have to wait your turn!" Even Marie Dressler, they say, would like to be Jackie's girl-friend. All of which proves that women *do* go crazy about a feller with a sense of humor. (That humor of Jackie's is going to get full play in "Sooky"—the sequel to "Skippy.") But once in a while, when he has time to think, he wonders if he's really a MOVIE STAR. *Gee!*



Musical Pictures

You are going to hear your favorite lovers say it with music In short, the movies are going musical a second time, which is





Anita Page, Charles King and Bessie Love put across the first big musical hit —"The Broadway Melody"

YOU want musicals — I want musicals —All God's Chillun Want Musicals. Maybe you don't know it. Maybe I don't know it. But it must be so. For every single studio in Hollywood—except one—either has a musical picture in production or is getting one ready. And Universal admits that it is just waiting "to see what happens to the others."

Pola Negri may be staging a big comeback, like Dolores Del Rio, and Clara Bow may be planning one—but you haven't heard anything yet. Musicals, which everybody thought had gone forever, are coming back. In fact, they're here. THIS is the big comeback news of 1931.

The romances of Gaynor and Farrell are going to be rhythmic again. Ramon Novarro will serenade his lady loves once more. Lawrence Tibbett will keep right on thrilling millions of women with that powerful, passionate voice. Gloria Swanson is even now playing the role of an opera star in "Tonight or Never"—and that means that she is practising her scales. You will hear Marlene Dietrich sing—and maybe play the violin (or even her musical saw).

Remember that lavish scene in "Rio Rita" (upper left)? You haven't seen anything yet!





Chorus girls aren't idle any more, as Wallace Beery—and you—can see above. And fans want musicals again. Many have asked Warners to revive "The Gold-Diggers of Broadway" (right)

BY HELEN

The first time that music rushed at you from the screen, it brought you such new stars as Al Jolson, Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Lawrence Tibbett, Irene Dunne, John Boles, Eddie Cantor, Marilyn Miller, Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown, Wheeler and Woolsey and Dorothy Lee, Marjorie White, Eddie Dowling, Fifi Dorsay and Cliff Edwards. They stayed when music went—but it was music that brought them to you. It gave such old-time favorites as Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels a new lease on screen life. Will the comeback of musicals bring us still newer faces and favorites — and bring back still other old-time stars?

Maybe You Saw These Previews?

MAYBE you have felt it coming—this return of music to the screen? Maybe you remember that Marlene Dietrich sang a subtle little ditty in "Morocco"? Maybe you recall that Charles Farrell was a composer in "Merely Mary Ann"—and there had



Are Here Again

once more, and you are going to see chorus girls romp again. good news for those who want a change from realistic drama

LOUISE WALKER

to be music to make things real! Maybe you remember that Adolphe Menjou was an opera star in "The Great Lover"—not just a stage star, mind you, but an *opera* star? And did you notice that Winnie Lightner put across two songs (no less) in "Side Show"?

A year ago Hollywood would have had a violent attack of the shudders if you had so much as mentioned musical pictures. Especially musical comedies or revues. "Musical pictures are OUT!" the movie magnates chorused. "The public simply won't have 'em. They may revive again in ten or fifteen years. But we doubt it." Everybody doubted it.

Now Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant" has just packed them in all over the country. Eddie Cantor has just finished "Palmy Days" (verra, verra musical) and it promises to be a hit. Al Jolson, whose last picture was a pretty discouraging affair, has arrived in Hollywood to rest his poor throat, all tired and rasped from singing on Broadway, and to prepare for his next singing effort in pictures. Marilyn Miller is back in town, amid much ballyhoo, to contribute her bit to the revival.

Why Music Went Out Before

THE first musical pictures made money. Whereupon the studios flooded a gasping world with more and more and *more* musical pictures. These, hastily made, with new personalities in the leading roles, grew worse and worse until the public, which has been pretty patient when you consider all it had had to bear, finally expressed its protest by staying sulkily away from the theaters where these offerings were showing.





Recall the ensembles in "The Hollywood Revue" (upper right)? Such scenes will come back!



You'll see the bakerettes above in "Palmy Days," Eddie Cantor's new film. And, maybe, it isn't musical!



Wally Beery is glad to have chorus girls around him. This little bevy will be in "Flying High." And who wouldn't want to see another snappy number like "Singin' in the Rain" (left)?

Then a strange thing happened. Just when all the song writers were selling their pretty, pink Beverly Hills houses and all the little, rompered chorus-girls who had brightened up the Hollywood landscape were sadly packing their suitcases and all the voice teachers were closing their ornate studios—along came "Whoopee," a rollicking musical comedy, with Eddie Cantor. "Whoopee" made money—just when everyone was saying, bitterly, that there *was* no more money in musicals.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Did Hollywood Wreck the Tibbett Romance?

Lawrence Tibbett and His Wife, Grace, Struggled From Poverty to Wealth Together and Were Happy for Ten Years. Now, After Two Years of Hollywood, They Have Parted. Why?

BY
ELSA SCHALLERT

Far away you are, Beloved. But in the heart of me
You are always near.
The lighted city twinkles like a stream of tears
Across the world—
Oh, I have loved you, I have loved you a thousand years.

NEARLY two years ago Lawrence Tibbett sang the words of that poem written by his wife, Grace — words fraught with passionate ardor. It was the night of his first concert in his home-town after his sweeping triumph on the screen in "The Rogue Song."

From the stage Lawrence threw a kiss to his wife and his twin sons seated in the loge. After a moment's hesitation Grace Tibbett arose, bowed to the wildly applauding audience and, with eyes tear-dimmed, she gazed across their heads into the eyes of her husband, and then threw back a kiss to him.

After almost eleven years of marriage — a tumultuous marriage such as that of a mad genius of a singer and a poet must be— Grace Tibbett could still write her emotions into those words: "I have loved you — I have loved you a thousand years," and Lawrence Tibbett could still sing them to her.

Today Grace Tibbett is going through the milling process of a divorce. Tomorrow she will be known as Mrs. Grace Mackay Tibbett.

That is what two years of Hollywood have done to a marriage that had withstood triumphantly such storms, such tests, such struggles as few marriages could know and still survive. All the formula for a Great Romance—a Permanent Romance—was there. These two had shared actual hunger and cold and hardship; they had worked and sacrificed together. They had had children when very young. Everything had knit them together—interests, impulses, ambitions, habits. And now they are parted.



Were you surprised to read in the paper that Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett was planning to divorce her famous husband? But so was Hollywood. For Hollywood knows —at first hand—how Lawrence and Grace have always worked together and shared together, and how much they both worship their twin sons, Lawrence, Jr. and Richard



Ball

Grace Absolves Hollywood, But—

HOLLYWOOD asks, a bit shamefacedly, "Is it my fault?" Grace Tibbett says, "Hollywood has played no actual part in our difficulties. Fame and family happiness are not a bit consistent, that's all."

But fame is not something new in the life of the Tibbetts. Lawrence had made himself America's foremost—and most famous—baritone long before he entered pictures, long before he came to Hollywood.

If you *are* to blame for breaking up a marriage like that of the Tibbetts, Hollywood, is any marriage safe with you? Even that of the Harold Lloyds—or Ann Harding and Harry Bannister — or Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon?

I don't know whether you are or not. There have been rumors ever since that day, twelve years ago, when two young people, still shaken by their latest lovers' quarrel, stood with two witnesses before a minister and promised to love until Death did them part. There have been rumors of a dancer, a singer, society women. Most of them have been forgotten.

But in Hollywood the rumors flared anew — and thickened. There were persistent whispers that the singer's wife was forbidden to step on the lot where he was working. There were stories of long-distance quarrels over the telephone. "I cannot understand why there is so much gossip about us," Grace Tibbett once cried out. "These reports are causing me more unhappiness than anything else."

How Film Fame Wrecks Homes

YOU have a strange way, Hollywood, of disrupting hearts and careers—and homes. You are a challenger that defies a man and woman to keep inviolate their sacred vows. You are the insidious combination of Dame Rumor and Madame Gossip, who point their fingers to the handwriting on the wall, which spells divorce. In Hollywood, differences that might normally be adjusted and crises that a more obscure husband and wife could weather become wounds that cannot heal. Certainly this would seem to be the fate of the Tibbetts.

(*Continued on page 81*)



A WISE OLD BIRD

He's a smart owl—that's why he's keeping his wide and roving eyes focused on Frances Dee. He knows she's headed for bigger and better parts in pictures. But poor little Frances was all set to hop into bed when this peeping Tom, who always stays up nights, reminded her of Hallowe'en

Rating the Romances



Ona Munson and the director, Ernst Lubitsch, (left), have both just been divorced, and seem to be waiting only for final decrees to get married



Some Hollywood romances . . . cies while others sizzle with at it the movie stars are classifies the romances of and tells you which love and which are

BY JOAN

Dorothy Mackaill (seated) has been "engaged" many a time and oft, but her romance with Neil Miller (above) looks like the marrying kind



The romance of Rex Bell and Clara Bow rates three stars. Clara is now regaining her health at Rex's ranch—and says they will marry in 1932



THE stars are rated for almost everything nowadays. Their pictures are rated by their box-office draw, and their popularity is gauged by the stacks of fan mail that pour in.

Visiting artists rate them as beauties and handsome men by selecting a baker's dozen of each—and the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences rates them as artists by bestowing trophies for their best acting performances of the year. The critics rate their pictures with brickbats and bouquets and one, two, three and four stars of merit.

Why shouldn't their romances be rated? It makes everything so simple. Classified love might as well be up with the other directories. For the benefit of those who read while running, or even waiting for street cars, the following romances are rated by the simple system of one to four stars:

One: Cool. Weak heart-beats. Nothing more than a passing fancy.

Two: Getting warmer. Tinkling of wedding bells heard in the offing.

Three: Warmer and warmer. Announced engagements with a ring 'n' everything.

Four: Hot! Hot and heavy.—Author's note.

IT'S a very pleasant pastime to sit back on the side-lines and watch Romance bloom. It's much more fascinating than watching the bloom of flowers. But hearts can beat, and flowers are cold despite their aroma and color.

Wherever you go in Hollywood and environs you are sure to see Mrs. Cupid's little boy cutting up romantic didoes. He has left his darts everywhere—at the Cocoanut Grove, at Malibu, at Agua Caliente, at Santa Monica, at the Embassy, at Arrowhead—and dozens of other places. It's been a tough task to keep up with him.

He has used his arrows—and I'm using the stars for this directory of romance. Between Cupid's system and mine, we can't be far wrong. Let's go!

* **Billie Dove** and **Howard Hughes**. This used to be a three-star romance—but something happened. They say Billie went walking in her garden with another man and Howard didn't like it. Just at present this romance is cold—but look out. It may leap up into a four-star final any minute.

* **Frances Dee** and **Howard Hughes**. This one never was more than a one-

of Hollywood

are nothing but passing fan- passion. Any way you look always in love. This story the screen's loving couples affairs are merely warm hot and heavy

STANDISH



The constant companionship of Marlene Dietrich and Director Josef Von Sternberg (right) isn't a romance—for Marlene is very much married



Since Director Mervyn Le Roy (above) parted from his wife, he has been seen much with Ginger Rogers (seated). One of the "maybe" romances





Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are going places together and Lola insists they are "perfectly matched"—but, somehow, the natives are a bit skeptical. And how the girls love Lew

star romance. Just a couple of front-page names out yachting.

* **Lillian Bond** and **Howard Hughes.** Ditto. The Catch of Hollywood has been in on many rumors, but nothing past a one-star since Billie Dove.

* * * **Clara Bow** and **Rex Bell.** Clara says she and Rex are going to be married next year—but you know Clara. They may be married this year—or no year at all. Rates three stars because Clara has announced it—and she's wearing a big diamond engagement ring. (But she wore Harry Richman's, too.) You never can tell about Clara.

* * * * **Constance Bennett** and **Marquis de la Falaise.** Joel McCrea says these two have gone to Europe to be married. Joel should know—his name almost broke up this romance. But all is well again—at least Hank left Hollywood with Connie in her private car, Paris-bound.

* * * * **Dorothy Mackaill** and **Neil Miller.** Dorothy says it is the real thing this time. Don't kid us Dot! We'll have to wait and see. You've been mistaken so many times before. But, really, the gal says she is going to be married very soon and nobody in Hollywood is doubting that this one isn't a hot and heavy romance. Whenever Dot falls in love she always rates four stars.

* * **Ginger Rogers** and **Merwyn Le Roy.** Well, the folks are talking and most of the talk concerns wedding bells as soon as both Ginger, and the young director, are free of previous ties. So far the two principals have had nothing to say—which, naturally, gives this a two-star standing.

* * * * **Lila Lee** and **John Farrow.** All Hollywood feels that it won't be long now. The only thing that keeps Johnny and Lila from the marriage license desk is Lila's health. She has returned from the sanitarium and is now recuperating in Hawaii. Wedding bells expected sometime this Fall.

* **Dorothy Lee** and **Joel McCrea.** These two seem to be badly smitten, but not to the tune of wedding bells. Dorothy has weathered two matrimonial smashes and Joel says he is too irresponsible to want to fall in love seriously. Nevertheless, these two have a lot of fun dancing at the Roosevelt and swimming at the beach. But Dorothy also goes places with Marshall Duffield, the football star. So she has us guessing.

* * * * **Ona Munson** and **Ernst Lubitsch.** The newspapers say they are going to be married. Ona doesn't deny it. Neither does Ernst. Ona's former husband, Eddie

(*Continued on page 101*)



Lippman

Once in a blue moon Lady Luck and Old Man Opportunity perform their magic and transport the player ready to receive their blessings. Such a player is Marian Marsh who, at the age of seventeen—and without any experience—was lifted into fame as *Trilby* in the Barrymore picture, "Svengali." The assignment did not frighten her. Indeed, she went on to further triumphs. You'll soon be seeing her opposite Richard Barthelmess

Cinderella Comes To Life As Barrymore's Leading Lady

Marian Marsh is seventeen years old and her triumph on the screen resembles the triumph of *Cinderella*. Discovered by John (*Prince Charming*) Barrymore, she more than made good as his leading lady. Now there's no stopping the girl—and stardom awaits her just around the corner

By FAITH SERVICE

IMAGINE, you other *Cinderellas*, you movie aspirants the world over—imagine making your very first picture as JOHN BARRYMORE'S LEADING LADY!

Marian told me about it. She came racing home one day, up the steps three at a time, burst into the house and into the bosom of her family, her mother, her sister, her two brothers—and exclaimed breathlessly, "GUESS WHO I AM?" They couldn't guess. She shouted, "I AM JOHN BARRYMORE'S LEADING LADY!"

Of course, they couldn't believe her . . . at first. And then they had to have every detail—just what she had said to him and what he had said to her and what she had said *then* and why she hadn't said something else the other time. You know, family stuff. . . .

The famous John had been looking at hundreds of tests for a *Trilby* to support him in "Svengali." He had seen the test of Marian and been struck by her resemblance to his wife, Dolores Costello. He asked a film executive to bring her to see him. He was at home, ill, in bed.

"He looked like a king lying there," Marian said, eyes and voice reminiscent as the flood tide of her Great Moment swept over her again. "He looked just like a King. . . ."

She was ushered into the Presence, and all the redoubtable things she had ever heard about John Barrymore came rushing into her mind. His temper, his temperament—the erratic and irascible things he was said to do to people. She trembled in her shoes and, for that once, she *was* an ingénue. He plied her with questions about herself, but she could not say anything except "Yes, Mr. Barrymore" or "No, Mr. Barrymore." She was unpleasantly conscious that she was saying the yesses and the noes in the wrong places. It didn't seem to matter.

She told him she had been in only one play, "Young Sinners." She had studied at the Pathé School under the name of Marilyn Morgan. She had never been on the screen. She didn't know the first thing about any of it. And he said, "I am glad you haven't had experience. You are my *Trilby*."

With the ordeal over, he turned to the film executive and began to discuss the rest of the cast. Marian sat there on air. It all seemed so unreal, so like a dream. She walked out of the Barrymore house on air. She didn't breathe for fear an illusion would come to pieces in her hands.

How Barrymore Impressed Her

SHE particularly admires John Barrymore, but doesn't like to say too much about it "because, of course, everyone will think I am saying it because I think I ought to. It isn't so. After all, Mr. Barrymore was an actor long before I came into his pictures and I admired him then."

She says that playing *Trilby* to his *Svengali* has made her believe in fairy stories. It *was* a fairy story. One of those incredible happenings that infrequently occur in Grimm's Fairy Tales—and in Hollywood. Quite as much of a fairy tale, says Marian, as the transformation of *Cinderella* or the legend of *Snow White*.

Marian doesn't believe *any* of the weirdish tales told about John Barrymore. She found him interested and helpful and kindly at all times. He took voice tests with her and went with her to hear the play-backs. He advised her about her reactions to this scene or that situation. He had none of the grandiloquent pose of the consciously Great Actor. He came modestly, quietly and *on time* to the set. He was chummy and friendly to the cast. He came to the studio one morning and found that some enterprising soul had his make-up box and his chair ornamented with the name JOHN

(*Continued on page 92*)

High-Lights About Marian Marsh

She is seventeen years old, has a rather slight figure and is taller than the average girl.

She was born Violet Krauth on the island of Trinidad, but changed her name to Marilyn Morgan when her family moved to Hollywood.

She studied voice culture and dramatics at the Pathé School in Culver City, California, and played "atmosphere" in a few pictures for Pathé.

Her Big Opportunity came when she was chosen by John Barrymore to play the emotional rôle of *Trilby* opposite him in "Svengali." She enacted this part so well that Barrymore chose her to play the heroine in "The Mad Genius."

She credits Barrymore with bringing out her talent. Incidentally, she resembles Mrs. Barrymore (Dolores Costello).

Her parents are responsible for her love of the stage—having inspired her to make a name for herself as an actress.

Her favorite screen players are Fredric March and Claudette Colbert—but she has special admiration for Joan Crawford and Chevalier.

She has been in love and thinks marriage the greatest institution in the world.

She is continuing her voice culture under the tutelage of Nance O'Neil. She hopes to be a star within two years—and with the success she is having in pictures, stardom should come to her within the year.



The Picture

REVIEWS OF THE



DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON

An Oriental Thriller: If they hadn't killed off Warner Oland so early in this picture, we would have had more patience with this lurid tale of secret passages and torture chambers and Oriental revenge. Here is a thriller that often thrills, still it seems a pity to bring back the really excellent acting and great beauty of Anna May Wong in such flimsy stuff.

Though Japan and China are really two different countries, Sessue Hayakawa plays the lover of her own race, while Bramwell Fletcher is the young Englishman ensnared by the exotic daughter of *Fu Manchu*. She has sworn a sacred oath to a most appalling dragon to kill him and complete her dying father's revenge on his family. Anna May Wong is worth better things. In English dress, particularly, her beauty becomes piquant and provocative.



THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE

Powell Still Playing The Charming Cad: And Doris Kenyon is still playing the discontented wife. This time, in a tropical setting, vaguely referred to as *On the road to Singapore*, he is the veteran of several near-scandals who meets the neglected wife of the local physician and compromises her.

It is a sincere tribute to the suave skill of Powell that he is able to make this rather jaded gentleman seem noble when he tries to save the lady from himself. He explains to her that he is worthless, and will probably get tired of her like the others if she gives herself to him. A tense and marvelously played scene at the end between the husband and the lover actually has experienced movie audiences guessing the outcome. Marian Marsh, as the doctor's sister, has a good comedy scene.



FRIENDS OR LOVERS

This Is A Curious Picture: Apparently we are called upon to admire a light, beauteous lady—Lily Damita—and to sympathize when her past catches up with her. Still more amazingly, Eric Von Stroheim is a graceless and likable scoundrel with a comedy touch. Jumping rather jerkily, the strange plot revolves around the question—"Is friendship between men stronger than a man's love for a woman?"

The men friends, played by Menjou and a Colman-like newcomer, Laurence Olivier, alternate between saving each other's lives and trying to kill each other, and the basic question is finally answered in the way that the audience undoubtedly anticipated. Excellent acting leads your sympathies astray, leaving you slightly conscience-stricken at liking the wrong people. Olivier, by the way, looks like a real find.



SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Mild Comedy, But Worth Seeing: If it is funny to throw a few objects, it is funnier to throw more objects, and when you have a gang of hoodlums throwing a ton of bricks at Buster Keaton (in top hat and cutaway) it is simply side-splitting. At least, this represents the height of humor in this one-reeler-padded-to-feature-length comedy. Buster plays the tough part of a millionaire-owner of an East Side tenement row who collects his rent, himself.

Anita Page, as the sister of the gang leader, who persuades Buster to open a boy's athletic club, proves an adequate comedienne and the gags, which include a missing pair of pants, a prize fight, and several chases are tried and true. Keaton, looking like the well-known mayor of our greatest metropolis, is at his best in what-the-well-dressed-man-will-wear.

Parade

Newest Pictures



GUILTY HANDS

Again Lionel Barrymore Steals The Show: Murder as you like it, with an ending that is, to say the least, unexpected. Lionel Barrymore contributes another of his superb characterizations. He plays a lawyer, once district attorney, but now practising privately. His clientele is composed of criminals, and he knows every trick of their trade. His knowledge holds him in good stead when his daughter is threatened by one of the most unprincipled scoundrels in town. The attorney then plans and executes a perfect crime. He is suspected only by Kay Francis. Whereupon he proves how he could divert suspicion to her. The lad is so unusual you must see it to believe it.

Barrymore, of course, steals the show as always. But there are other excellent performances by Kay Francis, C. Aubrey Smith and Madge Evans.



THE UNHOLY GARDEN

Weak Vehicle For Ronald Colman: If we could have heard more than half of what they were saying on the screen the plot of this picture might have been clearer. It involved a great deal of racing up and down stairs, breaking down doors and trussing people up with ropes, in a bleak North African outpost.

Among the sordid characters which number an absconding bank cashier, a brazen dance hall beauty vividly played by Estelle Taylor, and a doctor who has murdered four wives, the pure beauty of Fay Wray, as the innocent cause of all the plotting, stands out like a cameo. Perhaps it is ungrateful to cavil at a picture which has one great scene.

You should see "The Unholy Garden" if only for the conversation between the girl and Colman, in which she tells him why he should take her.



THE AGE FOR LOVE

Billie Dove's Return To Screen: Why it took the Caddo company five months to find this story is a mystery—it has been made so often before, in essentials. Yet this familiar tale of the conflict between careers and home life for women has a surprise—and the surprise is Billie Dove. Even her voice has changed, grown crisp and staccato. Once it would have seemed absurd to cast the sumptuous and seductive Dove as a successful business woman. Not now. She is even better in her scenes as the assured literary agent than as the unsatisfactory wife. And her beauty is as breath-taking as ever, though she might well acquire a few lost pounds.

Charles Starrett, as the husband, is handsome and wooden having only two expressions, profile and full-face. Edward Everett Horton is unfailingly delightful.



BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Too Far-Fetched For Will: This is not the best of Will Rogers' pictures. Allegedly based on Booth Tarkington's *The Plutocrat*, about all that remains of the original story is the idea that a millionaire goes abroad. In the film version, he is a razor manufacturer, bent on cornering the Damascus steel market.

There is some silly business in which Jetta Goudal, in the pay of rival interests, attempts to vamp Rogers. Then the gag sequences get under way. Will goes on a trip into the desert and falls into the hands of warring tribesmen. But he settles the war after discovering the battles start when rival chiefs pull one another's beards. The distribution of razors ends hostilities.

Slim stuff this and Will's homely witticisms are lost in a welter of far-fetched gagging.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



THE SPIDER

Just Misses Being Weird Horror Tale: The main reason for this picture seems to be to show what a swell magician Eddie Lowe can be and a substantial part of the footage is devoted to his vaudeville act. We are hardened movie reviewers, but we couldn't figure how Eddie pulls the rabbits out of his sleeve.

The murder of a man in the front row of the audience while the theater is darkened during the magician's act provides the plot which never leaves the locale of the theater. Lois Moran, the dead man's niece, provides a rather perfunctory love interest. The mystery of the shooting is finally solved by having the magician re-enact the murder on the stage so vividly that the guilty man gives himself away by his cry of horror. But the murder and its motives are subservient to the romantic, slightly sinister, always elegant figure of Edmund Lowe. It's one of his best pictures.



WICKED

Slow-Paced Melodrama: This is filled to overflowing with suffering and is the sort of thing that will do no one connected with it any good, least of all Elissa Landi. No star, particularly a new one, should be charged with carrying such material as this.

The laborious story tells of a happy Australian bride whose husband becomes involved in a bank robbery. In protecting him, the wife kills a policeman and is sent to prison. She has a baby and the child is taken from her to be placed in an institution. When the mother is released, she seeks the infant, only to find it has been adopted by a wealthy family. She steals it and the foster mother has her arrested. This situation affords the picture its big moment. Both mothers plead their case, and flesh-and-blood wins. So Elissa sails away secure in the love of her baby and that of Victor McLaglen, cast as the true friend who has stuck by her all these years—and reels.



FANNY FOLEY, HERSELF

A Good All-Color Picture: No sooner does a studio discover a really grand comedienne than it must make her emotional in a sob story. If we must have Edna May Oliver hiding a breaking heart under a smile, instead of convulsing us with her sniff, this is a good story for her.

As the vaudeville headliner who makes an art of grotesqueness, only to discover her daughters are ashamed to have their friends come to see her act, Miss Oliver displays a grim humor and nobly restrained pathos which keep the story merely sentimental without becoming maudlin.

It is talky, and the lines are rather trite, but there are moments of real tenderness in the scenes between the mother and daughters. It is the first all-color picture to be made in some time and the Technicolor adds to the enjoyment, possibly because it reveals a new beauty in Rochelle Hudson.



STREET SCENE

A Really Fine Picture—See It: This proves how much better a good stage play may become on the screen—with the right director. And King Vidor is, emphatically, the right director for this story of people suffering, sinning, loving *en masse.* It is a broad canvas Vidor uses, introducing an amazing number of human beings, and characterizing them so that they are unforgettable, even though seen only for a moment.

Though the principal plot is a sordid tragedy of illicit love and murder, a dozen other human stories are suggested. With discriminating choice of detail Vidor makes you feel Life seething behind the dingy front of the tenement which is the locale for the entire picture. There is no monotony.

Estelle Taylor, though miscast in type, is surprisingly effective as the woman seeking her share of happiness, while Sylvia Sidney does a great piece of work as her daughter. The whole cast is fine.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



LARCENY LANE

Smart Talk In Fine Crook Picture: Joan Blondell and James Cagney make a likable team of youthful crooks whose clever schemes to separate suckers from their cash seems, somehow, just an innocent expression of high spirits, and all in good healthy fun. Indeed, one of their "con" games is done in such a slick way—in which the hero gains possession of a diamond bracelet in four simple moves—that it makes thievery rather dangerously attractive.

A running fire of "smart-aleck" talk trips glibly from their tongues. The laughs come easily, and the interest never flags despite a curious break in the continuity of the picture with the girl's marriage into "respectability." The following scenes seem rather an anticlimax. The ending is curious but courageous, leaving it uncertain just what will happen to a heroine married to a husband she despises, and a hero in jail for safe-breaking and likely to stay there.



THE GUARDSMAN

Charming Comedy With Fontanne and Lunt: Light to the point of being almost inconsequential, this comedy is a charming and delightful thing. It is the talking screen at its sophisticated best.

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt bring us Molnar's play as only Fontanne and Lunt of the Theater Guild could. They are ably assisted by the pleasantries of Roland Young and Zasu Pitts, with mention likewise due all others in the cast and Director Sidney Franklin—in fact, everyone concerned.

"The Guardsman" is one of those oft-told tales lifted to importance by the manner of its telling. Briefly it has to do with an actor, suspiciously jealous of his wife, who masquerades as a guardsman to test her fidelity. She succumbs to his advances, then, when he reveals his identity, laughs him into believing she knew him from the first. But you and he are both left without really knowing if she did.



GRAFT

Action And Lots Of It: The central figure of this political-scandal yarn is a cub newspaper reporter whose dumb luck serves him well in untangling the plot. He never uses heroics and, therefore, is a pleasant relief from the familiar pattern.

The election concerned is a mayoralty race with the good, old-fashioned machine-candidate opposed by the honest reform party. A scorned sweetheart of the grafter threatens to tell all to the district attorney. So to hush the impending scandal, she is kidnapped and the D. A. murdered. The reporter is an eye-witness to the crime, but, stupidly, allows the murderer—and with him the story—to slip through his fingers. Vowing to redeem his error, the cub sets out on the chase, which leads to a last-minute capture.

Regis Toomey plays the reporter in his usual likable manner and Sue Carol is the daughter of the reform candidate, whose heart he wins.



WEST OF BROADWAY

Another Poor Rôle For Gilbert: John takes another step toward conquering what Hollywood calls "white voice," but whether Gilbert fans will like their favorite in such an unpleasant rôle is debatable. "West of Broadway" presents Gilbert as a returned war veteran who is disillusioned by the perfidy of the girl he left behind. He decides to drink himself to death, but feels he needs a blonde companion to help him. Lois Moran is provided and in the morning Gilbert wakes with a headache and a wife.

He deserts her, going west of Broadway to his Arizona ranch. When his wife follows, he treats her like dirt beneath his feet, even going in for a little wife-beating. Then when she leaves him, he suddenly becomes contrite and tells her of his love. The ending is much-too-much of a transition in character for even a Gilbert to achieve. Motivation throughout is often absurd, and only Lois Moran shines forth.



The navy blue chiffon frock with pink organdie collar and cuffs is her selection for the bridge game. The trick navy felt hat has wings that dip over one eye

For the formal event, with the black satin gown shown in the lower right-hand corner, she wears this cape of three triangles in pink satin, bound with silver fox fur





In the boudoir of her Beverly Hills home, she lounges in a comfortable pair of brown and beige pajamas. Quite a contrast to the fancy luxurious negligees of the screen

The Modes Of Lilyan Tashman

Worn By The Star In Her Private

When entertaining guests, formally, in the afternoon, Lilyan's choice is the gray chiffon frock (below) with turban of the same material which ends in a trailing long veil





This is the type outfit that Lilyan wears for tours. A dark print, with yellow organdie collar and cuffs. The tam effect hat over one eye ties over the hair at the back

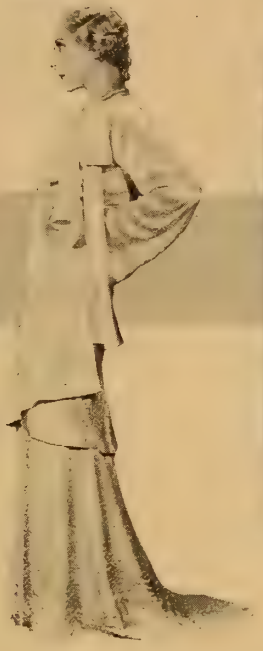
As black is so fashionable this Fall, Miss Tashman wears this gown of satin which boasts a very clever neck-and-shoulder scarf caught at the neck with an ornament





This exquisite lounging robe is of pink satin with butterfly sleeves bordered with a unique design of gold beads and embroidery. The same design is also on the front of the robe

To go with the gorgeous pink satin gown shown in the lower left-hand corner, Miss Tashman has this evening coat of the same material and design as the dress





This satin hostess gown with flowing sleeves which Lilyan wears to entertain her guests in the afternoon, is white brocaded in gold and surely becomes her blonde beauty

Are Always Right In Style

Life And Also On The Screen

For the very formal occasion, Lilyan Tashman wears this gown (below) of shimmery pink satin which is studded with brilliants, and displays a long and graceful train





Above, she is clad in a gray covert cloth suit which is trimmed with astrakhan fur. Her hat is trimmed with the same fur and she also carries a cute muff of astrakhan

For a very special afternoon of bridge, she wears this frock of tucked beige chiffon, the tunic of which is bordered with fitch fur. Note how the hat ribbon is tied



Is Helen Chandler The New Lillian Gish?

Helen Chandler refuses to be an ingénue. She admits she's not beautiful—which is why she scorns make-up. It is her ambition to play the type of rôle that brought fame to Lillian Gish

By GLADYS HALL



HELEN CHANDLER was born February 1, 1909, in New York City. When she was a baby her parents moved to Jacksonville, Florida, and a few years later to Charleston, South Carolina. It was in a convent (some actresses really do have a convent education—and Helen is one of them) in the latter city that she received her first schooling.

When our heroine grew older, she came back to New York and went to the Bennett School (one of the institutions of higher learning where they put the finishing touches on Sweet Young Things) at Millbrook, Connecticut.

Even at a rather tender age, Helen had her eyes on the theater, though as she looks back on those formative years she recalls she never planned to become an actress. Yet she made her first stage appearance while attending the Children's Professional School in New York.

There were other things on Helen's mind that she considered more important than the theater. She wanted to go literary. But it happened she went to school with a little girl who had been doing things on the stage. Without taking it seriously, Mrs. Chandler allowed Helen to go one day with her small friend to interview Arthur Hopkins, who was then casting for "Barbara." To the astonishment of all concerned, the theatrical producer chose the brand-new Helen, and the more professional friend was, for the time, in the discard.

After "Barbara" she frequently applied for jobs, just for the fun of seeing whether she could get them or not. She generally could. When she was fifteen she became a star overnight in "The Wild Duck." She was also in "First Flight," "The Constant Nymph" (incidentally, she *looks* like a constant nymph) and "Hamlet." It was under the Theater Guild management that she played *Marguerita* in "Faust." She also appeared in their memorable dramatic hits, "The Silver Cord" and "Mr. Pim Passes By." "The Marriage Bed" was one of her last stage appearances.

A CLOSE-UP OF HELEN CHANDLER

She is twenty-two years old and a product of the New York stage.
She resembles Lillian Gish—but is keen about Gloria Swanson.
Does not think she's beautiful—and refuses to play beautiful, young ingénue rôles.
Is married to the author, Cyril Hume, who is a scenarist on the Coast.
Her first year in Hollywood was disappointing. If she doesn't get the right parts, she'll return to New York.
Her first rôle in the movies did wonders for her. The picture was "The Music Master"—and it overcame her inferiority complex.
She had the reputation of being the best young actress in New York.
She is blonde and frail—and has an elfish personality.
She pals around with Hollywood's *literati*.

Who is this Helen Chandler? Well, she's blondish and rather slight and of average height. She has small eyes, but they see everything. She has the elfish habit of casting quick glances around a room. She also has the knack of sizing up a person the minute she sets eyes upon him. Her small, mobile face is constantly lighted-up with a smile, though she is apt to wear a quizzical expression—which, of course, makes it difficult for one to form a quick judgment of her.

A Cross Between Gish And Garbo

HELEN CHANDLER resembles Lillian Gish—with a dash of Garbo thrown in. She believes Gish is the only screen artist who ever really approached genius. Which places her in perfect agreement with George Jean Nathan (this critic has scoffed at the movies, but he does extend salutations and encomiums to Gish). Helen doesn't care much for Garbo. But if you mention Swanson, she goes into raptures about her. She's particularly keen for the Glorious One, but doesn't know whether she is a good actress or not. She likes to watch her, anyway.

As for Helen and her own film career, you may remember that her first picture appearance was in Alan Dwan's production of "The Music Master," which was made in New York. This was a silent feature—her first talkie being "Mother's Boy." But it took Director Tod Browning to appreciate the budding Helen—who reminded him of Lillian Gish. He was so impressed with her work in "The Silent House" that he cast her for the leading feminine rôle in his

(*Continued on page 93*)

after exposure guard against

SORE THROAT



gargle Listerine every 2 hours

reduces risk of COLDS 50% tests show

Under normal conditions of living, the twice a day gargle with full strength Listerine is sufficient to aid Nature in keeping the millions of germs in the mouth under control. It helps to ward off colds and similar infections.

Exposure weakens resistance

But after a late season football game, in fact after any severe exposure, more frequent gargling is advisable. Once every two hours is recommended by authorities on oral hygiene.

Body resistance is lowered by cold hands and feet, sudden changes of temperature, and long exposure to cold. So Nature needs extra help in conquering the disease germs breeding in the mouth. Listerine kills germs in record time.

Garglers have half as many colds

You can realize the great value of using Listerine *daily* by noting the results of careful cold control tests conducted under medical supervision. The results:

Those who gargled Listerine twice a day had half as many colds as those who did not gargle.

Those who gargled Listerine five times daily had one-third as many colds.

And in each case the colds were less severe and of shorter duration.

Avoid harsh antiseptics

Such success is due to two properties of Listerine. Both are important to you.

1. Its rapid germicidal action. Listerine kills germs in the fastest time which can be accurately measured. Reduces mouth bacteria 98%.

2. Its healing effect on tissue. Listerine has none of the irritating qualities present in mouthwashes so harsh they require dilution.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it regularly. Remember, it is the *safe* antiseptic which not only combats infection but overcomes bad breath. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SAFE ..LISTERINE.. PLEASANT

"It's true that I am 38!" says CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Famous Screen favorite says No woman need look her age

"I REALLY AM 38 years old," says Clara Kimball Young. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty above all. They know that a skin smoothly soft is always appealing.

"Several years ago I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin in wonderful condition, and now that I have returned to the screen, I depend on the gentle lather of this nice soap to keep my skin youthfully smooth and fresh."

How 9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars Guard Complexion Beauty

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap! It is the official soap in *all* the great film studios. It is found in theatres throughout the country!

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG—who is appearing in Radio Pictures' "Kept Husbands," after an absence from the screen of many years. Who would dream, looking at this recent picture, that she is 38 years old!

Lux Toilet



Soap—10¢

Mae Clarke Now Blazes Her Own Trail

Mae Clarke has looked upon Barbara Stanwyck as her inspiration—for Barbara has been Mae's friend and tutor and guide ever since they were struggling youngsters on Broadway. Now, for the first time in her career, Mae is not standing in Barbara's shadow

IT is impossible to write a story of Mae Clarke without Barbara Stanwyck—because Barbara is so thoroughly and entirely responsible for Mae.

When Mae, at fourteen, wanted to come to New York to be a show girl, it was only because Barbara promised to be "chaperon" that Mae's mother consented to the idea.

When Mae wanted to progress from the ranks of the chorus into the dramatic theater, it was Barbara who dragged her along as her own understudy in "The Noose."

It was Barbara who first taught Mae (the girl was growing up) to stop cutting her steak into a lot of little pieces—to stop buttering an entire slice of bread at once—to refrain from sitting with one skinny leg wrapped around the other—to leave off the "ma'am" when addressing a woman—to refrain from giggling when addressed by a gentleman. For Barbara got to Broadway first—and she knew the ropes. And Mae needed tutoring—she was that *green*.

To the struggling, untutored Mae, Barbara was at once a devoted friend, a Broadway guide, a teacher of etiquette, an inspiration—and eventually a shadow across Mae's professional career, though this did not develop at first. It evolved, itself, as they went along—those two struggling kids in the show business. Barbara's added experience, her knowledge of Broadway and, perhaps, her more developed personality invariably gave her the first call over Mae.

The little girl from Atlantic City (the Jersey shore resort is her native heath) was entirely happy to come along "second best" in the footsteps of her friend, and pal and severest critic. Always she has followed just a little behind—through the chorus in roof shows and musicals, the dramatic stage, the vaudeville stage and eventually into the movies. Barbara starred. Mae was not so fortunate, though she turned in interesting, if unsensational performances in featured rôles. They were the same type—they could do the same thing. But, as usual, Barbara came out a little ahead.



Some Facts About Mae Clarke

She hails from Atlantic City, but went to New York to go on the stage. Joined the choruses of roof-shows and musical comedies. Meets Barbara Stanwyck and follows in her foot-steps through vaudeville, dramatic plays and the movies.

Has gray eyes and brown hair that hangs to her shoulders.

Understudied Barbara Stanwyck in the stage play, "The Noose."

Married Lew Brice, the vaudeville headliner, but after a few months the marriage went on the rocks.

She is assigned a big part in the movie version of "The Front Page" and makes good.

Universal features her in "Waterloo Bridge," and gives her a new contract. Is now engaged to Henry Freulich, Hollywood photographer, and will probably marry him this Fall.

But now—something has turned up! Barbara is threatening to retire. Mae has clicked tremendously in "The Front Page." The report is that Universal, the company holding her contract, has starring plans for her. For the first time in her career Mae looks forward into a future without benefit of Barbara. The kid who used to cut up her meat the wrong way is on the verge of blazing her own trail.

The day I talked with her at the Swimming Club, Mae was surprised and a little bit puzzled about these yarns of Barbara's contract troubles and the rumored report of her walk-out for Frank Fay. "It doesn't seem like her—and then in another way it does," she said.

"Perhaps Barbara has changed," she added. "When I used to know her so well, she was the most independent kid in the world. At *that* time if she had been threatening to walk out, it would have been because she figured she wasn't getting a fair deal—and not for some sentimental reason like love."

Mae stroked her sun-tanned arm that was the color of mahogany. She is a brown little thing, anyway. She has dusty, brown hair that hangs to her shoulders, brown skin. Her gray eyes seem startlingly light in contrast. The screen, or perhaps it is the experienced type of rôle she plays, adds years to Mae Clarke. Years, and poise and surety. Away from the camera, especially in a rust-colored bathing suit with her hair hanging down, she looks like a seventeen-year-old sub-deb with about as much poise as you usually associate with that age.

She laughs often, but nervously, as though she were not quite sure of the point of the laugh herself.

In spite of Barbara's etiquette teachings, you feel that Mae would like to sit with one leg wrapped about the other, just as she used to do when a kid.

She has the eyes of an unhappy child—a

By NANCY PRYOR

(*Continued on page 98*)

An Interview with JEAN HARLOW'S Dermatologist

Youth cannot bloom on a dry and thirsty skin

as reported by JANET PARKER

"Blondes are especially subject to dry skin," said the famous Hollywood dermatologist to whom Jean Harlow entrusts the care of her complexion. "And so for Miss Harlow the problem of keeping her skin smooth and soft is acute.

"But this is *every* woman's problem, really. Our mode of living, with too much nervous tension and too little exercise, too much dry heat in our homes and too little fat in our diet, so much exposure to wind and sun ... all these things tend to dry out the skin. Natural oils should keep the skin tissues moist, flexible, full and firm. Lack of these oils is what makes your skin wither and age ... almost from your teens.

"That's why I tell Miss Harlow to use fine creams ... 2 or 3 times a day .. to *put back* into her skin those oils that replenish the parched skin cells. I could write private prescriptions for her, but it is not necessary. Woodbury's Creams provide everything I would suggest.

"Woodbury's Cold Cream I indicate for 'quenching' the skin, to remove drying dust and make-up, to fill the shriveled skin cells with rich, essential oils. Its regular use keeps the skin young by keeping it supple, humid, elastic ... Woodbury's Facial Cream I recommend as a powder foundation, to protect the skin from weathering.

"Your skin ... every woman's skin ... needs this daily care with Woodbury's Creams to counteract the aging effects of dryness. Woodbury's Creams are not made by cosmeticians; they are compounded from skin specialists' formulas to meet requirements of dermatologists like myself."

• • •

Woodbury's quick-melting Cold Cream and Facial Cream (the perfect make-up base)—can be had at all drug and toilet goods counters.



"At least twice every day I thank my dermatologist for recommending Woodbury's Creams" . . . . . JEAN HARLOW



Woodbury's

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AND • ALLIED • SCIENTIFIC • BEAUTY • AIDS



TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN

by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

AT NIGHT ... After washing your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

DURING DAY ... Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream, before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

FOR LINES AND WRINKLES ... Use Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams in daily facial treatments. 75¢ each.

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John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6311 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐ Flabby Skin ☐
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

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TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

Alexander Hamilton—George Arliss' finest achievement. He is entirely believable as a young man—the hero of Colonial times whose life was crowded with drama (W.B.).

An American Tragedy—Theodore Dreiser's strong novel of weak youth becomes a morbid—and somewhat less powerful—picture. Phillips Holmes is the hero, but it is Sylvia Sidney's picture (Par.).

Bad Girl—Sally Eilers and James Dunn (a talented newcomer) make a moving little movie of Vina Delmar's story of the young city couple whose happiness was almost wrecked by parenthood (Fox).

The Bargain—Lewis Stone changes jobs with his son (John Darrow), and each learns an interesting lesson (F. N.).

Bought!—Constance Bennett at her best, in another—but somewhat different—story of a girl who sells herself. Father Richard Bennett gives her able assistance (W. B.).

The Brat—Sally O'Neil makes a noble comeback in the time-worn story of the high-spirited waif who was taken to the bosom of a wealthy family and remade them (Fox).

Broadminded—Joe E. Brown, with the help of Buster Collier Jr., tries to escape from women—and in California at that. You can foresee the wisecracks before you hear them (F. N.).

Caught—Suspecting that Louise Dresser is the leader of an outlaw gang, Richard Arlen sets out to prove it. Different from the usual Western, but slow-paced (Par.).

Caught Plastered—As two vaudeville "hams" who try to aid a poor widow, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler pull some more fast and funny ones (RKO).

Children of Dreams—Good singing, but little drama, in a musical love story about California fruit-pickers. Margaret Schilling, stage singer, is featured (W. B.).

Ex-Bad Boy—Not a gangster picture, but a thoroughly amusing comedy about a small-town Romeo—none other than Robert Armstrong (Univ.).

Expensive Women—It's something of a surprise to see Dolores Costello as a woman of the world, but you'll find that she's more glamourous than ever (W. B.).

Fifty Fathoms Deep—Adventure on the high—or should we say low?—seas, with Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell keeping things moving (Col.).

Five-Star Final—A bitter and dramatic indictment of scandal sheets, with Edward G. Robinson an editor who squelches his conscience (F. N.).

The Gay Diplomat—A new star appears on the horizon in the person of Ivan Lebedeff, acting out an adventure story based on incidents in his own life (RKO).

The Great Lover—Playing an opera singer who thinks he has a power over women, Adolphe Menjou turns in a neat satire of the species (M-G-M).

The Hard Hombre—Hoot Gibson, that Western star with the sense of humor, is mistaken for a bad man and is forced to live up to the part. Amusing (Allied Pictures).



Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez are the principal reasons why "The Squaw Man" is still powerful drama



In "The Gay Diplomat," Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin vie for the affections of Ivan Lebedeff—and well they might, for here is a new star

Heaven on Earth—Lew Ayres and Anita Louise (who's one of the coming stars) enact an idyll of love in the Mississippi flood region. Excellent (Univ.).

High Stakes—Just "tight" enough to catch people off their guard, Lowell Sherman reveals his brother's wife as a little gold-digger. Slight (RKO).

Homicide Squad—Leo Carillo, who gave you a revealing glimpse of an underworld chieftain in "Hell Bound," again goes down into gangland—and comes out with another tense thriller (Univ.).

Honeymoon Lane—Love in a boarding-house, according to sentimental Eddie Dowling. But his little wife, Ray Dooley, makes it worth seeing with her comedy antics (Par.).

Huckleberry Finn—The satisfying sequel to "Tom Sawyer," with Junior Durkin again playing *Huck* and Jackie Coogan, *Tom*. Not for children only (Par.).

Lasca of the Rio Grande—A triangle story involving a Mexican dancer, a Texas ranger, and a mucho bad hombre. Only Dorothy Burgess stands out above all the local color (Univ.).

The Last Flight—Starting out to tell what the war has done to four ex-aviators, this picture develops (unfortunately) into a melodrama, in which Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler are the central figures (F. N.).

Lullaby—Helen Hayes, famous young stage star, lives up to all expectations in her first talkie—even though it is a sob story of a mother who never gets what she deserves (M-G-M).

The Mad Genius—Again hiding that romantic profile, John Barrymore gives a performance you'll remember as a crippled dancing master who wrecks the lives of two young lovers (W. B.).

The Mad Parade—An all-female cast—topped by Evelyn Brent, Irene Rich and Louise Fazenda—give a Hollywood version of women at the war front. Unique, but weak (Par.).

The Magnificent Lie—Ruth Chatterton deceives a blind man into believing she is someone else, and then lives up to his ideal of her. Not up to the Chatterton par (Par.).

Men Are Like That—Despite the title, this is that old-time dramatic favorite, "Arizona," which concerns a triangle in a Western army post. Laura La Plante and John Wayne almost make it convincing (Col.).

Merely Mary Ann—Janet Gaynor has another ***Cinderella*** rôle and Charles Farrell again slaves away in a garret, and the result ought to please everybody (Fox.).

The Miracle Woman—Bitter against the holier-than-thou's, Barbara Stanwyck becomes a fake evangelist—until love comes along. A strong rôle, strongly acted (Col.).

Monkey Business—The four mad Marxes enter business—and their kind of business is the kind to end any depression. It's pure nonsense—but what nonsense! (Par.)

Mother and Son—Clara Kimball Young changes from a gambling hostess into a good woman, only to have her past catch up with her when her son grows up. Familiar material (Monogram).

Murder At Midnight—A succession of mysteries, all in one thriller, and you're good if you can guess the ending. Marjorie White, in a small rôle, returns to the screen (Tiffany).

Murder by the Clock—A different kind of thriller. You see Lilyan Tashman (who's at her best, by the way) plot three murders—with William Boyd hard put to trap her (Par.).

The Mystery of Life—The theory of Evolution, neatly explained by pictures and by Clarence Darrow of Dayton, Tenn. fame (Univ.).

The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford—That long title will probably be changed before you see it, but anyway it's William Haines' new picture—and reveals him in his familiar rôle of the wisecracker who can't be downed (M-G-M).

Night Nurse—Barbara Stanwyck proves again that she's a real actress in a melodrama laid in a busy hospital. This will keep you on the edge of your seat (W. B.).

No One Man—Carole Lombard goes on toward stardom as a sophisticated girl who likes all men, but loves none—at least till the end (Par.).

Pagan Lady—Evelyn Brent, "the smoldering siren," smolders at her best. Good melodrama (Col.).

Pardon Us—Laurel and Hardy, in their first feature-length comedy, stage a laugh riot in a prison (M-G-M).

Penrod and Sam—The human and humorous boys that Booth Tarkington created come to life. Leon Janney is an excellent **Penrod**, despite that curly hair (F. N.).

Personal Maid—Nancy Carroll starts out on a low plane, but reaches a higher one, even if she does hearken to conscience. Nancy is much better than the story (Par.).

The Phantom of Paris—Wearing a Van Dyke beard and doing all sorts of mysterious things, John Gilbert makes a real comeback. (M-G-M).

Politics—Leading the female citizenry in revolt against the corrupt powers of a city, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran provide many a laugh (M-G-M).

The Public Defender—A wealthy young man takes the trouble to rid society of some tough gangsters, at considerable danger to himself. An entertaining hour and a half with Richard Dix (RKO).

Rebound—On the "rebound" from former love affairs, Ina Claire and Robert Ames marry—and the result is something that you should enjoy. (RKO-Pathé).

The Reckless Hour—Because of an earlier misstep with Walter Byron, Dorothy Mackaill almost doesn't win Conrad Nagel. Dorothy's personality puts it across (F. N.).

(*Continued on page 103*)



Harpo—probably the maddest of the mad, mad Marxes—is more playful than ever in "Monkey Business"



20 minutes reading will make your whole life more enjoyable . . . .

. . . . 384,000 men and women have sent for this *free* book about baths

BATHS can help us in many, many ways. In more ways than most of us ever imagined! One kind of bath, for example, quiets and rests us; another brings new energy and new enthusiasm.

And, because baths can help us so much in everyday living, *The Book About Baths* is a most valuable booklet. It tells all about baths, what kind to take and when and how to take them.

For instance, the *wake-up bath* or *energizer* is described on page 6. It turns dull, tired mornings into bright and cheerful ones. It starts warm and ends with a quick cold splash.

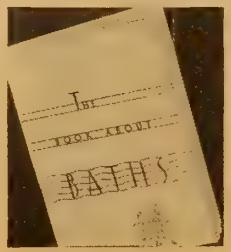
Another popular one is the *after-work freshener.* It soothes tired nerves, brings new energy; makes evenings more enjoyable.

Then there's a bath to ward off colds, a bath to bring sound sleep, and one for after-exercise. For each one *The Book About Baths* gives many suggestions (temperature, toweling, soaping).

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After you have read this unusual booklet we think you'll appreciate baths as you never have before. You'll depend on them more and more. They will make you feel better, look better—in fact, they will make your whole life more enjoyable. And you will, we are sure, see a new connection between careful cleanliness of body and clothes and your comfort, health, and happiness.

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HORSE SENSE

Is young Dobbin dumb? Neigh, neigh!! (Pardon the horse-laugh.) He knows his oats. Here he is shown standing by for the familiar giddap and you can bet he was rarin' to go with Lillian Bond up there in the High Sierras, where she spent an Autumn vacation. But that was before Lillian returned to New York and the stage. Now he has gone out to pasture until his mistress returns

Give thought to Your Rouge to have it Natural

ONLY IF THE COLOR "SEEMS TO COME FROM WITHIN THE SKIN," DOES ROUGE GIVE BEWITCHING BEAUTY

By Patricia Gordon





ROUGE that appears artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use rouge. Choose, then, the *one rouge* of which it may truly be said, "the color actually seems to come from within the skin." This one rouge is *Princess Pat* — because *none other* possesses the almost magical secret of the *famous duo-tone blend.*

You know, of course, that such color as the cheeks possess *naturally*, shows through the skin, from *beneath.* It has glow, radiance. Actually, it is the blood showing *through* the skin. Unfortunately, few women retain this beauty of natural coloring beyond girlhood's days. Then rouge must be the resort of all.

Give to Your Cheeks the Wondrous Beauty of Princess Pat Natural Color

If you've used only usual rouge, *try* Princess Pat. A small thing to *do*, surely . . . yet *startling* as to utterly new beauty. Just as though you had blushed, will your cheeks be suffused with lovely, radiant, youthful color. No flat, painty, artificial effect. Instead an adorable *transparency* of skin texture, enriched so magically that *no matter how much color you use* it will seem your *very own.*

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret can give this "More Than Natural Beauty"

"Duo-Tone" means that Princess Pat rouge is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by an *exclusive*, secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a *mystical underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Too, Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

A Marvelous Advantage in Selection of Shades. You Use Any or All

With *usual* rouge, you are restricted to *just one shade* — the one that "matches your skin." That *must* be so of "one tone rouge." With Princess Pat rouge, all eight shades *match every skin.* Thus you select Princess Pat shades at will — to harmonize with your gown — to be brilliant or demure — to be fashionably different.

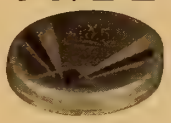
Your Complete Make-up in Perfect Color Harmony

Remember that *all* Princess Pat make-up aids give the famous Princess Pat Color Harmony make-up *automatically.* This most beautiful of all effects is carried out in Princess Pat almond base face powder, eye make-up and lip rouge.

Today, Be More Beautiful Than Ever Before

Today, secure Princess Pat rouge. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with color that "actually seems to come from within the skin." You'll adore the effect *that none other than Princess Pat duo-tone rouge can give.*

FREE Lip Rouge Free! That's enticing. But more than that, it is an entirely new kind — *ABSOLUTELY INDELIBLE* Princess Pat . . . with the already famous inner tint secret of coloring lips naturally. Actually the rich, glorious color imparted seems to come from within the lips themselves—not to be "painted on." Absence of waxy consistency permits this magical effect. This is the famous inner tint secret.



To receive your free box of lip rouge, do this: Just purchase a box of Princess Pat *compact* rouge. In every box, under the little puff, there is a printed paper slip. Send this slip, and the coupon below, to Princess Pat. Your free box of lip rouge will be sent at once.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 So. Wells St., Chicago.
Dept. 151-B. Enclosed find paper slip from box of Princess Pat compact rouge. For this, send me free box of Princess Pat lip rouge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



FOREHAND, BACKHAND AND SERVICE

Whether you play tennis or not, you will enjoy this little feature—which is one of the series starring Big Bill Tilden, who was world's tennis champion longer than any other man has ever been. Like Bobby Jones, he is a wizard at his own game—and he is much better than Bobby; he is more at his ease in front of the camera. After seeing him in action—and hearing him explain just how he makes a ball sizzle when it goes over the net, and how he catches a backhand shot so that it will drop just over the net with a flat bounce—you will want to get out that old racket and become a Tilden yourself. Big Bill makes it look easy (M-G-M).

CHRIS CROSSED

If you ever suffered tortures in history class in school, what a kick you are going to get out of this latest of Eddie Buzzell's "bedtime stories for grown-ups." It's history garbled—ridiculously, insanely garbled. And the particular bit of history that gets the worst of it is the discovery of America by Columbus—who will doubtless hereafter be known as Chris, at least to those who see this little opus. The story details how Columbus got his idea that the world was round, what his parents thought about it, how he managed to persuade Queen Isabella to finance his voyage, and how he landed in America—in no other place than New York harbor, where he discovered the skyscrapers (Columbia).





OH! OH! CLEOPATRA

The Masquers' Club—the film actors' fraternity—is raising a little money for the Ways and Means Committee by making a group of short comedies. The first—"Stout Hearts and Willing Hands"—was the funniest farce that has come out of Hollywood in years. "Oh! Oh! Cleopatra" does not attain such heights of hilarity, but it's worth crossing the road to see. Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler, the stars, swallow a new kind of pill and find themselves wafted back to the days of long ago. Woolsey is Caesar, and Wheeler is Mark Anthony, and, of course, there has to be a triangle—which is where Cleopatra enters in. Vying for her affections, they stage a chariot race that is genuinely funny (RKO-Pathé).

THE CANNONBALL

There is only one actor in Hollywood, besides Charlie Chaplin, who has created a character that he can play forever—and that actor is Andy Clyde. His character is one *Pop Martin*, a bewildered, but spry old fellow, skimpy as to physique, and rather in need of both a haircut and a shave. You like him the minute you lay eyes on him. This time he is inventing rockets, when he gets word that an uncle has left him a railroad in Missouri. The railroad turns out to be a second cousin to the Toonerville Trolley, and *Pop* has his troubles making the *Cannonball Express* (the one train) keep up with the animals on the track. Finally, he attaches a rocket to it, and presto! what fun! (Educational).





RHYTHMS OF A BIG CITY

Here is a short that you will rave about and remember long after you forget the feature on the same program. It's not only absolutely different from anything you have ever seen; it's an experience. It sketches, in brief, one day in the life of a world metropolis—east side, west side, and all 'round the town. You see it from all angles—from above and below, from the ritzy side and the seamy side, in shadow and in light. For one instant you have a glimpse of a dramatic, tragic incident. There is not a word of dialogue—and you do not realize this until it is all over. In place of words there is music—music that gets *into* you, as the city itself does (Vitaphone Varieties).

A BURGLAR TO THE RESCUE

Who doesn't enjoy a good creepy mystery thriller? And how often do you see one? Right—once in a blue moon. But Universal has just launched a new group of shorts, called the Shadow Detective Series, that the mystery fans are going to eat up, if all the others are on a par with the first. The Shadow Detective is just that—a shadow, accompanied by an ominous voice that warns what is going to happen to the criminal. This first in the series reveals a crime in a small town, with the principals a bank president and an escaped convict who was once the cashier of the bank. The action takes place at night: a great time for shadows, as well as for Shadow Detectives (Universal).





LOVE TAILS OF MOROCCO

The more you see of these dog comedies, the more you realize what a great idea someone had, when he thought of the first one. And you won't change your opinion when you see the canines' newest antics. This time the mutts, pooches or what-have-you are doing a little kidding of the Dietrich-Cooper success. The scene is Morocco, and the heroes—there are four of them—are all French Legionnaires. Gathered around a table in a mess hall, swapping stories (as soldiers will), each confesses in turn what sad misfortune brought him to join the Legion. In four "flashbacks" you then see the events that each is describing. The dialogue is excruciatingly funny, as is the acting of the stars (M-G-M).

THE TAMALE VENDOR

Remember the ukulele expert, Tom Patricola? It's a mandolin he has in his hands now, and how that boy can play it! Musicals, you may have heard, are coming back—and Tom is right at the head of the procession in this comedy short. The plot—if you must have one—finds Tom rescuing a fair damsel down in the big cactus country, only to discover that she had wanted to die because she must marry an ogre. Big-hearted Tom guarantees to save her—and, of course, does. In the meantime, however, the girl manages to say with music, "Tommy, Play Your Mandolin" and the rival makes Tom do a nifty dance while strumming. Only a tamale-throwing scene mars an otherwise amusing short (Educational).



ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES

POINT THE WAY TO SKIN LOVELINESS



CASE NO. 425
Hollywood. Age 22. Complexion dry and scaly. In 30 days Woodbury-treated side of face showed normal lubrication. Skin firm, smooth, with natural moisture and bloom.



CASE NO. 217
Baltimore. Age 30. Excessively oily skin, large pores. At the end of 30-day test, the pores on Woodbury side of her face were reduced perceptibly. Oiliness entirely disappeared.



Dramatic Half-Face Test proves that Woodbury's Facial Soap is the Finest of all Beauty Aids.

•

"Skin finer on right side." "Oiliness lessened . . . blackheads gone." "Pores shrunk, skin smoother." "Better color, skin clearer, texture improved." Reports of 15 dermatologists reveal what happened when 612 women compared Woodbury's Facial Soap with other cleansers in a 30-day test on their own faces!

Each day, these 612 women cared for the left side of their faces with their customary preparations. On the right side, each applied Woodbury's Facial Soap.

By the end of the month, Woodbury's had corrected 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of coarse pores, 115 cases of excessive oiliness, 106 cases of acne, 81 cases of dry skin. Even naturally lovely skins grew clearer, more translucent, under the soothing care of Woodbury's.

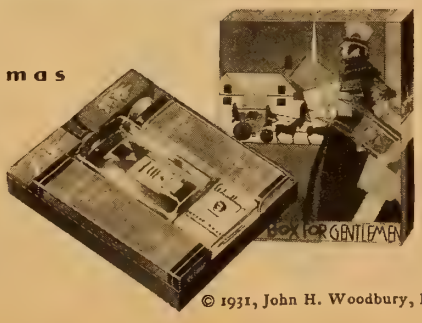
No other soap, lotion or cream showed such results.

The reasons for this are rooted in the special formula of Woodbury's. In careful milling methods, too costly to be duplicated in ordinary toilet soaps.

Read the evidence of the case histories printed here. And resolve now to use Woodbury's on *your* skin.

The nearest drug store or toilet goods counter has Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . or we will mail a generous sample together with "The Index to Loveliness" for 10¢ and your name and address. John H. Woodbury, Inc., 911 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

To please a Man at Christmas



New Woodbury's Gift Box for Men, the kind of gift every man wants—but seldom buys for himself! It contains Woodbury's Facial Soap, Talc, Shaving Cream and Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion . . . Special value for one dollar. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

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Marie Dressler Knows Her Cook-Book

When there's better cooking to be done, Marie Dressler will do it. Which is why everyone likes to be invited to her parties.. When she serves a meal (her waffles would melt in your mouth) the guests are given nourishing food—and plenty of it

BY SUE DIBBLE



Marie Dressler, above, prepares one of her famous fruit salads, while the series of pictures, at left, show the preparation of her equally famous "tail steak"—these comprising the pieces of yesterday's dinner steak left on the platter



The first step in preparing the "tail steak" is the removal of all fat



The meat is cut into small bits and mixed with onions, celery and tomatoes



The concoction is placed into a stew pan



After stewing vegetables the hash is placed in baking dishes



An egg is broken on top of each individual baking dish — almost ready for the oven



Baking dishes are placed in oven just long enough for eggs to cook. Then they are served hot, with a dash of paprika

All photos by Hurrell

WHEN better cooking is to be done in the Hollywood movie colony—or anywhere else—Marie Dressler will do it. This star, having trouped nearly all of her life, knows what constitutes a well-cooked meal. She has encountered boarding-house dishes and the hasty meals prepared in lunch-rooms and railroad station restaurants—to say nothing of "tank-town" hotels. And she'll tell you they're not so good.

A meal has to be good to please Marie Dressler. So, having tasted food which would drive most people into dyspepsia and indigestion, if it didn't drive them to murdering the cook, she resolved early in life to excel in preparing palatable dishes of the nourishing kind. In those early days on the "road" Marie resolved that when she returned home she would make friends with her stomach. She is old-fashioned enough to cook the old-fashioned type of meals. Yet she can concoct some modern dishes if the occasion calls for them.

But Marie Dressler hasn't any patience with fancy fixings that masquerade as good and simple and honest grub! She frowns on the women who cut vegetables into the shape of roses, and dab whipped cream on everything. These women are not cooks at all, if you ask Marie. Why she almost feels like throwing a meat saw at a housewife who cuts bread as thin as paper—and who uses butter sparingly.

Marie is not cut from such a pattern. When she's hungry (and she often craves food) she likes to park in the kitchen long enough to prepare a man's size meal. Then she'll put on her bib and tucker and stow it away.

SheKnowsHer Cook-Book

THIS star, who is as clever in the kitchen as she is on the screen, knows her cook-book, as anyone can tell you who is lucky enough to be the recipient of a Dressler invitation. And let me add right here that these invitations are never written on formal note paper, but are delivered bluffly and heartily as invitations should be—by word of mouth. As Marie puts it—"Drop in Sunday at supper time, dearie. I'm mixing up a batch of waffles." And let me also tell you this—these waffles are the kind that will melt in your mouth. Indeed, Marie could make a good living running a waffle shop.

Marie is a real lady, in the quaint old medieval meaning of the term—"bread giver." Friendship with her means feeding people—and Marie is friendly with the whole world. She radiates companionship through her good nature. The high priestess of humor on the screen (oh, she can be serious, too) she is also the high priestess of humor at her informal table. There is

(*Continued on page 80*)

Blonde? Brunette? Redhead? Brownette?

What is Your Type in MAKE-UP?

Be Like a Screen Star

...Have Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Create Your True Color Harmony in the Society Make-Up Ensemble, and Discover Hollywood's Magic Way to Beauty.

Accept This Priceless Gift Now . . . Mail Coupon



OUT of the motion picture world which is Hollywood comes the most revolutionary beauty discovery of the age ...color harmony in make-up individualized for every type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow... the complete ensemble called Society Make-Up... to blend with every variation in complexion coloring.

Created first for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius... Now you, yourself, may discover what wonders this new kind of make-up will do to enhance your beauty and emphasize the charm and fascination of your personality.

Before your very eyes, in hundreds of feature pictures, you have seen its magic influence in creating faultless beauty, for Max Factor's is used exclusively in all big Hollywood studios, in all Technicolor Pictures, and by 96% of all Hollywood's Screen Stars.

Colors in powder, rouge, lipstick, etc., so alive with natural beauty as to give a new radiance to the star herself. Texture so fine as to blend indetectably with the skin. Adherent qualities so wonderful that make-up appears always as a part of nature's artistry. And the make-up ensemble so lovely in color harmony, so exquisitely emphasizing every natural bit of beauty that even the blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun, cannot find a flaw to expose to the searching lens of the camera.

What a revelation in new beauty your own color harmony in Society Make-Up will be to you. And Max Factor, who for twenty years has been personal make-up advisor to Hollywood's stars, will analyze your complexion and chart your own individual color harmony, for both daytime and evening wear, in Society Make-Up.

A priceless beauty gift for the asking...just mail the coupon.

Amazing Book Free... Read what 60 famous stars say about make-up.



You'll Discover

Why all Blondes or all Brunettes should not use the same color harmony in make-up.

Why Brownettes and Titians may ruin beauty with "off-color" make-up.

How to acquire a perfect skin for faultless everyday make-up.

How to make-up a dry skin.

How to make-up an oily skin.

The difference between theatrical and street make-up.

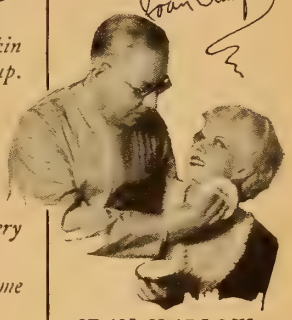
Three secrets of successful every day make-up.

Answers to twelve troublesome make-up problems.

How new beauty effects are created in the laboratory for the screen stars.

JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star in
"Laughing Sinners"

"It is a real pleasure to recommend Max Factor's Make-Up, which has been a great aid in both my screen work and social life."
Joan Crawford



JEAN HARLOW
in M-G-M's "The Secret Six" with Max Factor—Hollywood's Make-Up Genius — applying face powder in the correct color harmony tones.

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Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up,"* personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.)

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COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Matte	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

© 1931 Max Factor

(*Continued from page 78*)

always a gale of laughter at one of her famous parties—which may comprise millionaires from Santa Barbara, famous movie stars, titled Europeans—and always among them, a generous sprinkling of young people. Ramon Novarro is often there, and Billy Haines, and a lonely bachelor from the studio publicity department.

"Do you live home with your folks, dearie?" Marie asks all the struggling young actors and writers she meets. If the answer is "No, I board," she promptly invites them to dinner. "Just an old lady with a mother complex," she laughs.

Sometimes Marie gives her guests a company meal of roast turkey with old-fashioned stuffing of sage and onions—and all the fixings. But she is just as likely to serve you with beef stew or a boiled dinner. You'll eat it and like it—the way Marie cooks it.

In her amazingly varied life which has been spent in homes of wealth—as well as famous hotels, and dingy furnished rooms and foggy London lodgings she has learned clever ways of preparing cheaper cuts and left-overs which glorify them into food fit for the gods.

"TAIL STEAK" a la Dressler

MARIE'S culinary masterpiece, however, is her "TAIL STEAK," made thriftily of the pieces of yesterday's dinner steak left on the platter.

Remove all fat from the unused end and left-over portion of a cooked steak. Cut the meat in small pieces. Add diced onions, tomatoes and celery in amount to suit personal taste and the amount of meat. Mix thoroughly and put in sauce pan with just enough water to prevent burning. Add a sprinkling of bay leaves. Simmer until vegetables are cooked. Put into individual baking dishes, break an egg on top of each dish, leaving the yolk whole. Bake in oven long enough to cook the eggs. Serve hot with dash of paprika and finely cut parsley.

Her preference for "sensible food" yields a trifle when it comes to salads. She has invented an absolutely new one herself.

LICHEE NUT SALAD: Mix fresh cream with cream cheese. Stuff the mixture in hollowed-out lichee nuts. Garnish with paprika. Serve on hearts of lettuce set off by strips of persimmons or pears.

Here is the recipe for her famous **WAFFLES,** served with grated maple sugar, with a platter of tiny sausages on the side.

- 1½ Cups White Flour
- ½ Cup Graham Flour
- 1 Tablespoon Melted Butter
- 2 Teaspoons Baking Powder
- ½ Teaspoon Salt
- 1½ Cups Milk
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Tablespoon Sugar

The secret of their "best-ever" taste is partly in the mixture of white and graham flour and partly in the beating. "Waffles take a light hand," says Marie. "No good cook was ever lazy."

Marie's **TOMATO SOUP** is famous in Hollywood. It's a meal in itself.

Mince very fine, one strip of bacon for each cup of soup, and one onion for each six cups. Add one medium sized can of tomatoes for each six cups, or fresh tomatoes in season. When boiling add a pinch of baking soda. Simmer for an hour over a slow flame, strain and serve poured over toast in the French peasant fashion with grated cheese in a bowl handy.

Marie has another homely dish—**BEEF HASH**—which the poorest family could afford—and a male movie star or a king would send back his plate for more. It may not appear on the menu of the Ritz, but it's mighty fine eating all the same.

A can of corned beef, ground fine. Three or four slices of dry bread, next pass through the chopper. Then four medium sized potatoes. And last of all, add six large boiled beets, ground fine. Season with salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly, and cook in a frying pan, allowing a brown crust to form. Serve with tomato catsup. Are you hungry?

If not, you ought to be—for these are recipes which inspire an appetite. One, who has ever tasted the Dressler dishes, will never go away hungry for Marie thoroughly believes in satisfying the "inner man."

Next best to being invited to a Marie Dressler party, try one of Marie's recipes on your friends. Make sure that among your guests there is at least one very lonesome person and one whom you suspect might be really hungry! For kindheartedness is the indispensable ingredient which gives flavor to Marie's cooking.



The Evelyn Brent Sandwich

MARIE DRESSLER is not the type of person to send you away hungry. Her dishes are so tasty and palatable that her guests invariably pass their plates for a second helping. You will notice that Marie doesn't cater to sandwiches, but she does know how to prepare food for healthy appetites. However, speaking of sandwiches (and everybody likes them) Evelyn Brent has a favorite that is very easy to prepare. And she originated it, herself.

The sandwich is a two-decker—on toasted bran or rye bread.

The ingredients are:

One layer of pimento and anchovies.
One layer of lettuce-leaf and sliced hard-boiled egg.
Decorate with thin slices of lemon and ripe olives.

NEXT MONTH—THE DAVID MANNERS SANDWICH

Did Hollywood Wreck The Tibbett Romance?

(*Continued from page 54*)

Yet perhaps you are not to blame entirely, Hollywood. Perhaps you have only hastened something that must have come inevitably, from the conflict of two such restless, dynamic natures.

One must understand how fiercely the feverish, white flame of great talent burns within a temperament like Lawrence Tibbett's, which does not fit into the restricted confines of conventional living. One must also understand the passionate love of Grace Tibbett for simplicity and quiet and privacy.

"Fame and family happiness are not consistent," Mrs. Tibbett says. "It is not anything more than that."

There are plenty of cases of divorced couples in Hollywood to prove that domestic happiness and fame are not handmaidens. Dozens upon dozens of the film-famous have written their names upon the roster of divorce. From the beginning, the odds are against the typical Hollywood marital experiments having "And-so-they-lived-happily-ever-after" endings.

The Tibbetts Union Was Unusual

BUT the case of Lawrence Tibbett was entirely different. This was not the ordinary marriage. This was a union that could endure staunchly for a decade the poverty of a shanty in the mountains, and even the strain of a great Metropolitan Opera triumph, but could not weather two years of screen success in Hollywood.

Anyone with a voice like Lawrence's would have to expect feminine adulation. Women have always fallen hard for singers, particularly operatic baritones when they are young and dashing and swashbuckling. (Tenors don't fare so well!) And any woman as smart and experienced as Grace Tibbett knows only too well that the praise, flattery, love-notes and gifts of women admirers are part of the emoluments of fame for a singer, even if he happens to be her husband.

"There have always been other women," she said to me once, with smiling lips and hurt eyes. "There always will be. I have made up my mind to that."

It was not another woman, however, that broke up the Tibbetts' marriage—that marriage which by all rules should have grown stronger with the years. Grace Tibbett, herself, says, "There is no other woman. Unspectacular, but true!"

They started life together in the Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles, whence she—then Grace Mackay Smith—had come from Chicago. They married in May, 1919, three days after Lawrence got out of the Navy. It was a case of young love that had not tried its wings very far out into the world—particularly the world of artistic achievement, which is beset with the temptations of fame and fortune and freedom.

How They Started

THERE was romance—if not much to eat—in a little house at La Crescenta, out in the country, an hour's drive from Los Angeles. The purple, desert-shrubbed mountains were the back-drop of their stage.

Try to picture Grace and Lawrence living there the first chapters of their drama, which was to end in the glory and also the tragedy of fame. . . . The two of them and, even that early, the twins. . . . Friends close by, all young and struggling. . . . Two men friends of Lawrence's ever on hand to join him in long mountain climbs. . . . The three of them laughing, weaving dreams, Lawrence singing, all promising to hold the

(*Continued on page 85*)



COLDS make handkerchiefs revolting!

For your own sake and that of others, use Kleenex disposable tissues

HERE'S a remarkable thing about Kleenex. Those who use it regularly, invariably report: "A handkerchief seems perfectly disgusting to me now."

So it will be with you. Habit has blinded you to the actual condition of your handkerchief. You've gone on, year after year, carrying incredible pollution in your handkerchief. Tests show a single use during colds may pollute a handkerchief with 240,000 danger germs.

Use Kleenex and destroy

Now we ask you to try Kleenex. We send you a sample free, at your request. Try Kleenex for a week. Use each tissue just once, then destroy it. Free yourself from handkerchief washing. Compare the exquisite, cloth-like texture of these dainty tissues with the softest of old linen handkerchiefs. Then try to go back to handkerchiefs. Like so many others, you will find your handkerchief "perfectly disgusting." You will want to destroy it after using, as you have learned to do with Kleenex.

Use Kleenex for polishing spectacles; for dusting; for wiping razor blades; and for removing face creams.

Buy Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store.



PNEUMOCOCCUS GERMS
(illustrated above) *were among the dangerous germs found in handkerchiefs used during colds. Use Kleenex Tissues and destroy at once, to avoid self-infection when you have a cold.*

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Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.



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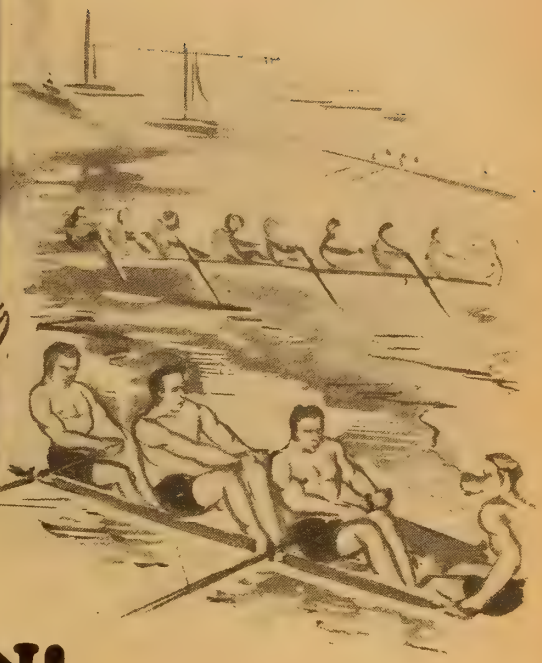
Dirty handkerchiefs are a menace to society!



WIDE OPEN LOVE IN THE HIGH OPEN SPACES

If Billie Dove asked Charles Starrett how much he loved her and Charles asked Billie how much she loved him, the reply couldn't be anything else but "way up to the sky." This balcony scene isn't as serious as you think. The skyscraper sweethearts are only romancing together in Billie Dove's new picture, "The Age For Love," which brings her back to the screen after a year's absence





GET THE STRENGTH OF AN OARSMAN!

A GYM AT HOME - TO MAKE YOU STRONG



GET strong! Enjoy the thrill which giant strength gives to the varsity oarsman. He must be "there" to stand the strain and endure the greatest and most terrific strength test put to any athlete. If you want massive shoulders—a mighty chest—arms like iron,—a powerful back—legs like pillars of steel and an all around perfect athlete's body, stop dreaming. Wake up! The invention of the Vig-Row is the answer to your dream. The Vig-Row was created and built by a man who built his own body from a weakling to that of a champion—the Vig-Row offers body-building principles never revealed to the public before because it is the only machine of its kind built by a man who understands muscle building. The Vig-Row is the perfect device for keeping fit and getting strong. Be sure to investigate the VIG-ROW! You will agree that it is the greatest and most perfect rowing machine ever marketed, regardless of price. Its many features and beauty will amaze you—our slogan is "FACTS FIRST"—then the sale—send no money—write now for additional free information.



Examine VIG-ROW First

Space doesn't permit the entire story about the Vig-Row. It has too many real features. There are too many reasons why you should select the Vig-Row. We don't ask you to purchase from this advertisement—we do ask that you write for our large photographic circular so you can see and realize the difference yourself. Write for free facts now. Don't buy now, from us or anyone else—compare—examine—test—don't buy a cat in the bag—write us now and get the wonderful complete Vig-Row story that brings you the reason why you will be proud to own a Vig-Row.



$11.85

FREE Instructions

We don't think it enough to just sell you the finest rowing machine in the world and trust to luck that you will use it and get strong. No! We furnish a course of instructions without extra cost, that are complete in every detail. Shows how to develop every part of the body with the Vig-Row—Prepared and written by a master of Physical Culture—and it's yours free, if you write at once.

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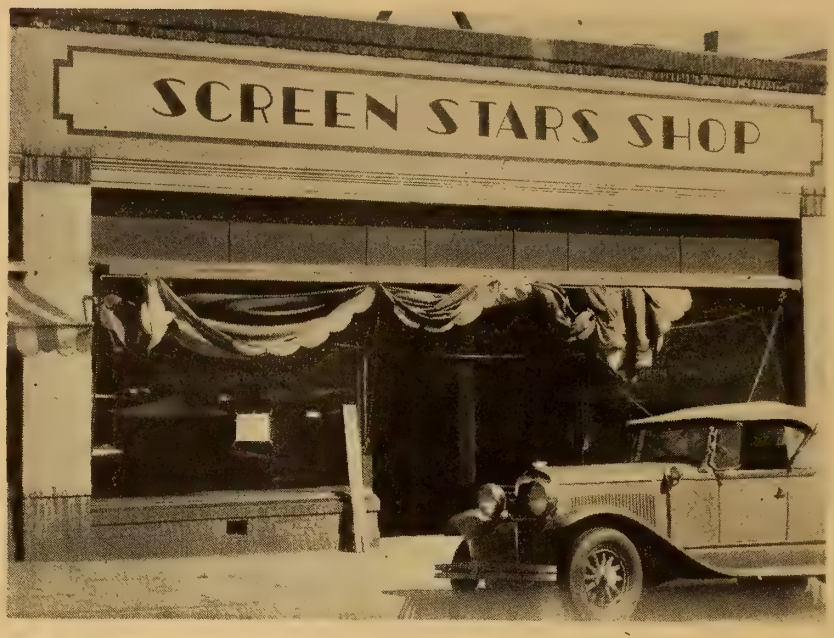
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What Becomes of the Clothes the Stars Wear on the Screen

(*Continued from page 49*)

delicate peach-tinted negligée worn by Bebe Daniels in "The Maltese Falcon." It became the property of the star after the picture was completed, and it is a matter of record that she wore the outfit in her home one evening. Not long after that she went to Del Monte for a week-end, and the suitcase containing this particular negligée either fell off or was stolen from the trunk rack of her car en-route. Several newspaper advertisements offering a generous reward for the return of the suitcase were in vain. What fair unknown is wearing this delicate negligée now, perhaps not knowing whence it came, unless her eye chances to light on this article?



The above shop was sponsored by Mary Pickford and Marion Davies. It failed because it could not keep up its stock of used studio and personal clothing worn by the screen stars

Who's Wearing Connie's Frock

AN afternoon frock of beige chiffon, worn by Constance Bennett in "Born To Love," has a longer history. Connie wore it once at luncheon at the Embassy Club after the picture was completed. Then it was borrowed from her by an extra girl, who secured a much-needed week of work because she had the frock. Extra girls, be it known, must supply their own wardrobes for "modern" pictures, and on their salaries it isn't always easy. The gown was returned to the kind-hearted star, who now presented it to her ample, colored cook. Naturally, mammy couldn't wear it, but her daughter could—and did.

"An' lawsy, Missy Constance, yo'-all should'a seen dat gal strut when she wore it at dat cullud folks' weddin'!" Cleo declared.

A far more typical life-history of a movie star's gown, however, concerns the costume worn by Lily Damita in the torrid love scenes with Lester Vail in "The Woman Between." This was a slinky, moulded affair of black sequins with an odd scarf-like train of meline, you remember.

The gilded Lily did not purchase it for, like so many screen stars, she dresses one way on the screen and another way entirely off-stage. The studio might have retained this gown, even if she had wished to purchase it, however, for a French version of the picture was to be made, with the Marquis de La Falaise, one-time husband of Gloria Swanson, and current admirer of Constance Bennett, as director.

So Lily's Gown Became French

THE Marquis after association with these famous fashion stars of the screen, knew his sequins. He gave one look at the gown that Lily had worn, and cried:

"Oo, la la! Jeanne Helbling must wear that in our version, 'Une Femme Libre.'"



The above shop in Hollywood is one of many where the clothes of movie stars may be bought. Note the window display of robes sold at bargain prices

"But she's taller than Miss Damita, and not so curved here, and here, and here!" protested the wardrobe girl, indicating the curvatures by pats on her own not-so-bad anatomy.

"Remodel it for her!" ordered the Marquis.

So the Damita gown was remodeled, went through the French version love scenes (which were probably hotter than the American variety) and then, as seductively glistening as before, went again to the studio wardrobe. An extra girl wore it in the background of a scene in "Traveling Husbands." It was too striking a gown to be seen in the foreground; observant fans would have spotted it and immediately written in protest or—worse—probably some wisecracks.

"That gown had better go to Smith next time he comes here," the studio wardrobe master told his helper.

Which introduces Smith, and another phase not only in the history of this, but of most movie gowns—a thing that explains in large part what becomes of the six million dollars' worth of studio clothes each year. Smith, or Jones, is the middleman in disposing of studio wardrobe stock. He buys it in large lots, usually, and disposes of it in any one of several ways.

The Route of Many a Dress

FROM the wardrobe department of the studio the Damita gown went into Smith's truck, still on its hanger, with a sheath of sized cloth around it to protect it from dirt and dust. It landed in Smith's clearing house, the second floor of a one-time office building near Los Angeles. Then it took another auto ride, still on the hanger, still in its sheath, back toward Hollywood!

Down on Santa Monica Boulevard near Western Avenue, within a half-mile of the studio in which the gown had been designed, it found its way into a shop window. The permanent sign over the shop is: "Movie Stars' Wardrobe Sale." It is a "sale" that goes on perennially—and there are at least a half-dozen sales like it in town.

The sequin gown was sold for twenty-two dollars to a plumpish lady who declared to the shop proprietor that she could "let it out here and there, and it will just fit." It originally cost about two hundred dollars, and was in excellent condition. Probably the faint fragrance of Damita's favorite Christmas Night still clings to it, but just where its naughty sleekness is seen today, just what lights those sequins are reflecting, only its owner knows.

These instances do not account for the disappearance of six million dollars' worth of feminine finery each year, but a few more glimpses into the subject will go far toward solving the mystery. The statistician who was so puzzled wasn't the only one, by the way—the mystery sorely puzzled Mary Pickford and Marion Davies.

These two stars, always notable charity workers, not long ago thought of a new plan to raise money for the needy and at the same time provide an outlet for used studio and stellar wardrobes, including their own, and those of Gloria, Connie, Bebe and Lilyan—all of whom subscribed to the scheme.

They opened a little store called "Screen Stars Shop," the stock of which they and the studios supplied almost gratis. Here gowns worn by movie stars, gowns averaging two hundred dollars in cost, were sold

(*Continued on page 89*)

Did Hollywood Wreck The Tibbett Romance?

(*Continued from page 81*)

world by its tail some day. . . . One of them has attained wealth and position as an architect. . . . The other, not so much wealth, but considerable prestige as an etcher and writer on art. And then there is Lawrence. And there is Grace. And the handsome twins.

Maybe it was for one of these mountain hikes a long time ago that Grace baked a chocolate layer-cake. At any rate, the chocolate cake became strangely the pivotal point in the Tibbett drama.

"It's a curious thing," Grace once told a group of us, "how insignificant little things change the paths of people's lives. That chocolate cake became a veritable bone of contention in our family for days. Some trifling remark pertaining directly or indirectly to it suddenly opened our eyes to discontent. We realized that we were restless with suppressed ideals."

Suddenly the wife knew that they could not go on living in the peace of the mountains. Perhaps, even then, she had a vision of what lay ahead of her.

"The Only Years I Was Happy"

"THOSE were the only years I was ever really happy," she says, "the only time he belonged *to me*. But I knew from the very beginning that Lawrence had one of the great voices of the world. I knew it belonged to the world and I wanted him to develop it, no matter what the sacrifice . . ."

The absurd little quarrel over the chocolate cake was destined to give a great singer his career! Grace Tibbett sent Lawrence to New York to complete his vocal studies while she worked in an office to support their babies. That took heroic courage on the part of both. It took all of her persuasive powers to convince Lawrence that he should go, rather than stay there and provide her and the twins with bread and butter. What greater incentive could a man have to "make good"?

Those days weren't easy for either of them. He was studying and working with consuming intensity. The only money he could make was seventy-five dollars a month, singing in a church. They were lean days for both, but days of great, earnest living, because in opposite ends of the country each was watching mutual dreams slowly approach fulfillment. This is real marriage-work, shared ambitions and dreams, sacrifice.

The story of an unknown boy's triumph in a single aria in "Falstaff" at the Metropolitan Opera, his long years of other triumphs, are all history now. The rest of the story belongs to Hollywood.

Once again we find the Tibbetts in Southern California, this time for a venture on the screen. If this first picture is a hit, there will be others—many others. They live in a beautiful home in Beverly. A house that is like both of them—full of strength and individuality. The architect friend re-made the house for them. He stretched out its lines, built it up, constructed a fireplace that would burn man-sized logs, designed furniture that would have beauty, but also resistance enough to withstand the force of Lawrence's leaping across the long living-room, straight for the dining-room, and wham! into the Spanish armchair at one end of the heavy board.

And Grace's boudoir is done in gleaming silver and cool sea-green—modern and vigorous. No feminine doo-dads, except perfume in black and rock-crystal bottles. Not much like the bare board walls and home-made bookshelves at La Crescenta!



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Why The Gilbert-Claire Marriage Has Failed

(Continued from page 29)

humble and repentant John found her.

In other words, Ina wanted what John—too late—came to want: privacy. She wanted Time For Love. John apparently didn't.

These same intimates of the couple will also tell you that when John's first talkie was a failure, when his voice failed to record as it was in real life, Ina tried to coach him (much as John Barrymore later coached Dolores Costello). Her efforts were resented by her glamourous husband. He did not want her help . . . Whether true or not, it was soon after the release of John's first talkie that they took up separate abodes.

Further, Ina's friends insist that she longed passionately for a child from their union. A child hadn't held John and Leatrice Joy together—but how did that apply to Ina? And even if John's affection for her did not grow into something warm and living, a child would always be part of him that would belong to her . . .

She knows what people are saying, she has heard the jokes and the cruel gossip that follow in the wake of a divorce suit like refuse behind a ship—and she has smiled and been silent. But when word came to her that people were saying that John Gilbert had made her a handsome money settlement, and when the newspaper chatter-artists even printed the amount of the "generous gift," Ina felt that the time had come to tell all—on this one subject of money, if nothing else.

"My self-respect means more to me than money," titian-blonde Ina says proudly. "I've supported myself ever since I was thirteen. I've worked—worked hard. I've been married before, I've had men in love with me—and I've never taken five cents from any of them. I've never made love pay! If Jack or his friends imagined that I married him for his money, I hope they know better now. If I had wanted that, I might have married a man with a great deal more than Jack has or ever will have."

Marriage Without Partnership

THERE was no partnership in the Gilbert-Claire alliance. And what marriage can exist without it? Ina Claire's marriage cost her more than two hundred thousand dollars during the two years it lasted. This figure covers the acting engagements she sacrificed, but it also includes her living expenses for the two years—clothes, laundry, car, maid and chauffeur and, part of the time, her board and lodging. Even her spending money on their honeymoon trip was her own.

When the question of divorce arose, she was told that she had a right to separate maintenance, alimony or a "financial settlement." She refused all of these things. Voluntarily, she signed away her rights to them. All that she would take from John Gilbert was the money she had spent on her living expenses while she was his wife. She looked over her canceled checks and made out a bill, not covering such items as Lost Professional Opportunities, Slights, and Heartaches, but only those everyday debts that any husband is responsible for.

She refused to put twenty thousand dollars' worth of gowns on the bill. "I was extravagant about clothes," she said, when her lawyer protested. "After all, they are professional expenses. People expect me to be well-dressed. I won't let Jack pay for them."

The final amount—forty thousand odd dollars—might be a large expense bill for the wife of a butcher, but for the actress wife of a great movie star who earns a salary of ten thousand dollars or more a week, twenty thousand a year for living expenses is modest indeed. When her lawyer mentioned a "round sum," Ina refused indignantly. "I don't want any round sums. I want only the exact amount I paid out of my bank account for my living. Not one penny more. Not one dollar that wasn't actually mine to begin with. No presents. No settlements. No pay-off."

She, herself, is paying the costs of the divorce, by the way—many thousand dollars. She made John a present of his freedom.

"Apparently everyone, including Jack himself, thinks that money must be the main reason for an actress's marrying," Ina says. "Hollywood measures everything in terms of money—ability, success, friendship. Even love. When I ran away to Las Vegas and married Jack after knowing him only a few weeks, I didn't know or care whether he had a fortune or not. When he said to me, with a magnificent gesture, 'Everything I have is yours, sweetheart,' I was thrilled to think that after so many years of work, here was a man who was willing to take care of me. I felt feminine and clinging-viney, but it never occurred to me to translate love-making into dollars and cents. I'd have been just as happy—perhaps happier—in a cheap apartment or on a desert island. I wanted to give up my career—imagine!—and stay at home and be a regular wife.

"But when, almost before the honeymoon was over, he said suddenly one day, 'Ina, would you be willing to sign away your rights to our community property?' it suddenly occurred to me with a shock: 'He suspects me of *wanting* something from him!' I couldn't answer quickly enough, 'Of course, I'll sign the paper. I don't want your property, Jack—did you think I did?"

Ina Didn't Want Money

"NOT that I don't like money and the things money buys as well as the next person. When I was a child, I planned to be an actress because it was the quickest way I could think of to become rich. And not that I have so much money of my own. I'd starve in five years if I didn't keep on working. But to mix money with love! I could hardly wait to sign the paper Jack's lawyer brought me, propped up in bed—I'd been sick with grippe—so that Jack would realize how mistaken about me he was. I didn't read half of it. I was ashamed of the whole scene, with Jack pacing up and down, apparently all nerves lest I might refuse at the last minute . . . "

That is more than a hint of why their marriage failed.

The world knows that she sent telegrams from New York, asking John if he didn't want her to return. But the world did not know—until now—that she also sent wires that told John that she had heard he was still worrying over what she could demand from him and repeated that she wanted nothing. She refused any "settlement" and signed another paper of her own free will, relinquishing all claims for alimony or separate maintenance or anything except her actual expenses during the time she was his wife. Can you blame Ina Claire for being amazed and indignant to find that Hollywood still is incredulous?

Perhaps Hollywood does not understand a good sport like Ina Claire—a woman who would stand the brunt of an unflattering divorce rather than hurt the man she once loved, a wife who didn't consider that marriage gave her "rights" to a man's money, a wife who wanted nothing more from her husband than love.

There Are No Private Lives At Malibu Beach—The Houses Are Too Close Together

(*Continued from page 42*)

Which brings up the peculiar status of Malibu "householders." They may build (for good round sums) their own little (or big) dwelling-places, but they can never own the land upon which they build. The owner of the ground, a Mrs. Rindge, cannily leases the waterfront footage for a term of years for a dollar per foot a month. (The tariff is about to go up to two dollars and a half very shortly now, they say.) The average beach lot—and who'd think of building behind the first row of cottages?—thus costs thirty dollars a month.

Also, the lady has specified in her contracts that if the houses are not removed from the property, she can charge a wrecking-fee to have them taken down.

But there are plenty of Hollywood folk who are willing, anxious—nay, fighting—to build expensive houses on land that they never can own. They're more conscious than you are that they are a race apart—and they want to be with their own kind.

Don't think, however, because the film-famous go "village," that they don't do it with the usual blare of trumpets. Don't suppose for a minute that, because they frolic with the wind and the waves, they don't doll themselves up in the very newest and smartest beach pajamas, tea gowns, flannels and double-breasted jackets hot from the Riviera. And when they throw parties, they're parties, I'm telling you.

There are little ways of providing unexpected diversion at Malibu gatherings. At the height of one pretty big evening, with the dice rolling, the roulette wheel spinning, the blackjack dealer slapping out the cards, a couple of burly policemen walked into a prominent director's home one evening without knocking. Glasses crashed, cards flew to the left and right and pandemonium reigned. In due time the director-host introduced the cops as his guests and amid sighs of relief.

District Attorney Buron Fitts of Los Angeles County—the most belligerent prosecutor on the West Coast—lives at Malibu. His house is at the far end of the beach, however, and he is not very much in evidence as a rule. They say it is rather convenient to have him on tap because if arguments get too hot and heavy, they can usually quiet the participants with the threat to go wake up Buron.

Since that time fire-fighting apparatus has been installed, and Warner Baxter (no less) is fire chief. But Malibuers still are deathly afraid of a blaze. The siren sounded the other night. Within three minutes, a hundred people in various stages of dress and undress had popped out from everywhere to check up on the danger.

The excitement of this, however, was nothing compared to what they say went on when Jack Gilbert and director John Francis Dillon recently decided to settle a hot argument via the fisticuff route. Contrary to the usual Hollywood procedure of a sock, a biff, and a couple more socks before bystanders do the big separation act, this took on arena-like proportions. Boxing gloves were resurrected from somebody's recreation room, seconds were named, pails of water were brought, and the colony was divided into two cheering camps. When the stage was all set and Gilbert and Dillon were ready to go into action, one or the other of them inquired what they were fighting about. Neither could remember, so the duel was cancelled. Some people were disappointed.

Nobody has any secrets at Malibu.... Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea were seen much together, lolling on the sand, and visitors said, "Aha! A new romance!" But Malibu wasn't fooled. Malibu just waited to see if Connie and the Marquis wouldn't take their vacations at the same time. And sure enough they did.

Malibu knew that Ina Claire was going to walk out of the cast of "The Greeks Had a Word for It"—and it also knew that she was going to walk back, when her part was rewritten.

John Gilbert's newest heart trouble, Malibu will tell you, is a Hawaiian princess.

Malibu knew that Dorothy Lee and Jimmie Fidler Weren't Getting Along.

When Frank Fay left for New York, Malibu nodded its head wisely. But not for the reason you think. It didn't look like a split-up to the neighbors. They suspected that Barbara Stanwyck would soon be in the market for stage offers, herself, just so she could be with Frank. And she is!

They can't keep their secrets in Malibu. And maybe they don't want to keep them—or they wouldn't be living there!

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Musical Pictures Are Here Again

(*Continued from page 53*)

Producers scratched their heads and thought and thought. After a lot of concentration they reached the surprising conclusion that maybe this phenomenon was caused by the fact that "Whoopee" was a *good picture!* But even then they were doubtful. Most of them had taken some bad lickings with musicals.

And now several more surprising things have happened. Bing Crosby, who used to be one of Paul Whiteman's "Rhythm Boys" (as well as Dixie Lee's husband), was crooning over at the Cocoanut Grove (one of the Swankier places where our dancing daughters dance). He left and went to making "crooning shorts" for Mack Sennett.

Musicals! They're what the public wants—in moderation.

Tired Business Men Want Them

RKO, at the recent convention of its salesmen, took a vote as to whether "Girl Crazy" (with Wheeler and Woolsey and Dorothy Lee) should be made as a musical comedy or not. To everyone's enormous astonishment, the answer was almost unanimously in favor of a musical comedy! (That's what it was on Broadway.) It is now being made with music and choruses—and all the trimmings. "Marcheta," with Richard Dix, Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez, will also be a musical, and after that will come "Bird of Paradise" with Dolores Del Rio. RKO is *that* surprised.

Fox Studio was all a-twitter this summer when "Sunnyside Up" one of their old musicals, was revived at Roxy's in New York City. The picture played to miserable business. Considering that Gaynor and Farrell usually pack this world's largest theater, but the studio can hardly wait to get started on its new musical, "Delicious," which George and Ira Gershwin and Guy Bolton have written for America's Two favorite Sweethearts. The piece was dashed off several months ago when the Gershwins were on the Coast—and it has been bidin' its time ever since.

Janet is practising her singing and dancing again and things begin to look a good deal as they did two years ago. Fox is still cautious, however—and mindful of those lickings. They describe the new piece, timidly, as "a comedy with music."

The Public Wants Both

WARNERS have been taking votes in their theaters as to their patrons' preferences in re-issues of old pictures. At least half of them have voted for "Hold Everything" and "Gold-Diggers of Broadway"—both musicals. The other half are in favor of "Disraeli" and "Son of the Gods." From which Warners have concluded that a *good* musical will vie with a *good* dramatic picture any day.

They have released the musical "Children of Dreams" and "Men of the Sky," after holding them back for months. And they are going busily and happily to work on "Her Majesty, Love" with Marilyn Miller—just to mention one of their musical projects.

M-G-M, all encouraged by these things, reached up to the top shelf the other day and took down their "Old-Timers' Revue" made a year or more ago with lots of bright luminaries of former days, and they are now in the process of dusting it off and refurbishing it for the winter trade.

They are also concocting "Flying High," from a New York musical show, with the inimitable Bert Lahr, Charlotte Greenwood and bevies and bevies of little darlings capering about in satin shorts and gauze. (Not very *much* gauze.)

They'll Be Different This Time

THESE are to be real musicals with no excuses made for them. Up to now, people have been apologetic about singing on the screen. "Remember that little song I used to like so well?" the lady would say to the leading man. "Sing it for me now." Thus having made it "logical" for a song to be introduced, the gentleman was free to go ahead and sing his little ditty.

All of which brings us around to the question of what all this will mean to our favorite actors. For there is no doubt about it—if one or two of these pictures are successful, we shall certainly have another avalanche of singing and dancing. And why not? Isn't the field just as ripe for this type of entertainment as it is for the heavy dramatics?

If this comes to pass, will it mean that Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Morton Downey, Helen (Poop-a-doop) Kane, the Duncan Sisters, the Sisters G, Dennis King Grace Moore, Lillian Roth, Jack Whiting, Charles King, Alexander Gray, Stanley Smith, Bernice Claire, Vivienne Segal and the scores of others who came and sang their ditties, played their bands or danced their dances and then went away again, will be returning to the screen?

Stars Who Are In Demand

MAYBE that's why Paramount would not release Buddy Rogers to go East and play with his band. Maybe that's why they were so anxious to keep Ruth Chatterton. For even our Ruthie essayed a couple of jazz numbers in "The Magnificent Lie"! While John Boles was waiting for Universal to okay his idea of a new contract, offers poured in from other studios.

Bebe Daniels made a spectacular comeback when she proved that she could sing in "Rio Rita." Of late there have been whispers that Warners would be just as happy if they had not signed her on that long-term contract.—Will musicals let Bebe make a *second* comeback?

Is that why M-G-M re-signed Ramon Novarro when all the reports had it that they would let him go when his contract expired.

Pictures are certainly much nicer for the singer than the stage. Al Jolson's throat gave out while he was appearing night after night in "Wonder Bar" in New York. In pictures he can sing a song once and then sit back at his ease (and at a large salary) while the thing goes all over the world. Eddie Cantor has had a bit of throat trouble—but the California climate seems to agree with him. And Chevalier suffered from rasped vocal chords, 'tis said, after his triumphal tour of Europe.

Well—we shall see. Meanwhile, it will be pleasant to have our wave of stark realism broken by a song or two. "All Quiet" ushered in this cycle of stark realism—and gosh, how stark most of it has been, too; with a parade across the screen of soldiers and gangsters and racketeers and ladies of the late afternoon and evening.

People writhed and died from being (1) hanged (2) electrocuted (3) poisoned (4) slashed (5) stabbed (6) shot with (a) machine guns (b) revolvers (c) sawed-off shotguns (d) rifles (e) cannon (f) et cetera. The writhes the average actor has writhed while dying in pictures the past year, would reach from San Quentin to the Sing Sing death-house and back. It must have been *terribly* hard on them.

What Becomes of the Clothes the Stars Wear on the Screen

(*Continued from page 84*)

for twenty dollars. Business was fine—but before the venture had barely started, it had to close for lack of stock!

"Where in the world does all that overflow of costumes from the studios and ourselves go, then, Marion?" Mary demanded. And Marion could only shake her head, spread her hands in one of those inimitable gestures, and pantomime: "Search me!" Now a "For Rent" sign decorates the window, and whether or not the shop's sponsors know it, Mr. Smith, whoever he is, did away with its chances.

Mr. Smith, be it known, supplies not only the profit-making wardrobe shops, but commercial costuming companies throughout Southern California and even some as far east as Denver and as far north as Seattle. He also supplies certain exclusive shops where one-time stellar lingerie is freshened and sold for new—possibly, on occasion, to the very star who wore it in a picture! And last but not least, Smith exports costumes to Mexico.

The Studios Have Bargain Days

OF course, there are the famous studio wardrobe sales, which occur once in a blue moon. These are usually for the benefit of studio employees, the more blasé of whom declare that Mr. Smith has always been at the stuff before them, and has left little choice. It is usually the little star-worshiping stenographers and bookkeepers who purchase at these sales.

Some of the stars themselves, however, show a fan-like desire to purchase their own wardrobes, or parts of them. Clara Bow always purchased her more lacy—or should we say racy?—nightgowns. Ruth Chatterton buys the expensive tailored suits she so often wears, such as the black outfit with silver fox fur used in "The Laughing Lady."

Occasionally, studio wardrobe sales are attended by outside visitors. There is that classical story, for instance, of the visiting dowager who started to purchase a fur that Bebe Daniels had worn, but first sniffed it suspiciously.

"Has this been renovated since Miss Daniels wore it?" she demanded.

"Certainly, ma'am!" cried the wardrobe mistress with genuine indignation. "Why, it's perfectly clean—we always *sterilize* 'em right after they're used in a picture."

"Humph! I don't want it then," snapped the would-be customer. "I can buy clean furs at any furrier's!"

Evidently she wanted the aroma of Bebe's greasepaint with her bargain!

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First, by softening the water, Bathasweet gives the bath a unique cleansing power which enables it to *dissolve* the impurities that lie deep in the pores and to keep these impurities dissolved so that they do not wash back on the body. The best evidence of this is that no "ring" remains around the tub when Bathasweet is used. This greater cleanliness works wonders with the skin. It not only clears up skin-blemishes but gives the skin a youthful smoothness that is most alluring.

Secondly, Bathasweet keeps you dainty much longer than does the ordinary tubbing, no matter how thorough. That is because perspiration-deposits, deep in the pores, are the usual cause of body odors; and Bathasweet dissolves these deposits. It surrounds you with an aura of daintiness which lasts a surprisingly long time.

And, incidentally, Bathasweet adds a delightful fragrance to your bath.

25c, 50c, $1, $1.50 at drug or department stores.

FREE A can sent free, anywhere in U. S. if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. M-K, 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

What Happens To The Children Of Divorced Movie Stars?

(*Continued from page 47*)

grandmother. At the time of the divorce, Charlie assumed the entire support of the two small boys. He created a trust fund to be held for them until they are of age and in the meantime he pays one thousand dollars monthly for their living expenses.

Charlie has no set days of the week, month or year that he sees his children. But often the comedian will "drop by" Lita's home in Beverly Hills and take the children home with him for a dip into his swimming-pool—or into Hollywood for an ice cream cone. When Charlie is with them, he is happily paternal.

The eight-year-old daughter of Richard Arlen and his bride of a very early marriage, lives with her mother back East. Dick has assumed the entire support of the child and at Christmastime he and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, pack a special box with the loveliest of presents and toys and mail it away to the little girl. I hear that she goes to see all Dick's pictures.

Leatrice Joy Gilbert

RUMOR has it that John Gilbert created a million-dollar trust fund for little Leatrice Joy Gilbert at the time of his divorce from Leatrice. At the time Jack was insistent that he be permitted to see, or have little Leatrice when he wanted her.

During the baby's infant days he was a frequent caller at the Joy home. But the divorce of Leatrice and Jack was not as "friendly" an affair as most of these amiable Hollywood separations and it is said that the strain of calling at his divorced wife's home, during a time when they were barely speaking to one another, caused Jack to make his visits fewer and farther between. Jack, however, never forgets the baby's birthday or Christmas.

In most cases, unless the custody is divided between both parents, it is the mother who keeps the child. But in the case of little Jim Kirkwood, beautiful young son of Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, it was decided that Jim should have the baby.

At the time of their divorce Lila realized that her health was not good. At any moment she might have to go away. For a long while she kept the baby with her and they lived in one of Bebe Daniels' beach houses, but with her studio work making heavy demands on her time and health, she finally agreed not to contest Kirkwood's action for the custody of young Jim.

Lila was bitterly hurt at the accusation that she had neglected the child. "I was working desperately hard so that if it did become necessary for me to go away I would have sufficient money to see my illness through," she once explained to me. "I hated to lose little Jim—but in the long run perhaps it is best that he is with his father."

Lila Let Her Boy Choose

WHILE she lay ill in Arizona, the bitterness between Lila and Jim Kirkwood over the custody of the child was ironed out and twice the little boy and his father went up to see the sick girl. "Little Jim looked grand," Lila told me. "I know he is happy with Jim, who adores him and I'm not going to quarrel about his custody any more. Jim has promised that I may see the baby whenever I care to.

When Gloria Swanson and her wealthy second husband, Herbert Somborn (owner of the famous restaurant, The Brown Derby) were divorced, Gloria was given custody of the child (also named Gloria). And no Hollywood divorcée has taken her responsibility more to heart than Gloria. So rigidly has she protected the child from press photographers and press-agents that once there was a story that there must be something wrong with the child. But Gloria did not relent toward the press, beyond letting friends deny that. The little girl is a miniature of the adult Gloria.

Busy at the studio so much, and afraid that the child might become lonely with only a governess for a companion, Gloria adopted another little girl to be a playmate for her own. Herbert Somborn often sees his daughter, and he and her mother are good friends. He is privileged to see the child whenever he wishes. He lives near her both in town and at Malibu Beach.

John Barrymore's First Child

WHEN Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore was born, father John, according to reporters, was a bit disappointed that the child was not a boy—but he certainly seems contented now. So contented, in fact, that most people have forgotten that Dolores Costello is not his first wife. At the height of his success on the stage he was married to "Michael Strange," the playwright-actress, and a child—also a girl—was born.

At the time the temperamental couple parted, the mother was given custody of the child, and Barrymore used to see his daughter frequently. Now, both John and his first wife are married again. He has a new child, and his first child has a stepfather. Inevitably, they have grown away from one another. John regrets this.

The child in the case was the cause of the divorce of Reginald Denny and his first wife, Irene Haisman, according to rumors at the time. Reginald, so the stories went, *would* insist on taking the little girl for airplane rides—against the strenuous objections of her mother. She now has the child—Barbara is the little girl's name—and Reginald is free to see her at any time (outside of an airplane). His new wife, the former Isobel Steiffel is very fond of her.

Joan Bennett looks so young—and is so young—that it is difficult to realize that she has a little girl. When Joan and John Martin Fox came to a parting of the ways, she was given custody of the child, who spends most of her time down at Malibu, playing in the sand and absorbing the sun.

The Boy Likes His Stepmother

DIRECTOR Alan Crosland's son is old enough to be going to military school, which doesn't allow him to spend much time with either his father or mother. However, he doesn't seem to resent having a stepmother, as well as a mother. When he visits at the Crosland home, he spends most of his time with Natalie Moorhead Crosland, whom he calls "Natalie."

Nils Asther has a daughter by an early marriage in Sweden, and it is said that he never forgets her birthday, and always plays Kris Kringle—by long-distance—at Christmas time. This, even though he is very proud of his new daughter, born of his marriage with Vivian Duncan.

But what is it really like to be the child of a divorced couple? Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is old enough to tell. He was just a youngster when his father and Beth Sully decided they were incompatible. He lived with his mother, though he often saw his father and his father supported him. He idolized both of them.

Yet, Doug, Jr. has revealed that he spent a moody childhood, wondering what it was all about, wondering why two such people as his mother and father couldn't be happy together. He freely admits that he did not have a happy childhood.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

DO you remember when Anita played opposite Earle Williams in the old Vitagraph days? Earle's family was wiped out by a terrible tragedy the other day. In the apartment where the lives of his wife and children and mother-in-law were snuffed out through murder and suicide, this desperate measure having been taken through the hopelessness of existence, there was an unopened telegram from Joe Schenck, thrust under the door. "Where shall I send the thousand?" it read. The papers were full of the details, sad and sordid, of her life after Earle died, but what I remember best is the wonderful *trousseau* shower she gave Vilma Banky in those happier days when she was one of the most famous Hollywood hostesses.

THE tragedy of Earle Williams' family has aroused Hollywood as nothing else has ever done. Mrs. Tod Browning, wife of the director, was visiting the grave of a relative in Hollywood cemetery several years ago when she overheard a discussion about the removal of a body to Potter's Field for failure to pay the rent of a crypt. Inquiring, she was horrified to find that it was the body of Earle Williams which was to be moved.

Only a hastily taken up collection from friends in the film colony prevented one of their number from resting among the beggars and paupers in a nameless grave. An almost the last words written by his wife three years later were to beg them not bury her and her children in Potter's Fie

WHICH reminds us—Rudy Valentin monument in Hollywood Cemet was so badly chipped and nicked souvenir-hunting fans that it toppled o and had to be taken away! Even into t grave Fame pursues them.

PROPHECIES fail, and tests are uncertain, but when the Fox executives saw hard-boiled newspaper men weeping over Jimmie Dunn's crying scene in "Bad Girl" at the studio preview, they went right out and wrote a new contract for him. It isn't often a man can get away with tears on the screen. This Dunn boy is on his way.

ANNA MAY WONG has been fighting off a nervous breakdown ever since she came back to America. Now she is taking treatments with radium—and they are so costly she can't make up her mind whether they will make her well before the expense worries her to death! Her sister, who acts as her personal maid, is also doing a small part in Anna's picture.

IRENE PURCELL was telling us the other day about a dinner party she went to at the home of a Santa Barbara millionaire. After dinner the host sent to his private zoo for his pet chimpanzees, who arrived in the drawing room and proceeded to make themselves quite at home on the divans, chandeliers and every place. They took the champagne glasses from guests' hands, pulled the ladies' slippers off and hurled them the length of the room. They even rolled on the priceless rugs, screaming with hideous laughter. The host, by the way, is the very recently ex-husband of Katherine MacDonald, once known as "The American Beauty."

"I LIKE California," says Miss Purcell, "but it *is* rather wearing compared to my peaceful rustic life on Broadway. The Marx Brothers live in the Garden of Allah (an apartment hotel) in Beverly Hills, and they set up a badminton court right on my private lawn promising they would only use it at four in the afternoon. But there are dozens and dozens of Marxes and some of them were always playing under my windows.

One morning I got out there early in my sun-bathing costume and lay down right on the center chalk line. I heard them come, and bustle about putting up their nets. Then there was a dubious pause. "Do you suppose she's asleep?" one of them said. "Yes, I am," said I, without opening my eyes. "I sleep here for an hour every morning." I heard the Marxes depart, abashed. They haven't disturbed me since —and.

AT the movie première of "The American Tragedy" in Hollywood—there was an ugly spirit among the crowd milling about the sidewalk, which, at times, threatened to become a riot. Men and women leaped on the running-boards of glittering cars and jeered at the bejeweled occupants. "Take your finger out of your mouth, lady!" one shouted at a terrified actress, "and smile!" The stars arrived in the lobby of the theater, ruffled and hustled and breathless. There was one, however, who seemed completely at her ease—Lupé Velez. Radiant and vivacious, she found nothing to get annoyed over. She just scattered endearments to her escort and passed inside.

WE feel like patting ourselves on the back for the public response to our articles on the unfairness of punishing Roscoe Arbuckle any more. Letters have been coming in by the hundreds championing the cause of the fat comedian, and Jimmie Cruze, roused to action, gave a dinner for Arbuckle sympathizers. It develops, although the story is not verified, that Educational will make a comedy with Arbuckle in the chief rôle in one version, and another comedian taking the part in a second version. The two comedies will be shown exhibitors. If they agree that Roscoe is still a good comedy bet they will release his pic-

(*Continued on page 97*)

don't lose out on admiration!



STUNNING clothes and perfect features are fine things to have—but they won't do you a bit of good if you allow poisons to gather in your system.

For it is internal cleanliness that decides your charm. If you neglect it, nothing in the world will hide your dull skin, lacklustre eyes and weary manner.

Keeping clean internally repays you with a clear complexion, energy and pep, and a sparkling loveliness that wins admiration. And the saline treatment with Sal Hepatica makes it an easy matter.

What the Continental springs do for so many wealthy Europeans, this harmless laxative can do for you at home. For Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the famous European waters. Like them, it clears the bloodstream, ends constipation, gets rid of the poisons that keep you from being good-looking, clear-eyed, alluring.

Start today with Sal Hepatica, the saline laxative. Look better, feel better, be better. Gain the sparkle, charm, life that win and hold the admiration of men.

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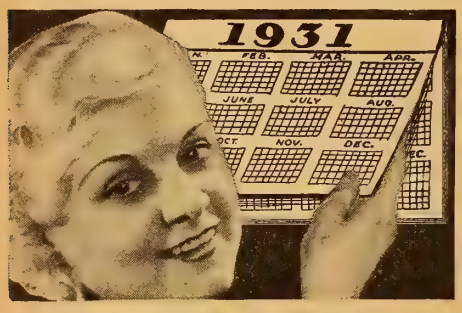
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GET your man *this* year! It's easy the Blondex way. This special shampoo gives blonde hair radiant appeal no man can resist! It not only prevents darkening—but safely brings back natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Adds new gloss and lustre, too. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Good for scalp. Let Blondex bring out the gleaming lights now hidden in your hair. At all drug and department stores.



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Dept. 15 **Springfield, Mass.**

Cinderella Comes to Life As Barrymore's Leading Lady

(Continued from page 59)

BARRYMORE in giant letters. He had the names removed. Too ostentatious.

He asked no favors not accorded to other members of the cast. He worked full time and never complained. He *adored* his macabre make-up. He played with it, Marian told me, as a child plays with a putty mask. He'd sit between scenes, day in and day out, fooling with his beard, adjusting his built-out nose, admiring different effects in his mirror. He hated to remove it. He even kept it on when his infant daughter was brought to the set one day to visit him. The young daughter has the Barrymore-Drew-Costello theatrical blood in her veins. She recognized Daddy, whiskers, nose and all. She smiled up at the awful visage bent above her. If that isn't heredity asserting itself triumphantly!

[illegible] and try to talk to the children [illegible] glowingly. He wanted them to go on the stage. He used to tell them he hoped they would be individuals, would amount to something in the world, would have their names in letters of light for all the world to see. He inoculated all of them with the dramatic virus. He died two years ago, in New York, and Death has touched young Marian with cold, penetrating finger-tips.

Her sister, Jean, believed in her more than she did in herself. When she went to work—and she did quite a bit of work, on the stage and as an extra (she was a member of the Paramount School), she used always to say, "But you *should* see my little sister." Marian says, "Jean is too unselfish. She thinks too much of the other fellow for her own good." When Marian first went to Warner Brothers to make a test, a young man accompanied her and also had a test. Not until much later was it discovered that Edward Morgan and Marian Marsh were sister and brother. And both have contracts. They are a united and a happy family. Marian and Jean share the same room and decorated it together in pale green wood and lavender drapes.

Not a Blonde Ingénue

MARIAN MARSH is not a blonde ingenue. Usually these blonde ingenues, when interviewed, contribute nothing to the conversation save how much they owe to dear Mommer and how kind and sweet everyone in dear Hollywood has been to them. They say yes and no, politely, in answer to your questions. They have never been in love—and how they flutter at the very mention of matrimony is nobody's business! They are not allowed to go to the corner drug-store without a chaperon. Their idols, invariably, are Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin.

Marian is not like that. She's cut from different cloth. She is quite, quite different from any blonde who has ever crossed my path before. And if you know her, you'll agree with me. She does not wear the badge of purity pinned across her breast. She has considerably more to say than yes and no.

Of This And That

WE talked of many things—of other players, of clothes—of her reactions to love. Her screen favorites are Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. She has a special admiration for Joan Crawford, whom she considers wonderful. She likes Chevalier.

Marian has only one thing against her—her blonde and indubitable beauty. Too much young beauty is not an asset. She is helped out a bit by the fact that the studio powers have warned her *not to smile.* They tell her that her mouth is too large. She must, they dictate, train herself not to smile. In my humble capacity I dare to defy the studio powers. Her mouth is singularly sweet, rather large, it's true, but neatly curved with character. She has the published look of Dolores Costello on a more delicate scale.

The day I saw Marian she was wearing a soft blue suit, blue and white polka dot blouse, tiny hat of two shades of blue—matching her bag. But the girl hates clothes and has always dreaded dressing up for occasions. She prefers to wear an old sweater and skirt. When she was a tiny child she had to be privately inspected before she could see company. She was likely to appear in the guise of a ragamuffin.

Marian talked enthusiastically about love and marriage. She has been in love and is eager about matrimony. It's dearer to her than her work, although she is excited and proud over her success in pictures. Being Barrymore's leading lady at seventeen in his two latest films is something to be elated over—to say nothing of her appearance with Bill Powell in "The Road to Singapore" and with Edward G. Robinson in "Five-Star Final." And there's more success waiting for her when she plays opposite Richard Barthelmess in the next picture on his schedule.

To return to the marital talk, Marian confided that she *was* in love, but didn't know it at the time. She knows it now, more than a year and a half later. She wasn't, she says, very successful. The man in question is in business in Los Angeles—and is married. He has a baby. When I asked her if she isn't glad that she is where she is, professionally, rather than where the wife is, at home with a baby, the wide blue eyes filled with sudden tears. "I'd change places with her in one minute," she said. "I'd give it all up gladly—to be married, to have that baby."

Marian continued—"The people who know about it laugh at me. They say, 'You are so young. You can't be serious. You will get over it.' But I tell them, 'Young hearts can break, too.'"

Perhaps the love episode in her young life—the tragic breaking of her romance—was the necessary stimulant toward making her so amazingly successful in her brief screen career. When Opportunity knocked, Marian Marsh was equipped to meet it. Need more be said?

Is Helen Chandler The New Lillian Gish?

(*Continued from page 66*)

picture, "Dracula." Of course, you have seen her in "Outward Bound."

Helen has serious plans toward the talkies. For one thing, she frowns upon the beautiful young ingénue rôles. She is very frank about her personality and decidedly does NOT think she is beautiful. She told me not so long ago: "I've stopped making up my face. I can't bear to look at it long enough."

Helen has refused contracts and innumerable pictures because the parts called for beautiful young leading ladies. She liked her rôle in "Outward Bound" and "The Last Flight," Dick Barthelmess' recent opus. She has her own convictions over what she rates as appropriate for her. She says her first year in Hollywood was a great disappointment to her—and that her entire career was threatened. Now she is standing firm for the right parts (those that Gish could do best) and if they fail to materialize, she'll go back to New York. She doesn't quite know what she will do when she returns to Gotham, as she believes the stage, to-day, is all but negligible.

She agrees with Lionel Barrymore, who says, "The people will flock to pictures and forsake the stage because the people prefer canned goods." Canned goods are popular everywhere.

Married To An Author

HELEN is married to Cyril Hume, the author, who first startled fiction fans with "Wife of the Centaur." Mr. Hume is now authoring over at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From his gifted pen have come the dialogue jobs on "Trader Horn" and "Daybreak" and others. He is also doing a book, of course. Who isn't? Even Helen is writing a book. She aims to be a *literateur*. She probably will be, for she's ambitious. In fact her chief ambition is to do something worth-while—with two capital W's. Yeah, she wants to do something really worth-while—and make it beautiful. But she doesn't believe you can really do beautiful, worth-while things for money—not movie money at any rate.

To return to her author-husband, she met him at a party in New York. They were all playing a poetry game. One player would start with a line from some poem. The next person was supposed to supply the next line, and so on. It was discovered that Helen and Cyril matched poetically. This seemed to them to be a rare and beautiful thing. The discovery enchanted them. And it was Spring among the skyscrapers.

Cyril, who has been married before, has a six-year-old daughter, who calls her step-mother "Helen." Step-children have a habit of calling their step-mothers and step-fathers by their given names. This, at least, suggests that the step-business is on a friendly basis. Some of the kiddies are not so respectful—they call their step-parents by their last names. As for Helen, she adores the child and really takes her seriously. She also takes her to the beach and places.

Since friend husband wrote one of his novels in Florence, she has a passion for Italy. Some day when her "ship comes in" she wants to live there.

Being An Artist, She's Impractical

THE girl doesn't know very much about practical matters—at least she didn't when she first came to Hollywood. The trip westward was the first time she had lived far from her parents. The young Hume couple took a small housekeeping apartment. But bills began to come in from Departments of Light and Power. Helen had received so many notices from so many departments concerning taxes and other unpleasantries that she just supposed Light and Power were also government departments. She left the horrid-looking things unopened and came home one night to find her author-husband sitting in the dark. Everything in the house had been shut off. Helen had hid their light under a bushel—of bills.

Along with bills, paid and unpaid, Helen lists new shoes among Life's Unfortunate Events. She wears new shoes only under the most tyrannical compulsion. Her "doggies" are only comfortable in very old shoe-sies—very big ones and very flat ones. (Surely a point in common with Garbo, if not with Gish.)

Helen says she was wearing old oxfords when she went to look for her first job in New York. (She was seeking a motion picture job.) It was pouring—and by the time she reached the Fox Studio she was very wet and squelchy-looking. The old oxfords didn't give the appearance of *chic* a well-known young actress is popularly supposed to have. And so she obtained the job of the poor little girl in "The Music Master."

"That first rôle did wonders for me," says Helen. "I have always suffered from an inferiority complex. All the children from the Professional School had big eyes and gobs of curls. I had to obtain just that one rôle to convince myself that there was a place for me—even if I wasn't beautiful.

"I still feel the same about it. The not-so-beautiful rôles are for me. And there are such things, you know."

Helen has a film fan club named for her in Tacoma, Washington. It happened when she was on location with the George O'Brien company in "Rough Romance." A group of Tacoma schoolgirls came to call. Helen made a party out of the visit. The girls wrote to her afterwards and the club was formed. Helen says it makes her feel "so proud."

Helen has a younger brother—but not *much* younger. He is staying with the Humes in their Hollywood home—parked up there in the hills. He aspires to the movies. Being a brother of a famous sister should help.

The girl is intelligent. She dotes on famous literary personages. She goes about, more or less, with the intelligentsia of Hollywood—such as visiting authors and playwrights from New York, who are laboring in the film fogs and chasing the elusive adjectives all over the place.

Helen is still in her early twenties—and had the reputation of being the best young actress in New York. The same finger points the same way out in Hollywood

She is right about not being beautiful in the effulgent Swanson-Negri fashion. She may be something better and something more . . . . She may be another Lillian Gish. Who can tell? Perhaps with the right stories and the right parts she'll make the customers forget Gish. One thing is certain, she has the ability to do Big Things in a Big Way. Let's hope she puts them over.

Did You Know That--

Nancy Carroll has the biggest feet on the Paramount lot?

Hollywood wives don't care much for Miriam Hopkins?



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Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

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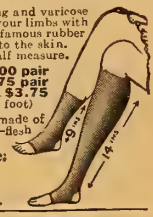
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An Old-Fashioned Blonde—Moving Fast to Stardom

(*Continued from page 27*)

high school in her birthplace, San Antonio, Texas.

All her life she has heard talk of the stage and of stage people and met quite a few of them. Her aunt, Mary Dell, is a vaudeville headliner and European star and she used to tell Claudia everything about her adventures and friends and experiences. "She didn't have to expurgate her editions, either," said Claudia.

When Claudia was fourteen, she visited New York with her aunt. (As a child she played the fiddle for the soldiers at Kelly Field, the aviation camp in San Antonio.) She wanted to stay in New York and fiddle, but the "other kids" (the family, you know) insisted that she come home and finish her education. She obeyed 'em, *pronto*, and is glad she did, else she mightn't have climbed to where she is today.

When she was in New York, as a kid, she had more opportunities to see life turn a dirty face towards her, if it had wanted to. But it never did. She saw something of military life, of soldiers during war time. Claudia wasn't attracting that sort of thing into the shining orbit she inhabited. *It isn't beauty that attracts evil.* It is a mask of beauty covering something far from beautiful.

When Claudia finished school she returned to New York with the intention of going on the stage. Claudia knew a friend of a friend of Mr. Ziegfeld's. The friend of the friend got her into one of Ziegfeld's auditions. But the impresario of the Follies didn't frighten her. On the contrary, she was supremely self-confident. Nobody had ever taken her self-confidence away from her. She was as *naïvely* certain of her power to please as is any loved and petted child.

When Mr. Ziegfeld asked her what she could do she didn't say, "I can dance" or "I can sing" or "I am a show girl," as is customary. Not Claudia. She responded, brightly, "Oh, *everything!*"

She wore, she told me, a simple schoolgirly sort of dress. No make-up. There on Broadway, peopled with sophisticated-looking playboys and playgirls, the fresh young Texan must have bloomed with a desert sweetness. Mr. Ziegfeld apparently thought so. He placed her in the Follies immediately. And, almost immediately, he made her an understudy to Irene Delroy. He advised her to study voice and dancing. He saw in her another Elizabeth Hines, as sparkling and buoyant a personality as has ever graced a musical show.

There were two seasons with the Follies and then Mr. Ziegfeld sent her to London to play the lead in "Merry Mary." The "other kids" couldn't make the trip with her, so Aunt Mary Dell went along. Claudia played in London for three months and, afterward, she and her aunt visited Nice and Monte Carlo. On this trip she was introduced to Alfonso of Spain, then the monarch. He impressed her so much that she still remembers him as "an awfully nice, friendly, charming man."

And all this while, and in all these places—wicked Bagdad-on-the-Subway, dear old Lunnon, the glittering Riviera—nowhere did Claudia encounter anything but sunshine and light. No indecent proposals or untoward advances were made to her. The legendary jewels of the world's oldest bargain are still legendary as far as she is concerned. Claudia is the type that wins respect. Being sincere with herself she inspires sincerity in others.

When Claudia came back to New York, she was offered two important stage leads. But she was homesick for the "other kids" who, by this time, were living in California. She knew that movies were made out there, but had never given them any thought. She didn't believe she was the photographic type. *Why* she should have entertained such a notion it is hard to say. In most cases I wouldn't believe it. I'd take the statement with my tongue in both my cheeks. But Claudia is candid.

So the girl, lonesome for the "kids," went to Hollywood. There might be something in the movies after all. She studied voice with Felix Hughes, brother of Rupert. It was Felix who induced her to lend her beauty to the screen. She took a test and thereupon signed a contract for the leading rôle in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Hollywood hummed about "the new blonde." It's still humming.

Claudia wishes she wasn't a blonde. **She says she couldn't change, though, couldn't dye or anything, because she is afraid she is a blonde *inside*. Blondes, modern literature to the contrary, seldom have thrilling things happen to them, change history or anything. Brunettes attract the hottest fires and the poets and the passions. Thus reckons Claudia.**

And so, in three giant strides, Claudia is among us. Texas to New York. New York to London. London to Hollywood. Not even a brunette could wear bigger and better seven-league boots than these.

Her Pictures and Pals

SHE has appeared in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Sit Tight," "Bachelor Apartment" and "Confessions of a Co-ed." She's convinced that Sylvia Sidney is a marvelous actress. She thinks Edna May Oliver is a riot. And if she has a secret passion among the men, the secret is out—Paul Lukas.

But her one, outstanding admiration, the person she hopes to be like, to work like, to follow is—Joan Crawford. Joan does the type of thing Claudia would like to do. Joan is the sort of person Claudia would like to be. She admires everything about Joan—her looks, her personality, the way she wears clothes, the things she does, the work she is accomplishing. . . .

Claudia goes about some with Martha Sleeper and Sue Carol. She is a member of The Thalians, a club of screen *debs* including those just named and some boys, Billy Bakewell, Russell Gleason, Lew Ayres and others. She thinks Billy is slated for Big Things.

She has twice been reported engaged. One time to her agent—the other to Gavin Gordon. Both rumors were false. The boys are old friends of Claudia's. She calls them "big brothers." Gavin adores her mother's way of preparing fried chicken, and frequently drops in and demands it.

Claudia is not engaged to anyone—nor is she in love. She doesn't know whether she will ever marry or not, but she's sure she wouldn't want to marry an actor. She admires women like Irene Rich who seem to balance their lives so that they have everything. Home. Husband. Children. Career. Friends.

She wants to make a lot of money and build a home for herself and the other "kids." She says they are getting such a kick out of it all.

I have one comment to make on Claudia—I have never "met up" with a girl so beautiful and at the same time so regular and human. She is good. She is intelligent. Meeting the girl has given me quite a lot of hope for sensational beauties—it has scratched the cliché "beautiful but dumb" off my blackboard. You may as well erase it from yours.

Letters To The Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

Why not make the ending of a picture LOGICAL?—just like life really is and just like an author of a book (which is afterwards screened) often intends but which a scenario writer will invariably change into a sugar-coated ending in order that the audience will go home with a pleasant taste in their mouths.

Let's have the LOGICAL ENDING and make our pictures as true to life as possible. Let's have reel life REAL LIFE. *L. F.*

Action Still Essential

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As an old timer amongst the movie-fans, let me suggest to the players in the movies, that acting, real honest to goodness acting is necessary to the pictures now that the voice is added to the picture view. In the old days mistakes could be hurried by in the action of the picture which usually was so swift as to leave the audience little time to criticize the actors. Furthermore, admission price was small and new pictures came every day, so that one did not notice each one like the audience does today now that one sees the picture again as like as not as a movie fan usually goes in no matter what is playing. The reason old timers like Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Louise Fazenda, and some others get by is because they are active all the time they are before the lights. Action is still the demand of the movie audience! *Clara Egbert.*

We Prefer Our Favorites

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Aren't we all disgusted with all this mad dashing around in search of new faces? After the smoke clears, out of the wild chaos, with great blare of trumpets, come an endless stream of "unknown blondes"and acclaimed "second Valentinos."

Evenings, with the well known two bits in our pockets we start movie-ward. We are scanning eagerly for the devil-may-care eyes of Bow or the piquant sweetness of Mary Brian. Instead we stare into the dumb countenance of another "unknown blonde."

We are sick of them. Stars with beauty, talent, and experience are idle. Some of our greatest best-sellers are put into production and instead of carrying the well known names of Barthelmess or Shearer some smart director stumbles behind the scenes and discovers and drags forth another "unknown blonde," the hull a baloo is on and another good story gone wrong.

Give us our Bows, Coopers and Colmans.

Elsie M. Sloane.

Fewer and Better Films

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Is it necessary to produce such a large number of pictures every year? The producers seem to forget that it will only be a matter of time before the public will become as apathetic to the talkies, as they were to the last of the silent pictures. When that happens, where will the producers find another life saver like the microphone? Why not realize that if the movies are to be a permanent industry, each picture will have to be given the care, time and intelligent effort that every good picture requires? This means fewer pictures, but it also means that the movie industry would be operating on a much sounder basis, and much of its precariousness would be eliminated.

Chaplin, Chevalier, Barthelmess, Arliss, and Garbo, all make the fans wait for their pictures. Do they lose anything by it? Their popularity speaks for itself. *T. Johnson.*

The Fans Want Fatty Arbuckle Back On The Screen

(*Continued from page 16*)

public, should give Fatty Arbuckle an opportunity to return back to stardom. His pictures were wonderful. He put his heart and soul, as well as personality, into them to please his public. I believe the public, ministers, and women's clubs should carry the one divine thought in Arbuckle's case. That thought should be this—we can hold malice toward none, we teach forgiveness in our Churches, so why not practice what we preach? *Rev. T. H. Lanham.*

Druggist Makes Personal Appeal

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I am more convinced than ever of the injustice that has been done you, in not allowing you to appear in the movies and should like to add my protest of the narrow-minded and silly attitude taken by the women's clubs or any other organization whose distorted sense of morals have made them prejudiced against you.

We all have missed you greatly and stand ready at any time to welcome you back on the screen to enjoy again your clean-cut comedy.

I sincerely trust that thousands will feel free to express their good feelings toward you and that their influence will be effective in re-establishing you to the untarnished position which is justly yours. *Arthur Silber.*

Take The "Blues" From Fatty

GARDNER, MASS.—I think Fatty Arbuckle should be given a royal welcome back. His humor took the "blues" away from many, it is their turn to take away the "blues" from Fatty.

His presence on the screen could not possibly hurt the children. Children know nothing of scandal unless it is told to them. I am sure the children would get as great a "kick" out of Fatty Arbuckle as I did. So I certainly hope he will stage a comeback. Thousands will welcome him. *Miss Viola Ryba.*

Los Angeles Booster

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Fatty Arbuckle has been punished plenty. His unfortunate publicity came at the wrong time and he has suffered more than his share. Out here we hear scandal regarding our popular stars every few days, but no organization has attempted to take them off the screen.

If there is a producer who is willing to take a gamble on making one picture of Arbuckle, he will be greatly astonished to find what a profit-making picture it will be. The women's clubs aren't the only people who go to the movies,

(*Continued on page 99*)

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Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Because Elissa Landi is married to a handsome young lawyer, residing in London and she is still very much in love with the young barrister.

2. Of course, you do. That's Jean Harlow's real name. She chose the name of Jean Harlow for the screen because it was her mother's maiden name.

3. Friends of Lila Lee and John Farrow, writer for the screen, are looking forward to hearing wedding bells for these two. Their wedding has been postponed so many times, waiting for the final decree and because Lila was forced to enter an Arizona sanitarium for her health from which she has now returned feeling like a new person.

4. The romance between Lupe Velez, the fiery Mexican movie star, and her Garee (Gary) Cooper seems to be at an end as they both are going their separate ways.

5. Lita Grey Chaplin, erstwhile partner of our Charlie, has been seen so regularly in the company of Georges Carpentier, that everybody is sure they will be married very soon.

6. Michael Farmer is Gloria's latest crush. Having lost out with the Marquis Henry Falaise, Gloria doesn't seem to be having any trouble finding new admirers.

7. George O'Brien takes his physical development seriously and doesn't drink or smoke in real life. And he does have a physique worth boasting about.

8. Because Mrs. George Webb is Esther Ralston, motion picture screen actress, to whom an eight and one-quarter pound daughter was born August 10th. She will be named Mary Esther.

9. The suits were aimed at Marlene Dietrich. Miss Dietrich was discovered in Berlin by the director, Josef von Sternberg, and he induced her to come to America to appear on the screen. Rudolf Seiber, Marlene's husband, came all the way from Germany, where he is a screen director, to prove the charges were unfounded.

10. While Estelle Taylor was attending a party, Joe Dempsey, brother of Jack, took away the car Jack had given her as a gift before their separation and sent it on to Dempsey in Reno. Estelle refused to listen to any divorce agreement until it was returned to her. She scored on this one as the car is now in her possession again.

11. The American-born Chinese girl, Anna May Wong, cannot be kissed by, or marry, any white man in films which will be shown in America. Race prejudice here is very strong. Anna May was born in Los Angeles, California.

12. Florine Williams, the widow of Earle Williams, her two children and her eighty-year-old mother were found dead in their apartment—a murder-suicide pact. The family of the dead actor had been destitute for some time and it is believed Mrs. Williams, who saw no way out of her difficulties, in despair, murdered the children and her mother and then committed suicide.

13. Joan Bennett was thrown from her horse while filming a scene for "She Wanted A Millionaire" and sustained a fractured left hip. Production on the picture is being held up awaiting her recovery.

14. Be prepared for a shock. Lilyan Tashman, the very modern screen vamp, who is Mrs. Edmund Lowe in real life, has decided to have a baby—within a year or at the most three years. There would be a catch to it.

15. Alison Loyd, previously known on the screen as Thelma Todd, is receiving noticeable attention from Ronald Colman.

16. Now that the affair between Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper is all washed up, she is being seen escorted by Winfield Sheehan, the Fox executive.

17. Lil Dagover, celebrated German star, now under contract to First National Pictures, had her shoulders insured by a Berlin insurance company for sixty thousand marks which is approximately Fifteen Thousand Dollars in American money.

18. Anna Q. Nilsson is back in Hollywood and ready to continue her screen career. She was forced to leave the screen three years ago when she was thrown from her horse and broke her hip.

19. They are the thirteen lucky girls selected as the 1931 Wampas Baby Stars of Hollywood. Left to right: Joan Blondell, Constance Cummings, Frances Dade, Frances Dee, Karen Morley, Marion Shilling, Marian Marsh, Barbara Weeks; Front row: Anita Louise, Joan Marsh, Sidney Fox, Rochelle Hudson, Judith Wood.



Zelma O'Neal and her husband, Anthony Bushell in the patio of their Hollywood home

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 91*)

ture. If they prefer the other comedian they will release the second version. Fair enough! Meanwhile Roscoe is beaming these days. Coyly he admits that Miss Addie McPhail will become Mrs. Arbuckle next spring.

OUR Hawaiian princess has at last departed for Honolulu, but Jack Gilbert doesn't seem to notice. The reason may be found in pretty Marjorie King, chiefly famous in Hollywood for wearing shorts at the studio during the recent hot spell. The pretty descendant of Hawaiian royal lineage showed Hollywood up as slow during her stay. The director's wife, who gave her and her sister shelter when the hotel found them too noisy, had her carpets burned with cigarette stubs tossed with royal unconcern to the floor and all-night parties raged in her kitchen about the frigidaire. Finally, the hostess' patience was worn thin, and the dusky sisters then took a house at the beach. Ask the neighbors about what happened there!

BUSTER KEATON'S Saint Bernard dog, named "Elmer" after the fictitious character Buster has played so many years, has been found, after an absence of two weeks. The strange part of this story is the fact that "Elmer" could ever have been lost at all! His bushy coat had been shaved, leaving only a shaggy mane and a waving tuft at the end of his tail, to resemble the Metro-Goldwyn lion!

IVAN LEBEDEFF, the Russian actor, is the newest by-and-with star of Hollywood. He has just finished playing in his first scenario based on his own war romances. The picture, first called "Strange Women," then "Kisses by Command," was finally previewed as "Follow the Ladies." It was a fairly unimportant program picture, and so the studio was amazed to find itself flooded with returned preview cards the next morning, all singing the praise of Ivan Lebedeff. "A second Valentino," "A new Gilbert"—"handsome," "distinguished."

The praise was so extraordinary that R.K.O. officials were suspicious of a concerted plan by Lebedeff's friends. So they took the picture to three other far distant theaters, without a moment's warning. The result was always the same. Even "Cimarron" did not receive such an avalanche of enthusiastic returned preview cards. Convinced at last that the excitement was genuine they are making Ivan a star. And—by the way—ladies will be disconsolate to learn that he has given up kissing their hands!

DICK GRACE'S new book, "I'm Still Alive," relating his hairbreadth escapes from death in film stunts, is just out. Meanwhile Dick has sold an original scenario to Radio, called "The Lost Legion"—and into which he joyously wrote three crashes for himself. One calls for a nose dive into the ocean, with the plane disappearing beneath the water—and Dick strapped inside!

With hardly a bone in his body that hasn't been broken several times; with the doctor's warning that he had smashed his ribs so often that cartilage would not form any longer, there is no stopping him. Once Dick gave up fooling with death for the films and went home to be a solid citizen as his parents begged him to—but he couldn't stand the monotony of safety. Danger is a strong drug. He came back for more.

WHAT did we tell you about John McCormick? Didn't we say that he was still in love with Colleen Moore? Now it's Mrs. Janet Gattis McCormick, his bride of two months who says it's true. It is said that John used to sit in front of a picture of Colleen and cry, which was naturally depressing to a bride. Anyhow, it is rumored, Janet is going to Reno.

But if Honolulu wasn't a happy honeymoon spot for the McCormicks it was Heaven to the William Powells. They were supposed to be back a month ago, but Bill wired, mendaciously, that they had missed the boat. With trumpets and bells and natives singing "Aloha" and other natives flinging *leis* around the travelers' necks, and all the hullabaloo, it would seem a difficult thing to miss a boat in Honolulu—unless one wanted to. Anyway when the happy couple finally did return they found a grand wedding present waiting them. It was nothing less than a house—a present from Carole's mother!

THE Masquers, the Hollywood club of actors, modeled after the Lambs in New York, enjoyed a real old-fashioned outing with barrels of beer, a baseball game n'everything the other week. Sam Hardy pitched, attired in tennis shoes and shorts, and nothing else, whatever. So now they're calling him Sam Ghandi.

AT the Paramount get-together dinner the other evening Jesse Lasky arose to do the honors. "I am sure," said he, "that we are all delighted to have the newest newly-weds in the company with us this evening, and to take this opportunity of wishing happiness to Mr. and Mrs. June Collyer." In the roar of laughter that followed June stood up, blushing and dimpling—and took a bow. But Stuart Erwin sulkily refused to rise, and his smile was somewhat strained.

"THE Private Life of Greta Garbo" is now being sold at a Hollywood bookstore. The proprietor, evidently with an attempt at scientific classification, has placed it on a shelf beside "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

MRS. PAT O'BRIEN confesses to a terrible appetite. "My cook," says she, "told me today admiringly, 'Mis' O'Brien, Ma'am, you is the eatingest lady for a *little* lady I ever done see.'" A New York stage actress is Eloise O'Brien and one of the prettiest wives to burst upon Hollywood. A combination of Leatrice Joy and Evelyn Brent—it won't be long we imagine before she follows Pat to the screen.

WE hear conflicting tales of Clark Gable. One report has him at odds already with his studio. Another story is that he has sold his big expensive automobile, or, rather, turned it over, in exchange for two Ford cars so that his wife can have one to drive.

IT would seem that the romance between Gary Cooper and Lupé Velez was definitely over. And ended by the lady, rather than the taciturn Gary, if one may believe

(*Continued on page 98*)



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Mae Clarke Now Blazes Her Own Trail

(*Continued from page 70*)

child who doesn't want to be unhappy at all and would be glad to laugh if given half a chance.

Under Barbara's Protecting Wing

"IT seems funny for me to be discussing Barbara's problems," she said when we got around to the subject. "She has always been so concerned with mine, trying to help me in every way. I was an awful greenhorn when I first went to New York. I didn't even have table manners," she explained.

Over Mae's shoulder you could see her family background if you looked closely enough. Good sturdy American stock. A hard-working father. A mother who worried and fretted over the moral safety of her little brood. Riotous, happy scenes at the dinner table where cutting up one's meat was not frowned upon and buttering an entire slab of bread went entirely unnoticed. Brothers and sisters who were greeted shrilly as "Hi, Kid!" They ribbed Mae when she went down and enrolled in the dancing school at Atlantic City. All except Mae's mother. She wept bitterly over this "stage bug" that had bitten her small inexperienced daughter.

When Mae won the "prize" at the dancing school and a chance to go to New York in the Strand Roof chorus, her mother went down with her to look the Big Town over. If Mrs. Clarke had not met Barbara Stanwyck, also a Strand-Roofer, Mae would not have been permitted to stay. Mrs. Clarke finally came to the conclusion that if one nice little girl could weather the dangers of the stage—why not two? So mother Clarke left Mae under Barbara's wing.

Mae adored Barbara. She tried to copy and be like her in every way. She would sit in rapt attention as Barbara "corrected" her table manners, her mode of dress, her way of expressing herself when talking.

If Barbara bought a black satin dress—Mae bought one, too—as soon after as her pocketbook would permit. If Barbara was temporarily intrigued with blond men, so was Mae. It was heroine-worship of the highest order. It was a deep and real friendship—but it was doing nothing toward increasing Mae's individuality. She was too submerged.

Wherever Barbara led—Mae followed. Because they were so much alike in type and appearance, it was easy for Barbara to arrange for Mae to understudy her in "The Noose." But while Barbara was making a hit out on the stage, Mae was sitting in a dressing-room backstage.

Eventually Barbara married Frank Fay and went into vaudeville with him. Mae married Lew Brice and went into vaudeville with him! It was the beginning of the end of their intensely close association. Yet, though their paths had grown somewhat apart, it seemed that Fate kept Mae firmly in the path of Barbara.

Barbara came to the Coast on a contract with United Artists.

Mae came for Fox.

When she made her first movie test, she recited a famous speech she had learned from "The Noose."

She later learned that Barbara had used the same lines for her first screen test.

After one picture, Barbara's contract was not renewed at United Artists. After two, Mae's was not renewed at Fox. Also, Mae had not been in Hollywood very long when her marriage to Lew Brice went on the rocks.

Several times, while she was free-lancing and struggling for a foothold, Mae was tested for rôles at several studios. On two of these occasions Barbara secured the part! One casting director told Mae: "You're just the type we're looking for—if we can't get Barbara Stanwyck."

"But I never minded," smiled Mae, "Barbara is such a grand little actress"—and Mae was so used to "second place."

"The Front Page" really marked the turning point of Mae's career in Hollywood. The rôle was not a typical Barbara Stanwyck part—and producers, who had been looking upon Mae as something of an "understudy" for Barbara, received a new impression of the little Clarke person. Universal immediately signed her to an interesting contract which may develop into stardom. Her first Universal picture, "Waterloo Bridge," is said to be a knock-out.

I asked Mae if she still saw a lot of Barbara.

She shook her head. "No," she answered, "Barbara is, usually, awfully busy at the studio, and she and Frank live quietly, without seeing many friends. Lately, it seems as though I were entering an entirely new life. I've joined the Thalian Club and I spend most of my days down here on the beach. I'm beginning to love Hollywood. Somehow it seems different than it did when I first came out."

And Mae seems different, too. She's standing on her own—out of the shadow of Barbara.

Maybe with her new contract, and a new marriage (for Mae will soon become the wife of Henry Freulich—the photographer at the Universal studio), Mae will live down the influence of a great friendship that was the greatest help and at the same time the biggest drawback of her career!

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 97*)

the ardent telegrams and letters which have arrived from him since he went to Italy pleading with her not to desert him. "I am all through wiz Garee," Lupé admits, "but he was one sweet boy!" As for Gary, perhaps, it took a trip to Italy to teach him his real love for Lupé, only to realize it too late. Now that the Velez is playing opposite Larry Tibbett we may look for sparks in the direction of the Metro lot.

THE decision of the Wampas, the publicity men's organization to revive the choosing of Thirteen Baby Stars has caused the usual hullabaloo in the organization. Twelve Fox Studio members have resigned as a protest at the refusal of the club to elect either one of the two Fox candidates, Linda Watkins and Helen Mack.

The inevitable claims of "favoritism" have greeted several of the names of the lucky Thirteen which are as follows: Marian Marsh, Joan Blondell, Joan Marsh, Sidney Fox, Francis Dade, Frances Dee, Rochelle Hudson, Karen Morley, Anita Louise (the real baby of the Baby Stars, being fifteen in spite of efforts of the studio to make her look seventeen), Barbara Weeks, Judith Wood, Marion Shilling, Constance Cummings.

The thirteen young ladies will be introduced to a palpitating public at the Fiesta of Los Angeles—provided the efforts of Fox to have this ceremony omitted from the Fiesta program are not successful.

The Fans Want Fatty Arbuckle Back On The Screen

(*Continued from page 95*)

and certainly are no criterions as judges. If they wish to keep their children away from any particular picture, they are at liberty to do so; and, as far as Arbuckle being such a notorious character, it might be of benefit to some of the Arbuckle critics to investigate the character of some of the other players. There is no reason why Arbuckle should take the "rap" forever. He is entitled to make a livelihood the same as any other actor.

I am willing to gamble that if Al Capone could be persuaded to make a picture, the theaters would be crowded; and who is more notorious than Al? Arbuckle and Al can in no way be compared, so give Fatty another chance at making another picture and give the public an opportunity to prove to Fatty that he is welcome to us again. *E. Miller.*

From Pittsfield, Too

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Let's have some more of Fatty's pictures, and lots of them.

What's the matter with those Los Angeles women's clubs? They say their children must not be contaminated by his pictures! As I recall, I never saw an Arbuckle picture in my life that wasn't just clean, wholesome fun. These same women will allow their children to sit through gangster pictures that are unnerving and love scenes way ahead of their years, without a whimper—because that seems to be what is considered smart! After all, what proportion of the motion picture fans do these women's clubs amount to? Let's see Fatty more and plenty. *Dr. George T. Smith.*

The Rebel Yell For Fatty

ATLANTA, GA.—Fatty Arbuckle has had too much punishment, and unjustly—you *betcha*' we want him back on the screen. We need some clean comedy, something that we have had so little of in the past ten years since Arbuckle was pushed out. His public has suffered for the want of him as much as he has suffered for the want of carrying on his work before the camera. Atlanta will support him plenty if he's given a chance. *Frank Hammond.*

A Voice From The Air Corps

KELLY FIELD, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—For one who has been an admirer of Fatty Arbuckle for a long time, I would say that he has been more than punished enough.

I have discused this subject with several of the officers and enlisted men at this Field, and they are of the same opinion as I am. So let us all get together and push, or pull, our old friend (one of the best comedians that ever graced the films) back where he belongs—back in the motion picture business as an actor.

John Tassock.

Wants Arbuckle Rooters

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Give Arbuckle another chance? Certainly. Why not? What has he ever done to injure himself with the motion picture fans? He is a great comedian, and given half a chance, he will make you wonder just why you ever let him get away from your attention for so long.

Public opinion. Women's clubs. Censure. What can one do with these against him? It's impossible to gain anything without a "rooting section" behind you.

In your article you say you appealed to the women's clubs of Los Angeles. Why? Just why should they be considered? Don't you see that that was your worst bet? Why don't you appeal to the fans, your patrons? Your best bet? They'll back you up. More power to the person or persons who can get this man on his feet. After that, he won't need your help. Just give him a start. You won't be sorry.

Miss H. M. Johnson.

Jersey Justice

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—By all means he should be taken back into the movies. To me, his comedies were always good, honest, clean fun, and I think it was very unfair treatment he received. At least, he can be given a try. I think if he is given a good comedy he will certainly make good. *Ann Gardner.*

Remembers Fatty's Pictures

PASADENA, CALIF.—Regarding the appeal for Roscoe Arbuckle's return to the screen, I am personally in favor of this move and would like very much to see him again in the typical "Fatty Arbuckle" picture.

Kindly give this trouper your best assistance to help him come back and make some more of those good, clean, funny pictures.

George Folmer Simon.

Eight Votes From Asheboro

ASHEBORO, N. C.—We, the undersigned, would be glad to see "Fatty Arbuckle" back on the screen.

Chas. M. Fox.
Z. F. Caveness.
J. G. Crutchfield, D.D.S.
R. P. Sykes, M.D.
C. C. D———
Trela Hendrix.
Pearly V. Freeman.
Arthur E. Presnell.

Many Montreal Friends

MONTREAL, CAN.—I have been very interested in your story about Fatty Arbuckle and I am very glad to know that someone had the courage to print something to Fatty's interest. I can safely say that there has never been anyone who could take his place on the screen.

I am quite sure that all the fans that used to enjoy seeing him, will surely vote for him. Why should any of us throw stones at him. I think everyone should give him a helping hand. He has suffered for ten years. I think he has paid bitterly—and who are we to judge him? I had two children at the time of Fatty's trouble and it is only a few months ago that they heard that Fatty had been in trouble. They used to ask me why there were no more of his pictures. But I just told them that he was not in the movies now. I never left papers for my children to read and so he was always remembered for his jolly and lovable comedy. Here's to Fatty and may he have the best of success. I am going to ask all my friends to sign this letter, too. *Mrs. A. J. Brown.*

(*Continued on page 102*)

The TAX You Pay For FAT
Millions Now Avoid It

One pays a high tax for excess weight, in youth and beauty, health and vim. And now it suggests an abnormal condition to people who know the facts.

Modern science has found that a great cause lies in a defective gland. A vital secretion is too scantily supplied. So much food that should turn to fuel and energy deposits itself in fat.

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Doctors, the world over, now combat that condition by feeding the lacking factor. The result is seen everywhere in slender figures, in youth and vim. All who look back are amazed to realize how fast excess fat has disappeared in late years.

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Ask your druggist for a box of Marmola. Read the book, then watch results. Let Marmola prove to you, as it has to so many, that this is the right, the easy way, to reduce. Do this now, in justice to yourself. It is wrong to let such conditions continue.

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After Death Movie Star Comes Back to Life

(*Continued from page 45*)

is named Blossom, but we do not look at all alike. Reference, number two—Blossom! Moreover, Bob Ritchie is marrying me—not my sister. Reference, number three—me!

"It occurred to Bob to inquire where my body (the old corpus delicti) might have been buried after I turned up my toes. (I'd like to have the remains parked in a fancy cemetery and not in Potter's Field.) So he cabled a friend in Paris asking about my burial and the reply came back, 'They are looking for body now. Secret service agents search for place of disposition. Interesting novel just published. Sending copy.'

"Leaving my body lying around loose somewhere, let's turn to the book. In due time it arrived. And it's *some book* if you ask me! Interesting is no name for it. Like the old thrillers it is paper-backed and selling for twelve francs. It bears the title 'Jeanette MacDonald?' Note the question mark.

"The volume is one of a series of 'Les Documents Secrets' by Maurice Privat. I sincerely hope the others are less shocking or more secret.

"With the help of George Jomier, the teacher with whom I have been taking French lessons, the novel was translated. It tells of a fictional character called 'Maurice Garfunkel' and his overwhelming love for 'Jeanette MacDonald?.'

"He organizes a motion picture company in Paris that he may put Jeanette? into the movies. Before he can change his mind, the quick-thinking gal accepts an invitation to a yachting party he is to give in her honor. But once aboard the boat she becomes disgusted with the actions of the other guests. So she drops *Garfunkel* like a hot cake and comes to Hollywood.

"In the Hollywood chapters of the book, the author has introduced practically every big star in pictures. They appear, merely, as a background to 'Jeanette's?' (what a supporting cast I have!) success, however, and have no active part in the story.

"Well, you can see how the plot thickens when Jeanette? signs with Paramount, who imports Maurice Chevalier to support her. This phrase is Privat's, not mine.

"One would think a girl would be happy to have won the success our fictional Jeanette? wins. But, no, she has to fall in love with the royal memory of a Prince. So she drops everything to sail for Europe where she sets her cap for the man of her heart.

"From this point on, the book follows pretty closely the rumors previously outlined. It ends with the tragic death of its Jeanette MacDonald?

"Even in fiction this here MacDonald gal meets her fate. Apparently I am destined to die all over the place.

"For a short time I didn't know what to do about this latest fillip in my obituary notices. I have read many mystery novels but none with a plot as weird as this.

"The only course that I can see is to go to Europe in person. Which is just what I am doing. I have my passport, properly viséd, signed, sealed and delivered. I have had fingerprints and passport photos taken. I am to be accompanied by my mother, my fiancé, my maid, and little Roughneck, an eleven-year-old terrier, who has known me since we were pups together.

"Armed with affidavits and testimonials—even recommendations from former cooks, chauffeurs and butlers—I am invading Europe on my first trans-Atlantic tour.

"And before I return, I am going to succeed in proving beyond question of doubt that Jeanette of the Hollywood MacDonalds is very much alive."

Rating The Romances Of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 57*)

Buzzell, is said to be heart-broken over this serious romance. If Lubitsch does marry Ona he's talented enough as a director to make a great comedienne of her—no matter whether she appears in his pictures or not.

* * **Mona Maris** and **Clarence Brown.** Everybody is talking about these two—but nothing happens. They dance and they take airplane rides. Just a nice, steady romance that doesn't seem to get any farther. Jack Gilbert was supposed to be interested a bit in Mona, but he never became serious.

* **Loretta Young** and **Ricardo Cortez.** They lunched together a couple of times and that's about all. But it was enough to get their names linked. Loretta merely smiles. So does Ric. Do I hear wedding bells?

* * **Mary Brian** and **Russell Gleason.** This is a pet romance of those who believe in the fitness of things. Mary and Russell do make a cute couple and their ambitions and tastes seem to jibe. Hollywood seems more anxious to make something serious out of this than the two kids. That is Hollywood's way.

* **Lois Moran** and **Gene Markey.** Gene was enjoying a three-star romance with Gloria Swanson when that lady snapped her fingers and sailed for Europe. Since her departure he and Lois seem to have found a lot in common. At least they lunch together almost every day at the M-G-M cafe. There is little betting on this one. Lois is the most elusive girl in Hollywood.

Romances In Full Bloom

* * * * **Claudia Dell** and **Edward Silton.** This romance is almost a cinch to reach the altar—but not right away. Eddie wants Claudia to have her freedom for a year or two yet. He's an agent, and he knows from experience that matrimony and movie contracts do not always work out as well as they should. Claudia is young and she doesn't mind waiting.

* **Carman Barnes** and **Walter Pidgeon.** This is just one of those things. Summer days. A night or three at the Cocoanut Grove. The beach. A couple of Hollywood people with a lot of spare time on their hands and a little mutual sympathy over their respective bad breaks at the studio.

* * **Sally O'Neill** and **Lewis Milestone.** Sally says Lew is one grand man and she likes him a lot. Lew seems to like Sally, too. There is just the faintest tinkle of wedding bells connected with these names. Between a screen "comeback" and one of the big directors interested in her, Sally is all smiles these days.

Some Are Inseparable

* * * * **Mae Clarke** and **Henry Freulich.** This all began as a platonic friendship. May met Henry when she went out to Universal to make a picture. Henry's dad is the leading photographer on that lot. They started going to the beach together and somehow developed the habit of seeing each other every night. Now, no one doubts that they are very much in love. It looks like wedding bells, and a very happy marriage. By the way, there is a story about Mae Clarke in this issue, which you may read by turning to page 70.

* **Ina Claire** and **Robert Ames.** They say the gentleman is willing—but the lady is matrimony shy since the break-up of her domestic fling with John Gilbert. Rumor has it that Ina keeps thinking of Jack just a little bit. But Jack has gone by-by—and in the meantime Bobby (the erstwhile Broadway actor—who could pass for a juvenile) is a delightful theater and first-night companion. Where there is so much laughter as these two indulge in—there's very seldom a serious romance. Which, naturally, rates but a single star.

* **John Gilbert** and his **Hawaiian** princess. Lots of laughs. Plenty of sun and sunburn. Many talks in the moonlight at Jack's beach house. But they laugh about anything more serious—even though Jack is planning a trip to Honolulu.

* * * **Thelma Todd** and **Abe Lyman.** The papers say they are going to do it. But Abe is a long way away—and Thelma or Alison Loyd, as she is known at United Artists, is right here in Hollywood where she has weathered so many engagement rumors before. This one rates three stars because the band-leader comes right out and admits he's that way about Thelma and hopes she will say "Yes." By the way where is Ivan Lebedeff? He squired Thelma around considerably.

* * * **Jeanette MacDonald** and **Robert Ritchie.** These two were supposed to have been married this June. Jeanette set the date and everything. But Jeanette got all bothered about her supposed "death" and decided to go to Europe and show them she's very much alive. Bob is very much in the running, though there are faint rumors that this romance has cooled off. But Jeanette says she is still engaged to Robert. So there!

* * **Joan Bennett** and **John Considine.** This is the most pesky romance of Hollywood. Six months ago it would have rated as a four-star hot-and-heavy love affair. But Joan and John quarrel so much it's hard to tell the condition of their hearts. They break-up and make-up. It can't be rated as a three-star because they've never announced their engagement with a ring. It certainly isn't a one-star "passing fancy." Let's split the difference and call it "two." And John sees Carmen Pantages, too.

* **Sylvia Sidney** and **Phillips Holmes.** Propinquity had more to do with the coupling of these two names than any seriousness of heart action. Sylvia and Phil made "An American Tragedy" together and the romantic background of Lake Arrowhead, which served as scenes in the picture cast a spell over them. Once in a while they step out together.

* * **Lola Lane** and **Lew Ayres.** Lola gets mad when reporters doubt that she is "Lew's type of a girl"—whatever that means. She says she and Lew are plenty congenial. Lew must feel that way, too. Certainly he gives Lola awfully pretty presents (like diamond bracelets) on her birthday and Christmas. But so far an engagement ring hasn't been one of them. The girls who follow Lew on the screen will be all burned up at him if he marries Lola.

* * * * **Alice White** and **Cy Bartlett.** Long endurance, if nothing else, rates this as a four-star romance. Alice and Cy have been "going together" so long the folks have stopped asking them when the big event is coming off. They are just accepted together like Amos 'n' Andy and bacon and eggs. Alice and Cy announced that they were going to be married last year when Alice went back to Chicago to see Cy's folks.

* * **Marlene Dietrich** and **Josef von Sternberg.** Strictly speaking this doesn't rate as a romance at all—because Marlene is very much married. But the fact that von Sternberg squires Marlene around to so many social affairs during her enforced separation from her husband, and the added fact that he is her screen "discoverer" has linked their names together in more than one movie column.

* * **Arlene Judge** and **Wesley Ruggles.** This romance seems to be on the up and up since the bathing season started. The little ingénue or starlet from R.K.O. gave Wesley a come-hither look—and he's been hypnotized ever since. The romance Wesley carried on with Kathryn Cranford is over.



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The Fans Want Fatty Arbuckle Back On The Screen

(*Continued from page 99*)

Also Miss Violet Brown, Mrs. M. E. Wheeley, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Long, Ada Potter, Mr. Lucien Marion, Kathleen Gurmon, Juliette Denis, Lucille Robert, Lucienne Morin, Alexina Bourdon, Armande Bourdon, Marguerite Bourdon, Armand Bourdon, Lauranzo Riendeau, Armand Sanscartier, George Charbonneau, Jeanne Robert, Gertrude Robert, Memi Sheehean, Madame Lavale, Alice Harcourt, Frank Skoslon.

Women's Clubs Unfair

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—Fatty Arbuckle has been punished enough. The more I think of it the more unfair it all seems.

I was quite young when Fatty was so popular, but I can remember of wanting to see all of his pictures. What strikes me so funny is how some of these women's clubs, that are supposed to do so much good in this world, are always finding fault with someone instead of finding the good in him. Now, of course, I am not speaking of all women's clubs Some are okay—but there are exceptions to all rules.

I do hope that Fatty realizes that all women do NOT belong to these *wonderful* women's clubs, or, at least, not to the kind that were so unfair to him. If he comes back he will find that he will be perfectly welcome by the majority of the people—and the majority rules. *Miss Justine McGeary.*

His Comedies Were Clean

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I'd like to put in a good word for *Roscoe Arbuckle* and register a hope that he'll soon be on the screen again. I have never seen him in person and have no interest other than pleasant memories of long ago. He gave me many a laugh and his pictures were always such that you could take your spinster aunt to see them. He's never had an equal in his line, and as for his morals—why bring that up? A jury settled that ten years ago in San Francisco.

Women's clubs vie with each other to find some hidden meaning every time Chaplin tears his pants. There is nothing hidden nor suggestive about Arbuckle. *Give him a chance!*
Glenn H. Wichman.

Entire Family For Him

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—A family of three wants *Fatty Arbuckle* back on the screen!

We have always thought that it was unfair for the general public to go against Fatty. Under the same circumstances what would any of us have done? Probably just the same as he did. Fatty was a helpless victim, unable to protect himself from public criticism. But people are like that—quick to condemn.

By all means, put us on the list as Fatty Arbuckle fans! We wish him all the good luck in the world! *Marion E. Eaton.*

Public Should Forgive

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I would like to say a word in favor of Fatty Arbuckle's comeback. We are a queer public. Most of us are good Christians. If we err we crave forgiveness, yet if the other fellow strays from the beaten path we take the attitude of "Thumbs down!" Fatty's acquittal by Judge and Jury, who were conversant with the facts in the case, doesn't seem to mean a thing to this hard-hearted public.

I myself have enjoyed many of Arbuckle's pictures and considered them good and clean, filled with wholesome fun. I hope some day my daughters may enjoy a Fatty Arbuckle picture. *Mrs. R. P. Roloff.*

Live And Let Live

TOLEDO, OHIO—As one of Roscoe Arbuckle's movie fans I think he should come back. I have never seen him do anything in pictures that was indecent, which is more than I can say of some of our present day actors. His acting was greatly enjoyed by our children, and would be enjoyed today just as much. Even if the stories printed in the papers at the time of Miss Rappe's death were true, it isn't any worse than the actions of a great many of our high school children and their elders today. I think Mr. Arbuckle has been punished enough, and would enjoy seeing him again. So I say let the public bury the hatchet and take a few doses of "The Golden Rule." And let us have Fatty Arbuckle in his funny antics once more. *Mrs. Agnes Metz.*

Plenty Of Michigan Sponsors

ALMA, MICH.—I personally believe Mr. Arbuckle innocent of any part in the death of Miss Rappe but there are, of course, some who don't believe him innocent. I will, therefore, gladly give my service to help him get back to the screen if there is any possible way.

There are many in this city who would sign any sort of plea, asking his return to the screen. If it would help Mr. Arbuckle any I will gladly get these signatures and send them to you.
Stanley Cummins.

We Laughed Troubles Away

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I have always been a great admirer of Fatty Arbuckle; in fact, about the only comedian I ever cared much for.

My daughter said "Oh, mama, wouldn't it be nice to see him again." I told her "it would be too nice for words."

As for that "trouble," I read all that stuff for and against and it was certainly an unpleasant jumble of circumstantial evidence, and that was about all. Fatty couldn't have

(*Continued on page 104*)

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 72*)

Riders of the Purple Sage—The famous Zane Grey story, once made into a silent picture, is remade as a talkie (and a good one) with George O'Brien the hero (Fox).

The Runaround—A chorus-girl and a young man of wealth pursue each other, and, since they are Mary Brian and Geoffrey Kerr, the slight picture has its moments (RKO).

Salvation Nell—Don't let the unfortunate title keep you from seeing this old-time drama of the girl of the slums who redeemed her man. Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves give it new life (Tiffany).

The Secret Call—An insignificant story about a telephone operator who overhears a dangerous conversation—but it serves to introduce Peggy Shannon to the fans (Par.).

Secrets of a Secretary—As usual, Claudette Colbert gets rather the worst of it in marriage—until the right man comes along. Besides Claudette, you'll like newcomers Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa (Par.).

Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour—Conan Doyle's famous detective again proves his prowess—and in, an entertaining manner. An English-made picture with Arthur Wontner playing *Holmes* (First Division).

Side Show—Winnie Lightner doubles for a troupe of "freaks" and puts across a couple of songs—and a good time should be had by all (W. B.).

Silence—The story of a man who is silently going to the electric chair for another man's crime. A strong picture, with great acting by Clive Brook (Par.).

Skyline—Thomas Meighan helps Hardie Albright to rise from his lowly beginnings on the waterfront—and, incidentally, helps him to steal the picture. Interesting, but slow (Fox).

Smart Woman—Mary Astor, with the help of Edward Everett Horton, gets her husband back from a gold-digger—and it's Horton who will impress you as being the smart one (RKO).

The Smiling Lieutenant—Maurice Chevalier wants to marry a poor girl, and has to wed a princess, instead. Gay from beginning to end (Par.).

Son of India—Wearing a turban and having a romance with a white girl (the new and likable Madge Evans), Ramon Novarro will remind some folks of a certain departed hero. For those who like romance and plenty of it (M-G-M).

Sporting Blood—A colorful story about a great race horse and those who successively owned him. Clark Gable and Madge Evans are the principal humans (M-G-M).

The Squaw Man—Cecil de Mille has made a talkie of the first picture that was ever filmed in Hollywood—and good drama it still is. Warner Baxter is the Englishman who "marries" an Indian girl—and the tragic squaw is Lupe Velez (M-G-M).

The Star Witness—A peaceable family unwillingly see a gang murder and are cowed into silence—all except Grandpa, played magnificently by Chic Sale. A picture for the entire family (W. B.).

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise—Greta Garbo and Clark Gable become the newest great love team, despite a weak story about another lost lady who finds herself in the end (M-G-M).

Thirteen Men and a Girl—A sombre—but absorbing—Tragedy, revolving around the hopeless defense of an outpost by these fourteen. Made in Germany, with English dialogue, and starring our old friend, Conrad Veidt (UFA).

This Modern Age—Joan Crawford almost dances her way to destruction again—and proves that she has outgrown this sort of thing (M-G-M).

Transatlantic—What life on an ocean liner can be like, with Edmund Lowe, Lois Moran, Greta Nissen, Jean Hersholt, etc. on board. Unusual (Fox.).

Traveling Husbands—The traveling salesman, hero of many a joke, here becomes the subject of a fair melodrama, in which Evelyn Brent is most prominent (RKO).

Waterloo Bridge—One of the finest pictures of any year—the stark and tragic drama of the romance of a street-walker and a young soldier on leave. Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass are this couple (Univ.).

The Woman Between—Lily Damita, after marrying an older man, falls in love with her stepson. Her problem is an intriguing one (RKO).

Women Go On Forever—As the mistress of a dramatic boarding-house, Clara Kimball Young makes a notable comeback to the screen. But why the title?

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Then they swamped me with congratulations. Gee! I don't know which I enjoyed most—Big Steve's handshake or hearing the girls' admiring remarks.

"How did you do it?" they asked. In reply I reached for a magazine and, turning through the pages, pointed to one and said, "Folks, that's how I did it. I clipped that coupon and mailed it to George F. Jowett. He made a real he-man out of me in no time and he can do the same for you. His method is a load of fun, and believe me I wouldn't sell my course for $1,000.00. Not me!"

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The fellows mailed the coupon, and now we are a happy bunch of strong men, full of pep, and each trying to outdo the other by the merit of muscle. And aren't the girls proud of us? Just ask them!



And, by the way, Buddie, here's a coupon for you. Fill it in with your name and mail it in *now* with 25c to George F. Jowett and he will send you by return mail postpaid his course "Moulding a Mighty Arm." This will show you how to become a strong-fisted, strong-armed powerful giant bubbling over with life and man-power. With this book you will get a copy of his free book, "The Thrill of Being Strong." It tells you the same secret of health, strength, and fitness that it told me. Don't waste time wishing and longing. Mail the coupon now, and in thirty days you'll believe there is a Santa Claus. You'll become like me and like Big Steve—a man of might and muscle.

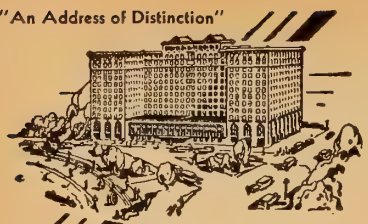
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The Fans Want Fatty Arbuckle Back On The Screen

(*Continued from page 102*)

done it and I never thought so for a minute.

Women's clubs are not the general public. And here is hoping with all my heart that he comes back very soon. I have gone to see his pictures when some things were very trying and hard to bear, and came away benefited by a good laugh. *Mrs. H. B. H.*

Friend Of Fair Play

SALINA, KANSAS—I feel its my duty to be among those who would have to see Fatty Arbuckle back where he belongs. I have felt that he never had a fair deal. Thank God, I do not belong to women's clubs.

I sincerely hope you win the day for Mr. Arbuckle—and that I may see him in the place in the movies where he belongs. *Mrs. Palmer.*

Boosters In A "Round-Robin" Letter

WESTERN SPRINGS, ILL.—I am very much pleased to see someone step out and broadcast in Fatty Arbuckle's behalf. He has been missed very much, I am sure, by the screen fans and should be given another chance. My friends, whose names appear at the bottom of this letter, think Fatty has suffered enough and should now take his place with the stars of the screen.

His acquittal should be proof enough to the public. And we do not believe that the women's clubs voice the sentiment of the public as a whole. We should like very much to see drastic efforts be made to establish his return.

Dan F. Smith *E. G. Smith* *L. C. Dillon*
B. Chapin *M. Kernan* *Mabel Dillon*
May Smith *Ruth Smith* *W. A. Chapin*

Has Been A Good Sport

OGDEN, UTAH—Certainly let Fatty Arbuckle come back. I don't believe in conviction on circumstantial evidence but, even if Fatty was guilty, aren't —— and —— and—— in motion pictures and —— ad infinitum, *out of* pictures guilty? And if —— (out of pictures) has plenty of money or social prestige, don't Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— with unmarried daughters, welcome said Mr. —— into their circle?

It's ridiculous—this centering on one when the woods are full of them, male and female!

And I'm the mother of two fine daughters who have been reared with fine ideals. But I believe in justice.

I well remember the many laughs Fatty Arbuckle has given the world! Guilty or innocent, he has apparently been a fine sport and has proved worthy to his profession, in a big way. So—while I stand for morality and the clean life—I, for one, hope to hear that Fatty's old admirers are ready to see him given his chance. *F. D. H.*

The Children Need Him

ST. CHARLES, ILL.—I am for Fatty Arbuckle. A small coterie like the women's clubs can make enough noise to scare out anyone of mediocre mental development, and that takes in politicians as well as movie producers. I remember the occasion when Fatty was on the pillory and at that time I was very much opposed to his removal—but the women had voiced their mandate and carried the day. No matter what he did—and he was cleared by the jury—his pictures *were clean* and I always enjoyed them. It has been said, "This man must not be allowed to make pictures. His very presence on the screen would contaminate our children." Do you think for a minute that when our children see his pictures they are going to think of that episode of ten years ago even if they know about it? Do you think for a minute that his clean pictures are going to hurt our little ones? Let us have more Fatty Arbuckle pictures and less of the sex plays that are eternally foisted upon us. He should never have been retired so far as his pictures were concerned.

I am back of any move that will return him to the screen. *Billie Moore.*

Censors Are The Guilty Ones

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Here is one loyal fan of Fatty Arbuckle who would sanction his return to the screen.

True, why should he be punished forever because he was a victim of circumstance? I wonder just how many individuals in the women's clubs, who have been so harsh in their remarks, could stand their personal lives investigated. They forget many a person they so freely condemn to the gallows has years afterwards been proven innocent. They think they are free to judge, while in the eyes of God they are guilty of murder.

Please give Fatty a chance; it would seem good to have him back with his wit and clean gags, versus sickening sex comedies.

Did you ever notice the stern representatives of women's clubs sneaking to a sex picture? I have. *M. P. N.*

Voice From Vancouver

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I think Fatty Arbuckle should come back to the screen. Why not make the pictures and send them to Canada and the rest of the world where they want them?

Let those narrow-minded club women go chase themselves. Their whole ambition is to take the joy out of life for the rest of the folks. I don't see why those women's organizations

in the States should hold up the works. They are the only ones who are against him. I believe, in the Old Country, where they are just crazy about him, they would have his pictures any time.

Well, I think it would be just too bad if we cannot have Fatty on the screen again. I wish him lots of good luck. *N. H.*

A Lawyer's Plea

McALESTER, OKLA.—Under our system of government, when a jury exonerates a man of a crime by acquitting him, it means as a matter of law that the person is innocent, and the public should be willing to give the person another chance.

Why should we concentrate on the one person? And why should we not be willing to be governed by the laws of our country? Mr. Arbuckle was tried by a jury as provided by the Constitution of our country. If he had been convicted, would those who now howl, say that he should not suffer the punishment? Then we must be willing to accept their verdict when they say he is not guilty.

Yes, I say give this man another chance. We still have laws; and if for any reason he should violate them, then proceed against him. *J. M. Roberts.*

Would Be Popular In Lincoln

LINCOLN, NEBR.—Your article of Fatty Arbuckle has been open to the public to read in our store, and hundreds of people in this section claim he was the best comedian ever to appear in motion pictures. I believe, as do all the people who have read your articles, that he never was guilty and should be back in pictures. His box office receipts would far excel Chaplin's in our section of the country. Give the boy a chance; he is one of the best and never did anything you and I would not do, even on a party. *W. P. Scott.*

The Hollywood Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

Puzzle Section

News from the First National cinema circle says that **Dorothy** (Honolulu) **Mackaill** will marry **R. Neil Miller,** "son of a Hawaiian planter and a radio crooner." Is **R. Neil's** momma a blues singer, or is **R. Neil** the potential Vallee? That's what puzzles us.

When **Carole Lombard** and **Bill Powell** got off the honeymoon boat from Honolulu (how we dote on that place), they went straight to the house **Carole's** mother had rented for them. No sooner were they inside the door than they saw a big truck drive up in front of the house and begin emptying things on the sidewalk. Out came a very nifty baby carriage. Then a crib. Then a rubber bathtub. All being deposited right on the **Powell** front lawn.

There was consternation in the welcome-home party. Even **Carole** and **Bill** were alarmed for a moment. Just then two solemn truckmen picked up the things and carried them into the house across the street. And another panic was averted.

Rostand-lovers who have been longing to see "Cyrano" brought to the screen may now take hope. There is a movement afoot to star **Jimmy Durante** in "Schnozzle De Bergerac."

Athlete's foot, now prevalent in Hollywood, is the only malady movie actors will admit having. It makes them feel so virile.

Laura La Plante discovered the last word in swanky fish in a pool near her beach house. Each one has a little round white spot on its back. The Dunhill Dot, no doubt.

Marilyn Miller, when asked out, insists on getting up and dancing for hours. They couldn't stop her if they wanted to, and who wants to?

Well, as the smart boys are saying now, that's Africa!

Joan and **Doug, Jr.** moved to the Ambassador when termites began eating their house, and there was immediately a separation rumor. **Phil Holmes'** house was also a victim of the white ants. And so was **Conrad Nagel's.** No separation rumors there.

When **Mrs. Lionel Barrymore** was reported lying in a hospital with serious injuries, she was having her hair waved at the Ann Meredith Beauty Parlor.

Footnotes

During all her years at Paramount, **Kay Francis** has been known as the tallest girl on the lot with the smallest feet on the lot—the actual figures being something like five feet seven and size four.

Now along comes **Miriam Hopkins** with a size three shoe, and spoils **Kay's** title.

Miriam's feet are the tiniest we've ever beheld. And figuratively, when she sets one down firmly, it bears weight.

Hollywood cocktail party: young ingénue, world-famous writer, his girl-friend, a columnist, the host's wife, a man who had helped the host pull his car out of the sand, the ingénue's chauffeur, an actor who plays German rôles, a woman no one seemed to know, who had one drink and fell asleep on a couch immediately, and a woman who is known for her mysteriousness and silence, who talked continuously. Everyone had a good time. Although they had been invited for four-thirty for cocktails, most of them were still there at two, the next morning. Oh, yes—the host never arrived. Found a party he liked better somewhere else.

The lean and lanky hero who plays with charming naturalness in Western rôles causes the studio quite a bit of difficulty. They always have to cut the first few feet of film off his shots. He stands about nervously until the cameras start grinding; then hitches up his trousers, runs fingers through his hair, and scratches his nose. Naturally, coming just before a love scene, that wouldn't do.

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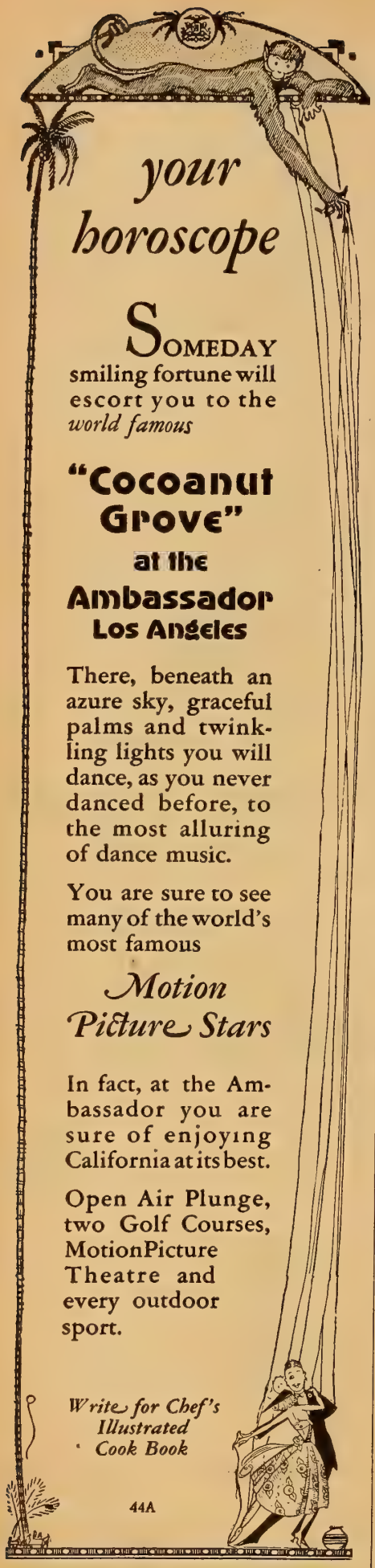
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NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Rudy's Wife May Change Him



I want to tell you that Rudy Vallee, the Radio Crooner, is loose in the lid. He has been trying to make a hit with the ladies with his crooning. But, now that he's married maybe Mrs. Vallee will quiet him down.

I think Rudy should have a brick tied to him and be pushed off a pier into water fifty times over his head. *Alva F. McGreggors, Jr., Fort Benning, Georgia.*

Connie No Snob

In answer to J. A. R.'s comments on Constance Bennett in the September Motion Picture, I rise to defend one of the greatest artists in motion pictures to-day. I have never noticed a trace of snobbishness in Miss Bennett. She is reserved and well poised, but she just couldn't be snobbish. Her marvelous sense of humor wouldn't permit it. I don't doubt that Miss Bennett is discriminating, well bred people usually are. Miss Bennett is a natural aristocrat and has a girlish charm that adds a note of sweetness to her sophistication which makes her personality delightful. *Margaret L. Ryerson, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.*

The Hard-Working Girls of the Screen



What puzzles me is where on earth the virtuous working girls of the screen get their stunning gowns. They live in stuffy hall bedrooms and don't eat a bite for several reels, but their gowns are usually worth $50,000 a year. How do they manage on the wages of poor working girls? I would like to know their secret.

In "Tarnished" Tallulah Bankhead fainted away on the street rather than ask her rich husband for money. And yet she had many expensive gowns. Why didn't she pawn one of them?

Oh, for a producer who would show us an honest working girl dressed as an honest working girl should. *Vollie Dell Graham, Houston, Tex.*

A Little Attention to Leslie



Why are producers so blind? Here they have a marvelous actor right under their noses and they don't even see him. I'm talking about Leslie Howard. Imagine casting him in a picture like "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Why don't these producers focus their lanterns on this Howard person and give him a break? His acting is of the finest and say, what was the matter with him in "Five and Ten"? Nothing!!

So please, Mr. Producers, won't you give him a break? *K. K., New Haven, Conn.*

Such Nudity Should Be Stopped

I think Jean Harlow is too immodest. In the picture "Iron Man," she is positively scandalizing, and all the young people who go to see her and gape at her nakedness should be ashamed of themselves. She is a bad influence to the younger generation. It is positively shameful how she shows off her body. *A Modest One.*

Marie Always Pleases



Marie we're for you! We'd rather hear you grumble any day, than hear the much-talked of alto voice of the sensuous Garbo.

When one of your pictures comes to town we go to see it regardless of worry about where the next installment for the furniture is coming from.

We go to all of your performances with anticipations of seeing first class acting, and we never leave disappointed, but with a feeling that our money has been well spent.

From the moment we enter the theater and see you thrust out your fighting chin and cock your hat at that kill-me-quick angle, to the time we leave, we live through the story with you, sympathizing during your trials and rejoicing with you in your triumphs. *L. W. H., Columbia, S. C.*

Rough on the Girls



There is an ugly habit of someone connected with a number of recent productions, that of having the hero in the picture sock the heroine, or some minor female in the picture.

To name a few, James Cagney, in "The Public Enemy" pushes a grapefruit into his sweetheart's face, while the audience chortles with glee. In "The Iron Man," an incident was written in, so that John Miljan could knock Jean Harlow into a state of insensibility. And again, Jean hits the floor at the hands of Spencer Tracy in "Goldie," and Tracy does this one with as much relish as his gallant little knockout of Sally Eilers in "Quick Millions."

This might be realism, and putting a "punch" into pictures. But it is a new decor, and one of the talkies original ideas. And in extremely bad taste. *John Yezbak, Barnesboro, Pa.*

Bedroom Scenes Shocking



This last month I've seen so many bed-room scenes and so many pajama parades in the movies I'm ready to boil over with angry protest.

The first embarrassment I recall was between John Boles and Lois Wilson in "Seed." Someone near me giggled so disgustingly I could have cheerfully choked her and the director who permitted such an intimate scene to be included in a picture to be shown to a mixed audience.

"The Virtuous Husband" went "Seed" a little worse. It provided guffaws to other vulgarians I despised.

But the worst and most unforgivable to me was Gary Cooper in "I Take This Woman." To think my favorite let me down so hard! It makes me see red just to write about it.

Why should I pay to be embarrassed and annoyed by intimacies no decent person tolerates when I want to be entertained and amused?

I see nothing but very bad taste and poor judgment in such exposures of lingerie. They aren't even up to the minute in style!

Anyhow I hate it and want to say so just as forcibly as I can. *E. M. M., Whitneyville, Conn.*

Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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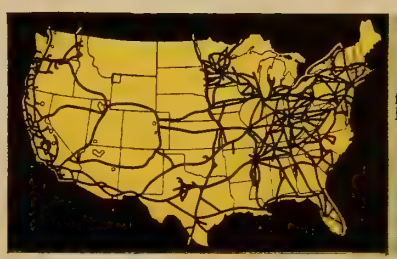
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Motion Picture

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

$20.00 Letter

Stop Glorifying The Gangster

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—If gang pictures inspire little boys—and big ones—to sprout wings in their eagerness to become heroes like the clever detective and the big brave policeman who catch and punish the wicked, why, despite the avalanche of gang pictures with their corrective (?) influence, does crime continue rampant?

"The Other Side of the Question," in the October "Letters to the Editor," is based upon the assumption that the desire to emulate virtue is predominant in the human breast. If this were true, the problem of keeping humanity in the straight and narrow path would have been, all these past ages, a comparatively easy task. But history, alas! tells a different story.

There is something predatory in man which is instinctively drawn to the glamourouscrook. The little boy finds himself secretly admiring the cunning mind that is able to contrive so many fascinating schemes for evil. Even those of us whose characters are fixed, often find ourselves enjoying the lure of these sinister influences. Though I am but a timorous female who wouldn't so much as kill a fly, I dote on gang pictures, but I *don't* approve of them *as they have been portrayed to date.* The offender is too often made so admirable, in spots, that his hold upon our sympathies is not counteracted by his criminal deeds. The evil that he does not only fails to "live after him," but frequently we gulp a tear in his behalf and long to punch a perfectly worthy judge in the jaw. This is all WRONG.

Until the gangster screen character is entirely robbed of his glamour he should be kept out of pictures and away from impressionable minds. *Anita Mackland.*

$10.00 Letter

Crime Pictures Are A Menace

CINCINNATI, OHIO—In your October issue you published a letter in which the following statement aroused my interest:

"Gangster pictures are poisoning the minds of the younger generation. Rot!"

By way of argument, I am taking the opposite of his point of view and am submitting my opinions on this subject.

Crime pictures have an effect upon the youth of today in that they show the life of a gangster as one of fascination and excitement. This is stressed entirely too much in the plot of every crime picture. The younger generation craves excitement. Therefore, is it not natural that their ideas and views of life tend to draw toward this sensational side of it, found only in the life of such a person as a gangster? Of course, the gangster comes out "at the wrong end of the horn," as the saying is, but is the youth of today impressed by that? No, not by the way it is enacted upon the screen or stage, as it is very often overdone.

In order to teach a lesson it is more necessary to explain, point out, and exhibit the right than the wrong.

The educated public is very much bored with the gangster type of picture, as well as the sex type, and is much more impressed by a good clean picture with a good plot well acted, as those played by such actors and actresses as Janet Gaynor, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and others.

Only by producing the right kind of pictures can the youth of today benefit. I am a young person and I know.

Elizabeth McClure.

$5.00 Letter

Praises For Mickey, Minnie And Felix

NEW BERN, N. C.—While prison riots, gangster murders, sexy situations and college yarns get all the glory, notoriety and whatnots, I, for one, am completely infatuated with those nifty talkie cartoons. Even back in the silent days, they were good, but now that mechanical genius has made it possible for Minnie Mouse to burst into a spasmodic eruption of not-so-grand opera, or mutilate a xylophone sufficiently, this kind of film leaves little to be desired. Excellent in sound, photography, timing and originality, such cartoons are receiving far more favorable comment than one would imagine offhand.

Being human, I am not immune to the devastating glances of a Dietrich, or the wistfulness of a Gaynor, but I reserve ample room in my bosom for Mickey, Minnie, Felix and the rest of the pen-and-ink celebrities that caper madly across the screen of our village opry house. *J. Gaskill McDaniel.*

We Satisfy

WASHINGTON, D. C.—To the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE comes my tribute. We follow our favorite stars across the silver screen in thrilling quests of love, romance, and adventure, but it is through the well-balanced contents of this magazine that our screen heroes and heroines come to us stripped of the glamour and artificiality of their screen rôles, to stand before us, men and women as human and as lovable as those in the more commonplace walks of life.

Its readers recognize the superior quality of its articles devoted to the screen, players and directors. There are no exaggerated scandals, nor unfair reviews of productions running through its pages. Each issue satisfies and serves the movie fan, and aids in the glorifying of the motion picture as a means of edifying entertainment for clear-thinking people.

As the screen ever moves on toward perfection, MOTION PICTURE will stand for the true interpretation of its progress.

Marie Swain.

It's Up To Us

PORT JEFFERSON, N. Y.—"The Public demands . . ." and so forth; and the Public gets what it demands. Where there is no demand there is no sale. No sane dealer stocks up with high shoes, slate pencils and red flannels while his customers (the Public) are demanding low shoes, fountain pens and silk underwear.

So, in everything, the Producer watches the demand. You and I are the Public, and do the demanding. Let's patronize the type of movie we like, then we'll get that kind.

Helen T. Smith.

Very Little Fault To Find

CHICAGO, ILL.—My praise for the movie industry overbalances my criticism of it. Why won't movie patrons realize that the producers are giving us advantages that would not otherwise be within our reach?

We travel to far-off lands.

We see and hear the world's great personages via newsreel.

We hear renowned opera stars via short subjects.

Our everyday cinema fare is replete with superb acting by truly great artists in both comedy and drama. Could we afford to see them all in stage productions?

My criticism is infinitesimal in comparison with my commendation. Why must we have a deluge of certain types of pictures? Examples: the gangster; the drawing-room; the free-love dramas? We realize that the success of one producer breeds innumerable imitations. Why not antithesis? Variety?

C'est tout. Irene Mueller.

Salaries Of The Stars

BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.—Barbara Stanwyck's scrap with Columbia culminates a studio player series of battles for more dough. Clark Gable, James Cagney, Lew Ayres and Nancy Carroll have been some who figured in these contractual squabbles recently.

This is the result of the "star" exploitation system, and a tough break for everyone. Every time a player hits, he wants an increase. And why? Same personality? Same pan?

Why should the movies break all laws of economics—why should the fan eventually have to pay with $1.50 tops, etc?

J. E.

(*Continued on page 102*)

Prizes For Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, and Five Dollars for the three best letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 150 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

His disguise was perfect—*did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?*

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.



Alfred **LUNT**

Lynn **FONTANNE**

famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in



Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

The GUARDSMAN

with

ROLAND YOUNG — ZASU PITTS

From the play by Ferenc Molnar

Screen play by Ernest Vajda

Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

By Courtesy of the Theatre Guild, Inc.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

At last...



..what women have been hoping for..a NEW *improved* MAYBELLINE *Eyelash Beautifier, that . . .*

. . . does not smart the eyes if accidentally gotten into them . . .

. . . is perfectly tear-proof and will not run or smear . . .

. . . applies more evenly and smoothly with greater ease . . .

. . . contains beneficial oils that tend to promote the growth of the lashes and keep them soft and glossy . . .

. . . removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

REGARDLESS *of your past experience with eyelash darkeners, go to your toilet goods counter and purchase a package of the new solid form Maybelline. Absolutely harmless. You will be amazed and delighted with the results. 75¢—Black or Brown.*

For 10¢ and coupon below we will send Purse Size for trial.

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

CLIP ----------

MAYBELLINE CO., 5900-22 Ridge Ave., Chicago

10¢ enclosed. Send me a Purse Size package of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Albright, Hardie—recently completed *Heartbreak*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—recently completed *Touchdown*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—latest release *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Suicide Fleet*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Pickup*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *Gallows*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *While Paris Sleeps*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bancroft, George—playing in *Rich Man's Folly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *The Cheat*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Barrymore, John—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *The Man I Killed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—latest release *The Last Flight*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Widow's Might*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *The Champ*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Lady With A Past*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Men In Her Life*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word For It*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Good Sport*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, Bill—playing in *Timber Beast*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *Uncertain Women*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brendel, El—recently completed *Delicious*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—latest release *Pagan Lady*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Husband's Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—playing in *Taxi*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—latest release *Palmy Days*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *The Man I Killed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—latest release *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Once A Lady*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *One Hour With You*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Churchill, Marguerite—recently completed *Ambassador Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Clive, Colin—playing in *Frankenstein*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *His Woman*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—latest release *The Gay Diplomat*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cook, Donald—playing in *Safe In Hell*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *His Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—playing in *The Champ*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Pickup*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Mirage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Shanghaied Love*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Dagover, Lil—playing in *I Spy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *The Honor of the Family*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dee, Frances—playing in *Rich Man's Folly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *The Dove*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Marcheta*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Douglass, Kent—recently completed *Heart and Hand*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in *Cock o' the Air*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—playing in *Emma*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—recently completed *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Marcheta*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Widow's Might*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Working Girls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word For It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—last release *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Union Depot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—recently completed *Delicious*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fields, Stanley—playing in *The Dove*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *The Dove*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fox, Sidney—recently completed *Strictly Dishonorable*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *The Rich Are Always With Us*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *The Mirage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—recently completed *Delicious*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—recently completed *West of Broadway*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gleason, James—playing in *Suicide Fleet*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—recently completed *New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Halliday, John—playing in *Pickup*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—recently completed *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Prestige*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Blonde Baby*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing in *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *The Man I Killed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 10*)

Name This Girl

Win $1500.00!



CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay $1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name — and $500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this $1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this $1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, $500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the $1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that $500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this $1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This $1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this $1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as $4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

MAIL THE NAME YOU SUGGEST ON THIS COUPON

A. S. WEILBY
CO-ED, Inc., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 122, Chicago, Ill.
The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

_____

Date I read this advertisement_____

My Name is _____

Address _____

City_____ State_____

Be sure to fill in the date you read this announcement

RULES: This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A., outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of Co-Ed, Incorporated, and their families and closes midnight, February 29, 1932. All answers must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. $1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by Co-Ed, Incorporated. An additional $500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 122, CHICAGO, ILL.



WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Holt, Jack—recently completed *A Dangerous Affair*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *Saint and Sinner*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—playing in *Surrender*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hobart, Rose—playing in *Gallows*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—playing in *Headin' For Love*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *The Beloved Bachelor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Judge, Arlene—recently completed *Are These Our Children?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—latest release *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—recently completed *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lebedeff, Ivan—latest release *The Gay Diplomat*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lightner, Winnie—playing in *She Means Business*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *No One Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—recently completed *The Cisco Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—recently completed *The Beloved Bachelor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *Her Majesty, Love*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Manners, David—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word For It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Marsh, Mae—recently completed *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Marsh, Marian—playing in *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Disorderly Conduct*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Safe In Hell*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—latest release *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolphe—latest release *Friends and Lovers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mercer, Beryl—recently completed *Are These Our Children?*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Merkel, Una—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Miller, Marilyn—playing in *Her Majesty, Love*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *A Family Affair*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Lois—playing in *The Men In Her Life*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *Cock o' the Air*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Muni, Paul—playing in *Scarface*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Negri, Pola—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—playing in *Good Sport*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Rainbow Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Flying High*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
O'Day, Molly—recently completed *Sob Sister*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Oland, Warner—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Neil, Sally—latest release *The Brat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—latest release *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Gentleman From San Francisco*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—recently completed *Reckless Living*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—recently completed *The Tip-Off*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *Stepping Sisters*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rathbone, Basil—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *The Champ*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Working Girls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—recently completed *Ambassador Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—recently completed *Touchdown*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sherman, Lowell—playing in *The Greeks Had a Word for It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Ladies of the Big House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—recently completed *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Tonight Or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—recently completed *Girls About Town*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—playing in *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Torrence, Ernest—playing in *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Sky Devils*—Caddo Productions, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Second Shot*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Watkins, Linda—playing in *Good Sport*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Wilson, Lois—playing in *Saint and Sinner*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Wong, Anna May—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, John—playing in *I Spy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Taxi*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.



IS THERE A SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE?

Howard Hughes
PRESENTS

"The AGE FOR LOVE"

- As interesting as "Hell's Angels" — as true to life as "The Front Page," this great picture answers the question — "Can the HOME survive modernism?"
- It is a modern picture based on the day's most common problem—should the young wife work? It will grip you—interest you—entertain you—let you see behind the scenes of life's greatest drama.
- "The Age For Love" is now ready for release. Take the whole family for a memorable evening's enjoyment.

"UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE"

FROM ERNEST PASCAL'S SENSATIONAL NOVEL

WITH

BILLIE DOVE · CHARLES STARRETT
LOIS WILSON · MARY DUNCAN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

A

FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT



The Movie Circus

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

All honors this month go to the young high-school teacher who met a film beauty. "You know," he meditated later, "she's the kind of girl to whom you don't know whether to give a B or a C. If you give her a B, she might go to college and she shouldn't. And if you give her a C, of course, she can't go, which may be doing her an injustice."

Hollywood Boulevard merchants are getting all dewy and tender about their theatrical neighbors. At a meeting of the Boulevard Association it was decided to outfit the street corners with benches for weary pilgrims, each bench to bear a star's name. **Colonel Harry Baine** chose **Mary Pickford** for Whitley Avenue, **Mr. Bernard Rosenthal** honored **Doug Fairbanks** and Hudson Avenue, **Mr. C. E. Toberman** reckoned he'd choose **Norma Shearer** for Highland and **Mr. E. T. Heyden** is still mulling it over.

The benches are of substantial wrought iron, painted green, and of funereal elegance. Personally, we hope **Mr. Heyden** decides in favor of **Jackie Cooper.** We'd like to sit in dignity waiting for our tram, musing over the courtesy of **Master Cooper** and **Mr. E. T. Heyden.**

Armand Kaliz, who advertises himself as "he with savoir faire," arises to murmur that times are so tough that a symphony conductor of his acquaintance is writing orchestrations for castanets.

Swank for Rent

Mrs. Wallace Reid founded an industry six years ago when she paid **Joe Wilharber** twenty-five dollars a day for the use of his Stutz Wildcat roadster in "Human Wreckage." She kept it fifteen days, paid him three hundred seventy-five dollars, and it gave **Joe** the idea of acquiring unusual cars for studio rental. He now has thirty-one, ranging from **Mary Pickford's** DeLage, costing $24,000, which won the first prize at the 1922 Paris exhibit, to **Valentino's** $20,000 Isotta-Fraschini. He gets from $42.50 to $75.00 per day for them, and has a devilish time, often, teaching stars to operate their complicated foreign mechanisms. **Mary's** DeLage has silver fittings, mother-of-pearl inlaid panels and satin-striped hangings. Today she drives her own Ford. **Valentino** contented himself with *cloisonne* door handles.

Mr. Wilharber says Fox uses the most cars, sometimes as many as twenty for a street scene, and that M-G-M goes in for his swankiest equipages, in keeping with their drawing-room dramas. He gets calls for vegetable wagons and ice trucks, but **Mr. Wilharber** and his partner, **Mr. Grace,** chortled longest when two years later **Howard Hughes'** representative returned to rent a Fiat roadster that had been used earlier in "Hell's Angels." They were making re-takes.

Purity Note

Notice from the wall of Radio Pictures' publicity mill, home of **Ivan Lebedeff, Richard Dix** and **Dolores Del Rio:** "The Hays' organization has asked us to suppress the title 'The Gland Parade,' so we are going to use 'Cut It Out' instead, if the latter is clear."

It's all right, but do you suppose anyone else will get it?

Thilde Forster of Germany, after selling her scenario to Pathé for **Pola Negri,** is signed by M-G-M. "The difficulty in Hollywood is not to get the job, but to keep it, I find," she states with a knowing sigh.

And the German **Hans von Twardowski,** once **Marlene Dietrich's** leading man, has also learned about Hollywood. In keeping with the film mergers, he reports, the gnats are merging with the mosquitoes at Malibu.

Sawdust Section

Clark Gable may be the nation's urge, but at Fox **Warner Baxter** tops all the men, including **Charles Farrell,** in fan mail. And **Elissa Landi** has edged in on **Janet Gaynor,** even if her fans haven't read her two books "The Helmers" and "The Neilsens." Rumor has it that **Kay Francis** regrets leaving Paramount. They would have topped the weekly offer that Warner Brothers made the svelte young lady by five hundred dollars. . . . **Jim,** hair artist extraordinary, misses **Joan Crawford:** Since she has taken to hairpins, **Joan** trims her own tresses. . . . However, there are still **Bebe Daniels** and **Billie Dove** who have joined with **Jim** to operate a cosmetic company. Now you, too, can look like **Bebe** and **Billie.** . . . **Eddie Quillan** is helping **Maureen O'Sullivan** forget the loss of her Fox contract, and doesn't like it at all when Swains **Russell Gleason** and **William Bakewell** visit her on the set. . . .

(*Continued on page 96*)

When the motion picture night was celebrated in the stadium during the recent Los Angeles 150th Anniversary Fiesta, the Paramount float was one of the features in the electrical parade. And no wonder—with such a bevy of beauties to attract the eye!



Get acquainted with

Joe E. Brown

The Clown Prince of the Talkies

in

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"

with DOROTHY LEE

Based on a play by
J. C. and Elliott Nugent

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

Your Gossip Test

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1. Who are the two movie stars who became parents on September 10th of this year?

2. Do you know the name of the former Follies girl who became the fourth bride of James Kirkwood?

3. Can you name the screen beauty whose chestnut brown hair has gone quite gray?

4. Are you familiar with the name of the man to whom Rita La Roy, film actress, was recently married?

5. Who is the 1931 Wampas Baby Star who recently announced her engagement?

6. Which recently divorced screen couple gave everyone in Hollywood a shock by being seen in each other's company?

7. Can you name the movie star who is planning to write a book about her life and career?

8. Who is the screen comedian who is Maureen O'Sullivan's escort these days?

9. Now that Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor have come to the parting of the ways, who is her new boy-friend?

10. To whom was Lew Ayres, the very popular screen star, recently married in Las Vegas, Nevada?



20. Who is the smiling beauty in the picture above and do you know the admiring gentleman with her?

11. Do you know what movie star has everyone guessing as to whether she is married or not?

12. Whose palatial Hollywood home was swept by fire recently?

13. Why did Kent Douglass leave Hollywood and give up his screen career?

14. Who is the movie actor whose wife, from whom he is separated, has been reported working as a saleslady for the small salary of $15.00 per week?

15. Do you know anyone connected with the movies whose name is Wong Lu Tsong?

16. Can you name the actor, now playing typical he-man rôles on the screen, who got his start in the movies by his female impersonations?

17. Who is the only film actor who is invited to the social events of the Los Angeles-Beverly Hills Four Hundred?

18. What former woman star is bickering with studios for a comeback?

19. Do you know the popular actress who is about to become a newspaper columnist?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 102)

Famous Episodes in History—No. 1



Find 5 Hidden Spies

—and Qualify for the Opportunity to Win

$2600.00

"No sah, no spies heah, sah. All ouah boys haive retreated, sah," but these cavalry officers must stop and look for concealed spies in spite of the touching effort of the southern girl to protect the Confederates who were left behind by the Confederate army to spy out the positions of the advancing northern troops. Incidents of this kind were not uncommon in the bitter struggles of the Civil War when two great armies made up of the finest men in America fought the war of conflicting principles and ideals.

In both the Confederate and Northern armies, the finest manhood volunteered for this hazardous service and were of great value to their generals.

Spies could cause the annihilation of a whole regiment by learning of their plans and reporting them to their own field generals. Consequently, it was immensely important to apprehend all spies before any information could be obtained by them and carried back to their own forces. It took clear thinking and thorough searching to ferret out these spies and many lives depended on its being done thoroughly.

In the picture above, the faces of 6 spies are concealed. It will take close observation to find them. Nothing so valuable as human life is at stake now. The Civil War with all its strife and heartache is fortunately almost forgotten.

In producing this historical observation test, we hark back only to the valiance displayed by the men and women of both the North and South and not to the long dead hatreds.

You may search out the faces of the hidden spies in quest of a $2600.00 prize. A reward of $2600.00 to you if you find the faces of 5 of the hidden spies and are prompt and win first prize; or if you prefer a latest model Chrysler De Luxe Sedan and $1000.00 cash.

In our great advertising plan of giving large prizes which is introduced to you through this "famous episodes in history" puzzle, number one, we will give 60 prizes, including 5 latest model sedans or their value in cash.

Only persons living in the U. S. A. outside of the city of Chicago are eligible to submit answers. No expense. Neatness and originality do not count, only correctness. Answer today. Dozens of prizes. No obligation to compete. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. If you can find the faces of five of the hidden spies mark them with a cross and send your answer at once.

H. W. THOMSON, Adv. Director, Dept. 55 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois



That's Hollywood!

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

By Mark Dowling And Lynn Norris

HOLLYWOOD is the only place in the world where a movie star can walk the sidewalk and cause no excitement at all, but a monkey on an organ grinder's leash draws crowds. Not even **John D. Rockefeller** could cash a check at a Hollywood bank without the endorsement of three of the town's leading citizens, but any fellow with a small mustache and a bogus title will be invited to the best parties and loaned money.

Conrad Nagel goes to church every Sunday and we like to point him out as a typical screen hero, but he is not invited to many parties. **Marie Dressler** plays gay old ladies on the screen and is very correct, very proper, in private life, whereas **Polly Moran** plays rough girls and acts that way when you meet her.

Jack Oakie used a number—seven or so—of doubles in one of his latest daredevil pictures. This does not imply lack of courage on the part of **Mr. Oakie,** but rather a hesitation on the part of the studio to risk the flesh of several thousand dollars' worth of star. Many actors who would prefer to do their own stunts are not allowed.

Studios hire expert accountants to cut down expenses and pay tremendous salaries to nonentities. **Carman Barnes,** after being written up in newspapers and magazines as the latest find of the Paramount studio, failed to appear on the screen at all. **Mary Brian,** who has been in more pictures than she can think of, is not a star and probably won't be, unless she drops her sweetness, tacks on a pair of false eyelashes, and follows the other girls in imitating **Garbo.**

Edward Everett Horton, the character actor, finds it easy to get work even though he asks $5,000 a week and will not sign for less than four weeks. He says he doesn't know why they pay it—says it's a crime. **Glenn Hunter,** the New York actor, was driven through Los Angeles, which sprawls all over the place and has no shopping center, no Main Street. He called it Six Suburbs in Search of a City.

Malibu beach is practically restricted to film actors. **John Gilbert** has a house there, and **George O'Brien.** But the girls all flock to a brawny lifeguard whom they consider the handsomest man around . . . A popular exponent of love-lorn heroes lives there, not so love-lorn since he has a charming companion. The girl is not his wife—**she** lives elsewhere. Another young man who plays tragic, troubled heroes became so fuddled from liquor, the other night, that he left his party and lay down on the sands to think things over. Waves washing over his body failed to arouse him and he nearly drowned.

The most popular shelf at the Hollywood public library is that containing the wild west thrillers, just as in any other small town. People tell you that Hollywood parties are tame; actors have to go to bed early and keep their faces in shape; but you can become exceedingly unpopular by 'phoning anyone before noon of a holiday.

Greta Garbo threatened to move when a careless gardener clipped her shrubbery so low that the grounds of her country place were exposed to passersby. Her house is surrounded by trees which are intended as a protection. Tourists perch in them and take photographs.

Garbo once looked for a new house. She wanted a swimming-pool, an inclosed patio for sun-bathing, and many other things which a house owned by a friend of hers did not possess. Nevertheless **Garbo** liked the house so much that she nearly decided to rent it. The friend left for a trip and came back, expecting to see the famous screen star installed. Instead she found a great bunch of red roses in the living-room, with a note that ran something like—"I am sorry. I cannot take the house. I am a fool. Love, **Greta.**"

People in Hollywood drink a lot, some to forget that they no longer possess high-paying contracts, others to celebrate getting high-paying contracts. The current price of alcohol is twelve dollars a gallon. This makes eighteen quarts of gin and, in case of a party, will take care of from twenty to thirty people, depending on their capacity.

Folks stand on Hollywood Boulevard, on opening nights, to watch the stars enter the theater. If they went swimming at Santa Monica, where the beach is open to the public, they could walk by the houses of **Norma Talmadge,**

(*Continued on page 92*)

There's only one place in the world where the populace gets excited about a movie opening —and that's Hollywood. The scene at the top shows you Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater on a typical opening night



25¢



More Beauty for your Teeth— More Money for your Budget

—with this extraordinary tooth paste



Buy 6 dozen eggs with the money you save

There are many things which you can buy with the $3 a year each member of your family saves on tooth paste. But very few will do you and your children as much good as eggs—especially in these winter months. Eggs are a valuable source of vitamins "a" and "b." They also supply *lecithin*, important in nourishing the nerves and aiding growth. Remember, eggs are always part of the diet which doctors prescribe during convalescence to bring back health and energy.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. Yet its cleansing and polishing power, plus safety, are unsurpassed — even by imported tooth pastes, costing 75¢ a tube.

It is entirely free from coarseness and grit. It cannot scratch even a baby's tooth enamel. And it contains, in addition to all the usual cleansing elements of value—an astonishingly effective, *special polishing agent.*

Our methods cut costs for you with no loss of quality

Though Listerine Tooth Paste is only a youngster in the tooth paste field —it is the biggest, most vigorous youngster ever seen. Over four million people have switched to it in nine years—and have kept on using it constantly. This demand calls for production on a huge, cost-cutting scale. You benefit by these savings.

Try it! Learn how white your teeth really are

Your teeth benefit as much as your pocketbook. Economy alone could not have won and kept so many users —particularly millions of women, who prize the beauty of their teeth.

The special polishing agent clears away every particle of dirt and decay. Tartar, tobacco-stains, other discolorations—vanish without leaving a trace. Yet it is scientifically gentle in action and therefore cannot injure tooth enamel.

Besides, it leaves a remarkably fresh and invigorating after-taste. Your mouth *is* clean—and *feels* clean, too.

Give this tooth paste a trial. After that, we know you will keep on using it. Its economy, refreshing taste, and safe cleansing power will guarantee that. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . 25¢

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Young and lovely, her frank good sense points the way to beauty for every woman



YOU catch a glimpse of her over intent masculine shoulders, at Belmont Park races . . . at country house parties in Long Island or Westchester . . . dancing at the most exclusive night clubs.

Yet she is as popular with women as with men—young Mrs. Morgan Belmont, with her lovely laughing eyes, her red-gold hair, her dazzlingly fair complexion. To a host of friends she is "Maggie."

Beauty . . . and brains! The gay wit that sparkles in her ready repartee is kin to the unerring taste that guides her striking individuality in dress. And to the forthright good sense with which she eschews fads and frills of beauty care and will have nothing but the simplest care for the flawless radiance of her skin.

"COMPLICATED beauty preparations" she calls "needless extravagance"... "The Pond's Method keeps one's skin fresh and clear, in less time, at less cost."

Follow its four steps, and you'll agree:

1—Amply apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. *At bedtime,* never fail to repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of dust and grime.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer,* more absorbent. White or peach.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores, promote a lovely natural color.

4—*Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer.* This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a smooth and velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!



"For practical home beauty care," MRS. MORGAN BELMONT *says, "Pond's Method carries off all honors"... See Pond's four famous preparations, which she uses for the care of her dazzlingly fair skin, at right.*

Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

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C. S. Bull

JOAN MARSH

Joan's father is a photographer, which explains her poise before a camera. She began acting at the age of three, which explains her present ability. She has the looks, the figure, the voice and everything else that a Big Star is supposed to have—which explains why she is one of the Baby Stars of 1931. Just a little girl who can't help getting along!



Hurrell

CONCHITA MONTENEGRO

Conchita is the first real Castilian to become a reel beauty. She started in Spanish versions, mastered English in eight months, and now—with those eyes!—is going to give Senoritas Del Rio and Velez some worry. You'll see what we mean in "The Cisco Kid"



Hurrell

NEIL HAMILTON

Clothes make the man-about-town! Remember when Neil used to be merely the hero? Now he's the naughty cavalier—and a gay deceiver, for good measure. You can charge half of it to the new togs, and half of it to human nature's desire for a change. Did you see him in "Lullaby" —enjoying his rôle of the amiable villain? And could you help liking him?



Fryer

Loretta looks a bit wistful—as if she is thinking of something besides her work. (That new romance, perhaps?) If she is, it isn't apparent in "The World Changes," in which she faces Edward G. Robinson—or in "Taxi," in which she plays the lead opposite James Cagney. Aren't even the critics taking notice that she's an actress, as well as a beauty?

LORETTA YOUNG



Hurrell

CLARK GABLE

He's more than the man of the hour—he's the sensation of the year. Even rival actors are saying that here is Valentino's successor, if any man can ever be that. Clark disclaims all ambition to be a Great Lover—and then plays opposite Garbo in "Susan Lenox" and is told that he already is one. Joan Crawford will be the next to think so—in "The Mirage"



Richee

When Miriam broke an ankle at the outset of her career, 'twas a lucky break for Broadway. For the little Savannah gal, who had planned to be a dancer, became famous as an actress instead. New to the screen, she has made only four pictures, but has practically stolen all four. If she steals even "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—well, they ought to star her!

MIRIAM HOPKINS



Hurrell

WARNER BAXTER

Most actors seem to have a few poor performances in their systems, but not Warner Baxter. It's just natural for him to be believable, whether the story is good, bad or indifferent, whether he is talking with an English or a Spanish accent. In "The Cisco Kid" he returns to the characterization that brought him fame. Go early if you want a seat!



Hurrell

MADGE EVANS

If you have a good memory for names, that of Madge Evans will have a familiar ring. She was a child star a few years ago—and then vanished. Disappeared, it seems, to grow into the ravishing young creature you see above. It isn't often that a famous child star later becomes a famous adult, but Madge seems headed that way in "Heartbreak"

Heading for Stardom —for the Second Time

Madge Evans—once a sensation as a child star—is going to prove it's possible to be a star *twice* in a lifetime. No one else has ever done it—but there's no stopping this girl! She's so much in demand that she steps from one picture right into another

By CHARLES GRAYSON

MADGE EVANS used to be the baby who smiled at you from the advertising pages of the magazines. But now—though still pink, blonde and smiling—she has grown up into being quite another kind of baby, indeed. She has one of the soothingest voices that ever soothed a microphone, and a trick of throwing back her head and laughing at almost any joke—until you begin to think that, really, you should be up there showing the Marx Brothers how it's done.

But the important thing about her is that she is the one and only child movie star who has grown up to be a startling movie adult. She is the newest sensation of Hollywood—and is being kept even busier than Jean (Platinum) Harlow.

Although she arrived on the Hollywood scene several months ago, all that she has seen of it is the path that lies between her home and the studio. That's because she has jumped from "Son of India" to "Sporting Blood" to "Guilty Hands" to "West of Broadway" to "Heartbreak" to "The Greeks Had a Word for It" with a rapidity that has startled even the oldest inhabitants.

And because of that steadily increasing list of pictures, and the consequent increasing demand for her services, Madge Evans is soon going to be one of M-G-M's most important young ladies. She has, it seems, What It Takes.

She made her professional début at eight months of age, as the child in a Madonna-and-Child painting. And at the ripe old age of one year she was the laughing model for the famous Baby Book. At four she was chuckling through the advertisements. (And at twenty—though developed up to five feet, four inches in height and one hundred and sixteen pounds in weight, with a swell marcel and the knowledge that the best food in New York is to be found in speakeasies—she still has the same elegant good humor.)

She got her movie start at the age of six in support of Robert Warwick in "Sudden Riches." So good was she that the old World Film Company began to feature her, endeavoring to build up an opposition to the child-star vogue of Mary Miles Minter. They succeeded. She was so popular that manufacturers named toys and children's clothes after her. (Remember the Madge Evans hats, for example?) She did child parts for some seven years, appearing with such early favorites as Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Montagu Love and Holbrook Blinn—working in those days in the East. All that experience hasn't done her a bit of harm, although it was obvious from the first that she was a "natural"—a born actress.

There was a brief lapse in her screen career while she went through the gangling period of her growth. And then, in 1925, she was cast opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates"—perhaps the youngest leading

(*Continued on page 98*)

So You Will Know Her Better

Madge Evans was born in New York City, of English parents, and now is twenty-two years old.

At the age of eight months, she was pretty enough to paint. When a year old, she was the laughing model for the famous Baby Book. At four, she was a chuckling little nymph who posed for ads.

At the age of six, she was first discovered by a film producer—and appeared with Robert Warwick in "Sudden Riches." She quickly became a child star—and has been acting ever since.

In 1925, she was leading lady in the Barthelmess picture, "Classmates"—one of the youngest leading ladies on record. With the completion of that picture, however, she left the screen and went on the stage. From that time until early last summer she was on Broadway.

Discovered anew by film producers, she was rushed West in a 'plane to be Novarro's leading lady in "Son of India"—and started work an hour after her arrival. Since then, she hasn't had a week-day free.

She is crazy about Garbo—but couldn't picture Madge Evans being that serious about herself. She thinks Norma Shearer is the screen's best actress—and has her reasons.

She doesn't want to be a star—just yet. But it looks as if she might not have much say in the matter.



Hurrell

Madge Evans' smile will take her a long way—but it's her acting that will make her a star again

The Movie Heroes

Thirteen years ago, these actors weren't fighting for film fame—they were soldiers. Some were officers, some privates, some prisoners of war. Some fought with the Allies, others with the Germans. And any of them might have known—or might have become—The Unknown Soldier

By HARRY D. WILSON

THIRTEEN years ago—on November 11, 1918—the World War ended. Each year since, at the same hour, the world has stopped selling and buying, building skyscrapers and bungalows, making bread and books—and motion pictures—for two minutes of silent prayer. Even in Hollywood, land of make-believe, these two minutes bring stern reality to some who played an active part in this struggle. Even Hollywood, city of paint-and-powder heroes, has real heroes who knew the Unknown Soldier.

Private Maurice Chevalier, when he stands with bowed head, remembers how the half-starved scarecrows in a German prison camp cheered feebly at the news of the Armistice. He was one of them.

"The bulletins calling us to arms were still wet on Paris walls when I was on my way to the front," he says. "We went gaily along those summer roads with a song and a cheer. It was a grand holiday to us! We never stopped to think of what was ahead. Three days later, many of my friends were dead and I, myself, was wounded. We lived in hell night and day for four months. Then the worst fighting began. Such noise—I cannot describe it! Such bravery under fire! God must have been proud of mankind! We ached for the command to advance. Then I seemed to forget—the firing became fainter, fainter.



Franklin Pangborn (above) was wounded in the Argonne

"I awoke in a German prison hospital. A shell had pierced my side, hitting the spine. For months I hovered between life and death. What surgeons those Germans were! My one consolation during the months of agony was seeing the way they cared for their wounded prisoners. We received the same medical attention as their own soldiers, the same tenderness.

The War Gave Us Chevalier

"I WAS placed in a prison camp after my discharge from the hospital. There I remained three years. It was during that time that a

(*Continued on page 30*)



Above, going over the these men can never who was a member of Below, at right, Ivan tenant in the Czar's only German gen-





Major Victor McLaglen (left) was provost-marshal of Bagdad after its capture. Bela Lugosi (right), was a bearded Hungarian captain

of the World War



top at dawn—an experience forget. Left, Claude Allister, the first British Tank Corps. Lebedeff when a young lieu- army. Lebedeff captured the eral taken during the War



Captain Lewis Stone (right), stationed at Plattsburg, trained men for overseas service



Major Clive Brook (left) was a victim of shell-shock for years after the War



George K. Arthur (right) saw wartime service with the Scotch troops



John Miljan (left) broke out of the guardhouse to get back into the fray





John Loder (above) was a British captain at twenty, was captured by the Germans, and nearly executed by them. To Captain Adolphe Menjou, the biggest thrill of the War was seeing Premier Clemenceau at the front.



THIRTEEN YEARS AGO—

Maurice Chevalier was learning English in a German prison camp. Lieut. John Boles was using a powerful military pass. Capt. John Loder was a German prisoner, after a near-execution. Major Victor McLaglen was marching into Bagdad. Private Buster Keaton was almost shot by a sentry. Captain Ivan Lebedeff had captured a German general. Major Clive Brook was suffering from shell-shock. Ronald Colman was in London on leave. Captain Adolphe Menjou was on the Western Front. Captain Bela Lugosi was in the Hungarian forces. Kenneth Harlan was a buck private in the front lines. Franklin Pangborn had been wounded in the Argonne. Claude Allister was in the British Tank Corps. Lieut. Norman Kerry was in the American Tank Corps. Paul Lukas was fighting for Hungary. James Hall had organized a jazz band in the trenches. Reginald Denny was in the Royal Flying Corps. John Miljan had escaped from the guardhouse to go over the top again.



Kenneth Harlan was one of the first Hollywood buck privates to see fighting

British prisoner taught me English. In return I taught him French. When the Armistice was signed, I went to London, for now I spoke the English. So you see, perhaps I am in Hollywood because of the War."

Lieutenant John Boles was sitting in the kitchen of Mme. Piot's café in the little village of Autun, France, when the news of the Armistice came. Boles was assigned to the Intelligence Department and Department of Criminal Investigation because he spoke French fluently—an accomplishment that also enabled him to win a smile from Mére Piot and less water in his wine than his less linguistic buddies.



Norman Kerry was a lieutenant in the American Tank Corps. His boys went over the top ahead of the others

"The War left me with many memories," says Boles. "One of the most interesting was President Wilson's visit to France, which looked upon him as a Savior. A meeting of tremendous importance was to take place at the City Hall in Paris. Only the highest French and American officials were invited; not even the high-rank army officers were included. I possessed a pass giving me entrée to any place in France or England, because of my work with the Intelligence Department. Filled with good old American gate-crashing instinct, I found a buddy with a similar pass.

"I can still see those long lines of tall-plumed lancers standing at attention as we walked up the grand marble staircase. Our passes had done the trick. Unquestioned, we stood behind two large palms and watched the entire proceedings with eyes like saucers. From where I stood, I could easily have touched the shoulder of President Wilson, General Pershing or President Poincaré of France. What a thrill! Had we been questioned and brought before a board of inquiry, it would have been curtains for us."

Loder Almost Executed

A CAPTAIN at twenty, in the firing line on four different fronts, almost executed by a firing squad, an encounter with the German Crown Prince—these are some of the high spots in the War memories of Captain John Loder, once of the British army, now of Hollywood. This handsome daredevil, who has more medals than his broad chest can carry, admits that even now he becomes violently sick for several days, after talking about his near-execution.

"My guardian angel must have been on the job that day," says John. "It was dawn—with heavy fog encircling No Man's Land. Suddenly, like dim figures in a dream, we saw the enemy's soldiers looming toward us. We opened fire—minutes seemed hours. Our men fell on every side. When the Germans surrounded us, twelve of us were still standing, among thousands of our dead.

"We were lined up—just a handful left after that terrible slaughter. We knew what was coming. It was to be a quick affair. A machine gun was trained on us—God, I'll never forget the grim look on the German behind that gun. He shot one of us, casually, to see if the gun was in working order. Just as he was about to let the rest of us have it, the officer in command raised a hand and countermanded the order."

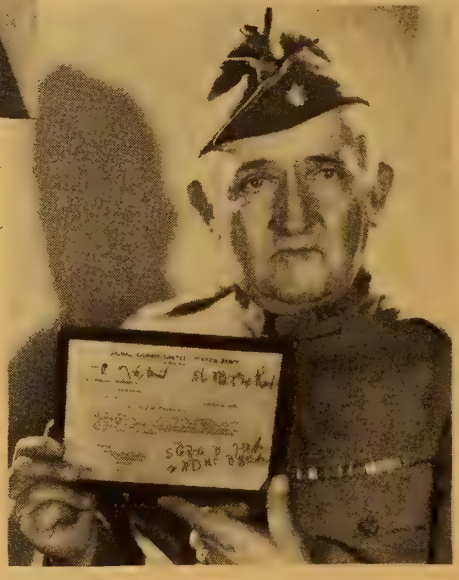
"'Why shoot you?' he cried. 'You'll be more help to us alive than dead—carrying our wounded away. They will freeze to death if left overnight.'

"I'm not a brave man, so my calmness in the face of death astounded me. The last-minute rescue of the movies didn't seem likely, but I wasn't particularly disturbed—a bit bored in fact. I thought of my brother, who had been killed a few weeks before, and how hard it would hit my mother to lose both her boys. . . .

"On our way to the German field hospital, a staff car came along the road. As it neared us, it stopped. Imagine our surprise when out stepped the German Crown Prince, decked in all his military finery like a comic-opera officer.

"'Well done,' he said to me in English. 'I hear you put up a good fight. Your country should be proud.' He took a cigarette case from his pocket, lit one, then offered me one. I took it—cigarettes were scarce out there. Before he replaced the case, he autographed one of his cigarettes for me. Rather decent fellow, I thought. As he stepped back into his car, he remarked that he hoped we would meet again some day—under happier circumstances. Several years later during a tennis match, I had the pleasure of reminding him of the incident. Incidentally, the cigarette was more precious to me than the autograph. I smoked it. I should have kept it."

(*Continued on page 88*)



Major George D. Beaumont, now gatekeeper at RKO Studios, exhibits the telegram, ending the war, that he dispatched to all American corps commanders on November 11, 1918



Buster Keaton, temporarily deaf, was almost shot by one of his own sentries



It's Easy To Lose Your Head When Anita Page Is On Deck

Unless we're awfully, awfully mistaken, that skull on her treasure chest is a grim reminder that this little buccaneer has a way of making men lose their heads. Maybe it's because she's of Spanish descent. Whatever the reason, Anita is becoming one of the most-feared picture-pirates. She'd just as soon steal a picture as not!

Is Jackie Cooper a Midget?

He is the most amazing little actor of screen history—such a sensation that skeptics cannot believe that he is only eight years old. But this revealing story shatters all doubt that he is anything but a youngster—and a perfectly normal one, in everything except his acting

Ever since Jackie Cooper amazed the world with his performance in "Skippy," he has been the victim of malicious rumors. Some say that he must be a midget, others that he must be fourteen or fifteen and under-sized for his age. This story kills these rumors for once and all, and gives the boy credit for being an eight-year-old genius.—*Editor's Note.*

"YOU can't tell *me* that Jackie Cooper's a child!" said the woman behind me at the preview of "Donovan's Kid." She added: "He's fourteen or fifteen if he's a day!" Her corset stays creaked indignantly.

Columnist Walter Winchell prints a rumor that Jackie is really a middle-aged midget masquerading as a little boy. And Walter was right when he said that the Vanderbilts were going to have twins.

Vaudeville fans write letters claiming that they saw Jackie on the stage twenty years ago and that they'd recognize him anywhere.

King Vidor says that he has the greatest talent he has ever directed—the body of a child, the soul of an artist.

His mother (who ought to know) says that he is seven years old, going on eight.

Hollywood says, "I've heard — buzz — buzz — buzz—"

The moon and the tides are no more closely related than screen success and rumors. Not even the innocence and missing front teeth of childhood can escape. When Jackie Cooper suddenly burst on the public in "Skippy"—a finished actor, without previous fame or heralding—tongues began to wag. Now the rumors about this wonder-child have grown to such fantastic proportions that the harassed Metro publicity department is considering sending out a story that Jackie's mother is really his daughter, that his grandmother is his wife and that he is forty-five years old, just to prove that they can tell as good a fable as anyone.





This close-up of Jackie Cooper in "Donovan's Kid" reveals why many fans thought he must be older than his mother claims—though not necessarily a midget like Little Billy (left), "the vest pocket comedian"

Why His Age Is Hard to Prove

IF Jackie's mother had dreamed what the future was going to hold for the weazened, sickly-looking baby that was laid in her arms at the Clara Barton Memorial Hospital almost eight years ago, she would have hoarded indisputable proofs of his birth date. At the moment, however, she was chiefly worried about how on earth they would ever be able to pay the doctor's bills out of the profits of the struggling sheet-music shop she and her husband owned on North Broadway.

Undoubtedly, the records of the Clara Barton Hospital contained a small footprint and a smudgy handprint labeled "Baby Cooper," with the date attached. These, compared with Jackie's prints to-day, would have settled conjecture as to his age once and for all. But unfortunately the Clara Barton Hospital no longer exists, and its records are destroyed. As the next-best proof of her talented son's age, Jackie's mother has sent for his birth certificate from the Capitol at Sacramento.



Billy Platt is a midget you have often seen on the screen

She doesn't know whether to be flattered or annoyed by the persistence of the rumors that Jackie is adopted, that he is a midget, that he is really fifteen or sixteen and small for his age, that he isn't Jackie Cooper at all but another boy by the same name! (This latter story may have arisen from the fact that after his father left his family, Jackie went under his mother's maiden name of Leonard for several years.)

"Dearest Jackie," his fan letters nearly all begin, "I saw you in 'Skippy' and think you're a wonderful little actor. I just can't understand how a child of your age can act so marvelously—"

Is Jackie Cooper a midget? Or merely an amazingly talented and precocious child of

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



Jackie Cooper's head is somewhat larger than the normal youngster's and he has an oldish face—but the neighborhood children accept him as one of them



International

This shows you a group of real midgets who play in the movies. They are now full-grown. (Jackie has grown an inch in six months.)

almost-eight? Richard Dix, Pat O'Brien, Wallace Beery and every other star who has worked with Jackie in a picture speaks of his acting with respect, almost awe. He is, they say, an instinctive actor with an almost flawless technique (something that few adult actors possess). He learns his lines with breath-taking rapidity, he invents his own "business." His timing is perfect. Good directors wisely do not attempt to direct him. None of them suspects that he is a day older than his mother claims. He's a prodigy, that's all.

Aside from the fact that he has a head a trifle large for his body—as is often the case with especially talented children—and a curiously wise little face with rather heavy, unchildlike features, there is certainly no indication in Jackie's behavior away from the camera which would indicate that he is not a small boy! The neighborhood kids accept him as one of themselves, and he is prouder of the fact that he is the leader of a "gang" than that he is a movie star.

His talents for destroying clothes and property are amazing. When the studio is faced with the necessity of making a portrait-sitting with Jackie Cooper, strong men flinch from the ordeal.



This picture of Jackie Cooper—then Jackie Leonard—was taken in 1927. Does he look like a four-year-old here?

He is here, there, everywhere, prying and poking, asking questions, even showing off, if strangers happen to be present. No one who works at a studio with Jackie has the slightest doubt that he is an exceptionally lively and normal small boy!

Jackie's No Financier

HIS attitude toward money is the attitude of an eight-year-old. He knows that he is earning money, and sometimes inquires, "Mother, have I a million dollars yet?" because he has read that Jackie Coogan had earned almost a million when he was his age. Recently, when a comedy company was shooting scenes on his street and the youngsters in the neighborhood were earning five dollars for a day's "extra" work, Jackie was indignant because he was not allowed to join them.

"But think of it, Mother!" he argued. "I might be making five dollars, too! That's quite a lot of money. I don't see why *I* can't, if all the other kids can—"

And this child star, who earns almost a thousand dollars a week, is as willing as any boy to rake up the leaves in the front yard for a quarter!

It is only in regard to his work that Jackie Cooper shows himself older than his years. The other day he watched the "rushes" of a scene in which he had worked. He made no comment as he and Mrs. Cooper left the studio, and sat silent all the way home. At last he burst out angrily, "Say, who said I was an actor anyhow? I was terrible in that scene. Stood around like a stick—never changed my expression! Gosh, I'm going to do better'n that tomorrow or quit acting—"

It might have been a seasoned movie veteran speaking!

Jackie Cooper's success came with comparative suddenness. Although he has been on the screen since he was three-and-a-half

(*Continued on page 94*)



How Tragedy The Screen

You would expect them to be surrounded with love But their beauty has brought them unhappiness of ill luck, cruelty, notoriety and tragedy. You

By DOROTHY

THERE is something tragic, and unlucky about being *too* beautiful. The movies teach you otherwise. The movies teach you that the startling beauties are the women most surrounded with love and luxury and fame. But Life tells a different story. Life says it is only a legend.

Consider the really beautiful women of Hollywood history—women whose beauty has been a tragic gift. Doomed little Olive Thomas. Mary Nolan, whose loveliness is angelic. Katherine MacDonald, once known as "The American Beauty." The glorious and sad Mary Astor. Clara Bow, who started on the road to unhappiness through a beauty contest. Barbara La Marr, who died at twenty-six, the victim of her own beauty. And there are others . . .

Unhappiness has stalked them. Tragedy has shadowed the footsteps of their loveliness. Some, who should have inspired envy and admiration, have lived to find themselves objects of pity. Some have died. The great gift that should have earned them fame, success and happiness has in most cases attracted only the opposite—bankruptcy, brutality (as revealed in sordid divorce charges), notoriety. The history of their beauty has proved it fatal!

Haunted Mary Nolan

THERE is something shiningly indestructible about the loveliness of Mary Nolan. Nothing that she can do, or that can happen to her, seems to lessen it. I have seen her in public in a silly, conspicuous mood that would be unflattering to most women and still she was beautiful. Hours of dissipation seem to do nothing harmful to her face. Weariness registers there only in a softening loveliness. Once I talked to her when she was ill in her hotel suite. She wore no make-up. She was too sick to care how she looked. Yet her eyes were as violet as the silk cover across her bed, and her skin had the texture of a baby's. I thought: "You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen," and I wondered that such loveliness could be so *doomed*.

Mary Nolan's face is like an angel's. Yet a man has planted his fist there. A figure that could, and has, been the inspiration of artists, has also been beaten and bruised. A girl who was made for the love of men and the envy of women is an object of pity in her profession. Beauty that should have gained her enduring fame has brought heart-breaking notoriety, which began with her tragic love affair with Frank Tinney, was followed by bankruptcy and climaxed in a narcotic investigation that almost ended her career, even though she was proved innocent. She is back in Hollywood again for another chance. She is as beautiful as ever—and as hounded by trouble.

Mary had no more than stepped from the train when she was greeted with newspaper headlines proclaiming a lawsuit involving her new husband, Wallace MacCreery, Jr. A manicurist in a New York hotel had charged that MacCreery attempted assault after she had been summoned to his suite to give a manicure. "It isn't true," cried Mary, who has so often used that phrase in denying the unfortunate episodes of her beauty-wrecked life. "The day the episode is alleged to have taken place, my husband and I were together—and not in New York. Isn't it enough for publicity-seekers to try to ruin *me*, without trying to make trouble for those who are close to me?"

From top to bottom: Mary Astor, who was tragically widowed at the height of her happiness; Billie Dove, who sued for divorce on grounds of cruelty; Mary Nolan, who has been a victim of headline-hunters; Claire Windsor, who has known two unhappy marriages; and Sally O'Neil, whose future once looked brighter than Constance Bennett's or Joan Crawford's

Has Stalked Beauties

and luxury and good luck—just as on the screen. and torture. In real life, they have been victims might almost call them: The Beautiful And Doomed

MANNERS

The Unhappy "American Beauty"

ONLY slightly less sensational than Mary Nolan's has been the life of another great beauty, as revealed in Katherine MacDonald's divorce complaint against Christian B. Holmes, wealthy sportsman of Montecito, California. When interviewed by newspaper reporters just after the suit was filed, the woman who was once known to the screen as "The American Beauty" was lying with a fractured shoulder in a hospital near Santa Barbara. She claimed that the injury was sustained as she was fleeing from pistol shots fired by her husband. "I am the unhappiest woman in the world," she sobbed. "It is dreadful that I should have to bring such charges against the father of my child. But I cannot stand such a life any longer."

In the divorce complaint she charged that her married life was a continual round of abuse and humiliation. On one occasion, she says, Holmes reached for her hand. She thought it was a mood of affection. Instead, he pressed a burning cigarette against it and when she cried out with pain, he beat her. "I can't understand it. I don't know what I have done to deserve such unhappiness."

When Katherine MacDonald retired from the screen, her title of "American Beauty" passed on to Billie Dove—and Billie is another great beauty who charged extreme cruelty when parting from her husband. At the time of her divorce from director Irvin Willat, the luscious-looking Billie told the Judge that Willat had frequently struck her in the face. "He was insanely jealous of every man who looked at me," she explained. Poor, beautiful Billie—as though men could help looking at her! Surely no woman in Hollywood at the present moment is lovelier than this prematurely gray-haired girl.

Unlucky at Love?

YET, even now, though she is free of her unhappy married life, close friends will tell you that Billie is far from being a happy girl. Just recently a great romance of hers has gone on the rocks. Billie is said to have been sincerely and deeply in love with Howard Hughes. But lately, Hughes has been seen in the company of several other women and the gossip is that there is no chance of a reconciliation between them. Is Billie, too, to be pursued by this jinx of unhappiness that has followed Hollywood's other great beauties?

Tragedy stalked into the life of the beautiful Mary Astor right at the height of her greatest personal happiness. After only two brief years of married life, her husband, director Kenneth Hawks, was killed in an airplane accident while filming scenes for a motion picture. In speaking of this, Mary once told me:

"For days and weeks I couldn't believe it had really happened. I had never been a particularly happy girl. Nothing real had ever happened to me until I met Kenneth. When I became his wife, I began to know the real meaning of life and living for the first time. At first, after the tragedy, I was bitterly rebellious. I couldn't understand why such love and happiness should be jerked away from me when we were so deeply happy. It seemed so unfair!"

Will Mary Astor ever marry again? And if she does, will she ever be able to forget the tragic ending of her first marriage?

(*Continued on page 87*)



From top to bottom: Alma Rubens, tragic and unwilling victim of drugs; Clara Bow, who has been broken in health and spirit by headlines; Katherine MacDonald, once "the American Beauty," now "the unhappiest woman in the world"; Barbara La Marr, who died in trying to live up to a reputation; and young Martha Mansfield, who was accidentally burned to death

News *and* Gossip



Fryer

What's all the shootin' for? David Manners and Ruth Hall look as if they're aiming to bring down some wild duck—but don't you be fooled. What's being shot is a picture. That grinning gridder up at the top is your old pal, Richard Arlen—who's in form and uniform in "Touchdown"

THE question seems to be: Did Lupe Velez give up Garee, or did Gary Cooper give up Lupe? Lupe claims volubly that the break came from her, and quotes burning letters and telegrams from Gary to prove it. But no one can be found who has seen these missives. Gary's friends say that it was he who broke off the attachment of three years' standing, yielding at last to the pleas of his mother—and that Gary, like a gentleman, is telling people he was jilted. At any rate, says Lupe, speaking of Clark Gable: "Yes, he's going to be one beeg sheik, but let me tell you, baby, Garee Cooper he is more romantic, more handsome, a better actor. He is still my favorite movie star, Garee—"

HOWEVER it was, Lupe doesn't seem to be exactly pining. She has been wearing a diamond bracelet, said to be worth forty-three thousand dollars—and just before she left for Europe, rumors of new romances were rising daily around her name. When she returns from abroad, she's likely to step into a New York musical show.

AND Garee doesn't seem to be pining, either, if we are to believe the gossip from the East, which links the lean, solemn Westerner with Marjorie Wilson, a pretty young stage actress, who appeared recently in Los Angeles in a New York road show. In addition, Manhattan society women seem to have adopted him. Hollywood has seen the last of Gary for some time. Now making a picture in the East, he is about to return to Europe to make two pictures abroad.

IN last month's MOTION PICTURE you read a large number of letters from fans who want to see Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle again. And they're going to get their wish! He is to make a test comedy—which will prove, even more than hundreds of thousands of letters, whether or not he has a chance to regain his once-great popularity. Everyone in Hollywood is glad for him. At the opening of "An American Tragedy," a newsreel camera showed the announcer shouting into the microphone: "Well, folks, here's an old friend! Shall I ask Mr. Arbuckle to say a few words to you?" The cheers that followed, as the big chap stood abashed before the first camera he has faced in ten years, showed how Hollywood felt. Did you happen to see—and hear—that newsreel?



Virginia Brooks may be short on kimono, but she's likely to be long on the screen. She's Educational Comedies' latest combination of beauty and wit

ONE who works at the Hal Roach Studio, where Fatty is directing comedies, tells us that since it was decided to give Fatty his longed-for chance at a comeback, he has said wistfully now and then, "That gag is just the sort of thing I could do—it's right up my alley!" And the supervisor or the actor or the executive who happens to hear him says cordially, "That's right—it's yours! Save it for your first picture, Fatty! You're welcome to it!"

WE nominate Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen (she that was Jobyna Ralston) as the most sentimental couple in the movies. Though they

of All *the* Studios

have been married for four years, they have never had their wedding rings off. The lengths to which they have had to go to conceal these tell-tale signs of domesticity, when playing romantic rôles, are ingenious. Dick, playing in "Touchdown," Paramount's story of football life, displayed his little finger and ring-finger bound together by adhesive tape. "Athletes often do that when they've sprained a finger," says Richard, "but I can't always hide my ring so easily. I've had a big seal ring made to fit over it for other pictures. Joby has a false finger joint that slides over her ring."

BACK in the old days, when an actor went back to the stage there was only one reason—nobody wanted him in the movies. But Leslie Howard eased out of town with a screen contract for thirty-five hundred a week in his pocket—unsigned. And now that Kent ("Waterloo Bridge") Douglass has refused to listen to the pleading of Carl Laemmle, Junior, to stick around for some twelve hundred a week, Hollywood has to admit that maybe there are some people who really don't care about important movie money. Kent Douglass was even told that he could use his real name, Douglas Montgomery, if he'd stay—but he prefers the stage at one-fourth the money.

BARBARA STANWYCK gave the impression that *she* was going to give up *her* screen career—to be with hubby Frank Fay, who's now in the East. Then she changed her mind, and accepted the leading rôle in "Safe in Hell" at First National. Columbia Pictures, objecting that she was still under contract to them, slapped an injunction on her. Barbara went ahead rehearsing. First National cast Dorothy Mackaill in the same part in the same picture, just in case the courts upheld Columbia, thus creating the curious spectacle of two stars rehearsing the same scenes at the same time and at the same studio! Barbara lost her case—and is working again at Columbia. At an increased salary, we might add. Barbara seems to be the latest to adopt the slogan: "Keep 'em guessing if you want them fighting over you."



Ulanatt

It's Lupe and Larry now—not Lupe and Gary. If you can believe all you hear, the Velez girl and the Tibbett man are romantic off the screen, as well as in "Cuban Love Song." At the top is Phillips Lord—*Seth Parker* to you radio addicts—who becomes a movie star in "Other People's Business"



Ray Jones

Jill Dennett is a newcomer who's going to make men look twice, without thinking once. She's starting on a vamping career in Slim Summerville's comedies

HOLLYWOOD is thrilled at the safe arrival of the little Lyoness—Barbara Bebe—almost-six-pound daughter of Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon. It's the only case we know of in which a troop of anxious friends spent the day at the hospital waiting for the baby's arrival. Among them was Harold Lloyd, once engaged to Bebe in the long-ago days when she was his leading lady.

THEY tell me a pathetic tale of Esther Ralston Webb, whose baby was born a few days before Bebe's. George Webb (whose full name, the announcements of the baby's birth revealed for the first time, is George Webb Frey) has two grown daughters by a previous marriage. Esther, groping back to reality through the mists of ether, knew by her husband's face that her child was a girl, instead of the hoped-for son. "I'm sorry, Daddy," she said weakly.

Doctors once said she could never have a baby.

THE LATEST NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STARS AND STUDIOS

MARLENE DIETRICH is very much upset about the Von Sternberg affair. And the fact that the newspapers and gossip writers and Herr Von Sternberg's ex-wife mention her name in connection with that of her director hurts her feelings so that she might even go back to Germany in the spring and never return. We sympathize with the lovely Marlene—but, after all, how can any wide-awake gossip writer fail to connect their names without so much as a comma between them when Marlene is almost never seen in public without Von? The day after the lawsuit story broke in the papers, they went to the fights together, attired in white linen suits.

Another thing Marlene is tired of denying: that her husband returned to Europe for any other reason than to get back to work.



Lippman

Mae Madison and Ruth Hall thought they'd go out for the team this fall—but it looks as if the U. S. C. Trojans went out for Mae and Ruth, instead. Courageous lads—tackling a dangerous pair of charmers!



If it's action you want, watch for Tom Keene and his horse, *Flash*. They're co-starring in a new series of Westerns

INCIDENTALLY, the legal papers connected with Von Sternberg's alimony troubles mention his name as "Joseph Sternberg," minus his beloved "Von."

FANNY HOLZMAN, the woman lawyer (she helped Grace Tibbett divorce Lawrence), gave a very exclusive dinner party a few weeks ago. At least, the Richard Barthelmess' were there, which makes any party exclusive. So were Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer (who seems to be making a successful attack on the Swanson heart), and the Doug, Juniors. When everyone else had arrived, two late guests made their entrance—together. Laughing archly, sparkling Ina Claire swept in, arm in arm with—John Gilbert! Since then they have attended several functions together, proving that Jack was right in the message he sent Ina before the divorce. "When this is all over, we're going to be wonderful friends—"

MARY DUNCAN'S most intimate friends didn't suspect her marriage to Lewis Wood, Jr. until the groom finally spread the news three months after it occurred. Then Hollywood remembered that about that time Mary had suddenly blossomed out with a new car and other tokens of prosperity, which she had explained to curious inquirers by telling them that a relative had just died and left her a fortune.

BUT whether Mary Astor is married or not remains to be seen. Neighbors of a Doctor Thorne say that a frequent occupant of the doctor's car certainly resembles Mary, and there aren't many Mary Astors, even among Hollywood's beautiful women. But Mary shows amused surprise when asked about it. "My dear, it's the most curious thing!" she says. "I don't even know anybody by that name. I think," she adds mysteriously with sinister implication, "that somebody is spreading this rumor for a reason, and I think I know who it is, too—"

We thought that we would do a little sleuthing, so we called the private residences of all the



Hurrell

Leila Hyams invites you to look over a corner of her dining-room. Cabinet, chair and dishes are all Early American. (Also note the tan)



Those long legs of Charlotte Greenwood's! Young Stribling, visiting Hollywood, runs up against them and admits that Max Schmeling never boxed like this. Buster Keaton is backing her for the world's championship

Dr. Thornes in the telephone book and asked, "Is this the residence of the Dr. Thorne who recently married Mary Astor, the movie actress?" Indignant feminine voices answered sharply, "Nothing of the kind! Certainly not!" As a runner-down of rumors, we didn't seem so successful—but we wager that several Doctor Thornes had to do some tall explaining to their wives that night!

According to report, this mysterious "Dr. Thorne" first saw Mary when she was very ill—but fell in love just the same.



When Marjorie King's in her kitchen, the refrigerator isn't any cooler than she is. She wears short sleeves, short trousers and short socks

ON the corner of the street stood one of the prettiest brides in Hollywood. She looked at her wrist watch, then up the street. For thirty-five minutes she stood there—waiting. Then up drove a big car and out jumped Stuart Erwin, as late as any husband in the comic strips, and in he helped June Collyer—and as near as we could make out she didn't even mention the time. Or *can* you scold a husband and dimple at the same time?

MR. and Mrs. William Powell (Carole Lombard) and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin were among those who sent baskets of flowers (with silver wedding bells hanging from them) to wish Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason joy on their silver wedding anniversary. Another pair of newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, wired: "Can offer you twenty-five more years over the same route." John P. Medbury, the humorist, wired: "Most couples miss the silver wedding by about twenty-four years." "Congratulations on everything, especially Russell," wired the Edward Griffiths. "We will catch up with you in another seven years," ran the Jean Hersholts' telegram. Among the presents were silver bowls and cigarette boxes filled with silver dollars, and a silver dime from Robert Vignola labeled, "A depression gift in time of depression."



Lippman

Here's one answer to that question: "Why doesn't Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. put on weight?" He's too busy playing polo!

METRO is letting its news about its new screen sheik, Clark Gable, trickle out slowly to a breathless world. The latest bulletin is this: Clark's dressing-room is filled with books of poetry with many underlined passages.

CLARA BOW, stout and brown and hearty, dropped in at Paramount the other day to see her old friends. "Movies? Don't say movies to me!" she laughed. "I can't wait to get back to the ranch. I've never been so happy in my life." Situated in a remote part of the Great Valley, inaccessible to the curious, Rex Bell's ranch shelters Clara from prying eyes and whispering tongues. And that must be the happiness of Heaven for her. However, Clara has been reading scenarios submitted to her by one studio—along with a big starring offer. She may be back before you know it. Rumor has it that she is writing her autobiography at the ranch.

If You Want To Know What's Going On In Hollywood

THE strain of movie celebrity is proved by its latest victim, husky Eddie Lowe, who is threatened with a nervous breakdown from overwork. He made seven pictures last year, and has been under contract on salary steadily since 1923. Now the doctors tell him that he must leave Hollywood for four or five months. He and Lilyan Tashman (the Mrs.) are going to Europe. Lil, by the way, announces that she hopes for a Blessed Event "within a year at the earliest and three years at the latest." She says she has had all the desirable things of life except a child.

WHEN Thelma Todd was rented from comedy-producer Hal Roach by Roland West for a part in "Corsair," her name was changed *pro tem* to "Alison Loyd." "To keep any taint of comedy from clinging to her skirts," Mr. West explained. Hal Roach is burned up by this reflection on his business. He threatens to change Thelma's name to "Susie Dinkleberry" when she comes back to the home lot so that "no taint of drama will cling to her skirts."

WHEN the Motion Picture Relief Fund committee held a meeting the other day, it was presided over by Mary Pickford (wearing pale pink satin pajamas), and attended by Mrs. Conrad Nagel (wearing pale green pajamas) and Kay Francis (wearing henna-colored pajamas).

The most important news—about how much money the committee expects to have on hand this winter—didn't leak out.

WE would not be a bit surprised to hear at any moment that Ona Munson and director Ernst Lubitsch were quietly married. Or that Mona Maris and director Clarence Brown were ditto. Or that Constance Bennett and supervisor Henri de la Falaise were likewise. James Kirkwood has just married again and his ex-wife, Lila Lee, is likely to be married any day to John Farrow, scenarist.

JOHN BOLES has a fad. He loves to go to the murder trials in the Los Angeles County courthouse. But he doesn't want to be recognized. "I don't think," he says, gently, "that it would sound well for me to be interested in murders, do you?"



AND who should be visiting the fashionable photographers on the Boulevard but a certain Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks! And what they wanted was to be photographed together, holding hands, looking into each others' eyes! Mary was burned up about stories hinting that she and Doug were contemplating divorce,



Melvyn Douglas turned in the best Broadway performance of last season in "Tonight Or Never." And Gloria Swanson insisted that he be her leading man in the screen version

You didn't see much of Ruth Hall and Mae Madison a couple of pages back, so here's a second look. This is how they dressed for the Los Angeles Fiesta



Kornman

It sorta looks as if the moths aren't going to get a chance at Ona Munson's bathing-suit this winter. She's still living in it and lolling in the sun. Dreaming of director Ernst Lubitsch, Ona?

and supposed to have come from her. "Never," said Mary, blazing, "never in all my life have I even thought such a thing!" It certainly didn't look that way in the photographs they had taken!

Doug is now going to fly to South America to film another travelogue. Mary will travel by boat and join him.

JOAN CRAWFORD, her hair brown again after its late blondeness, refuses to be perturbed over the reports that her husband Doug, Junior, has been seen out riding with Rose Hobart, with an extra girl, with anybody at all. Joan thinks it's jealousy. People don't like to have other people as happy as she and Doug are.

AND speaking of famous Hollywood romances that have been rumored on the rocks, apparently the Howard Hughes-Billie Dove attachment is really off. A wealthy rancher seems to be the successor of the young producer in the affections of Billie, who is one of the demurest beauties in Hollywood when it comes to telling her heart secrets. Howard Hughes took a little pleasure trip to Del Monte the other day with twenty-five guests in his train, among them Mickey Neilan, Oliver Hardy—and Genevieve Tobin.

HOWARD HUGHES by the way, has called off the production of "Queer People," the book that held Hollywood and its stars and writers up to ridicule. He gives as his reason "the impossibility of getting a cast." The story behind the statement shows what goes on behind the scenes in this amazing town. One of the newspaper women lampooned in "Queer People" was heard to declare that if she had any influence in town the picture never would be made. Whenever a director or star was mentioned for the picture, a gentle little item would appear in this lady's column, saying that So-and-So was such a fine director (or actor), it would be a pity to endanger his career by working on such a picture. That was all, but it apparently threw terror into their souls. For the lady was right—she *does* have influence in this town.



Richee

Remember "Keep the Home Fires Burning"? Here's the lad who wrote it—Ivor Novello, English actor. You'll see him in "Once a Lady"



Who's the better-dressed—Lilyan Tashman or Kay Francis? The girls get together in "Girls About Town," which may settle the long-standing argument—and, again, may not



Bull

Wonder what the babbling brook is telling Irene Purcell? This young stage player seems to have found a great place to dream about that screen future

SOMETIMES, when a player disappears temporarily from the screen, there are sentimental reasons. There is Alice Joyce, for instance, who deliberately spent the summer in getting acquainted with her two daughters. She lived quietly with them at the beach, and was evidently as successful as a mother as she always was as a star. "Mother, I think you're grand," her oldest daughter, fifteen, told her. "I'd even rather be with you than my friends!" Which is the greatest compliment she could have given her, as any mother of fifteen-year-old daughters would admit. The youngest, a vamp of nine, is popular with the junior element of the movies, but when the pint-sized Romeos come wooing, she remarks languidly, "Listen! Am-scray! Am-scray!" and turns a disdainful—and freckled—shoulder.

DO you sometimes wonder where movie stars go when they disappear? Remember Pat Somerset—the Great Lover of several years back? He's playing extra parts now. Remember Ella Hall, the blonde cutie? She's working in a shop in Los Angeles. Remember George Hackathorne? He's writing. Remember Fay Tincher? She's standing behind a counter, too. Sometimes the news is brighter. There's Alice White, for example—we bet you remember *her!* She has just been making a big hit in New York in vaudeville.

THE owner of a chain of magazines went to a party at a movie star's home recently and during the evening lost heavily at dice. Jean Harlow was the reason. Attired in stunning blue satin pajamas, setting off her platinum locks, Jean sat on the floor watching the game—and the publisher simply could not take his eyes off her. The dice would rattle from his nerveless hand without his glancing at them. At the end of the evening, he paid his considerable losses still in the same bemused state. He probably doesn't know yet whether he lost or won.

Jean's romances, by the way, seem to be languishing temporarily. Maybe she's too busy studying stenography. That's what she says she's doing in her spare time!

(*Continued on page 83*)

CHIC SALE—the Actor Who's Never Himself

He says he couldn't act if he had to play Chic Sale. He never tries to be funny—he just tries to be human, and lets the comedy take care of itself. He never plays any but American characters—characters he knows. There are twenty-seven of them, no less —that's why he's a specialist!



By TERRENCE COSTELLO

CHARLES (CHIC) SALE is a tall, youngish man, as spare as a New England spinster and kind as a May morning. His voice is high-pitched and rasps faintly; it cracks a good deal. A musical comedy and vaudeville favorite for more than two decades, he still uses expressions like "My Gosh" and "Land Sakes." And he is the latest recruit from the New York stage to crash Hollywood in a big way.

He is a native of Urbana, Illinois. Now he lives in Beverly Hills, but there really isn't much difference. In the backyard of his present home there is a swing and a teeter-totter for his brood of children, fruit trees, a chicken run, and a goat in a pen erected by Chic himself. It is the only goat in Beverly Hills. "I like to have a little live stock around," he explains. "We always did have, back in Urbana."

He had the creative artist's usual hard time in getting started. Twenty-three years ago there was no basis for comparison by which managers might gauge his stuff. They were afraid their audiences might not find it funny. For five years he struggled along, begging for a chance, doing the tank circuits, the kerosene jumps. Then a big-time vaudeville scout happened to catch his act—and he got his chance. And clicked—and kept right on clicking.

With the decline of vaudeville, where he was the brightest of stars for so long, Chic made the switch to revues with no trouble. For the past seven years he has been appearing with great success in this form of entertainment. And now it seems that he is going to have the same good fortune in pictures. All of which should point some kind of an excellent moral on behalf of hard-working talent, decency, kindliness, and a sympathetic and shrewd understanding of human nature—as summed up in the lean person of Urbana's favorite son.







Fryer

In circle, Chic Sale in person. At top, as a "cuckoo" spinster. Left, as the leader of a Culture Club. Below, as *Gran'pa Summerill*

He's 27 Different People

CHIC has twenty-seven characters, the result of a lifetime of observation. In presenting them he uses no make-up other than wigs and beards. The changes come from inside, from his deep understanding of human ambitions, characteristics, frailties. He is continually going from one character to another to illustrate points in his conversation. One moment he is the leader of a Culture Club, seeking to bring a Little Theater to some unenlightened town; then he is a pint-sized braggart; a moron yokel; an old maid; a preacher—each different, each telling and true.

He says: "I never try to be funny. I present my types going seriously through their routines, and the comedy takes care of itself. It would be fatal for me to think 'Now I'm going to be funny.' Golly, I just couldn't! I just act out familiar people—and there you are."

His favorite character is *Gran'pa Summerill*, the chipper, testy old veteran of the Union Army who tickled the ribs and plucked the heartstrings of the nation in "The Star Witness." (He stole the picture from Walter Huston.) Chic speaks and thinks of his characters as people outside himself. To him they are real people. He knows their backgrounds, their likes and dislikes. Complimented by Jimmy Starr, the critic, at the opening of "The Star Witness," he turned the praise entirely over to the character of *Gran'pa Summerill*. "I always did like that old man," he began, and launched into a

(*Continued on page 95*)

IN THE VELVET NOW

After a slow start (for a Follies girl), Noel Francis is finally up in the featured class—which means that she has mounted the first pedestal of film fame. Producers seemed to have the odd idea that she was an artists' model, not an actress—but Noel is showing them! Did you see her in "Larceny Lane" and "Smart Woman"?



Russell Ball

How Hollywood Gets Its Wild Reputation

It's the newspapers that have painted Hollywood red—not the stars. Those "leading men," "film beauties" and "directors" you read about in hot headlines are usually unknowns. If you don't believe it, read this story, which rips apart all the legends of Hollywood's "wildness"



Ewing Galloway

HOLLYWOOD is wild! Everyone admits it. Even people in Los Angeles know Hollywood is wild, though they often drive through its peaceful streets without seeing any shootings or public scandals. They know it is wild because they read the daily papers.

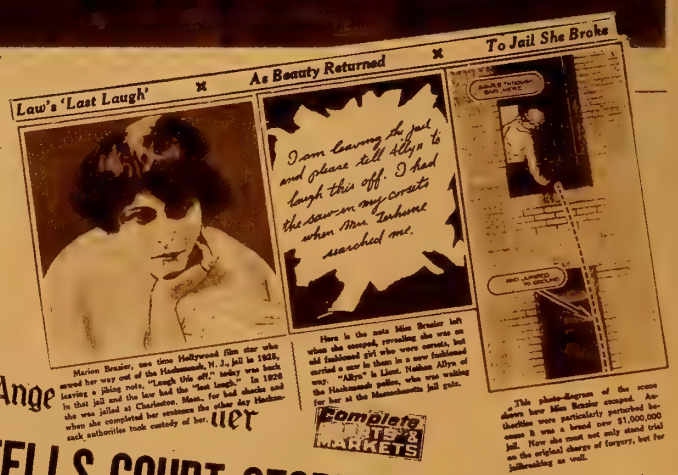
And the farther one gets from Hollywood, the wilder it becomes. People a thousand miles away from the movie city relate more scandal about the town than one ever hears here. Two thousand miles away one hears twice as much. New York, three thousand miles away, of course, knows it all. If you can believe all you hear—and read—on Broadway, Hollywood is just a happy-hunting-ground for all the wayward girls and boys. Why, everybody out there has sex appeal—and nobody has any morals! Read your headlines!

Yet where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire. How does Hollywood get—and keep—its wild reputation?

Of course, we'll have to admit we've had our moments out here. We've had our Arbuckle cases, our William Desmond Taylor murders, our sordid Wally Reid and Alma Rubens tragedies. Our Mabel Normands have found themselves on the fringes of the Taylor and Courtland Dines shooting scrapes. We have had our tempestuous and very public love affairs, such as those between Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin, Negri and Valentino, Chaplin and Mildred Harris and Lita Grey, and our Clara Bow blow-ups. And we've had sensational divorces in our time.

Bygones Are Bygones

BUT most of those events, and you'll admit that they're the first to come to mind—happened so long ago that they cannot account for Hollywood's present reputation. Mabel Normand and Lew Cody had been conventionally—and happily—married for years before her death. Director William Desmond Taylor was murdered ten years ago, and his murderer has never been found—nor has his chauffeur. Mary Miles Minter, Taylor's protegée, has become fat and hasn't appeared in pictures for years. Valentino is dead, Mildred Harris and Lita Grey are off the screen. After ten years, the women's clubs have

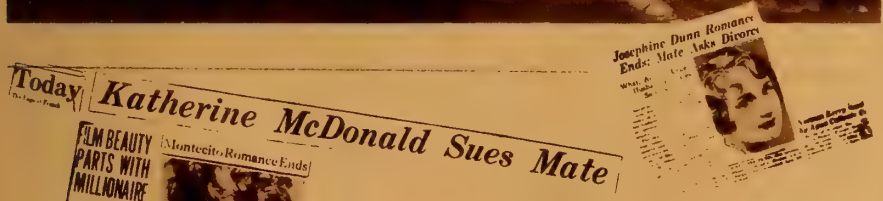


By ROBERT A. DONALDSON

Below, you have an excellent panoramic view of Hollywood, which looks like a city of homes to anybody on the spot. But the world doesn't see Hollywood from this angle. Instead, it sees the newspaper headlines (samples at right and at bottom) and gets the idea that the Movie Capital is the Whoopee Capital of the universe







ceased to be excited about Arbuckle, and he is about to make a test comedy to determine whether or not the fans would like to see him back.

No, it isn't our past that haunts us. That washing has been out on the line so long that no one notices it any more. It's our present that's giving us our wild reputation. And that present generates directly from the newspaper headlines that originate in none other than our own local papers.

Let anyone who has ever had any connection with the movies get into any sort of trouble—and immediately the fact is given prominence, even banner-lined, by our local newspapers and picked up by the wire associations and carried to the world. The people in question, although they may have worked but a few days as "extras" months or years ago, or may have been second assistant directors, prop men, or camera boys, are immediately labeled as "Prominent Movie Actress," "Film Man," or "Movie Director."

It is this situation which the Hays organization and the Wampas, the latter being the organization of press-agents, are trying to combat by having truthful information on hand about even the lowliest extra. (Los Angeles papers please copy!)

Trouble's Bound to Happen

THERE are some 17,000 extras, of all types, registered at the Central Casting Bureau. For the most part they are a reputable lot. They don't stay very long in pictures if they aren't—Central Casting sees to that. In such a large group of

(*Continued on page 90*)

Stars Who Are Victims Of Their Stardom

How can they lead normal lives—when you expect them to be heroes and heroines in private life, too? They are human sacrifices to the legends that have grown up around them. Only a few—like Nancy Carroll, Marlene Dietrich and Lupe Velez—have the courage to shatter those traditions!

By Gladys Hall

EVEN though the world comes to know that she does have a sense of humor, can Greta Garbo really shatter the legend that she is the loneliest woman alive? Even if Ronald Colman should give up his hermit's existence, could he shake off that title of "the man of mystery"? Once a tradition fastens on the film famous, can they ever hope to tear away that tradition and still keep their fame? Do they even dare to try?

The most sensational example of an overpowering legend is the one that young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and young Joan Crawford Fairbanks have inherited from Pickfair. They have to Live Up to Pickfair, these two ardent, modern young people. They have inherited the formalities, the Victorian ideals, the aloof standards of the elder Douglas and wife. It is against the rules to depart from the established code, to show interest in anyone else, to do anything that might cause rumors. It is Not Done at Pickfair.

How can Joan and young Doug—how could any spirited young couple—live up to such a tradition?

It has been rumored, of late, that the younger Fairbankses are not Living Up To It. Joan told me about the rumors herself, furious with indignation. It is hissed, for instance, that *Joan has stopped making hooked rugs.* Imagine the shock in Hollywood when the heirs to the Pickfair tradition deviate like that! It may seem trivial to you. You may assume that if a girl gets tired of making hooked rugs she has a right to give 'em to the rag-man and be damned to 'em. That's because you don't understand. It isn't the hooked rug so much as *what the hooked rug stands for.* Joan began her married life by hooking rugs, so to speak. If Mary Pickford had begun her married life hooking rugs, she would have hooked until her fingers bled to the very bone. *If you're in the public eye, you can't stop what you have started—no matter what it is.*



Nancy Carroll looks like the kind of girl who would stay married for keeps—but she dared to get a divorce and marry a second time

No More Romancing in Public?

THEN there are other terrible portents. In public, Joan no longer calls young Douglas *Dodie.* Young Douglas no longer calls Joan *Jodie.* They have ceased being photographed in postures of mutual adoration. When Joan gives out an interview she is as apt to talk about Clark Gable or the origin of the Drama as of Doug's favorite color in socks. It has been stagily whispered that young Doug is "stepping out." So far as Joan knows—and she knows plenty—and so far as anyone else knows, the stepping out consists of young Doug's looking with perfectly human appreciation upon any charming lady, from Greta Garbo to Rose Hobart to an extra girl in a picture.

The point is not whether Joan has turned her beautiful back upon the ancient and honorable custom of hooking rugs or whether young Doug, emerging from the honeymoon mists, is



When Marlene Dietrich was destined for a great career as a siren, press-agents didn't want her to talk about her little girl. But Marlene dared!



Noah Beery is one of the best bad men on the screen, but he puts away his famous sneer when he takes off his make-up. Try to make some fans believe it, though!



Lupe Velez was the heroine of one of Hollywood's great romances, but when love grew cold, she had the courage to break with Gary Cooper



Will Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. have to honeymoon all their lives, just because they started out that way?



Because Charles Bickford is a fighter on the screen, fans expect him to scrap off the screen. Does this explain his quarrels with employers?

newly aware that beautiful women still exist outside the portals of the home. The point is that these two have inherited an impossible tradition and if they try to break it, it will also try to break them.

They will not be allowed, these two, to have folksy little quarrels on their own hearth-rug. They will not be permitted legitimate admirations for other young men and other young women. They will not be able to do anything they did not do in the beginning of their married life. Because Pickfair does not change, they dare not change, either.

No one should be expected to live up to the tradition of Pickfair. Mary and Doug started their married life together with a policy of exclusiveness impossible to a younger and more radical generation. Mary never danced with any man but Doug. Doug never danced with any girl but Mary. Mary never removed her wedding ring from her finger. Mary prefaced her every thought with "Doug thinks" or "Doug says." Mary and Doug never went to average whoopee parties to have an average whoopee good time. Only titles of one sort or another were admitted to the sacred precincts of Pickfair. They have lived, these two, in an isolation more difficult to penetrate than the isolation of blooded royalty. People say, "If anything should go wrong at Pickfair, *it would be a blow to the whole movie industry.*"

How It Hits Doug and Mary

THIS is the coat of mail handed down to the young scions of the House of Pickfair—a coat of mail that must weigh heavily on the Pickfairians themselves. They, too, are sacrifices. For when Douglas, Senior, felt like taking a little trip alone after ten years, rumor waged a red and ribald tongue. When Mary is seen lunching or dining without Doug, there are whispers. Mary and Doug, always together. That is the legend. They must not—cannot—violate it.

They must get *tired* of being deities—all of them. They must long to go about with freckled faces, last year's clothes, whatever boy-friend or girl-friend they may desire.

I have heard on good authority that Garbo is really sick to death of her tradition of exclusiveness. She would like to rub elbows with you and you and you. She would like to have a human good time, be a good scout. But she dares not break—just yet—the Tradition surrounding her more forcibly than the walls of a jail.

John Barrymore must be weary of the legend that he's fantastic. He must loathe to be expected to make an unexpected gesture on the most humdrum occasion. No doubt his desire for a normal home life, a wife who is domestic and not too careful of her figure, a baby and then more babies, is a reaction from the dramatic public existence he must lead.

Even Chaplin must be sick of the terrific tradition he has built up around himself. Doubtless that is why he prefers to live in Europe, where he can shed the mantle of the Genius and be just

(*Continued on page 104*)

Try to keep track of Hollywood It Just Can't Be Done!

Everybody's "eloping" these days and hoping to hide the marriage license and the wedding ring. Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are just two who HAVE done it. There are others who are on the verge—if they haven't succeeded already!



There wasn't anything to prevent Lew Ayres and Lola Lane from marrying in Hollywood—but they "eloped" to Las Vegas, Nevada. If they hadn't met a reporter, their marriage would have been a secret

These Couples Fooled Hollywood With Surprise Marriages:

Mary Duncan and Lewis Wood, Jr.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane.

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin.

Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory.

Margaret Livingston and Paul Whiteman.

By NANCY PRYOR

REMEMBER the days when every screen star "told all"? Remember when the heart was worn on the sleeve and intimate revelations of one's Love Life were just so much fodder for the grinding presses? That's all changed now.

Maybe Greta (Secrets) Garbo started it. Maybe the lesser darlings looked around, took note of the fact that the Queen was mum, and decided to do likewise. And, again, maybe the depression started it. Secret weddings are certainly cheaper! But whatever the cause, Hollywood has become just about as free and easy with her love secrets, impending marriages, engagements, etc., as a hard-shut oyster.

Secret romances, secret marriages, secret love affairs are in order—and it's just "all too dreadful" when the happy news leaks out. You wonder why. "All the world loves a lover" and marriages are really much more flattering publicity than divorces (which aren't secret at all). Witness the Estelle Taylor-Jack Dempsey break-up and that of the Lawrence Tibbetts.

Love is such a secret lately that Hollywood is being cheated out of those nice formal weddings that flourished three or four years ago. Remember May McAvoy and her dazzling bridesmaids?—and Carmel Myers and the costly veil?—and that grand affair that Samuel Goldwyn threw for Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque?—and the spotlight that followed Ruth Roland down the aisle to meet Ben Bard? Those were the good old days before Las Vegas came into vogue. Las Vegas and Yuma—both in Arizona, beyond the reach of California's law that you must file intention-to-wed three days in advance.

Now they're all running away to get married, and hiding, and hoping no one will find them out. Right up to the time the wedding bells ring out—though most of them are married by justices, and there aren't any wedding bells—they're even denying they are in love with one another. Why?

Lew and Lola "Eloped"

LEW AYRES and Lola Lane almost fainted when they accidently ran into a Los Angeles reporter on the steps of the Las Vegas Court House. "Gee," they breathed, "we

Marriages —

didn't want this to get out!" Inasmuch as Lew and Lola had been rumored engaged for the last couple of years, the young reporter's surprise was pardonable.

Upon investigation it turned out that there weren't any studio difficulties, either. Lew had just signed a brand-new contract with Universal and there was no clause to the effect that he might not be married when the whim and the girl suited him. Many players fall back on the old gag, "It hurts me with my public and jeopardizes my contract," as an excuse for secret marriage. But this wasn't true in the case of Lew and Lola. A week before they were married, the studio took pictures of them together. At the time, an official asked Lew if he was planning to take the big step soon. When Lew answered "Maybe," the official just grinned. That doesn't look as though the boy was in for a scolding.

Yet, for the purpose of their marriage, Lola and Lew slipped away in the dead of night, drove frantically to Las Vegas and arrived in time to be married the following morning. It must be that secrets, like the bride's bouquet, are fashionable.

June and Stuart in a Rush

JUNE COLLYER and Stuart Erwin pulled a "secret" elopement to Yuma, Arizona, and were married in as much haste and mystery as Lew and Lola.

"To be perfectly frank," explains June, "I don't believe we actually planned to keep our marriage a secret. We decided to get married so hurriedly that it was almost a surprise to ourselves. At the last minute I called a couple of my girl-friends, canceled a luncheon engagement for the following day, told them something vague about 'being out of town' and Stu and my two brothers and I set out for Yuma immediately."

For a little while Hollywood gossiped that June's sudden and secret elopement was for the very good reason that she feared that her parents (who belong to Manhattan's Four Hundred) might object to the marriage. But the news had no more than hit the front page when Mother and Dad Heermance called up from New York to bestow their blessings on the happy young couple.

Margaret Livingston traveled all the way to Denver to marry Paul Whiteman—but she wouldn't admit it until after the ceremony was over. Several days previous, when reporters were begging her to let them know the time and place, Margaret merely smiled mysteriously and murmured: "Perhaps you had better see Mr. Whiteman." And Mr. Whiteman, when seen, would say: "Perhaps you had better see Miss Livingston." There weren't any paternal objections to Margaret and Paul. There weren't any studio clauses. But the good old fad of secrets was preserved. People even began to suspect they were already married.



International

Is Gloria Swanson married to Michael Farmer (above)? Gloria says her divorce from the Marquis isn't final, but—

Are These Secretly Married?

Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer?

Constance Bennett and the Marquis?

Mary Astor and Dr. Thorne?

Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson?

Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie?

Mary Thought Secrecy Best

MARY DUNCAN practically swooned when the three-months-old "secret" of her marriage to Lewis Wood, Jr., leaked out. "I really hadn't wanted anyone to know," Mary laughingly protested. "We had been so lucky about keeping our secret—I thought we could keep it indefinitely. At least, I had hoped we could . . . We thought it best to try to keep it a dark secret," explained

(*Continued on* 105)



When John Barrymore picked her out of the extra ranks to be his leading lady, Marian Marsh thought she knew what it was like to reach dizzy heights in a hurry. And then she went to New York on vacation—and revised all her ideas. She was whizzed to the top of the Hotel White and given a glimpse of some of those man-made mountains. Behind her at the left is the Daily News Building, which is quite a pile of stone. Farther away are the peaks of Tudor City, a range of apartments



MARIAN LOOKS OVER MT. CHRYSLER AND MANHATTAN'S HIGH OPEN PLACES

Marian journeys uptown to the Washington Memorial Bridge — towering suspension bridge across the mile-wide Hudson, now nearing completion—and asks a couple of laborers what it's like to work on anything That High. "Mum, you feel like a boid widout wings!"



Photos by Fryer

No matter what you do in New York, you're likely to have a high old time, Marian discovers. You can even get an elevated feeling playing minnie golf. (Marian found a course on top of the hotel.) That mighty peak in the background is Mt. Chrysler, the second highest mountain in Manhattan. More cliff-dwellers work there every day than there are people in all the studios of Hollywood

JOAN LOOKS OVER MT. WHITNEY AND CALIFORNIA'S WIDE OPEN SPACES



Being a New Yorker, Joan Blondell had the idea that skyscrapers were the tallest things in the U. S. And then she went on a vacation in the High Sierras, out in God's Country, where God made all the mountains. She's cheerfully changing her ideas above



Since leaving the Follies and coming out West, Joan has climbed up in the world—but she hasn't been anywhere yet, she admits, after glimpsing Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the U. S. (above). Two days later, without benefit of elevators, she is almost on a level with the clouds (left). New York was never like this!



Photos by Fryer



Joan has seen plenty of those high Manhattan huts called penthouses — but here's the first house she ever glimpsed that actually scrapes the sky. You don't hear any traffic here, or smell any soft-coal smoke. It's one of the rest lodges part way up Mt. Whitney, and Joan had to do some walking to reach it in one day



John Darrow



Gene Raymond

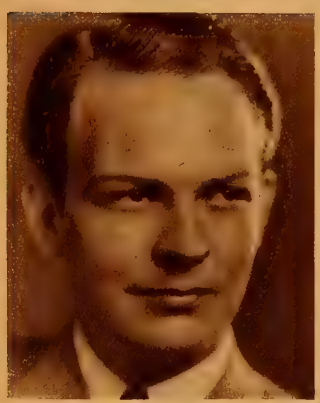


Robert Young

All of them are newcomers, all are shown that they can act. Right now, but when they outgrow that, a few



Tom Douglas



Donald Dilloway



Hardie Albright

Which of these Boys Will

By ELISABETH

IT WOULD take a master mind to keep track of all the ambitious and handsome young men who have recently descended upon Hollywood in hordes, with stardom as their goal. It almost requires genius to wade through the masses of blond pompadours and dark wavy heads and to come out knowing which is which and who is worth remembering.

Not everybody can distinguish between Kent Douglass, Kent Taylor, and Tom Douglas, especially as Kent's real name is Douglass Montgomery and he might easily be confused with Metro-Goldwyn's Robert.

Moreover, who's to tell which is Robert Williams and which is Warren William? Or to recognize the hopeful faces of Charles Starrett, James Dunn, Ralph Bellamy, and Richard Cromwell, and to say offhand which is Richard Barthelmess' alleged "successor" and which is Charlie Farrell's? Yet a flock of these boys are going to stay right in Hollywood and grow up to be big stars whose coat-buttons will be pulled off at openings. *Who are they?*

This year's crop of new heroes seems to run to flaming youth. The town is flooded with juveniles—some almost too young to shave, and some just perennial *Peter Pans* who will never grow up. Youth can be a handicap, and the best breaks will probably go to those who look like men rather than appealing boys.

Kent Douglass, as good an actor as any of them, has suffered from too much youth. He is charming-looking, but he hasn't quite the conventional appearance and bearing to be a leading man. On the other hand Kent can't just stand around. He has to have a real part, and real parts for juveniles are rare—on the screen. A movie juvenile usually has to be a young weakling.

This Boy's Independent

HE DISTINGUISHED himself by making a great success in "Waterloo Bridge" and then leaving Hollywood flat. He's passionately fond of acting and knows he'll get better parts on the stage and that is that—though Hollywood still thinks he's insane. Kent will be a serious loss to the local stages. Picture people are getting entirely too sedate these days. But Kent would throw himself around temperamentally, give his all, and keep the atmosphere charged with excitement. He turned down a big screen contract to return to Broadway.

By this time everyone in the country has seen and sobbed over "Bad Girl," or should take steps to do so at once. The big surprise of "Bad Girl" is James Dunn. He is now being teamed with Janet Gaynor in "Heart Free," and misguided press-agents have referred to him so often as Charlie Farrell's successor that everyone would expect him to be sweet and naïve. No, no! It isn't so. There is something in Jimmy's profile vaguely reminiscent of the Farrell features, but that's as far as the resemblance goes. He's distinctly not in the hearts-and-flowers class. It's beginning to look as if he's in a class by himself.

If Jimmy would keep his coat on and his hair plastered down, he'd almost be a slick city chap. But he prefers to be mussed up—a pose that goes very well with his breezy enthusiasm and boyish smile. Jimmy has a good chance for success because he can act, and he's not so boyish as to be branded a juvenile.

Then there's Ralph Bellamy, who played the blind man in "The Magnificent Lie." Ralph somehow gives the impression of being a big outdoor man who has just stepped into his first rôle, still windswept and unsullied.



Eric Linden



John Breeden



Kent Taylor

handsome, and most of them have some are handicapped by their youth—are going to be stars. Who are they?

be Big Stars Tomorrow?

GOLDBECK

He plays cattle foremen and other flannel-shirted characters most convincingly, but that just proves what a good actor Mr. Bellamy is. For the fact is that he has never been anything but a trouper. He ran away from home and played Shakespeare on the road to avoid going to Princeton. Since then, except for one season as a bell-hop, he has cleaved to the stage. No matter what play you mention, Ralph has played in it.

Ralph's a Man of Action

HE IS shy by nature. But experience has taught him to control his blushes, and his diffidence now passes for quiet confidence. Ralph was divorced on a recent Friday, and married again on Saturday, so you can see that he's a man of action, if of few words. He comes under the head of real he-men. His powerful build and mature manner place him definitely beyond the juveniles and the pitfalls that beset them,

Robert Williams is that funny man—the little dark one who seems to have such a sense of humor, but who sobbed in such an embarrassing way when he lost Ina Claire in "Rebound." Fate never destined Robert to get the girl. But all the world loves a loser, and Robert shows promise of having a lasting popularity in pictures. He dispenses a brand of nonsense that few screen actors can handle, and in "The Common Law" he seemed to have settled down as the Charlie Ruggles of Pathé.

Warren William—just to get this thing straightened out—is the man with the Barrymore profile and hair graying romantically at the temples. He works at the Warner Brothers studio, he's almost twice the size of Robert, and he has no "s" on his name, so there's no excuse for confusing them. So far—in "Expensive Women" for instance— Warren has also been the disappointed lover. But his profile really entitles him to share in the final clinch, and it's only a matter of time now before he'll be doing the hero stuff.

Another Bob Montgomery?

OVER at Metro-Goldwyn, Robert Young —no relation to Roland Young—seems to be the young hopeful. His fine features, dark head and lively personality gave the executives a thrill when they ran his screen test, and won him a part in "Lullaby," starring the superlative Helen Hayes. Though Bob describes himself as "serious by nature," director Sam Wood, who discovered him in the Pasadena Playhouse, thinks he's the Robert Montgomery type. One of them must be wrong. But at any rate, whether solemn or gay, hot or cold, Bob is considered the best bet among M-G-M's new contract players.

Dartmouth's gift to Paramount was a double-barreled one. Charles Starrett and Allen Vincent were classmates in the old college days, and they've been pals ever since, though they're as different as salt and pepper.

"I'm first a father, then a football player, and last an actor," proclaims Charlie proudly. If there's anything else you need to know about his character after that, you can find it out by taking one look at his deep-set eyes. Charlie is earnest, reliable, and sincere, in addition to having a tall football build and long eyelashes. He's the type who sets the girls heaving and sighing when he puts his heart in his work and gets very intense about it all.

Twin sons are the cause of his parental ardor, and they have had a direct bearing on his career. Coming as something of a surprise,

(*Continued on page* 103)



Allen Vincent



Ralph Bellamy



Charles Starrett

BY DOROTHY MANNERS



Let's Get It Straight About Janet Gaynor

You may think you know Janet Gaynor, but you'll change your ideas—and know her better! —after reading this story. Here is a brand-new slant on the quiet little redhead, who has never before taken the trouble to tell these facts about herself

JANET GAYNOR is not, and never has been, as insipid as her biographers would have you believe. She just hasn't done anything to make you believe otherwise. That's because she doesn't take herself as seriously as most colorful stars do.

"Dream-child" . . . "Pensive waif." . . . "Misunderstood, unhappy, wistful little girl"—these have been the sum and substance of the public impression of Janet. Combined with the illusion of her screen rôles, it has not been bad publicity (though a little dull—which Janet is decidedly *not*).

For two reasons, she hasn't done anything to change the notion of her "wispiness." One, it is a rather nice impression to give in this grabby materialistic world. Two, Janet is too calmly and contentedly lazy to do anything about it.

Laziness is not a fault in Janet. It is merely a characteristic induced by nature and a frail constitution, which makes her conserve every whit of her strength. People, rather than events, tire her. In a room full of strangers, she actually seems to wilt. During spare moments at the studio, between scenes, she lies down.

She adores to be massaged. She is, in fact, something of a massage addict. Not the brow-beating, flesh-bruising massages of the professional reducers —but the more gentle, drowsy strokes of a "back-scratcher." Janet has an appointment with her masseuse every day when she returns home from the studio. It is a rite that she cannot forego.

Not the Dieting Type

WHEN she is not working, she likes to lie in bed until noon take a brisk plunge into the ocean in her front yard, don yellow lounging pajamas and then lunch bountifully. None of this diet stuff for Janet. She can do very nicely with a luncheon consisting of a fruit or fish cocktail, two he-man lamb chops, a vegetable or two, a salad and a dessert.

It is a commonly accepted belief that she does not care much for social life. To the contrary, I know of no girl who gets into the spirit of a party more than Janet. She is game for anything from playing cards (the only two games she knows are Black Jack and Hearts) to gossiping about the latest pictures. She particularly likes "cat" parties composed only of women. Invariably, at these affairs, when luncheon is over and the girls have rallied about for afternoon chatter, Janet will stretch out on the floor, her exquisite mop of red hair pushed back against a cushion like a contented kitten. Occasionally, she very slowly sips a cocktail. She rarely has more than one. Her self-imposed limit is not due to any dislike for the pink-and-yellow mixtures that pass as party cocktails—but they give her headaches. She does not smoke.

Like every other normal human being, she relishes talk of men

(*Continued on page 97*)



The Real Janet Gaynor

She's as frail as she looks, and one of the few persons in the world who *has* to be lazy.

She likes to sip a cocktail, but does not smoke.

She wouldn't say "yes" or "no" to the question: Should a girl have "experience" before matrimony?

As much as she likes parties, she doesn't like to give them.

In public she tries to act as people expect her to be. In private she may do a wicked hula.

She doesn't know many stars intimately, which may explain her "crushes" on some of the boys (Montgomery and Gable, for example).

She doesn't call Charles Farrell "Charlie," but "Farrell." Calls herself "Gaynor." Calls husband Lydell Peck, "Pecky."

If a picture of hers is good, she gives all the credit to the director. If it's just so-so, he gets all the blame.

She hasn't any ambition to be a great dramatic artist.

She doesn't like men to think of her as a "little girl."

kind of rôle that I do best. But that day I'd stepped out for a breath of fresh air at Agua Caliente, and they didn't know where to reach me. Bob Montgomery was given the part—and you know what it did for him."

"Aw nuts," said Ben Alexander. "When you guys have been in this racket as long as I have, you won't be sitting around worrying yourselves bald about calls." Ben, in his early twenties, has had nearly a score of years' experience since those days when he was Little Ben Alexander of "Jack and the Beanstalk" fame. He has a tendency to be bored with the feverishness of his con-



Welborn



Longworth



Lippman





Lippman

Perched beside two telephones (no less), Ona Munson is all ready for a summons to work—and then a gossip-writer calls. Note her expression. Roland Young (upper right) draws caricatures and writes verse while waiting. George E. Stone (lower right) ponders whether he'll take the part. Boris Karloff (upper left) hears that he's wanted for another character rôle. Edward G. Robinson (lower left) doesn't have to wait long between calls

temporaries. "If they want you they'll find you," he added flatly. "Say, they hire detectives to hunt up players they want!"

"They'd know where to find you," Billy Bakewell told him, "working out at the Y.M.C.A.—but how about people who don't hang out in one place all the time? And even if you don't stay at home the way Walter does, waiting for something to break, you can't exactly enjoy yourself, no matter how swell the party, if you think you're missing something by being there."

Available at All Times

BILL'S statement touches one of the most sensitive places in this whole serio-comic business of waiting for the 'phone to ring. I have seen Bakewell himself give implicit instructions to attendants at the Beach Club to get him—even if they have to swim out to the raft to do so—if the studio should call. And the same is true of dozens of other veterans of unhappy experiences with missed calls.

Newcomers to Hollywood soon learn the importance of being at all times available. Frances Starr, the former Belasco star, who was the tortured mother in "Five-Star Final," got in her car immediately after the picture was finished, and started on a trip to the mountains. She did not leave word where she could be located, as work on her next picture, "The Star Witness," was not scheduled to begin for several days, giving her plenty of time for a vacation. But the studio decided to push up production, and there was a call for Frances five days ahead of schedule. No one knew where to find her. And she wasn't found—until a radio broadcast, which reached her ears at Lake Arrowhead, brought her scurrying back to town.

No such accident is apt to happen to Helen Chandler. When she isn't working she watches the telephone like a hawk, and this despite the fact that she and her novelist-husband, Cyril ("Wife of the Centaur") Hume, have three servants. It seems, however, that Helen is possessed of remarkable psychic powers—she apparently knows when to stay home and wait, and when she can take a chance and jaunt off to her favorite beach club.

Between pictures, Lew Cody can go off without a qualm to his "Lighthouse," ten miles up the Coast from Malibu, even though there is no telephone at the seaside home. The reason is that Jim, the colored servant who has been with him for nine years, can be counted on to stand guard over the instrument at the actor's Beverly Hills house, and relay information quickly to Lew.

Roland Young, on the other hand, prefers to get his calls firsthand. He employs himself amusingly while waiting for the bell. In a beautiful little study off the living-room of his home he sits—surrounded by books, toy penguins, relics of his stage successes, a sketching board and many sharp pencils. Here he draws and writes such verses as are to be found in his book, "Not For Children."

James Gleason, too, draws while under call; but these are products of an extreme nervousness, and have a touch of the weird about them. Jimmy has little of the composure of his son Russell in regard to the little black god. To the genial Gleason *fils*, the 'phone is just a lump of metal and cord which, if it doesn't bring good news one day, will probably bring it the next.

Disregard it though Russell may, there is one young man in Hollywood who never again will be able to look at a telephone without a certain feeling of gratitude. This is Charles Starrett, Paramount's new leading man. Starrett, who was featured in Varick Frissell's ill-fated "The Viking," was packing his grips to return to Labrador with Frissell for retakes. Just as he was leaving his apartment for the taxi the 'phone rang. It was a call from Paramount, offering him a long-term contract. He accepted, and the boat sailed without him—to blow up shortly afterward in the ice fields, killing Frissell and several others of the party.

A nice little local custom, calculated to put the calmest set of nerves on edge, is that of sending notification slips to a player under consideration for a part. These slips merely state that

(*Continued on page* 104)



Lippman

There's just one thing wrong with honeymoons—they always end and you have to get back in the saddle again. In William Powell's case, even his horse is sympathetic. For Bill—who now is making "The Gentleman from San Francisco"—is one of the happiest bridegrooms you ever saw. Just as Carole Lombard Powell is one of the happiest brides.

The story opposite tells you why!

Why I Married Bill Powell

He is the only man whose intelligence I've ever respected, says Carole Lombard, who, for the first time, tells the inside story of her courtship and marriage, and why she believes she's the happiest bride in Hollywood

By GLADYS HALL



Dyar

Carole expects to act two or three more years — and then go domestic in earnest

IF YOU think that Carole Lombard Powell must be an unusual kind of bride, you are about to discover your error. And if you suppose that William Powell must be a different kind of bridegroom, you're as poor a guesser as a football expert. The only way they are unusual is that they are unusually bride-and-groom-ish for a pair of Hollywood newlyweds.

Carole used to be known as rather "hard" and scornful and given to stories NOT for children. Bill was rated everywhere as suave, sophisticated and polished. But they're through playing those rôles. Love has rubbed away their superficial surfaces and they are human, after all. They are a young couple getting the biggest thrill of their lives. They are decidedly Like That. They are languid and longing when apart, and unable to talk about much but one another. They hold hands when together. They stay at home evenings.

There has been quite a bit in print anent the Lombard-Powell romance and marriage—the why and wherefore of it. There is also much that has not been printed. Now that she has had a few weeks in which to think things over, Carole has things to say that she has never said before.

That first meeting of theirs on a studio set—it assumes a proportion now that it didn't have then or even immediately after. She had been a fan of his. (She has neglected to state this before.) She had always thought he had a certain something she had never met in any man before. She was a very busy girl without much time to analyze herself, but when she did have time she knew that the Powell personality made her rather —well, *restless*.

In that moment of their introduction, she declares, they actually and physically *felt something click*. She fell in love with him for his intelligence, as nearly as she can label it now, looking back over her left shoulder. You see, she had never met an intelligent actor before. She had encountered the wisecracking, smart, with-a-patter type, yes. Intelligence is of different stuff. Bill fell in love with Carole the instant he saw her. He can't say why—even now. He just waves his hands and says, "Oh, *everything* . . ." There is nothing about Carole he would change. Not one thing.



Longworth

This is how Bill and Carole smiled on their return from their honeymoon in Hawaii. Their marriage looks like the "so-they-lived-happily-ever-after" kind

Within ten minutes of that first meeting, Bill was saying, "I think marriage is the *only* ideal state, don't you?"

And he didn't expect that Carole would see through the naïveté he so pitifully tried to make sound like a casual comment. But she did. She remembers that she did—now. A shrewd and perceptive person, this fair-haired, gray-eyed Lombard lass.

Carole *didn't* think that marriage was the ideal state for her. She had never been married, but she has those gray eyes, widely set and comprehensive. And she has used them—ever since, when a child of sixteen, she entered a studio and began her evasions of married men. It doesn't make very pleasant hearing—Carole telling about the men. One man, now a star, tried to —well, it took an electrician on the set to call off the dog. It was this sort of thing that developed in Carole a form of protective coloration. She had to pretend to be hard. She had to tell funny stories to ward off amorous advances. She had to be scornful to those

(*Continued on page 99*)

The PICTURE

REVIEWS OF THE



THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

The Irish Make It Worth Seeing: There is much that is moving and stirring throughout this picture and the startling likeness of J. Farrell MacDonald to the late beloved Knute Rockne keeps sentiment alive. Whatever faults this picture of the romance and drama of college athletics has are the typical movie faults of focusing the camera too steadily on high-salaried stars.

Stock shots of Notre Dame and real football games, and the too infrequent glimpses of the battered visages of grid heroes like Carideo and Adam Walsh and the Four Horsemen are more interesting than the artificial story built around handsome Lew Ayres and Billy Bakewell. As for the premise that a football player could throw a game to a rival university out of jealousy of another more popular player, and then redeem himself by a spectacular play in the next game—well, ask any man on the team!



NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD

Breezy and Entertaining: Fast and furious fun results in the latest translation of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" to the screen. At cursory examination William Haines does not seem physically suited to play the rotund character of George Randolph Chester's conception. Nor does Ernest Torrence conform to the fictional appearance of *Blackie Daw.* Yet neither Haines nor Torrence has had a better vehicle since the M-G-M lion began to roar. And, too, there is Jimmie Durante about whose comic abilities pages could be written.

Wallingford's new adventures lead him and his two associates to a small town where his confidence game, unexpectedly, turns honest when he falls in love with Leila Hyams. An evening's entertainment guaranteed.



24 HOURS

Miriam Hopkins Tones Up Murky Story: You are privileged to watch twenty-four hours in the private life of a married couple who aren't getting along so well and are taking little excursions into extra-marital romance. The results are terrifying enough to make anyone take up fidelity for a change. Imagine the chagrin of Clive Brook, the hard-drinking husband, when he finds himself implicated in the murder of a notorious blonde hussy, and has to be bailed out by his wife's influential (but most unattractive) boy-friend!

The directors seem to have concentrated all their talent on the portion of the picture featuring Miriam Hopkins, the aforesaid hussy. When she sings, "You're the One I Crave," her insufficient voice seems a minor detail, so cleverly is she directed. And what they've done to heighten Miriam's sex appeal is miraculous.



THE CISCO KID

Baxter and Scenery Make It Good: This is "Old Arizona" warmed over. Again Warner Baxter is a singing bandit, again Eddie Lowe is a hard-boiled, but soft-hearted sergeant—even the lines have a vaguely familiar echo. But on account of that very likeness the picture serves as a proof of the talkies' progress in the last two years. In dialogue, sound reproductions, photography, it is far superior to the first story of the debonair and fascinating Cisco Kid.

The restless Montenegro gives color to the rôle of the girl beloved by the bandit, despite a slight tendency to "mug" but by far the best part of the picture concerns the widow and her two children who nurse the wounded bank robber. In his saddle once more he shows his gratitude by holding up another bank to get the exact sum of money needed to pay off the mortgage on their farm.

PARADE

NEWEST PICTURES



HONOR OF THE FAMILY

Brilliant Comedy—Well Done: In which is tried the interesting experiment of modernizing a story in which the characters, motives and plot belong to an older, more romantic day. This is done by locating the story in France, where almost anything can happen. With the most up-to-date clothes, and modern settings, with the lines filled with references of the moment, the plot, which concerns two rogues (or a rogue and a roguess) conniving for a senile old man's money and defeated by a dashing rascal, still has a quaintly old-fashioned air.

Bebe Daniels, Alan Mowbray and Warren William make a shameless and engaging trio and their tricks are lively watching, really exciting—including a duel, an abduction, a murder and an escape. Bebe, as the adventuress, runs the gamut of feminine wiles with a skill which shows her a finished comedienne of the sophisticated type.



BAD COMPANY

You'll Enjoy Gangster Picture: Machine guns to the right of you, machine guns to the left of you, volley and—this is the *shootingest picture!* But it is shot full of entertainment.

Tay Garnett can generally be counted upon to give us our money's worth. Remember "Her Man"? In this he again directs Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez. Other major rôles in the top-notch cast are played by John Garrick and William V. Mong.

"Bad Company" is the tale of rival gang leaders. Cortez mows down Mong and seven of his gangsters in a machine gun battle. Helen vows to avenge the death of her brother and with Garrick, her husband, in the hospital, attempts to play a lone game. But the husband learns her plan and sets out to get Cortez himself. There ensues a duel with machine guns that you'll remember.



PALMY DAYS

Gags and Humor Put It Over: With no more serious purpose in view than the "glorification of the American doughnut," Sam Goldwyn proceeds lavishly to glorify practically everything in sight. But chiefly "Palmy Days" succeeds in marking the triumphant return of filmusicals. It is strictly a laugh picture garnished by a bevy of the loveliest girls you have glimpsed in many a moon. Then, neither last nor least, there is Eddie Cantor aided and abetted by Charlotte Greenwood.

Those who are familiar with Eddie's stage skits will recognize such gag material as the chiropractic bit. But even if they know the act by heart, they have never seen it performed with such a foil as the lanky Greenwood.

The plot—who cares about that? If you must know, the locale is a bakery, home of Personality Doughnuts. The girls are employees and Eddie is an efficiency expert.



SOB SISTER

Interesting and Well-Acted: Again the fictional importance of a so-called newspaper "scoop" receives overemphasis. Linda Watkins, playing a tabloid "sob sister," puts over one scoop after another on James Dunn, reporter for a more conservative journal. But when true love unites the two, Linda vows to eschew making a mug of Jimmie. He has reason to doubt her, however, when his paper is beaten to a story by hers the following day. Jimmie accuses Linda of breaking her word and breaks their engagement on the grounds that she considers their love of secondary importance to someone else's *love nest.*

While "Sob Sister" is far from a true picture of the newspaper game, it entertains. For one thing it introduces Linda Watkins to film fandom. Here is an interesting new personality and one who seems destined to go far. James Dunn scores nearly as heavily as in "Bad Girl."

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



DEVOTION

Fine Acting, But Weak Story: Just exactly where the quality mentioned in the title comes in, it is difficult to say. Who is "devoted" and to whom? The characters in this story of middle-class life in an English apartment house are actuated by entirely selfish motives in whatever they do, though Ann Harding's blonde beauty and Leslie Howard's charm invest the masquerading heroine, tired of drudging for her family, and the rather priggish hero with an idealism unwarranted by plot or dialogue.

"Sweet" is the adjective that comes to mind at the conclusion of this slow-moving picture. Ann Harding's sincerity makes her escapades almost plausible, although her disguise as the elderly nurse doesn't deceive anybody except the hero. As for Howard, here is one of the real finds of the talkies, an actor of such finesse that he can make the most trivial lines and situations seem significant. When such a happy combination of players occurs we would be ungrateful to grumble at an old-fashioned story.



LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Could Be Funnier—Good in Spots: This stage farce does not improve in its translation to screen terms. After getting away to a grand start, the adventures of the boob student, who specialized in botany and falls in love with the newspaper pictures of a beauty winner of a rival university, move slowly through a series of situations that are not quite funny enough.

Joe E. Brown, in an amazing make-up, plays the unpopular grind who dreams hopelessly of being a college hero. There's an attempt at pathos which hits the mark in the scene where he tells the pretty co-ed that it wasn't he who wrote her but "the man he wanted to be."

A ribald psychoanalysis scene and a depressing sequence in the gymnasium in which alcohol finally succeeds in making a man of the boob where love has failed may be chalked up on the debit side. The picture must be credited with several funny incidents in the track-meet scenes. Dorothy Lee is satisfactorily collegiate.



HEAVEN ON EARTH

Good in Spots—With Ayres at His Best: A picture about people of such extreme simplicity of life, hopes, joys and sorrows as to be almost incomprehensible to movie audiences trained to expect more highly colored emotions. Lew Ayres as the river boat boy, who discovers that he is really shanty folks and goes back to his own people, never steps out of the character and does excellently. Harry Beresford, as his foster father, the blundering old ship's captain, makes the most of a rather monotonous part. But it is the ensemble scenes, of the weird and childlike inhabitants of the shanty boat colony which are most interesting.

The story moves sluggishly until toward the end thrill scenes are piled upon thrill scenes, as though the director had suddenly awakened to the fact that the picture needed pepping up. Anita Louise plays the girl from the po-whites with more than a hint of dramatic possibilities.



THE HOMICIDE SQUAD

Fair-To-Middlin' Crook Film: Although "The Homicide Squad" starts out with the laudable intention of glorifying the police force, an organization too often neglected in movies of crime, it ends up with a sob for the slain racketeer, and thus becomes the same old gangster yarn recently ordered "out" by the Hays office. Sympathy goes to the part of *Louie Granada* perhaps more because of the way it is played by Leo Carillo than for any worth in the characterization itself, but it is sympathy that this thief and murderer has in the end, and thus is its moral lost.

The plot is a neatly worked out device whereby the police captain, whose son has been killed by *Louie*, traps the Italian into thinking that one of the boys in his mob is his own son, and thereby brings about his death. The son is played by Russell Gleason. Mary Brian is the girl, Noah Beery the father. Acting honors go to Carillo, who is a veteran of the Broadway stage.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



RECKLESS LIVING

Fast Action Puts Over Racket Story: Here's something new in racket pictures—book making for horse races. And it makes no bones about exposing the ins and outs of the racket it depicts.

The story is the regeneration theme. Norman Foster is the proprietor of a speakeasy. He wants to quit the game—the reason being Mae Clarke, ex-manicurist. But his love for the ponies is stronger than his love for the girl. Driving a taxi and saving his money for a service station, he goes for the bankroll on a sure tip on a fixed race. It's fixed, but not his way. The girl resumes her manicuring and all seems over between them until the union of his taxi and a truck results in their reunion.

Things are kept moving at a speedy tempo which makes for entertainment. And the neat performances of the cast help materially in lifting the picture above average. This Clarke girl is rapidly proving that she deserves stardom.



THE ROAD TO RENO

Entertaining Domestic Drama: The first of the new crop of stories with Reno as setting is built around the character of a habitual divorcée who wires the hotel for "her usual room" in order to shed her third husband. The plot moves with lively pace among the more spectacular aspects of divorce. We see the bridge where newly-freed women fling their wedding rings into the river, and turn to the arms of their next mates; we see a wife, decree granted, leave the courtroom to shoot herself. Shots of Reno streets and buildings set the stage for this story.

Lilyan Tashman is brilliant as the mother, Peggy Shannon is wistful as the daughter who listens worshipfully to the rigid marriage views of the young man she meets on the train—Buddy Rogers at his smuggest. The road to Reno leads also to tragedy, and the mother warns her daughter to marry and stay married. As propaganda the picture probably won't prevent any divorces, but it is good entertainment.



SKYLINE

Okay if You're Not Asking Too Much: In spite of a plot which creaks slightly in spots, "Skyline" is good entertainment. It is the story of a boy who raises his eyes from the deck of an East River barge to the towering skyline of Manhattan and finds therein an ambition to become a builder of bigger and better sky-scrapers. There is a very excellently done fight scene in which he overcomes a brutal stepfather after learning from his dying mother that he is the fruit of an early romance. In the city he falls into an excavation thus beginning his career at the bottom and becomes the star boarder in an Irish family where he quickly finds romance.

A newcomer, Hardie Albright, gives a good account of himself as the boy and we have never seen Maureen O'Sullivan quite so captivating before. Thomas Meighan is excellent and Myrna Loy as the blonde menace carves another niche for herself as one of our very best vamps.



CONSOLATION MARRIAGE

It Has a Kick, You'll Like It: Irene Dunne wanted Lester Vail; Pat O'Brien wanted Myrna Loy (for story purposes, you understand) and each lost the mate he wanted. So they tried to find consolation by marrying each other. This premise makes an interesting picture. It might have made a really great one if their lost loves had seemed worth wasting so much emotion over. Exceptionally bright and sparkling dialogue makes these two young people very real, and the director has wisely kept their struggle for courage and comfort simple and uncomplicated by side issues.

The suspense keeps up till the more-or-less expected end in which the two old loves turn up and the husband and wife discover they have been worshiping dreams instead of realities. Pat O'Brien's rôle as newspaper man is deliberately reminiscent of "The Front Page" even to a Menjou-like pal. This young actor has one of the most likable personalities among the recent comers.

Dorothy Mackaill's Idea Of What A Well-Dressed Star Wears On The Screen







The screen clothes worn by Miss Mackaill are somewhat fancier than those she selects for her private wardrobe, as you will note from the costumes shown on this page. The evening gown at the left is of ice-white, shimmery satin and features self-braided shoulder straps and belt—and with it goes the wrap of peach ermine, above, trimmed with Russian sable. At the extreme left, she is wearing a beige broadtail fur coat featuring deep patch pockets and exaggerated revers. Dorothy's saucy hat is of black felt with one side a tucked brim of beige velvet. It is of the Eugenie type which she will wear for the screen, but Dorothy prefers the off-the-face hat like the one she wears with her own coat on the opposite page. The dressy screen negligée, in the oval, is of flesh-pink satin trimmed in deep beige lace, but for personal use, she prefers lounging pajamas

Photos by Lippman

But Off The Screen, Dorothy, Not Being The Fluffy Type, Does The Smart Thing And Wears Simple And Well-Tailored Clothes







Suits are very popular with Dorothy. In the upper right hand corner she is wearing one of black jersey which flows at the hipline and the blouse is of white satin. Directly above is Dorothy's favorite two-piece morning dress of black crepe trimmed with white





You will always find Dorothy Mackaill's personal wardrobe along very simple and tailored lines. This two-piece dress of jersey, at the left, has a black and white top and a fitted all-black skirt which is gored and slightly flared. It is just the thing to wear under the "football" coat shown at the right for those big Saturday afternoon thrills. It is severely tailored and of navy English tweed with masculine double-breasted fastening. Dorothy wears a snug little off-the-face black felt turban with this outfit. Directly above, she is wearing a brown velvet gown, proving that she also loves plain and unadorned clothes for formal occasions

Ziegfeld Was Right About Sally Eilers

Even Sally thought the Follies producer was kidding when he called her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood and predicted a big future for her. Nothing much happened for two years—and then along came "Bad Girl." Now she's breaking speed records on the road to stardom!

By JOAN STANDISH

IF Florenz (Follies) Ziegfeld wanted to be a meanie, he could go around pointing a finger at a lot of people and say, "I told you so about Sally Eilers." Ziegfeld tried to warn the producers about Sally a couple of years ago when he proclaimed her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. "That girl has something," he said. "The movie producers must be asleep not to discover her."

Sally had style in the jaunty way she wore her small hats and sports scarfs. There was something shining and clean about her personality. Her wit, too, was spontaneous and original, rather than warmed-over "repeats" on last month's humor magazines. It was Sally who said, in description of a certain patronizing star: "She's so kindly—she'll drop a quarter in your tambourine any old time."

But in spite of Ziggy, who has a reputation for picking 'em, Hollywood slept on about Sally. Fact was, they snored a little. Sally Eilers? Oh, sure, the little red-headed girl. Hoot Gibson's wife? Sure. Pretty little thing—nice in ingénue rôles, "second leads" and such. But starring material? Don't be silly! Wasn't she a little—er—robust for the camera? And besides she'd been knocking around several years and no one had discovered her. A Wampas Baby Star three or four years ago, wasn't she?

She Made Them Rub Their Eyes

THE big yawn about Sally continued until a certain bright morning last summer when "Bad Girl" opened in two Los Angeles theaters simultaneously. And who should awaken to sit up and rub their eyes about this "robust young lady who was a Wampas Baby Star three or four years ago" but Certain Movie Magnates?

"And to think," said Samuel Goldwyn, "that I could have signed that girl six months ago!"

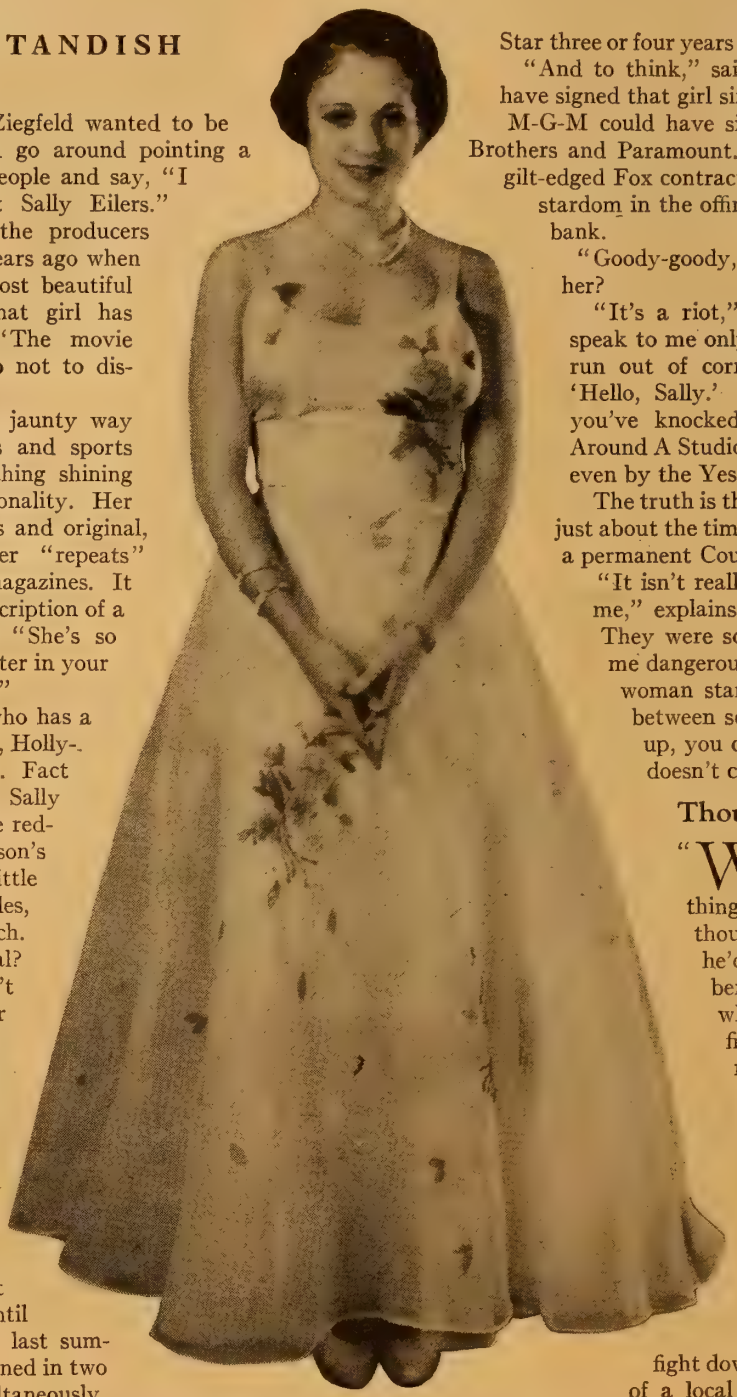
M-G-M could have signed Sally, too. So could Warner Brothers and Paramount. But not any longer. Sally has a gilt-edged Fox contract which calls for featured leads with stardom in the offing, tucked away in her vault at the bank.

"Goody-goody," says Sally—and can you blame her?

"It's a riot," she adds. "People who used to speak to me only on days when they felt well, now run out of corners to shake my hand and yell, 'Hello, Sally.' It's a riot—but I like it. After you've knocked about as one of Those People Around A Studio for years, it's nice to be patronized even by the Yes-Men."

The truth is that if "Bad Girl" hadn't come along just about the time it did, Sally would have developed a permanent Country Cousin complex.

"It isn't really as though people weren't nice to me," explains Sally. "They were—deadly nice. They were so nice I knew they didn't consider me dangerous. Believe me, when you work in a woman star's picture and she takes time out between scenes to help you with your make-up, you can set it down as a dead cinch she doesn't consider you a rival.



Before "Bad Girl," women stars used to be so nice to Sally that she knew they didn't consider her dangerous. But how they've changed!

Thought Ziegfeld Was Kidding

"WHEN Ziegfeld made that crack about my being the most something or other girl in Hollywood, I thought he must have been kidding. If he'd said 'The Least Dangerous Member Of Any Cast,' I'd have known what he was talking about. When I first started out in pictures and was nominated a Baby Star, I had a great lot of ideas about getting ahead and amounting to something in this game sometime. But when a couple of years rolled by and all I rated was a second lead with some "friendly" woman star and a couple of close-ups with Hoot and the horses, I began to lose confidence."

In the first place Sally had to fight down the ignobility of being something of a local girl. No director had discovered her in Germany or even Southwest Australia. No Broadway triumph, either as a dramatic

(*Continued on page 85*)



Sally Eilers may be getting up in the world, but Hoot Gibson doesn't have a bit of trouble holding her. And as for Sally, she'd rather climb mountains with Hoot than scale the peaks of stardom. (As it happens, she can do both!) They have been Mr. and Mrs. one whole year. But do they look it?

When Sally And Hoot Air Their Love, They Need All Outdoors

What Is The Menace

Nothing can put a star on the skids so quickly as The Hollywood Complex. It makes own worst enemies. This complex makes them self-conscious and wrecks their careers.

By HELEN

THIS Hollywood Complex is a strange and sinister thing. It creeps upon stars before they realize it and destroys its victims before they know what is wrong with them. Often they never do learn what it was that caused their downfalls, but go on growing more and more bitter as disaster follows disaster. People Who Know shake their heads when they observe the first symptoms in their friends. The thing is so insidious and no one can do much to help. It's up to the star, himself—*if he can only see it*!



Belle Bennett thought she was being "humiliated"

Joan Crawford is in grave danger because of it right now. So are Lew Ayres and Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich. Nancy Carroll nearly came a cropper recently because of it. William Haines has suffered from it. It nearly wrecked the career of Adolphe Menjou. We have seen what it has done to Jetta Goudal and Eric von Stroheim and Belle Bennett. . . .

The symptoms begin with hurt feelings and resentment about the criticism that inevitably comes to anyone who makes a success in pictures. The actor is misunderstood. He is not appreciated. His rise to fame has been abrupt and bewildering. He does not understand just how it came about or what he should do to make it permanent. He grows afraid and then he begins to be suspicious of the people around him. Presently he suspects everyone of plotting against him, of striving maliciously to injure him. By that time he is pretty far gone.



Aileen Pringle finds it "strange" no contracts come



Eric von Stroheim says Hollywood "hates" him

Joan a Victim of Plots?

JOAN CRAWFORD says that whenever she sees two people talking together across the room at a party now, she immediately imagines that they are gossiping about her, criticizing her—perhaps actually planning mischief against her. *She is convinced, these days, that there is a concerted plot in Hollywood to try to wreck her marriage.* She says that she is constantly besieged by people repeating gossip to her, telling her that it is "for her own good," trying to make her suspicious of Doug, Jr.

She resents bitterly the fact that she has not had bigger pictures and wonders if she is being held back deliberately. The part that is difficult about all this is to discriminate between real and imaginary injuries. Joan *has* had some pretty rough treatment from various sources from time to time. The danger is that she may let it get hold of her, let it grip her sensitive, intense imagination until she fancies that every hand is against her and trusts no one. *Joan is in grave danger. . . .*

Clark Gable is already showing symptoms of this malady. When Clark first came to Hollywood, he was a jovial, friendly, hospitable soul who liked most people, enjoyed parties and welcomed friendly, casual encounters with almost anyone. He was grateful for publicity and cooperated genially with anyone who would give it to him. His house at Malibu was a meeting-place for all sorts of interesting people, who were encouraged to drop in when they felt like it.

Gable Has Become a Sphinx

THESE *things about Gable are not true any more.* He has become suddenly aloof and withdrawn. He never appears in public and he shrinks fearfully from meeting strangers. Since he has acquired something of a reputation as a Great Lover, he has begun to shrink from interviews with women writers. He is afraid they will be looking for a superman, afraid some of them might be unscrupulous and later attempt to blackmail him. He never entertains. Why? The Hollywood Complex?

Lew Ayres is in a pretty bad way these days, too. The Complex began to get hold of him soon after he finished "All Quiet" and went to work in lesser pictures for Universal. He was unhappy about those pictures and fearful of what they would do to him professionally. It wasn't long until he began to imagine that professional harm was being done to him *on purpose* by unfriendly powers in the studio!

He reached such a state that when he was working on "The Iron Man" he confided to his friends that his career was being deliberately damaged in that picture "to punish him." So bitter was he and so certain of these things that some solicitous soul finally went to a Universal executive and asked about it. The executive laughed.

"Is it likely that we would deliberately damage him after we have spent more than a million dollars establishing him?" he asked. "We have money invested in Lew Ayres. We intend to give him every advantage in stories and opportunities—so that we can make money out of him. Don't be silly!"

Seems logical, doesn't it?

Eric von Stroheim let the Complex get hold of him in just that fashion. The actor-director, famous for his realism, felt persecuted, felt that people were plotting his ruin. He actually

That Every Star Dreads?

the famous suspect everyone of trying to ruin them—and few realize they are their Will it claim the new stars like Lew Ayres, Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich?

LOUISE WALKER imagines now that there are plots and counter-plots on all sides of him. He babbles of spies following him—spies in the employ of the malicious powers who have sought his downfall.

"It is because I am *right* that they hate me," he will tell you today in all seriousness. "I am right and the rest of Hollywood is wrong. Therefore Hollywood would ruin me!"

As a matter of fact, Von has had greater opportunities, more latitude, more money offered him with which to experiment, than any other director who ever graced this business. It is a tribute to his undoubted genius that this is so. But even genius cannot save a man when the Hollywood Complex gets him in its grip. Lew Ayres should consider the case of von Stroheim.

Jetta Goudal defended her "rights"—and vanished

Nancy Carroll, who felt so abused over the rôles she was given that she almost lost her job, might well consider the plight of Jetta Goudal two years ago. Jetta used to feel abused, too. She was verra, verra much put-upon and she, as did Nancy, asserted her "rights." She asserted them with such vehemence that director Cecil de Mille, in despair, canceled her contract, amid fireworks and litigation. Jetta didn't work again in pictures for more than two years. And Jetta still feels abused. She is convinced that there have been plots to humiliate her, to keep her out of pictures. No one kept Jetta out of pictures except Jetta—and the Hollywood Complex.



Clark Gable now is afraid of women interviewers

Ruth Can Explain It All

I THINK it was the acute Ruth Chatterton who told me, "Of course, we are egotists and exhibitionists, or we wouldn't be actors. And, since that is our nature, it is pretty difficult for us to blame ourselves for anything that goes wrong. We have to keep a close check on ourselves and use our intelligence—or we try to blame the director, the producer or the writer, or maybe even the public itself! when a picture is not successful. No one likes to face his faults or shortcomings. Least of all, an actor. He wants to put the blame on other shoulders."

To put the blame on other shoulders. Of course. And that leads to feeling persecuted. And that leads to the fatal Complex!

Marlene Dietrich is wounded. Terribly, terribly wounded, I understand—and she thinks that perhaps, when she returns to Germany a few months hence for her annual visit, she will just stay there. She is that hurt! It is all, of course, on account of the newspaper furore caused by Mrs. Riza von Sternberg's suit against her for the alleged alienation of the director's affections. For which you can hardly blame Marlene. It is uncomfortable to be called an affection-alienator right out loud in court and the public prints, whether it is true or not.

When Marlene first arrived in Hollywood, she was as cordial and sensible and charming a young woman as anyone would want to meet. Then, as swift fame came to her, she began to be hurt. First, because people said she was imitating Garbo. Next, because reporters said that her husband said she was as good a cook as she was an actress. (Surely a harmless enough accusation!) Now, she is wounded and irritated and annoyed over numbers and numbers of things. She is developing symptoms of the Complex.





Lew Ayres thought he was being "punished"

Mary Astor said that the rumor of her marriage to Dr. Thorne was "a plot" to embarrass her!

Some gossip about himself and Jobyna Ralston Arlen came to Richard Arlen's indignant ears not long ago. It was not true—so Dick concluded that "someone" was trying to harm him. It was just the ordinary sort of idle tale that goes around Hollywood about anyone who is doing pretty well in pictures. But Dick saw in it something sinister—something *planned* to harm them.

It's hard to keep your perspective when you are in the limelight and your name is on every tongue. You are likely to give an undue significance to the things that are said of you. And then the Complex rears its ugly head.

When Constance Bennett's name was first publicly linked with that of the Marquis de la Falaise, she issued an indignant statement to the papers, declaring that "someone" was trying to make some money by selling this story about her. Constance had been seen frequently with the Marquis. It was only logical and natural that sooner or later there would be comment and speculation about the pair. She didn't see that. She fancied that "someone" was making an effort to hurt her.

William Haines Recovered

WILLIAM HAINES imagined for a time that an effort was being made by "someone" to displace him and install Robert Montgomery in his place. But Bill, I think, recovered before the Complex got a very firm hold upon him. Bill's lucky—

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It Isn't the Luck of the Irish—
IT'S PAT O'BRIEN

He had to fight his way to the top—but he's there at last, after years of small rôles and small meals. And he's likely to stay there, because the screen doesn't have any other actor like him

By FAITH SERVICE

PAT O'BRIEN—no relation to the George or Eugene O'Briens—calls himself "a normal mug." And what a man thinks of himself usually tells plenty about him. If you saw Pat in "The Up and Up" on the stage, or in "The Front Page" or "Personal Maid" or "Consolation Marriage" on the screen, you probably have your own estimate of him. But, to be on the safe side, you had better rely on his description of himself—"a normal mug." He is.

He is the hard-fighting, hard-loving, hard-drinking Irishman type. Not resembling Thomas Meighan, but of the same breed. He likes his likker. He likes to shoot craps. He likes to bat about with the boys. None of your lah-de-dahs—but regular guys with cuss words in their mouths and plenty of feeling behind them. His face gets red when he argues. His blue eyes blaze. And as an imitator of his fellow actors he is a scream.


Shalitt

He looks a bit more rough and ready in the flesh than he does on the screen. And he's no gigolo even before the camera. He wears sweaters and shirts-open-at-the-collar, and looks as if he would be more at home in a lumber camp than in a dressing-room. He is an only child, born in Milwaukee, and his people were poor. He thinks it's swell for a boy to have to do without. When the other kids on his block were sporting bicycles, he was chasing around on a pair of re-constructed roller skates—second-hand, at that. He learned the value of a dollar then. He hasn't forgotten it.

His mother and Dad were swell to him. When he went to New York, on two different occasions, to pay court to that Jezebel, Broadway, they skimped and saved to send him nine dollars here and four dollars there. I quote the sums exactly. They're not going to do any more going without if Patrick knows anything about it.

Guess Who Encouraged Him!

PAT was honorably discharged from the Navy at the age of nineteen. He was a normal mug even then—crazy about the girls and stage-struck. He went to New York and broke into musical comedy with one line to speak. He studied it for weeks and delivered it with gestures that must have caused Edwin Booth to stir in his long, long sleep. There was, in that piece, a singing and dancing comedian. He was a good egg and swell to Pat; he encouraged him. You'll never guess who the big song-and-dance boy was! GEORGE BANCROFT. Yeah, our own Big Boy Bancroft in person. Think of that.

Later on, Pat had two lines in another m. c., called "Blue Eyes." The eyes blinked twice and stayed shut. It occurred to Pat that he had been born in Milwaukee and that he had been hungry too long. He tried vaudeville and one or two shots at stock and took a sleeper for home. His Dad greeted him with: "Well, son, you've had plenty of time to think things over—what's it to be?"

Pat pulled the first rabbit out of his hat and said, "Law, Dad, Law." He went to Marquette University to woo the Law. Marquette had dramatic societies and pageants and things. They left Pat little time for the study of matters legal—what with all the coaching, directing and acting he had to do. There was football, too. Pat thought he'd make a quarterback until Knute Rockne ran a tank or two over him and flattened him out into—an actor.

Pat says there is only one hungrier person in the world than an actor out of work—and that is an actor who has never had any work to be out of. He was back on Broadway. He hated it and loved it. But greasepaint always anoints its own in time. It found Pat—in "Henry, Behave" and "Gertie." Not very big parts, but big enough to buy hamburgers and schooners of beer. He knew everybody in town and everybody knew him. Then came forty-eight weeks in Plainfield, New Jersey (good-looking New York suburb), playing stock—everything from "Getting Gertie's Garter" right up to Bill Shakespeare's little pieces. Remember Pat, you Plainfield mavourneens? Then there was more stock with Jimmy Gleason and Lucille Webster Gleason and Bob Armstrong. And then back to Broadway again. He lived in a five-dollar-a-

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PEGGY SHANNON'S ON THE SIDELINES BUT SHE'S SCORING JUST THE SAME

Peggy doesn't want that glass of water any more than she wants to tear up the goalposts, but when she looks around like this—well, the boys are always looking for a signal. Probably because she has cheers in her eyes, she is the principal rooter for Richard Arlen in "Touchdown." But Dick won't do *all* the scoring!

Just a few of the big moments

Everybody's interested in proving that she's one of two years away from the had all kinds of hard luck, Brat"—and made herself Here's what she's



She hates to get up, she hates to get up, she hates to get up in the morning—but don't get the idea that Sally's complaining. It seems good to *have* to get up and go to work after two years of idleness





After her morning plunge, she drapes herself in a tricky robe made of toweling, and sits down to breakfast beside the pool. She doesn't diet. Swimming never yet made anyone do that!

Sally reduced when she made her comeback—and swimming was how she did it. Every morning, before breakfast, she plunges in the apartment house pool (in circle). And she doesn't don a cap, either!



When Sally goes to sleep, she's saying over her lines for the next day. And when she wakes in the morning, the first thing she does is to gather some of her dolls about her and, with them for audience, rehearse her lines. Those she's practising now are for "First Cabin"

in Sally O'Neil's daily life

Sally O'Neil, who's busy
the fighting Irish. After
screen, during which she
she came back in "The
famous all over again.
like off the screen



An important part of the O'Neil morning ritual is the sun-bath—taken, by preference, on the soft end of the springboard at the apartment pool. She has one of the brownest tans in Hollywood





Sally likes Chinese things—Chinese lounging pajamas, Chinese lamps, Chinese dolls. When the day's work is done, she dons the pajamas, parks under the lamp, and twangs a mean ukulele for the dolls

In the circle, you see a more or less sober Sally—the Sally of the dressing-room, all ready to be "made up" for the day's appearance before the camera. Sally's serious about this comeback!



A half-hour before bedtime, she gets into her sleeping pajamas, and then has a "good-night" cigarette and reads a couple more chapters in the latest warm novel. You'll notice that she doesn't park far from the telephone—just in case Someone should take it into his head to call



Schoenbaum

Between The Camera And The Fireplace Pola Negri Can't Help Dreaming

Now that she's back in Hollywood, Pola Negri is staying close to her own fireside. That's because it seems good to *have* a hearth of her own again after three years of hither-and-thithering. And because she's busily studying English for her first appearance before a talkie camera. The picture that brings her back to you is called "A Woman Commands"—and if it is a hit, all of Pola's dreams will come true

She'd rather be Naughty than Nice

Have you noticed the change in Dorothy Jordan? Ever since "Min and Bill" the little Tennessee girl has been just the opposite of what she used to be. She now has legs, pep, and a dangerous look in her eyes. And this tells how it happened

By MARGERY DODD

A FEW months ago Dorothy Jordan, aged twenty-one, woke to a discouraging fact. She was in danger of becoming a "nice" girl! She hadn't realized how close she was until letters began arriving after the release of "Min and Bill." Gee, they wrote, it sure was surprising to see her as that fresh little waterfront brat after all the nice parts she had played. Lots of them hadn't recognized her at first. Gee, it certainly gave them a new idea of her.

Spurred on by these large hints, and after a little investigation, it was clear the idea was spreading like an epidemic. One woman wrote a story and referred to her as "an innocent blossom from the South," and went on to say she was quite the nicest girl in Hollywood, so sweet to everybody and never out of mother's sight. That hurt!

On top of this, one of the boys from the publicity department wanted to make photographs of Dorothy in one of those little bare-legged costumes. "Not Dorothy Jordan?" gasped Hedda Hopper, suave, sartorial. That was the last straw.

It had come! She was it! That most ungossiped-about, unrumored, unhounded and unsung of all things—a "nice girl of the screen." While people whispered about the mysterious Garbo, and mused on the Gloria-Hank-Connie triangle, and quoted the latest wisecracks of Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper, little Miss Jordan of Tennessee stood a slick chance of being forgotten in the rush. Whereupon she started a campaign.

She Does Have Legs

SHE posed in the bare-legged pictures, and they made real interesting studies, too. From the wardrobe department she selected a couple of slinky gowns and a daring hat and was photographed in these riggings as well.

One of the first things she said to me was: "I used to be a chorus girl on Broadway," and then, defiantly, "I haven't always lived with my mother, either. I was alone until she joined me this year." She might have added, though she didn't, "So *there!*"

In spite of these lurid confessions, the Jordan girl has an awful lot of niceness to live down. In the first place, her appearance is against her. She's one of the nicest-looking persons you ever saw. There's something so clean and fresh and wholesome about her—but then there's no need of rubbing it in her hair. She has a childish face that is as devoid of insinuation as Baby Peggy's. She can wisecrack to her heart's content and surprise people every time she does it. She can wear a smart sweater and a dashing sport hat without in the least suggesting Michael

(*Continued on page 93*)



Hurrell

Dorothy Jordan has dared to do the thing that Mary Brian and many another Sweet Young Thing of the screen haven't —she has dared to assert her desire to be just as naughty as she is nice

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



FAMOUS PLAYS OF 1930

When Knute Rockne met his tragic death last spring, he was flying to Hollywood to make plans for a new series of football shorts. In his pocket were found notes on these plans—notes that enabled the producers to go ahead with the series as a memorial to the great coach. This reel, third of the group, is one of the most spectacular. The present coach and players of Notre Dame demonstrate some of the sensational scoring plays that the undefeated 1930 team used—and then, for contrast, run through some of the power plays that were effectively used by other leading teams. There's plenty of action, and the explanatory talk by the coach is dramatic. (Universal)



PLAYING WITH FIRE

Remember, back in the days of horses and silent pictures, how many screen epics featured fire-fighters? And remember how you finally began to laugh at all the amazing heroics? Prepare to be amused again, for here are the boys in the red shirts once more. What with all the fireproof buildings these days, alarms are scarce, and the lads have nothing better to do than to stage a show. In the midst of this uproarious event, in which some of the huskies are garbed in ballet costumes, the fire siren sounds. Out they pile, changing their clothes on the wild ride to the blaze, which isn't in the orphanage (ha! ha!) but their own engine house. (Vitaphone Varieties)



I SURRENDER, DEAR

When Bing Crosby, the crooning baritone, appeared in a single sequence in "Confessions of a Co-Ed," he stole the picture. And so popular is he on the radio that he occupies that coveted fifteen-minute after-dinner period. He's being called "Rudy Vallee's rival," though their styles are vastly different. Whatever you may think of Bing's voice, as compared with Rudy's, you'll have to admit he's more at ease before the camera. This opus, supplied by Mack Sennett, gives him a chance to do a bit of clowning, as well as crooning. He is rushed by all kinds and shapes of girls, until he meets one to whom he can sing "I Surrender, Dear"—the song that he made a hit. (Educational)



BEAU HUNKS

The one trouble with the comedies of Laurel and Hardy heretofore has been their brevity. However, their successful venture into feature-length comedy with "Pardon Us" has apparently given them courage to lengthen their briefer efforts. "Beau Hunks" is the longest they have made—and you won't be a bit sorry. You see them, this time, in the French Foreign Legion, in which you are allowed to suspect there is never a dull moment. But many an embarrassing one! That is the secret of the success of the wooden-faced Laurel and the plump, debonair Hardy. Human nature is always looking for the ridiculous in others—and never fails to find it in Laurel and Hardy. (M-G-M)



WHERE CANARIES SING BASS

As Charlie Chaplin has so often demonstrated, there is nothing funnier than slapstick can sometimes be. But it's seldom that you see a slapstick short that hits you in the solar plexus the way this one does. The main reason is James Gleason, who not only supplied the gags but acts the chief part—that of a hard-boiled prize-fight manager, whose big problem is a dopey heavyweight (played to insane perfection by Harry Gribbon). The climax comes with a match between Gribbon and equally hefty Ivan Linow on a floating platform in the ocean, with all parties eventually getting sea-sick. It's as original and as snappy as they come. (RKO-Pathé)



TORCHY

You'll take a liking to Ray Cooke the minute you lay eyes on him. He's covered with freckles, looks as Irish as the Blarney Stone, and has a sense of humor that simply pops out of him. He's the new discovery who has been given the sweet assignment of bringing to life again the character of *Torchy*, the office boy who can't be downed. He's in the process of being fired when you first meet him, but he manages to wisecrack his way into another job almost immediately, innocently assisting a promoter of bogus stock. The cops appear on the scene, and *Torchy* has to search the want ads again. He's equal to any emergency and his wit is of the never-failing kind. If the rest of the series are up to the first, you're in for a treat. (Educational)



HONEYMOON TRIO

You have laughed at a bridegroom before—but never one like Al St. John. He never does get to kiss the bride, thanks to the amorous wedding guests, chief of whom is chatty Walter Catlett, who takes Dorothy Granger in his arms in the Gilbert-Garbo manner. But that isn't all. Just as Al is about to get into the roadster beside his little bride, Walter pushes him into the rumble seat while he takes the wheel—and off the trio start on a honeymoon. Al smolders, but he's practically helpless against the voluble Walter, who always has an answer for all his objections—until finally Al goes temporarily insane and disposes of both car and Walter via a cliff. Amusing novelty. (Educational)



SPEAKING OUT OF TURN

When the talkies can kid themselves, all's well in Hollywood—and "Speaking Out of Turn" is a snappy little satire of The Pictures That Talk. It's modeled along the lines of the celebrated "Once in a Lifetime," the stage hit that poked riotous fun at the Hollywood of the early days of the Vitaphone, when producers discovered that some of their biggest stars had voices that didn't match their faces (and figures). You'll take particular delight in the sequence in which the dialogue goes awry and a four-year-old has the voice of a racketeer and the tough sounds like an infant. You'll also be glad to see your old friend, Johnny Walker, again. (Vitaphone Varieties)

Dusting Powder. Particularly gifty in plaid metal box of blue and coral. Contains lovely puff. $1.

Sachet . . . in a charming jar, is a perfect selection for the "little gift," for which one wants something new and different. 75c

Toilet Water is a gift every woman, young or old, appreciates — and how much more, when the scent is Seventeen! $1.25.

A Compact that gleams like onyx! . . . so sophisticated, thin and lovely. Single $1, Double $2.

Seventeen Perfume in enchanting bottles in 3 sizes. This is the famous scent created to inspire the mood of youth Flacons at $5, $2 and $1.





Toiletries enough to keep some girl happy for months! Seventeen Compact, Rouge, Lipstick (in matching black and silver cases.) Seventeen Soap and Face Powder. Talcum in frosted glass jar. Toilet Water. Sachet. Brilliantine. French-cut flacon of Seventeen Perfume. The Stunning box will prove most useful after contents are removed . . $10.00

Let's go Christmas shopping right here on this page



Seventeen Face Powder, Toilet Water and Sachet are flatteringly framed in this stunning box with black and silver lining. The price is no indication of the impressiveness of this gift! . . $3.



Seventeen Perfume and the beautiful Seventeen Compact, that's slim and elegant as a costly watch. Particularly easy to mail. . . . $2.

Seventeen proves your Christmas giving may be superb . . . while costing very little.

THIS page is printed in plenty of time to save you from almost *all* those haunting Christmas worries!

Just look at these pictures. Read the descriptions, and note the modest prices. Why, you can check off 80% of your entire list, right here on this page!

For these Seventeen toiletries combine the usefulness and hint of luxury that define the Perfect Gift. Here are toiletries that every woman uses . . . but so smart and new . . . so gaily fragranced . . . so alluringly packaged, in graceful jars and bottles!

How absurd to fuss and worry over Christmas shopping, when it can be as easy as this.

Seventeen



A Bath Set de luxe . . . *three big, luxurious cakes of Seventeen Soap, and gay metal box of Dusting Powder . . . $2*

Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a double Seventeen Compact—selling regularly for $2—and a flacon of Seventeen Perfume. . . . $5

Nancy, Greta, Marlene and Jean are also Sirens of the Stove

Nancy Carroll, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow are all prepared IF the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. All four of them can cook--and here's how! Try these tasty dishes on your boy-friend!





Cooks are the bane of Greta Garbo's life. The Swedish kind are likely to tell what they hear her saying, and no other kind can make Swedish Pancakes. So Greta makes them herself! When Nancy Carroll (in circle) gets hungry for Baked Stuffed Cucumbers, you'll find Nancy cooking, too

BY SUE DIBBLE

"PRESERVE me from the sight of a beautiful woman eating!" cried Lord Byron, fastidiously. But in Hollywood some of the most beautiful Sirens of the Screen not only eat, but cook as well! There is the silken, sensuous, slumbrous-eyed Marlene Dietrich, for example. When Rudolph Sieber came from Berlin to visit his famous wife, he told the reporters that Marlene might be a great star to the public but to him she was "the finest little cook in all the world."

"You boys should taste her *Eierkuchen!*" sighed Mr. Sieber, "Only she can make it so good—"

But Marlene frowned at the suggestion that she was an expert pancake-maker. Perhaps she does not like to remember those shabby years when she and Rudolph, in a humble little Berlin home, took turns caring for the house and the baby while the other was away working for a wretchedly small wage. And yet her husband is undoubtedly right—a well-brought-up German girl is taught to cook before she is taught to read. The first thing Marlene did when she came to Hollywood was to find a German housekeeper, so that she might enjoy the dishes she was accustomed to eat back home.

Here are some of them. First, the now-famous, but mysterious *Eierkuchen* which, translated, means simply "egg cake." It's a very rich, sweet German pancake of huge size, made with eggs and served hot as dessert, covered with butter, jam and powdered sugar.

GERMAN PANCAKE. Sift three tablespoonfuls of flour, season with a pinch of salt, add enough cream to make a thin batter, then add four eggs and one half-teaspoonful of sugar and whip well. Pour a thin layer of the batter into a large skillet with a little melted butter. Allow this to brown on one side, then turn and place in hot oven for two minutes until it rises nicely. Serve with powdered sugar and jam.

APPLE STRUDEL. To one half-cup of cold water add a pinch of salt and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Work into the dough one egg and one tablespoonful of butter and let this rise for one half-hour, then roll very thin. Chop two apples, four ounces of currants and four ounces of walnuts and season with cinnamon and sugar. This mixture should be placed on the dough and small bits of butter should be placed throughout the mixture. Roll and bake in moderate oven. Serve either plain or with cream.

HOT POTATO SALAD is a German version of the sticky, speckled affair that is called potato salad in delicatessen stores.

Wash six medium-sized potatoes and cook in boiling salted water until soft. Cool, remove skins and cut in very thin slices. Cover the bottom of a baking dish with potatoes, seasoning with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with finely-chopped celery, finely-chopped parsley, and work into the potatoes. Mix two tablespoonfuls each of tarragon and cider vinegar and four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and add one slice of lemon cut one-third inch thick. Bring to the boiling point, pour over the potatoes, cover, and let stand in the oven until thoroughly warmed.

GERMAN MEAT LOAF isn't for anyone who's dieting. It has these ingredients:

- 1 pound of ham
- 1 pound of fresh pork
- 1 clove of garlic
- 1 small onion
- 1 tablespoonful of salt
- 1 teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 teaspoonfuls of curry powder
- 1½ tablespoonfuls of sage
- White of 1 egg
- ⅛ cup of cream

Force ham, pork, garlic and onion through a meat chopper. Add seasonings and again force through meat chopper. Add egg white and cream and mix thoroughly. Put four strips of uncooked ham-fat on the center of a square of cheese cloth, pressing mixture into shape, and then place over fat. Roll in cheesecloth and tie. Place on a trivet in kettle and add three quarts boiling water, one-fourth cup vinegar, and one teaspoonful of salt. Cover and let simmer two and one-half hours. Drain, cool and put under a weight. Cut in thin slices for serving.

Jean Can Bake a Cake

ANOTHER siren that no one would suspect of kitchen yearnings is the platinum-haired Jean Harlow.

"When Jean is tired," says her mother, "nothing seems to rest her so much as working around the stove. Where she learned how I don't know. I never knew enough about cooking to

(*Continued on page 80*)

An Interview with IRENE RICH's Dermatologist



"My dermatologist taught me that a pretty jar is no guarantee of beauty—but the name of Woodbury's is!"...IRENE RICH

"Quench your skin's unceasing thirst

...and you keep it smooth, unlined and youthful!"

No one admires Irene Rich more sincerely than the famous dermatologist who has supervised her skin care for years.

"Every woman should profit by the example of Irene Rich," Dr. K —— says. "She has kept a young skin in spite of years and weather and studio work. Her secret is that she has never allowed her skin to dry out, as the skin tends to do very rapidly after your teens.

"At my suggestion, she has always followed a regular routine to preserve the natural supple quality of her skin. That routine is simply Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Cream... Cold Cream for softening and 'quenching' the skin... Facial Cream as a powder foundation for protection against weathering.

"Using Woodbury's Creams every day... 2 or 3 times a day... she *puts back* into her skin fine oils to replace the natural oils that keep skin soft and smooth.

"Woodbury's Creams are what creams should be, according to dermatology. They are compounded from skin specialists' formulas. They are light, quick-melting, deeply penetrating. They replenish parched skin cells with rich essential oils, and so prevent shriveling, aging. Miss Rich would pay any price for things so important to her career, but I couldn't suggest any better means of protecting and preserving her skin. The Woodbury trade mark is utterly reliable."



Woodbury's

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AND · ALLIED · SCIENTIFIC · BEAUTY · AIDS



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Woodbury's quick-melting Cold Cream and Facial Cream (the perfect make-up base)—the same creams recommended by Hollywood dermatologists—can be had at all drug and toilet goods counters. Also all other Woodbury Scientific Beauty Aids.

TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN
by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

AT NIGHT: After washing your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube... DURING DAY: Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube... FOR LINES AND WRINKLES: Use Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams in daily facial treatments. 75¢ each.

USE THIS COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6312 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐ Flabby Skin ☐
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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(*Continued from page 78*)

teach her anything, and Jean has never had to keep house, but she makes raised rolls and cakes and even soufflés. She draws the line at washing the pans afterward, but she often teases to dry the dinner dishes."

Here are Jean's own recipes for the Harlow specialties—cooking specialties, I mean, not the ones you see so delightfully displayed in Jean's photographs! And one reason why I believe that Jean really does like to cook is because she hasn't a single publicity picture of herself in a perky apron, stirring something on a stove and smiling coquettishly!

WALNUT CHOCOLATE CAKE

¼ cup chocolate powder
½ cup butter
1½ cups flour
½ cup milk
1 cup walnut meats
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
2½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder
2 tablespoonfuls of hot water
1 teaspoonful of vanilla
⅛ teaspoonful of salt.

ICE CREAM FROSTING

1½ cups sugar
½ cup water
Whites of 2 eggs
½ teaspoonful vanilla
½ teaspoonful lemon juice.

Put sugar and water in saucepan, stir until sugar is dissolved, and bring to the boiling point. Beat egg whites until stiff and add one tablespoonful of syrup, one teaspoonful at a time, continuing the beating. Continue to let syrup boil until it will spin a long thread (four inches) when dropped from tip of spoon; then add to first mixture in a fine stream, beating constantly until of right consistency to spread. Add flavoring and spread. Secret of velvety frosting is adding syrup as directed.

Some of the pictures of pretty screen sirens caught in the kitchen in a becoming house dress are not on the up and up, but I'm willing to admit that Nancy Carroll, being Irish to the tips of her capable fingers, may possibly know what to do with the saucepan she holds in her hand so determinedly. The section of New York where Nancy grew up may be crowded and swarming with children, but some of the most savory cooking in the world is done there. Here's one of Nancy's favorite recipes, which she makes sometimes for her friends.



The David Manners Sandwich

DAVID MANNERS knows what a stove looks like—but he's no cook. He's willing to admit that he could never put together a Marlene Dietrich *Eierkuchen*, flip over a Greta Garbo Swedish pancake, bake stuffed cucumbers in the Nancy Carroll manner or make a chocolate cake as light as Jean Harlow's. But give this young Canadian a few things from the delicatessen, and a toaster, and he can produce a sandwich that "tastes like more." In the circle, you see him taking a generous helping of his unusual creation.

The sandwich is a double-decker—on toasted white bread.

The ingredients are:

One layer of Stilton Cheese, garnished with chives, paprika and lettuce leaf.

One layer of Bar-le-Duc Jelly.

NEXT MONTH–THE DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR. SANDWICH

BAKED STUFFED CUCUMBERS. Wipe and pare cucumbers, cut in two-inch pieces, crosswise, removing seeds. Mix four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped cooked ham and two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. Moisten with tomato sauce and season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Put cucumber cups in a shallow pan. Fill with the mixture, and surround with chicken stock. Bake thirty minutes, then remove from oven, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake again until crumbs are brown.

Garbo Cooks Swedish Dishes

COOKS are the bane of Greta Garbo's life! If they understand the mysteries of good Swedish cooking—with butter and heavy cream and Caraway seeds—they also understand what she and her friends are saying, and tell it to magazine writers. If they are of another nationality, they aren't so useful to literature—but neither can they make *Arter Och Flask!* Greta likes the dishes of her own country best. The American restaurants of Hollywood and Los Angeles seldom see her, while tiny, out-of-the-way bungalow eating-houses that advertise "real Swedish cooking" know her well. Both there and in her own kitchen these dishes are served the Great Garbo.

ARTER OCH FLASK. A thick soup made of ham and peas. Cook the ham until thoroughly tender. Cook dried peas. Add the peas to the ham broth and cook until thick. Season to taste. Serve with the ham cut into bits in the soup.

SWEDISH TEA RING

1 cup scalded milk
¾ teaspoonful of salt
¼ cup sugar
6 tablespoonfuls of shortening
⅛ cup finely-chopped nuts
1 yeast cake softened in ¼ cup water
3½ cups flour
1 egg.

Add the scalded milk to the salt, sugar and shortening. When lukewarm add the yeast. Add one-half the flour and beat well. Let rise until very light. When light, add the egg and the remaining flour and beat well. Let rise. Divide the dough into two parts and shape each in a long, round piece and form two circles, placing the circles on a baking tin. Brush with white of egg and

(*Continued on page 103*)



"What wondrous new beauty is this?" you'll say



Jean Harlow, film star, illustrates the adorable smoothness of Princess Pat powder.

LET'S TALK about the *almond* base in Princess Pat face powder — instead of the usual base of *starch* in your accustomed powder. What does the almond do that nothing else can?

Well, it *softens* the powder. One of the things you notice as you try Princess Pat powder for the first time is its adorable, velvety *feel*. No other powder in the world goes upon the skin so *caressingly*.

You are at once conscious of an utterly different *texture* in Princess Pat powder. It seems so much *smoother*. This, of course, is the exclusive almond base effect. And how it will delight you! For the *powder* texture becomes magically the *skin* texture. Every roughness vanishes. Pores seem to disappear. Shine — even on the nose — is utterly banished. Dryness yields, giving place to pliancy.

But the *astounding* thing is still to be told! In a way that seems mysterious, almost unbelievable, the almond base creates powder that *does not show*. Actually your complexion seems innocent of powder — instead youthfully, gloriously groomed to perfect, aristocratic loveliness *with no powdery look!*

Millions of Women Have Changed to Princess Pat

Today, tomorrow, soon . . . the box of powder you now have will be *used up*. And unless it was Princess Pat it was *not* almond base. Positively not! For use of almond (instead of starch) is an exclusive Princess Pat secret.

What could be more intriguing than to make your next box of powder Princess Pat! So little to do . . . such marvelous new beauty to gain. Such an interesting experiment because *no powder you ever used is like Princess Pat.*

One More Advantage to Delight You

Besides the new, entrancing beauty that will enchant you, always remember that Princess Pat powder is also *beneficial to the skin*. Of *almond base*, it keeps pores fine, the skin pliant, soft, youthfully clear. Both *oily* and *dry* skins are the better for its use.

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Name.....

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One sample free, additional samples 10c each

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO



MARILYN'S TALENTED TOOTSIES HAVE BEEN HAVING A LONG REST

You haven't seen Marilyn Miller for many a month. Broadway's most famous dancing daughter has been back home, she has been abroad, and she has been ill. But here she is again, decorating the Hollywood scene and looking fit. And she's about to put those feet in motion once more in "Her Majesty, Love"

News and Gossip of All the Studios

(*Continued from page 41*)

ROLAND YOUNG and his wife are back in town, along with most of the other ex-vacationists. Roland and his wife have one of the sweetest love stories we know. He first met her when she was a child of twelve, the lovely daughter of a lovely and famous mother, Clare Kummer, the playwright. And then and there he fell in love with her and made up his mind to marry her when she was grown. "I owe whatever fame I have to my mother-in-law's plays," says Roland, "and my happiness to my mother-in-law's daughter!"—or graceful words to that effect.

WE asked a prominent leading lady the other day if the rumor of her engagement to a famous director were true. She seemed uncertain, herself. "I wouldn't dare say anything without its coming from him," she said, "but I'll tell you what you might do. We are going to be lunching at the Embassy this noon, and you might happen along to our table, and ask him yourself and see what he says!"

A FINANCIAL magazine publishes a sensational article headed "Film Industry's Day of Reckoning at Hand," proving, or trying to prove, that because of the waste of movie money Wall Street is going to tighten up on the films. It is illustrated with a picture of a handsome juvenile lying on a couch, with electricians, directors and cameramen grouped around for a close-up shot under the caption, "They pay big salaries for this!"

THE widespread publicizing of Connie Bennett's salary of thirty thousand a week which she earned at Warner Brothers, making "Bought," has probably done more harm to the industry—and Connie—than anything else ever printed. Yet to those in the know Connie wasn't overpaid—the company is even said to have remarked that they would have made money from the picture if she had received fifty thousand a week for it!

Joan Bennett has evidently shared her sister's publicity. The other day, as she lay in her plaster cast she received a letter signed "The Girls' Club of Hollywood" which attacked her viciously. It commented that since she had to fall off a horse that she didn't know how to ride, it was a pity she broke only her hip—for hips could heal. Hunger is not uncommon in Hollywood now and this poison-pen letter was undoubtedly the work of a disgruntled extra girl, but Joan was very much upset by it.

JIMMY (Schnozzle) DURANTE—famous stage comic—threatens to make a big hit on the screen. (You'll see him first in William Haines' new picture.) With him on the set every day—but not before the camera—are his two inseparable friends, Clayton and Jackson, who are in the novel situation of receiving a big weekly salary without doing any work for it! Jimmy absolutely refused to work unless they were hired, too. For many years the three have been pals as well as a team. A New York acquaintance tells of hilarious clowning for a few select friends after the theater. "One of their best acts," says he, "was announced as 'The Great Mystery,' and built up by Jimmy's inimitable ballyhoo till the gathering, sitting cross-legged on the floor of their studio, was worked into a fever of anticipation. Then the makeshift curtains would part and there would be the three of them pyramided on each other's shoulders, wearing red-flannel underwear and waving tiny American flags."

(*Continued on page 86*)



Safeguard yourself and others by using* KLEENEX *disposable tissues.

A SOILED handkerchief is unpleasant at any time . . . and during colds it is a positive menace to your health!

Scientific tests found 240,000 germs in a handkerchief used a single time!

You can't avoid self-infection if you carry this germ-trap to your face! Nor should you put it in your pocket. Or in a laundry bag, to spread infection.

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Kleenex ends forever the menace of the handkerchief. Kleenex is a handkerchief tissue, so inexpensive that you use it only once and then destroy! No soiled handkerchief goes back to your face to self-infect. No laundering costs—no washing dirty handkerchiefs!

Kleenex is made of rayon-cellulose, a marvelous substance softer than linen. Its downy texture cannot irritate.

Try Kleenex for polishing spectacles. For manicuring. For applying medicines and bandaging minor wounds.

For removing face creams, Kleenex has no equal. Its absorbency is necessary to blot all dirt and make-up from the pores. Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.



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KLEENEX *Disposable* TISSUES

Dirty handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE



As a woman with a past in "My Sin," Tallulah Bankhead looks like a star with a future. Fredric March assists

The Age for Love—As a woman who tries to have both a career and a home-life, Billie Dove returns to the screen—lovelier than ever, and a better actress. The story never surprises, but Billie does (U. A.).

Alexander Hamilton—George Arliss' greatest screen triumph—in which he plays the young hero of Colonial history whose life was crammed with drama and intrigue (W. B.).

Alice in Wonderland—The characters in Lewis Carroll's childhood classic come to life, but fail to catch the spirit of the story. Even the children may find it a bit dull (Unique Cosmos).

An American Tragedy—An abridged version of Theodore Dreiser's powerful novel about weak youth, in which Sylvia Sidney is more memorable than Phillips Holmes, the hero. Sombre, but not to be missed (Par.).

The Arizona Terror—A typical Ken Maynard Western, in which he is alternately pursuing and being pursued, with the result never in doubt (Tiffany).

Bad Girl—Vina Delmar's frank novel becomes the most sensitive transcription of Young Love to reach the screen since "Seventh Heaven." Sally Eilers is the girl and James Dunn is a sensation as the boy (Fox).

The Bargain—Lewis Stone and John Darrow (father and son) change jobs and each learns a lesson. Interesting, but likely to be too thoughtful for the masses (F. N.).

The Big Gamble—A racketeer forces Bill Boyd to insure himself for a large sum, naming him the beneficiary—and then gives Bill a year to live. Good melodrama from start to finish (RKO-Pathé).

Bought!—Constance Bennett again is a rose of the tenements who sells herself. This time, however, the story is strong and Connie is at her best (W. B.).

The Brat—This story of the spirited waif who reforms a wealthy family shows its age, but it gives Sally O'Neil a chance to make a noble comeback (Fox).

Business and Pleasure—An American millionaire goes abroad and has some impossible—and allegedly humorous—adventures. Pretty slim stuff for Will Rogers (Fox).

Caught Plastered—As a pair of vaudeville "hams," Woolsey and Wheeler try to aid a poor widow. Wisecracks galore, if you like wisecracks (RKO).

A Dangerous Affair—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves together again, as a police lieutenant and a reporter with a mystery to solve. It has everything from comedy to thrills (Col.).

Daughter of the Dragon—Chinese Anna May Wong and Japanese Sessue Hayakawa return to the American screen in an Oriental thriller that has its moments, but is far below their talents (Par.).

The Dreyfus Case—The most celebrated treason case in modern history becomes a powerful and exciting picture. Made in England, with Cedric Hardwicke the unfortunate French captain (Col.).

East of Borneo—The estranged wife of an American doctor follows him to the Far East and there attracts the attention of a Rajah. Spectacular jungle melodrama, with Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford (Univ.).

Expensive Women—Dolores Costello briefly returns to the screen—and is more glamourous than ever—in the surprise rôle of a woman of affairs (W. B.).

Fanny Foley, Herself—As a vaudeville character whose daughters are ashamed of her grotesqueness, Edna May Oliver hides an aching heart under her grim humor. Sentimental all-color picture (RKO).

Fifty Fathoms Deep—An unusual adventure story, laid in the deep, deep sea, and boasting such capable actors as Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell (Col.).

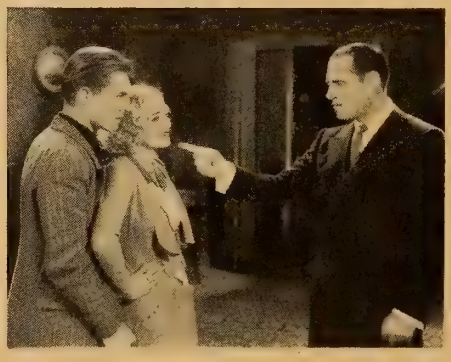
Five-Star Final—A bitter and powerful exposé of the methods that scandal sheets sometimes use to build their circulation, with Edward G. Robinson an editor who squelches his conscience (F. N.).

Flying Lariats—A Western offering a rodeo, a couple of crooks, a couple of honest brothers, and a couple of girls. Wally Wales keeps things moving (Big Four).

Friends and Lovers—Is friendship between men stronger than love for a woman? That's the question that Adolphe Menjou, Laurence Olivier (a promising newcomer), Lily Damita and Eric von Stroheim seek to answer in this confused melodrama (RKO).

The Gay Diplomat—Ivan Lebedeff steps into the star class in an adventure story partly based on incidents in his own dramatic life (RKO).

Graft—A cub reporter ends a political scandal and solves a murder mystery, and Regis Toomey makes it all extremely plausible and exciting (Univ.).



Richard Cromwell and Loretta Sayers take some advice from Jack Holt in the exciting "Fifty Fathoms Deep"

The Guardsman—A jealous husband disguises as a Russian guardsman and makes love to his wife, who responds. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, of stage fame, make it the year's gayest comedy (M-G-M).

Guilty Hands—Lionel Barrymore executes a "perfect" crime and almost gets away with it. He keeps you on the edge of your seat—and the ending will yank you right out of it (M-G-M).

Headin' for Trouble—Bob Custer rides the range in pursuit of a murderer and gives the Western fans everything from romance to a last-minute rescue. Colorful and fast-moving (Big Four).

Huckleberry Finn—The script writers haven't done exactly right by Mark Twain's great story, but Junior Durkin, Jackie Coogan and company make it excellent entertainment, nevertheless (Par.).

I Like Your Nerve—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has a breezy type of rôle in a Central American setting. Most fans won't know whether to take it seriously or not (F. N.).

Larceny Lane—James Cagney and Joan Blondell pair up to separate the gullible from their cash, and the result is an amusing, dramatic crook picture with a courageous ending (W. B.)

Lasca of the Rio Grande—There is plenty of local color in this triangle story about a Mexican dancer, a Texas ranger, and a mucho bad hombre, but Dorothy Burgess is the only one who seems real (Univ.).

Lullaby—Helen Hayes, famous young stage star, comes to the screen in a sob-story of a mother's self-sacrifice. Despite the morbid material, she lives up to all expectations (M-G-M).

The Last Flight—Four ex-aviators set out to forget the War in company with Helen Chandler; accidents befall three, until only Richard Barthelmess is left. Starting out as a study of post-war emotions, the story changes into a melodrama and becomes just another picture (F. N.).

The Mad Genius—Again playing the part of a bitter hypnotist, John Barrymore is a crippled dancing master who wrecks the lives of two young lovers. Likely to hypnotize you, too (W. B.).

The Mad Parade—Women in the front-line trenches, without a man in sight. A unique, but unreal melodrama, in which Evelyn Brent, Louise Fazenda and Irene Rich head the cast (Par.).

Merely Mary Ann—Love in a boarding-house, as interpreted by Janet Gaynor (who's a slavey) and Charles Farrell (who's a struggling composer). Sentimental, but who would have it otherwise? (Fox).

Monkey Business—The mad, mad Marxes (all four of them) enter business—and temporarily end all depression. If it's nonsense you like, don't miss it (Par.).

Murder at Midnight—Four murder mysteries all in one picture, with the suspense rising by the minute. Alice White returns to the screen in a small rôle (Tiffany).

My Sin—Again handicapped by a trite story (about a lady with a dance-hall past), Tallulah Bankhead again proves that she is one of the screen's best actresses. Fredric March assists her nobly (Par.).

Pagan Lady—Evelyn Brent smolders this time as a Havana barmaid who teams up with a he-man rum-runner (Charles Bickford), and turns down a missionary (Conrad Nagel) in doing so. Sexy—but potent—melodrama (Col.).

Penrod and Sam—Booth Tarkington's famous boys come to life anew in the persons of Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan. Human and humorous. A picture for the entire family (F. N.).

Personal Maid—Nancy Carroll is another poor lass who "wants nice things," but hearkens to conscience just the same. Nancy and Pat O'Brien rise above the material (Par.).

The Phantom of Paris—As a bearded mystery man, John Gilbert not only has a new appearance, but a new type of story—and makes a real comeback (M-G-M).

Platinum Blonde—Robert Williams, as a breezy reporter, marries and tries to get along with the wealthy Jean Harlow, who likes unusual men. Amusing (Col.)

Rebound—On the "rebound" from disappointing love affairs, Ina Claire and Robert Ames marry—with results that are sophisticated and witty. Leave the children home (RKO-Pathé).

Riders of the Purple Sage—Zane Grey's famous story again becomes an action movie, featuring George O'Brien, Marguerite Churchill, Noah Beery, a stampede, a pistol duel in a courtroom and a forest fire (Fox).

The Road to Singapore—William Powell sheds his tuxedo and has a good chance to be emotional as the lover of another man's wife (Doris Kenyon) in the South Seas. Powell at his best (W. B.).

(*Continued on page 100*)



Rose Hobart has her heart-breaking moments in "We Three," which also features Ben Lyon and Juliette Compton

Ziegfeld Was Right About Sally Eilers

(*Continued from page 66*)

star or a dancing girl, lay behind her. Sally was born in New York, but her family had moved West just about the time Sally was of high-school age.

Sally and Carmen Pantages and Reginald Denny's wife, "Bubbles," and George Lewis' wife and Loretta Young and Sally Blane and Carole Lombard all grew up in Hollywood. After school they used to go over to Carmen Pantages' swimming-pool and watch and meet a few of the movie stars who dropped over to the beautiful Vermont Avenue home of the Pantages. Sally, along with the rest of them, had movie ambitions. When she was old enough to wear a beret on the back of her head, short skirts and a crimson lipstick, she set out to make a round of the studios. The casting directors would ask her: "What experience have you had?" It was quite a fight for Sally to refrain from mentioning her high-school graduation exercises.

In the beginning she had a little luck. It just happened that she accompanied Carole Lombard (then Jane Peters) to the Mack Sennett Studio for lunch one day. It happened that Mack and Alice Day had a come-to about certain costumes Alice was to wear in "The Goodbye Kiss." Alice said she "wouldn't." Mack retorted that if she didn't, some other girl would.

"The Goodbye Kiss" launched Sally nicely on a career of pictures and publicity. The Wampas selected her as one of our most promising candidates for stardom and for a moment things looked swell for Sally. Her mother and father and kid brother had even ceased to grumble about her career. When she engaged the professional services of a press-agent, it was definitely understood that Sally was "in the movies."

For several months after the Sennett picture Sally sat back to watch her career and her press notices. The career was not much trouble; nothing much happened. The press notices were more colorful than anything she did on the screen. "Sally Eilers is stepping out with Matty Kemp," the gossip columnists noted. "Sally Eilers announces her engagement to William Hawks" rated a headline on the second page. When she remonstrated that her passing flirtations were about all he seemed to be able to get in print, the P. A. answered: "Well, you don't do anything else, Sally." This was too true to be funny.

It was along about this willy-nilly stage of her career that she met Hoot Gibson. She had been engaged as his leading woman in a picture. Before the film was finished, Sally was engaged to Hoot.

The engagement of Sally and Hoot was a very gay affair socially. Sally's Hollywood social life has always been a lot of fun. Carmen Pantages and Marian Nixon and "Bubbles" Denny and Marie Prevost alternated as hostesses in honor of the bride-to-be. Because she and Hoot were married two weeks after Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Bebe and Sally were jointly guests of honor at many Hollywood parties. It was a gay season for fun—but nothing much was happening to her career.

Florenz Ziegfeld came to Hollywood to supervise "Whoopee," met Sally at Hoot's rodeo and startled the colony by choosing her as the most attractive girl he had met.

She made "Sailor's Holiday" with Buster Keaton and "Reducing" with Marie Dressler. After that she went back to Keaton for "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and stepped into a featured rôle with Norma Shearer in "Let Us Be Gay." She managed to keep working, but she wasn't setting the world on fire.

The first big break of her career came in Roland Brown's "Quick Millions." Mr. Brown's picture attracted a good deal of attention and several reviewers, who had formed the practice of letting Sally slide off their typewriters, suddenly made note of the fact that "Sally Eilers turns in a surprisingly effective performance." The Fox people must have thought so—they signed her to a long-term contract.

"The Black Camel" was her second Fox picture—and she hated it. Not even the trip to Honolulu with the company and Hoot could make up to Sally the disappointments she felt in this picture. Only one thing kept her going. Winfield Sheehan had promised that if Sally turned in a good performance in "The Black Camel," she might be permitted to read the script of "Bad Girl" when she returned.

Sally wanted that part as she had never wanted anything else in her life. It dealt with the problems of "the average girl," her wisecracks, her mode of living, and Sally felt she knew that girl by heart.

When her rôle in "The Black Camel" turned out even worse than she had expected, she almost gave up hope of ever seeing the script of "Bad Girl." But things do work out nicely in Hollywood once in a while. When Sally stepped off the boat, the script was waiting for her.

If you don't think Sally has been stepping along ever since, you must have missed the glowing reviews of "Bad Girl." Now she's appearing in "Over the Hill"—one of the big specials of the year.

As Sally says: "It's a riot!"



News and Gossip of All the Studios

(*Continued from page 83*)

EDNA MAY COOPER, once a movie star and now a flying star, has just sent us an announcement that she and her ten-year-old son, "Little Pal Karl" (Edna was once Karl Brown's wife), are about to start working their way around the world by air in "The Love Bird," Edna's own 'plane. She is prepared to get you autographs, carry mail for souvenir postmarks and do any other little air chores you might like.

A CRUEL practical jokester is at work in our midst. For the past month or so, Trem Carr Studios have been besieged by hopeful and hungry-looking extras, who clamored that someone had called them on the telephone and told them to report for work there. After a few weeks, baiting the extras appeared to pall, for it was "bit" players and free-lances who were the joker's next victims. Then agents were called on the 'phone and asked to send high-priced stars to various studios for tests. At any time this would be cruel, but after such a lean summer (the leanest in Hollywood history), when players' nerves are taut with strain—and their stomachs empty—it is the work of a real fiend.

KAY FRANCIS (Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna) gave a dinner party the other evening and invited three couples. When she and the three other wives descended to the drawing-room from powdering their lovely noses after dinner, Kay looked about the deserted room in amazement (or so the story goes). "Why, where are the men?" she cried. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," one of the others answered. "They've gone to the fights—they said for us to play contract till they came back." Kay drew herself up. "Do you suppose I want to spend my evening with a lot of *women?*" she is quoted as saying. "If the men have gone, you might as well go home! I'm going to bed!" And they did. And she did.

THE latest thing in Hollywood parties, however, was that recently given to a newcomer from New York. On the engraved invitations that were mailed to the inner circle of Hollywood society appeared the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Starrett" and "Mr. and Mrs. John P. Medbury." But it developed, when people began to arrive at the party, that apparently the hosts and hostesses had not been informed they were giving a party! At any rate, only one of the four showed up, and then rather breathlessly a few moments before the end. But there was plenty to eat and drink, the guest of honor was charming—and Hollywood doesn't need hosts to have a good time.

THIS story may shed light on how wild tales start in Hollywood. My neighbor's high-school daughter and several friends rushed in breathlessly the other afternoon and announced, "Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are married!" It was pointed out to them that Janet was already married to Lydell Peck. "Oh, no!" said the girls in chorus. "You're 'way out of date! They were divorced secretly months ago!" Even if that unlikely contingency were true, it was further pointed out, Virginia Valli Farrell would undoubtedly object to having another lady marry her husband. "Well, anyhow," said the chorus, "we saw Janet and Charlie coming out of church together, holding hands! At least, it looked like them—"



One of the most confirmed home-girls in Hollywood is Elissa Landi, who's addicted to lounging pajamas. Also, of course, she's happily married. In fact, she has just gone over to England to visit husband John Lawrence

THE mother of three almost equally famous players was attending a party with one of her daughters the other day. After a time the daughter grew lively and ran about pinching the guests.

"When C— gets tight she's cute," remarked mother of her youngest. "When N— (the middle daughter) gets tight, she's a perfect lady. But when N—(her oldest daughter) gets tight, I just hate her!"

THE fifth anniversary of Valentino's death found the crowds greater than ever at his grave and at the memorial services at the church. Pola Negri and Jean Acker, his first wife, stood side by side at his tomb, and left wreaths (with their names on them). Old ladies fainted with emotion, young women had hysterics. It is astonishing what vitality the young Italian's fame still has!

IT is rumored that Krishnamurti, young Hindu whose millions of followers call him the "Second Christ," may be prevailed upon to make a motion picture of India called "Untouchable." Now for Mahatma Gandhi—but the Hays office would insist on his wearing more clothes.

LINA BASQUETTE is Headline Material. She makes news wherever she goes. The latest occasion was at the Embassy Roof, where Lina has been doing a dancing act. Dozens of guests saw what happened. Saw the orchestra leader, scowling, mumble his introduction of the dancer. Saw Lina whirl dangerously on him and rush toward him as if to pull his hair. Saw him flee, leaving the orchestra leaderless, to stumble through a makeshift dance number as best it could, for Lina and the orchestra leader never returned. It seems that she was annoyed because he refused to move a big piano that impeded a triumphant entrance for her dance.

AND what's this we hear about the party that prolonged itself so far into the morning that the neighbors sent for the police? "It was a great success!" said one of the guests. "The cops came three times. And the last time the hostess asked their advice about getting rid of some of her guests, who were so plastered they didn't know their way home—and she was so sweet and charming about it all that the cops helped her out by taking her guests home for her."

THE Fiesta to celebrate Los Angeles' 150th Birthday threatened to be a flop financially, but the Motion Picture Night brilliantly saved the situation. The proceeds from this one evening were more than enough to pay the entire expenses of the ten-day Fiesta, and twenty thousand who bought tickets couldn't get into the crowded Stadium. "A quarter of Los Angeles is here tonight," claimed Marshal Harold Lloyd. Drawn by advertisements that claimed that many famous stars would be present and perform, the audience was disappointed by several of these stars. Notably they grumbled because at the last moment Ken Maynard refused—from some grievance—to put on his advertised riding act. Douglas Fairbanks' partner did not turn up, so the game that Doug promised the crowds also had to be omitted.

THE Baby Star whose poise was the most marked was the one who was the first choice of the Wampas—Anita Louise, fifteen years old. This marvelous Younger Generation! Tall, slim Anita swept to the microphone and spoke clearly and with charm and good sense. The gowns of the Baby Stars as a whole were disappointing, being too fussy and motion-picturish.

A CLOSE friend of Ben and Bebe Lyon is a newspaper lady who writes a column for the morning papers. It was her hard luck that after she had gone to the hospital with Bebe and remained with her for ten hours, the baby was born in time for the afternoon papers to get the story first!

How Tragedy Has Stalked the Screen Beauties

(*Continued from page 35*)

Is it necessary to relate the unhappiness that haunted Clara Bow after she began her career by winning a beauty contest conducted by MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE? This girl, whose face should have earned her *everything*, has experienced the wreck of both health and spirit. Unhappy love affairs, lawsuits, false friends, and attempted blackmail have been Clara's rewards from her spirited loveliness.

The same might be said of Sally O'Neil, an exquisite little Irish mick of black curling hair and deep blue eyes. Marshall Neilan once said: "There was no prettier girl in the world than Sally at seventeen—when I first discovered her for pictures." At twenty-five, Sally is still lovely, in spite of the beauty jinx that has pursued her career. The crashing of a great love affair . . . an adored brother whose companions lured him into serious trouble . . . bankruptcy . . . two idle years away from work in the studios. This girl who started out far ahead of Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett in that first important picture of the trio—"Sally, Irene and Mary"—was left to the pity of her profession while Constance and Joan soared on to film heights.

And there is Claire Windsor, once known as "The Orchid Girl" of the screen. What has Claire's great beauty brought her? Two unhappy marriages and an indifferently successful career that now finds her on the fringe of the industry.

Olive Thomas, known as "the most beautiful girl in the world" and certainly one of the loveliest the screen has ever mirrored, died in Paris at the age of twenty-three. There were whispers about that death—and finally an investigation. Could this girl, who had so much to live for, have met her death by her own hand? The investigators finally came to the conclusion that the beautiful girl (first wife of Jack Pickford) had mistaken a bottle of poison for sleeping powders, following a gay party in a Paris café. The gift of beauty for twenty-three years—then tragedy.



Olive Thomas, once called "the most beautiful girl in the world," mistook poison for a sleeping potion—and died

Barbara La Marr. A Judge called her "too beautiful" . . . too beautiful to stand the pace of life set by her glowing loveliness.

Alma Rubens . . . dusky, exquisite . . . as lovely as a magnolia blossom . . . she lived and died in agony of flesh and spirit.

Martha Mansfield . . . burned to death from live ash from her cigarette that caught in her flimsy gown as she sat on a movie set. Beautiful Martha, whose beauty was fated to bloom for only nineteen brief years.

Truly, the history of Hollywood's great beauties is sad!



Others *can't be* "just like Kotex"

—substitutes don't offer this safety and security

IT is not enough for a sanitary pad to look like Kotex. To be safe, sanitary protection must be as hygienically made as Kotex. Immaculate. Clean. The kind of product a hospital approves.

So, when tempted to try a substitute, don't be satisfied with the careless statement, "just like Kotex." Ask how this substitute was made. Where. By whom.

Health is involved

Demand a complete answer to these questions. You have a right to know—your health is involved. Be very sure before you sacrifice the absolute safety of Kotex.

And when buying sanitary napkins already wrapped, inquire of the clerk: "Is this Kotex?" Thus you'll make sure of getting nothing but the genuine Kotex.

Kotex is bought by hospitals in enormous quantities—for it fully meets their requirements. Kotex, indeed, is made with hospital care. In surroundings of immaculate cleanliness. Modern methods are used throughout, so hands never touch Kotex in the making. As soon as made, Kotex is sealed in dustproof packages.

Every precaution is taken for your comfort as well as health. Kotex is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. And it is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. These layers absorb away from the surface, which remains soft and delicate.

Kotex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Or, singly, in cabinets by West Disinfecting Company.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.

4 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

The Movie Heroes of the World War

(*Continued from page 30*)



U. S. A. Signal Corps

Private Ernest B. Schoedsack (later producer of "Grass," "Chang," etc.) was behind a camouflaged movie camera during the Vesle drive

Armistice Dismayed McLaglen

THE outstanding War memory of Major Victor McLaglen — who has become *Captain Flagg* to you and you—was the march into Bagdad, when he saw green trees, flowers and grass for the first time in more than a year. Eighteen months on the white-hot sands of the Arabian desert had seared his soul as well as his body.

"After your eyes have been burned till they have you muttering, a green tree or a bit of grass or the tinkling of water is heaven," says McLaglen. "It was in Bagdad that we got the news of the Armistice. In a brief moment that splendid day in Capetown flashed through my mind—the day when war was declared and every man started a mad rush to military headquarters, leaving his hammer, his pen, his butcher's cleaver where he dropped it, the day when common men became heroes at a word. 'What in the name of God will we do now?' I thought, dismayed. The War was over—what was going to take the place of these thrill-filled days? Sometimes I still wonder. It was a great war—a wonderful show—I wouldn't have missed it for the world, even if I did lose a brother and hundreds of friends. Eight McLaglens joined the colors."

While Private Buster Keaton feels he peeled his way through the war via the potato route, he'll never forget the drizzly night that he nearly lost his life—and not at the hands of the enemy, either! It was his own camp sentry who had called to him to halt three times. Buster had contracted a deafness due to the constant cold and dampness and could not hear the sentry's voice. He did hear the gun click and stood dead in his tracks, much to the relief of the sentry when he discovered who it was. "Good God, Keaton!" cried the guard. "In another second I'd have fixed you for a wooden overcoat!"

Lebedeff's Prize Prisoner

IVAN LEBEDEFF was a captain in the Czar's forces. He took part in many a raiding party into the German lines. One of the outstanding achievements of this daredevil Russian was the capture at Nevel of a German general—Lieutenant-General Von Fabarius, the only German general captured during the War.

"One memory that often comes into my mind," says Ivan, "is the time a group of sixty of us, wounded, hungry and homeless, rode after three days without rest, into an old abandoned castle where we found both food and wine, mysteriously set out as if we were expected guests." Lebedeff has the Cross of St. George. He saw service on both the German and Bulgarian fronts, where he was wounded several times. Only recently he had a bullet removed from his chest where he had carried it fourteen years.

Clive Brook rose to be a Major from the ranks of the "Artists' Rifles." Long after the war was over, he would find himself in all sorts of embarrassing predicaments from the shell-shock he sustained.

"It's not much fun remembering yourself in a seat in a theater, looking at a scene in 'Samson and Delilah' and then 'coming to,' hugging an iron mud-scraper outside a front door on the other side of London," says Major Brook. "I am thankful that I outgrew this affliction as the years passed."

Ronald Colman was in London when the War ended. That mad Armistice night on Piccadilly Circus is the most unforgettable War memory he has. Or perhaps he doesn't dare remember others.

Adolphe Remembers "The Tiger"

CAPTAIN ADOLPHE MENJOU first served as a private overseas and also was an ambulance driver. He tells the story of the day in Bouillonville during the Argonne drive when Clemenceau appeared in his motorcar and under heavy fire got out, walked calmly to the American officer on the field, talked with him a moment, then as calmly walked back to his car and drove off.

"It took more than a bit of shellfire to daunt that old tiger," says Menjou. "It was this great spirit that cheered every man within sight of it and the word soon went around of what had happened. That put the old fighting urge up a bit with all of us. To me, that was the most dramatic episode I can remember. I was at Sivry-la-Perche when we heard that the show was over. What a madness was in the air—men went insane with relief!"

Captain Bela Lugosi of the Hungarian forces is often twitted by his dining companions because of the peculiar far-away expression that comes over his face when a dish of Hungarian goulash is placed before him.

"I see a group of men like dogs—tearing at the earth, looking for scraps of meat," said Lugosi when someone insisted on knowing what brought that look. "It was during the War. We had been under constant fire for four days and four nights with no supplies, when a kitchen wagon, loaded with pots of steaming goulash, came up back of the lines. There was a mad rush—discipline was forgotten. Those men, like animals, watering at the mouth, fought to reach the steaming pots. Then a shell struck right in the midst of it all. Men, horses and goulash flew in all directions. As soon as the débris cleared, those who were left, seemingly unmindful that other shells—hundreds of them—were whizzing overhead, got down on their hands and knees and grubbed in the mess for what they could find of the remains of the food."

Last, But Not Least

AND so it goes, on and on and on. The motion picture industry is well supplied with its war heroes. Not all of them hit the firing line or even got across. Among those who could add their experiences "over there," if space permitted, are:

Claude Allister, who saw the first actual war-tank service in the British tank division, at the battle of Cambrai—

Bob Lee, who discussed poetry with Joyce Kilmer of "Trees" fame under heavy gunfire on the French front—

Kenneth Harlan, one of the first Hollywood buck privates to hit the trenches—

Franklin Pangborn, wounded in the Argonne—

James Hall, who organized his trench buddies into a jazz band—

Norman Kerry, a lieutenant in the American Tank Corps—

Leslie Howard, who served with the British "and will never be the same again"—

Paul Lukas, who did his bit on the Hungarian front—

Reginald Denny, who joined the Royal Flying Corps—

John Miljan, who was in the Marines and was chalked up A.W.O.L. and given a sanity test for breaking out of the guardhouse.

George K. Arthur, who served with the Scotch troops—

And Reginald Sharland, the English actor, who is still awed by the memory of countless thousands of men standing bareheaded before the gates of Buckingham Palace, coming from shops, markets, banks, shipping offices—men who had never thought of fighting—and ready to get on the firing line for king and country.

Not all Hollywood's war heroes are in the ranks of the stars. There is the gatekeeper at RKO Studios, for instance. To the players, extras, and electricians who pass him every day he is "George"—but he was Major George D. Beaumont when it was his glorious duty to telegraph all the front-line American divisions, with his own hands tapping the keys at General Headquarters, the most important message of the War.

Major Beaumont saved the original copy of this message and both Smithsonian Institute and the Library of Congress have tried to persuade him to give them this famous war relic. He agreed to place the document in the archives of Stanford University.

"It's about all I salvaged out of the service," he says. "It's my most precious possession, but it belongs to the world—"

For this is what the message said, sent over a weary world on November 11, 1918:

"Armistice with Germany has been signed. All hostilities cease."



Charles Phelps Cushing

After a battle near Chateau-Thierry, Lieut. Wesley Ruggles (later director of "Cimarron," etc.,) looked for battlefield souvenirs



Too Old to Learn Music?

Hardly. Not after thousands and thousands of men and women between the ages of 30 and 50 have enrolled with the famous U. S. School of Music and have learned to play their favorite instruments without the slightest difficulty or waste of time!

WHAT has your age got to do with learning music when you now have a method at your disposal that has done away with compulsory practice—that has tabooed monotonous scales and harsh-sounding finger gymnastics—that has slashed expensive fees—that makes *you* the boss instead of requiring a personal teacher?

If, year after year, hundreds and hundreds of children, scarcely in their "teens," learn to read notes and play a musical instrument with only our printed instructions and illustrated diagrams to guide them, think how simple it must be for older people to follow, benefit and progress rapidly in this home-study manner.

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You can't go wrong. You'll never lose patience. Not only will you *want* to study—you'll actually look forward to the "next lesson" when you study music the U. S. School way.

And no wonder. You spend a little time each day in the privacy of your own home seeing and hearing your musical dreams come true. There's no personal teacher to take orders from—no intricate explanations to baffle you—no trust-to-luck tactics. For right with you at all times are our concise print and picture instructions keeping you on the right track—telling you what to play and showing you how to play it—taking you over a delightful short-cut to musical accomplishment. Each new lesson contains a new thrill. For the entire course from the very beginning to the end is brimful of cheerful, tuneful selections which you eagerly learn to play *by note.*

And as far as money is concerned—you'll never have any complaint. For, regardless of which instrument you select, the cost of learning will average only a few cents a day.

Music Will Be An Unfailing Friend

The older you get, the more you need the solace and pleasure that self-made music affords. Anyone can tune in on a radio—play a record or get music out of a player piano. But what empty satisfaction compared to making music *yourself!*

The ability to play, on the other hand, offers you a definite escape from monotony—gives you the opportunity to do something real—to meet people—to make friends. And there's nothing like good music to help you forget your troubles.

Every child, too, who can play a musical instrument is equipped with an accomplishment that attracts, entertains and holds chums—that replaces bashfulness with confidence and poise—that assures a social and profitable "standby" for their later years.

Think of the wonderful satisfaction of being able to play what you want and whenever you are so inclined. Forget your age. And bear in mind, you don't have to know one note from another to start your lessons from the U. S. School of Music.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

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Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
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If you really want to learn to play at home—without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson TODAY. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U. S. School of Music, 6012 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

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Name .....

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City..... State.....

How Hollywood Gets Its Wild Reputation

(*Continued from page 45*)

people trouble is bound to happen, just as surely as it happens occasionally in any city of seventeen thousand people. But why should these unknowns, who often have no connection with Hollywood whatsoever, give the city its reputation? Because a bank clerk occasionally steals money, prominent bankers don't get the reputation of being thieves.

Specific cases, however, are better than generalities. So just to check up on how Hollywood gets its reputation, I clipped all the local Los Angeles and Hollywood newspapers for film-scandal stories for a period of sixty days. (I hate to think what the intake would have been in a year!) The names involved I checked with the Central Casting Bureau and the Hays organization. I must confess that practically all of these names were strange to me, and I know Hollywood fairly well. I think they'll be strange to you, too.

In most of the cases—and this is important—the people were strange to these two organizations. And among the employees of Central Casting are people who know practically everyone who has been in pictures in Hollywood for 20 years! They hold their jobs because their memories are good.



This picture shows you another view of the movie capital—which looks like any busy suburb of any big town, no better and no worse. Note the hills that prevent Hollywood from growing much larger

Ever Hear of Marion Brazier?

FOR instance, stories recently appeared in all the local papers under an Eastern date-line, telling how Marion Brazier, "one-time Hollywood film star," had sawed her way out of a Hackensack, N. J. jail a few years ago, leaving a fresh note for a detective, and how that worthy had recently met her when she left a penitentiary in Massachusetts and re-arrested her on the old charge. Pictures of this "one-time star" later appeared, and in one Los Angeles paper were spread over five columns.

I never heard of Marion Brazier in pictures. Did you? I can find no record of her in any of the film year books, and certainly she was never a "star" in the Hollywood sense of the word. But what is more important, nobody at Central Casting, according to information forwarded me by the Hays organization, had ever heard of her, *either* as an extra or a star. Yet those dispatches and pictures were carried in probably three thousand daily papers in the United States, and millions of readers will never be disillusioned. It will only add one more nail of surety to their conviction that Hollywood actresses are wild, wild women!

Some nights ago, while going down Hollywood Boulevard, I heard the newsboys shouting: "Woman Whips Movie Star." I stopped and bought a paper. The headline read: WIFE TELLS COURT STORY OF WHIPPING "OTHER WOMAN"—*Film Actress Thrashed in Jealous Rage.*

Another Star Gone Wrong?

"THIS must be hot stuff," thousands of newspaper readers must have said as they got a paper. "Wonder if it's Mary Pickford, or Norma Shearer, or Dorothy Mackaill, or Joan Crawford? Say, this Hollywood is certainly a wild place."

Well, here's the story as it ran, for a column or more, in the paper:

"Sure I thrashed her—why not? She deserved it—and I took matters into my own hands."

With this proffered justification Mrs. Mary Baxter, living at 2001 North Gramercy Place told, in Judge Georgis Bullock's court yesterday how on March 23 she had beaten Miss Lois Fournier, of 1663 Waterloo St., *a film actress.*

Her reason, she said, was that Miss Fournier had gone to Tia Juana with her husband, Harry C. Baxter, a certified public accountant, etc."

The italics are mine. You will notice that the "film actress" angle was mentioned twice, once in the headline and again at the beginning of the story.

Here is the report Central Casting gave me, through the Hays organization, on Miss Fournier's Hollywood prominence. (And by the way, I hadn't heard of her, had you?) She is not registered with Central Casting. (Nor do the film annuals reveal her as an actress—and these annuals list players above "extra" prominence who have received screen credit.) The people at Central Casting, however, have heard of her and understand that she has done a small amount of picture work.

"Two Typical Wild Parties"

THEN I picked up another headline: POLICE BREAK UP WILD PARTY IN LAUREL CANYON—MOVIE DIRECTOR IS ARRESTED. I refrain from mentioning the names in this case, as the party turned out to be not so wild after all. It was one of those social standabouts with a little kitchen-drinking in that portion of Laurel Canyon known as the "Whispering Gallery" because the neighbors half a mile away, due to peculiar acoustics, can hear echoes of each others' social doings, and because there are a number of crabs who turn each other over to the police.

The "movie director" mentioned in this story was not a director at all, but a second assistant director who had never worked in a major studio. The charges were dismissed, as he was not intoxicated. He had merely objected to having the cops appear, and they pinched him for having "sassed" them. As for the rest of the party, it was so tame that it wouldn't even have caused a ripple in Des Moines, Iowa. But that was how another "wild Hollywood party" broke into print.

Then there was a big banner-line a few days later: POLICE RAID FILM PARTY—HOLLYWOOD LEADING MAN BATTLES WITH OFFICER. The actor who was arrested in this case was from the stage. He had arrived in Hollywood only ten days before. It was his first trip. He had engaged a house, and was holding a housewarming, but there wasn't a single film player present when the police arrived. The actor has since appeared in the lead of one picture, and has gone back to the stage. But Hollywood film folk got the credit for the party!

Tied Up With a Murder

HERE, however, is the most flagrant case in recent months of a newspaper's abuse of the good name of the film players for pure purposes of circulation. It is the deliberate creating of a headline sensation, using the name of an innocent film actress who was attempting to aid the police.

Of course, there is no news quite so juicy to millions of newspaper readers as the fact that a film player is mixed up in a murder. Draw your own conclusions as to these headlines, which appeared in practically every Los Angeles and Hollywood paper in one day: ACTRESS RELATES EVENTS AFTER DOUBLE SLAYING—Film Player Tells of Seeing Three Men Leave Crawford's Office.—FILM BEAUTY AIDS MURDER PROBE!—FILM ACTRESS NEW WITNESS IN CRAWFORD MURDER!

Certainly sounds bad, doesn't it? Another movie star mixed up in a murder! Sub-heads referred to her as a "pretty blonde Hollywood film actress," and captions said she "loomed today as a possible key-witness in the Crawford murder, following disclosures she made to the police."

But what are the facts? Why, Miss Jean Riley happened to be driving down Sunset Boulevard, where thousands of cars pass in an hour, at four-thirty one afternoon when two or three men came running from the bungalow office of Charles Crawford, a Los Angeles politician, just after he and Herbert Spencer, a newspaperman, had been shot. Miss Riley told the police she had seen the men running from the office.

She Only Did Her Duty

I INQUIRED of the Hays organization who Miss Jean Riley was. It seems that she was once featured in movies some years ago, and is to-day the mother of a child who sometimes gets minor rôles.

She not only had every right, but it was a civic duty, to report to the police. Yet eight-column banner-lines heralded to the world that another "film player" was mixed up in a murder! Wild Hollywood—that's one of the ways it gets its reputation.

Do you know the following people—you picture fans? Well, here's a story that appeared recently in a Los Angeles paper,

below this headline: ACTRESS ASKS $100,000 FOR SCAR ON HEAD—Sues Film Director, Charging He Was Intoxicated And Crashed Into Another Car.

For a scar on her forehead, which she alleges permanently disfigures her, and other injuries, Mildred Dalzell, *film actress*, seeks $100,000 damages.

A suit demanding this amount from Sandy Roth, *film director*, was filed yesterday by her attorney. The actress alleges that while with Roth, the director became intoxicated and permitted his car to collide with one driven by Giles Boyd.

As a result of the accident Miss Dalzell declares she suffered cuts on her face and severe nervous shock. The cuts have left a permanent scar which will prevent her from continuing her film career, she contends.

Never having heard of Miss Mildred Dalzell among the Swansons, Crawfords, Garbos, or Bennetts, and not recognizing the name of Sandy Roth among the DeMilles, Milestones, Beaudines, or Brenons, I again called on the Hays office for information.

Yes, replied the Hays office, their records showed that Miss Dalzell worked in pictures. She was registered as an extra at Central Casting. Roth, too, is known in pictures, but he is not "a director." He, like so many others who get into the papers as "directors," is in reality an assistant director, of whom there are hundreds in Hollywood. But that story in print was all more flame for Hollywood's fanfare of "wildness."

Stars Responsible for Relatives?

FREQUENT are the attempts to give news stories about the relatives of the film famous a sensational tinge. I recall one story a time back which got into print because a warrant was sworn out in Arkansas for a man described as "a cousin of Will Rogers." He actually happened to be a second cousin of Will Rogers' wife! And the other day there was a front-page story, occupying a whole column, which appeared under the following headline: MAE MARSH SISTER WINS SUIT AGAINST RICH SPANISH MATE.

Mae Marsh, a star in the Gish days, has recently returned to pictures after years away from the screen, but her sister, so far as I can find out, has never been in the films. Yet their relationship makes it a "Hollywood divorce" story.

Back in the old days, when Eastern visitors hopped off the train, they used to say: "The first things we want to see are the orange groves, the ostrich farm, and the abolone shells through the glass-bottomed boat at Catalina Island."

Nowadays they do the exit from the Pullman and shout: "Take us to Hollywood as fast as you can get us there. We want to see these wild movie stars in the flesh, and see the studios, and get the latest dirt and—er—what chance do you think there'd be of getting in on a wild Hollywood party?"

The orange groves are deserted, the trolley line no longer runs excursions for the tourists out through the picturesque countryside, the ostriches can bury their heads without annoyance from rubberneck tourists, and the glass-bottomed boats might as well not be there. For the tourists are all in Hollywood, looking for trouble!

So it goes in "wild Hollywood." We get our reputation from our own newspapers, which of course, act as feeders for the press associations that cover the country. We don't get it from our notables except in the rarest cases. They have too much at stake to afford notoriety. But "movie names make the paper," and banner-lines can be deceptive, hurtling unknowns into five-minute newspaper fame.

It is these that our tourist visitors—and there are nearly three-quarters of a million of them a year in Southern California—see in our headlines. And it is on this basis that they hurry home to tell the folks how "scandals are popping in Hollywood almost every day!"

8th Prize — **WHY I CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST**

Capt. M. B. Driscoll, Washington, D. C.

So long as smoking was confined to men, it was only a habit. Since women have taken it up, smoking has become an art.

As a habit, any old cigarette would satisfy. An art, however, demands discrimination. After I had learned that smoking is social, I soon learned that the Marlboro is a social asset. Looking at smoking as a social art, I look more to the appearance and effect of the cigarette.

The Marlboro is dainty, individual; and for distinction, there is no cigarette superior to the Marlboro. It is the cigarette of Society. That is why I changed to Marlboros.

M. B. Driscoll.

...55% more in safety and enjoyment at only 5 cents more in price

MARLBORO

PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED

America's finest cigarette

ONCE upon a time there was an average man who decided to become a Great Inventive Genius.

His first creation was a cake cutter—a tin hoop with sections like an orange. You just pressed the hoop down over the cake, and the sharpened sections cut the whole into perfect wedge-shaped pieces.

The Inventive Genius, eager to cash in on his creation, sought some advertising counsel. But the first thought of the Advertising Man was to see the cutter in action. Would it really cut cake?

Properly indignant, the Inventor challenged the suggestion. The cutter was hustled off to the practical kitchen of a woman who serves advertisers in a very practical way. She tests household devices and foods and recipes, just as you would test them in your own kitchen.

On the appointed day a lovely layer cake was baked expressly for the try-out. The shiny tin hoop slipped gently over the tender frosting. The blades pressed into the smooth top, and sent little shivery cracks in all directions. Then the dreadful truth was demonstrated. *The beautiful tin cutter wouldn't cut. . . . It merely squashed the cake!*

The household devices you see advertised in this magazine have all been tested and tried. They are practical. They positively do what their advertising says they will do. All this is determined *before* they are advertised here.



HE WANTS

Naturalness

TANGEE *gives it!*



Man is no beauty expert but he knows what he wants. He sees and he *judges,* and for reasons not so strange he looks first *at your lips.* There, above all else, he *insists* upon *Naturalness!*

Artificial, greasy smears and ugly red slashes have no appeal. So keep your lips soft, seductive and kissable, which the world's most famous lipstick, TANGEE, can do best of all!

Blonde? Brunette? Red-Head? Whichever you are, TANGEE blends itself subtly into your own complexion and heightens all the loveliness of your lips. It adds to your individuality and gives you that irresistible lure of *Naturalness,* which he demands.

TANGEE is the world's most famous lipstick and is approved by the famous fashion authorities, Harper's Bazaar, New York; Tatler and Sketch, London; Jardin des Modes, Paris.

TANGEE is Waterproof, Non-Drying and Non-Greasy. It's Permanence means lovely lips for hours.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, *a special dark shade of* TANGEE LIPSTICK *and* ROUGE COMPACT *for theatrical and evening use.*

Try it today. There is no substitute for *NATURAL* lips—or TANGEE—so ask for it by name and *accept no substitute.*

TANGEE Lipstick

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. MP-10A
417 Fifth Avenue New York

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

That's Hollywood

(*Continued from page 16*)

Pola Negri, or **Ina Claire** and possibly see some of the picture folk themselves, who go swimming in the ocean along with everybody else.

John Murray Anderson remained at Universal for a year under a contract calling for $3,500 a week and not once was he put to work. Hollywood has rightly been called the last stand of Bohemia. Anything goes. You can attend a formal party in a sweat shirt. **Jack Oakie** gets away with it.

The cost of Kleig lights for the average world première is from $1,500 to $2,000. Five hundred limousines are rented on opening nights from a car company in town. Many actors own roadsters, but they do not care to appear in them "on exhibit."

Someone called the Kleig lights at an opening, Hollywood's idea of a mother putting a candle in the window for her straying children. This is not so good as the gag of a fellow who eyed a theater brilliant with many colored lights and asked, "When does it go off?"

Most contracts signed in movie studios these days contain provisos entitling the company to television as well as talkie and silent rights. The Embassy roof club has been opened to the public and you can see **Jean Harlow** dancing there almost any night.

The last reports from Central Casting Bureau indicate that there are nearly eighteen thousand extras in town. About eight hundred a day find work. This is not so rosy as it sounds for some of them work again and again, and others never get inside a studio at all. Most of them have jobs in other businesses where associates envy them their fleeting film appearances.

The first movie was made at the corner of Olive Street at Seventh, in Los Angeles, and they are going to put up a plaque to commemorate the spot. Only two or three of the big studios are actually located in Hollywood. Most of them are out in the country where land is cheaper, and extras do the best they can about bus connections.

Billie Dove is considered the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, though there is a school which stands back of **Dolores Del Rio. Lilyan Tashman** is conceded to be the best-dressed woman, though certain revolutionary groups have candidates of their own—the most prominent, **Kay Francis.**

The cruelest wisecrack we remember hearing was made after a famous dimpled star remarked that she was going to make two more pictures, see what she was like, and then decide whether to continue in films. A wit replied, "Why not look at your **last** two?"

Of the town characters, **Peter the Hermit** is the best known. He walks along, barefooted or with sandals, a white bag slung over his shoulder, clad in tattered shirt and white ducks, his beautiful white beard waving in the breeze. Tourists buy pictures of him that are on sale in Hollywood shops. Startling to people who don't know the town is the parrot that sits in a window near the Montmartre Cafe, hooting and calling to people on the sidewalk below.

Credo of a Hollywood man-about-town: that **Greta Garbo** is yearning to break her silence, but is afraid of her publicity director. That he personally was responsible for the discovery of a least three of this year's Wampas Babies. That **Mary Pickford** and **Douglas Fairbanks** will divorce within a few months, if they have not secretly done so already. That the mere mention of the word "television" will make any movie magnate shudder. That the man-about-town, himself, would be much happier if he could tear himself away from the celluloid town and return East, or North, or wherever he came from.

And by the way, the man-about-town's latest phrase to describe two people who are what **Walter Winchell** calls "that way" about one another is that they are writing a play. The idea started with a beautiful actress who introduced as her collaborator a blond young man who escorted her everywhere, but who was never seen to sit down in front of a typewriter. Writing a play for the coming season: **Lupe Velez** and **Winfield Sheehan.**

What Is The Menace That Every Star Dreads?

(*Continued from page 69*)

he has the saving grace of a sense of humor. Aileen Pringle finds it "very strange" and somehow significant that Important People in Hollywood invite her to their homes but seldom, as she puts it, invite her to their offices to offer her parts in pictures any more! Very strange, indeed, Aileen thinks this is. Was it because she wouldn't accept a part in a Western?

Belle Bennett, immediately after "Stella Dallas," had one of the greatest opportunities in pictures at one time. But she was sure that every hand was against her. When there was a misunderstanding over her seats for the opening of "Stella Dallas," she felt that it was planned that way to humiliate her. It reached such a stage with Belle that when a filling came out of her tooth during an important scene in a picture, she actually suspected the dentist of arranging it that way on purpose! She told me so, herself. And Belle's career flickered out as the Complex grew upon her. . . .

Adolphe Menjou is intelligent enough to know that his state of mind had much to do with his downward slide a couple of years ago. He says now that it was because he was nervous and in ill health. It's a smart man who can diagnose his trouble and cure himself when the Complex gets hold of him!

It is a sinister thing, indeed, the Hollywood Complex. It has wrecked more promising careers than any other one factor. If the new stars, just coming into fame, can only *see* and fight it!

She'd Rather Be Naughty Than Nice

(*Continued from page 75*)

Arlen's *Iris March*, who originated that costume—or she can doll up like the Empress Eugenie, hat and all, without looking like a Parisienne on the make.

That part in "Min and Bill" did other things for Dorothy. She had been popular with the local boys before, and always had plenty of escorts, but now came along what looked like a heavy romance. Donald Dilloway, who played the wealthy young chap in that picture, looked at Dorothy and didn't look away again—and Dorothy seemed to reciprocate. Hollywood observers opined that her improvement in "Min and Bill," as well as in such later pictures as "Shipmates" and "Young Sinners" was a direct result of that attachment.

She drives in from Playa Del Rey, where she and her mother have taken a cottage. (And she drives fast—she has been pinched for speeding.) The beach is close enough so that she can communicate between her home and the studio with comfort. It is a particularly nice arrangement for days when she works hard—it is not necessary to spend a grueling hour driving back to Hollywood through the traffic.

"You can rest and get to bed earlier?" I hinted. But she scented the trap. "No. We don't go to bed early." You can see how far this "nice" idea has got under her skin.

Maybe You Think She's Dumb

"IT'S not that I want to be silly about it," Dorothy admitted, "but the way I look at it is—this Awfully Nice Girl idea just isn't a good business proposition. It carries the idea of drabness, and, yes, even dumbness with most people. Even the studio executives must feel the influence. When a good part comes up, something with heart and life in it, they feel they should give it to a girl who has, shall we say, lived? The spineless, colorless parts, on the other hand, are put aside for the nice little girls. You know what I mean.

"Personally, I don't put in with the idea that it is necessary to have experienced every emotion in order to portray them all. But there is no sense in arguing the point. Hollywood is swayed by color and colorful people. Through so much publicity, the real personality of the actress is closely associated with her screen portrayals. In a way, I can understand how that is.

"My favorite actresses are Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Nancy Carroll, Joan Crawford and little Janet Gaynor. Naturally, I admire their work on the screen, but I'll have to admit that I am equally intrigued with the colorful personal things I know to be true about them. These girls aren't milk-and-water.

It is Dorothy's private ambition to do the light, sophisticated sort of thing in which Nancy Carroll specializes. Nancy's variety of program appeals to Dorothy. "She can do about two musical pictures a year, and then perhaps a romantic comedy, and then such splendid pictures as 'Devil's Holiday' and 'Laughter' to cap the climax. I can't imagine a grander variety of interesting rôles than Nancy Carroll gets."

"I Hope They Saw Me"

OF her own parts, she looks on that in "Min and Bill" as the most to her liking. The several pictures she did with Ramon Novarro were just a little too "nice."

"I loved that crazy kid in 'Min and Bill.' I tried to get so close to her I found myself wandering around the lot gesturing with my thumb and chewing gum a mile-a-minute. I hope Mr. Thalberg or Mr. Mayer saw me," she added wickedly. "I liked 'Love In The Rough'—remember that one?—because it gave me a chance to brush up on my singing and dancing."

It was this initial love of music and motion that brought Dorothy from Tennessee to the choruses of New York some three years ago. She began in the chorus of "Treasure Girl" and several months later in a musical comedy with the Astaires she was advanced to specialties. Dorothy loved Broadway. Even to see some star's name in electric lights made her tingle with excitement. She used to stand under the brilliant, white lights that proclaimed Marilyn Miller to the world and make believe that she was Marilyn and those were her lights.

She might have realized that electric-lighted ambition, for she had a flair for musical comedy; but before she ever got really started, someone from the Fox company offered her a chance to come to the Coast for talking pictures. An agent advised her to accept. After all, the theater was languishing while talking pictures made hey-hey.

So out she came and cooled her heels for six months on the Fox lot without being cast for one picture. To a lady with ambitions, that was a little monotonous. When the break came, she moved her make-up kit over to M-G-M. You might say she has been doing "nicely" ever since—if you dared!

There's no doubt now that she has grown up—and outgrown that "nice girl" stigma. Hasn't she just been borrowed by Paramount to play opposite their suave Paul Lukas in "A Beloved Bachelor"? Paul, you know, hasn't built himself a reputation by making love to girls in gingham or to mere adolescents.

The Jordan-Dilloway romance, aforementioned, seems to have capsized, and now Dorothy is frequently squired about by Howard Hughes, wealthy young producer of "Hell's Angels," "The Front Page," "Scarface," *et al.* Howard was long seen everywhere with Billie Dove, and his name also has been coupled with that of Jean Harlow. If Dorothy really has cut out such sirens as those—well, certainly the girl has progressed! And even if she hasn't, she's still dangerous enough to rate some big-time rôles! She's a self-made siren, this Dorothy Jordan—and don't you forget it.

Did You Know That--

Reginald Denny started taking moving pictures of his new son when Reggie, Jr. was a day old?

Hollywood is scorning the Empress Eugenie hats and taking to headpieces reminiscent of Mary, Queen of Scots, instead?

Elissa Landi has written a third novel in her spare time—and has gone over to England to see her husband (John Lawrence) and a publisher?

According to columnist Walter Winchell, Rudy Vallee said to Maurice Chevalier: "It's a pleasure to greet another great Frenchman, for I am of French extraction, too"?

John and Lionel Barrymore, who have never appeared together on the screen, may soon be co-starred in a picture?

what fun to be good-looking!



WHEN poisons collect in the system, you can count on missing many a good time! Nobody is attracted to the muddied skin and dull eyes and slow wits that show you've neglected internal cleanliness!

Keep clean *within*—with the saline treatment—and watch your charm come back! You'll have a clear complexion, bright eyes, and *sparkle!*

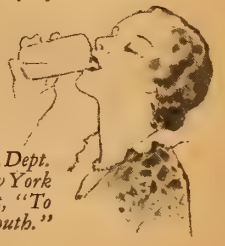
Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica. A laxative? Yes. But don't get Sal Hepatica confused with ordinary laxatives. For Sal Hepatica is a *saline.* It contains the same salines as do the waters of the European spas where thousands of Continentals go to recover their vitality and health!

Because Sal Hepatica is a saline, it can't irritate the normal digestive tract. It isn't habit-forming. And if you're trying to *reduce,* remember this—*Sal Hepatica never has a tendency to make its users stout.*

Rid your body of wastes with Sal Hepatica—begin *today*—and find out what it is to be good-looking and to feel fine!

Sal Hepatica

helps you to enjoy life more!



Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. T-121, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."

Get a Handy Picture Album *Free!*

Use it for Vacation Pictures —as a Family Album or for Motion Picture Stars!

Black Seal Leatherette—100 pages, looseleaf. Size, 8½″ by 10½″. Holds picture size 5½″ by 8″ or smaller snapshots. Weight about two pounds.

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For the enclosed $2.00 enter my subscription to Motion Picture Magazine for one year and send me the big Album—FREE!

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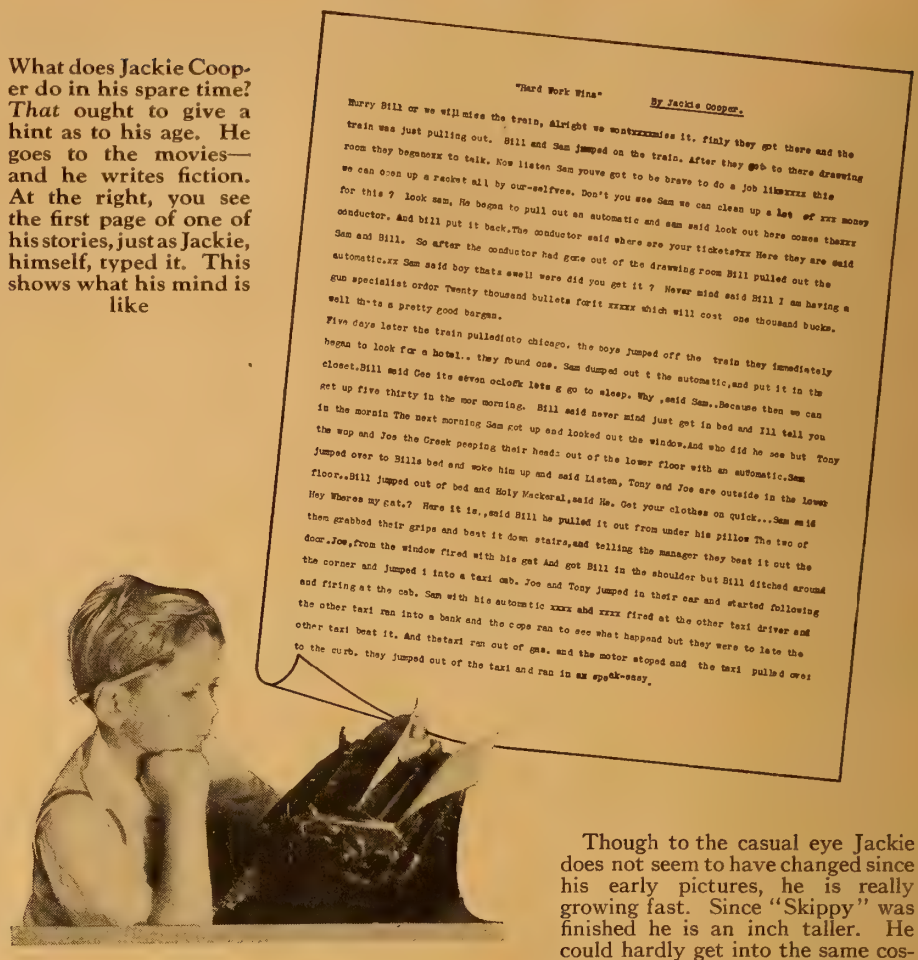
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(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY)

Is Jackie Cooper A Midget?

(*Continued from page 33*)

What does Jackie Cooper do in his spare time? *That* ought to give a hint as to his age. He goes to the movies—and he writes fiction. At the right, you see the first page of one of his stories, just as Jackie, himself, typed it. This shows what his mind is like



"Hard Work Wins" By Jackie Cooper.

Hurry Bill or we will miss the train, alright we wont xxxxmiss it. finly they got there and the train was just pulling out. Bill and Sam jumped on the train. After they got to there drawing room they beganxx to talk. Now listen Sam youve got to be brave to do a job likexxxx this we can open up a racket all by our-selfves. Don't you see Sam we can clean up a lot of xxx money for this ? look sam, He began to pull out an automatic and sam said look out here comes thexxx conductor. and bill put it back.The conductor said where are your tickets?xx Here they are said Sam and Bill. So after the conductor had gone out of the drawing room Bill pulled out the automatic.xx Sam said boy thats swell were did you get it ? Never mind said Bill I am having a gun specialist ordor Twenty thousand bullets forit xxxxx which will cost one thousand bucks. well thats a pretty good bargan.

Five days leter the train pulledinto chicago. the boys jumped off the train they immediately began to look for a hotel.. they found one. Sam dumped out t the automatic,and put it in the closet.Bill said Gee its seven oclock lets g go to sleep. Why ,said Sam..Because then we can get up five thirty in the mor morning. Bill said never mind just get in bed and Ill tell you in the mornin The next morning Sam got up and looked out the window.And who did he see but Tony the wop and Joe the Greek peeping their heads out of the lower floor with an automatic.Sam jumped over to Bills bed and woke him up and said Listen, Tony and Joe are outside in the lower floor..Bill jumped out of bed and Holy Mackeral,said He. Get your clothes on quick...Sam said Hey Wheres my gat.? Here it is.,said Bill he pulled it out from under his pillow The two of them grabbed their grips and beat it down stairs,and telling the manager they beat it out the door.Joe,from the window fired with his gat And got Bill in the shoulder but Bill ditched around the corner and jumped i into a taxi cab. Joe and Tony jumped in their car and started following and firing at the cab. Sam with his automatic xxxx and xxxx fired at the other taxi driver and the other taxi ran into a bank and the cops ran to see what happend but they were to late the other taxi beat it. And thetaxi ran out of gas. and the motor stoped and the taxi pulled over to the curb. they jumped out of the taxi and ran in an speak-easy.

Though to the casual eye Jackie does not seem to have changed since his early pictures, he is really growing fast. Since "Skippy" was finished he is an inch taller. He could hardly get into the same costume in "Sooky," the sequel.

"He had the mumps just after he worked in 'Sunny Side Up'," his mother says. "And he lost his first teeth in Our Gang Comedies—"

If kid diseases, growth and baby teeth aren't proofs of extreme youth—what are? Moreover, Jackie is in the fourth grade at school.

Mrs. Cooper is at a loss to understand how the lurid rumors about Jackie's age started—unless, she suggests, they are the result of talk among the mothers of other child actors. "Talk about jealousy between actors!" she smiles. "The most temperamental stars are friendly, compared to studio mothers! But we have lived right here in Hollywood all of Jackie's life. There are hundreds of people who have known us ever since he was born. I can give doctors, school teachers, neighbors as reference for his age."

She says frankly that she does not expect that Jackie's career as a child actor can possibly last more than a few years at the rate he is growing now. Two are all she is counting on.

Until he signed his Metro contract last month, Jackie Cooper had never earned money of any great importance. He made his big hit in "Skippy" at practically an extra's pay.

The fifty thousand dollars a year he will earn now seems like a considerable sum of money for a small boy. But every penny that his mother can possibly save of it is going to be put away safely for Jackie Cooper's future—the future a worried young woman dreamed of hopelessly for her baby when she stood behind the counter of a struggling little music shop, waiting on customers, until a few weeks before he was born.

years old, he was a mystery child to Hollywood when it "discovered" him. His first acting was in a Lloyd Hamilton comedy. Then in 1929 someone saw him on the set of "Fox Movietone Follies," where his mother was playing the piano for the dancing numbers and, attracted by his quaint personality, introduced a song for him. Next he recited "The Village Blacksmith" in "Sunny Side Up." Then came Our Gang Comedies for a year.

His Big Break

BUT it wasn't until he was chosen from six hundred children, in a near-riot on the Paramount lot, to play the rôle of *Skippy* that the world awoke to the fact that here was a new star in the making.

Paramount borrowed him from Hal Roach, M-G-M producer of Our Gang Comedies, for "Skippy"—and would have kept him, if they could. But after that film, M-G-M realized that they had a great little star under contract and wouldn't let him go. Not having any rôles available for him at the moment, they loaned him to RKO for "Donovan's Kid" and to Paramount again for "Sooky." Now, however, they have a number of stories waiting for him on the home lot—the first of which is "The Champ," with Wallace Beery. It's likely that he'll also be teamed with Marie Dressler before long. At least, Marie wants him to be.

They say, in the meantime, that Hal Roach is burning up over the stories that Jackie is a midget. Hal wouldn't use a midget. It's a matter of pride with him to discover youngsters with possibilities and to develop those possibilities. Jackie was just such a youngster—a bit more talented than most.

Chic Sale—the Actor Who's Never Himself

(*Continued from page 42*)

discourse on the indomitable old veteran's history that left the usually urbane Starr pop-eyed with amazement. Chic *knows* his characters.

Not the Same on the Screen

HE hates it when people say that he is doing in pictures the same thing that brought him such fame on the stage. "They're different creations entirely," he protests. "And even if they weren't, why should they be criticized? Has Roscoe Ates been criticized for stuttering in pictures? Yet he did that for years on the stage. And isn't Jolson the same in pictures as he is on the stage? And Will Rogers? Anybody who has established a certain type of stuff is bound to go on using it—it's the tools of his trade. The variations are what is important. And certainly I'm varying my material. The only thing that *Gran'pa Summerill* has in common with *Lem Putt* is that they're both old men!"

His favorite actors are Will Rogers and Charlie Chaplin. He says: "Folks often compare me with Will Rogers. Gosh, there's no comparison at all! He is always playing himself, Will Rogers. I never am Chic Sale. I'm always a character—always somebody else. I never could be just Chic Sale. I can do a love scene as somebody else, but I'd just die trying to do it as myself."

He is painfully nervous. The entertainer of millions of people, his years on the stage have not done away with his shyness in personal contacts. He avoids banquets and personal appearances as he would a plague. He is perhaps the least "actorish" person in all the theatrical business.

He says: "If I could only express myself more fully—bust out, give 'em the works, get it all off my chest—I'd be better off. But I can't. I get all tied up except when I'm doing a characterization. I suffer from all sorts of embarrassments and nervousness. And as a result I have just about the worst case of stomach trouble in the world."

Converted to California

HE never drinks or smokes—the stomach trouble sees to that. He is just now recovering from an operation on his beleaguered mid-section. Extremely wealthy, he owns one moderate-priced car, which he drives himself. He invariably wears a cap, and wants to live in California all of the time—"no blizzards!" He always plays American characters, never those of any other country.

He wears dark blue suits and made-up black bow ties. He looks rather like a small-town undertaker. He moves about continually and nervously in sudden spurts of animation. His hair is black and parted at the side of his head. He is gray at the temples. With "The Specialist" he wrote a book that has outsold all others of modern times. It is now in its second million!

Of it he says: "'The Specialist' was successful because nobody could say it was dirty in any word, line or page. A little bit indelicate, maybe, but that's all. Actually it is just a building talk—nothing more."

That little book—copy of a monologue that Chic had had on tap for years—brought him to the attention of everybody, including film magnates. He broke into the talkies, by way of shorts. One of the first—probably on purpose—was called "The County Seat."

Despite his air of simplicity and naïveté, Chic is a shrewd and competent business man in a way almost unknown in the theatrical world. He has an office in a line of bungalows which he owns on Dix Street in Hollywood. It is a small cottage, vine-clad and white-painted, but it houses one of the world's best-running organizations for the gathering of shekels. Desks, steel filing cabinets and typewriters fill the main room, presided over by Roy James, who for several years has been Chic's business manager and confidential secretary. There is a smaller room, similarly equipped, for Chic's private conferences.

Some of His Friends

THE only personal note there (aside from a line of miniature out-houses along the mantelpiece) is in the framed photographs of Chic's friends that cover the walls. They are of O. O. McIntyre, another country boy who made good in the city; Ben Bernie, the orchestra leader; Bud Fisher, the creator of *Mutt* and *Jeff*; actors, fighters, writers, cartoonists—stand-outs in all lines of professional endeavor—the class of that big-time world to which this mild, smiling man so rightfully belongs.

In this curious office are conducted Sale's multitudinous business affairs. Here is the headquarters of The Specialist Publishing Company, handling those phenomenal sellers, "The Specialist" and "I'll Tell You Why." Here the actor's extensive realty holdings are administered. And here works Chic's staff of writers, each skilled in the Sale idiom and manner.

Chic takes an active leadership in all writing intended to appear under his name. It would be impossible for him to do it all personally. One man, for instance, is preparing the scripts for the short films in which he is currently appearing. (The features are being handled by the Warners' studio staff.) Another is working on the libretto for his next Broadway show, a sequel to the Shubert offerings in which he has appeared during recent seasons. Still another writer is working up a series of radio broadcasts, which Chic presently will deliver for a commercial firm.

It's a thriving, going concern, and all sprung from a country boy's facility for mimicking—and re-creating—the small-town characters he encountered during his rural boyhood.

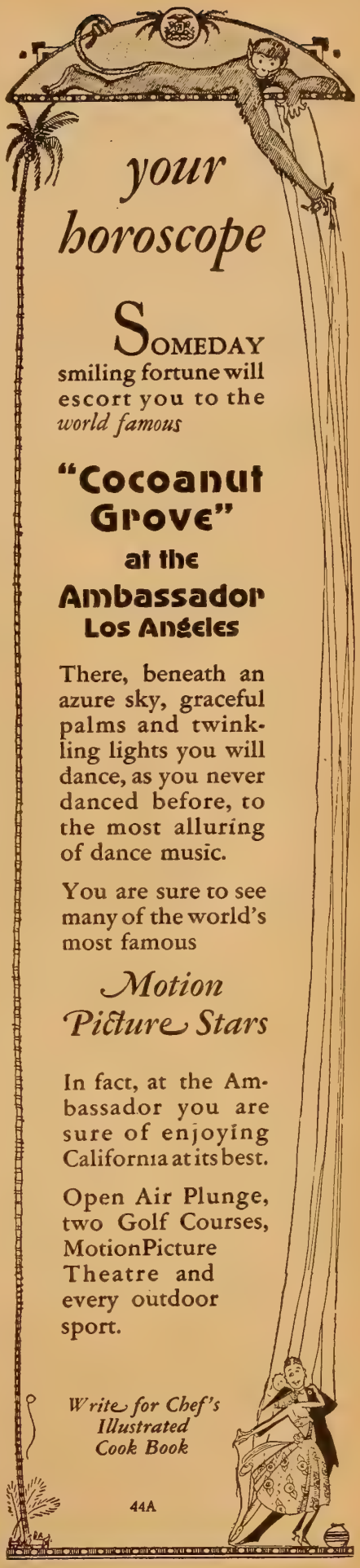
His Aim in Life

HE says: "Folks don't like exaggeration, and I'll tell you why. When you make fun of a person, you hurt his feelings, and you make the folks around you uncomfortable. I aim to offend nobody, at any time, in any way. As long as you're entertaining, as long as you can make people laugh without making them uncomfortable, you're sure to get ahead."

In the musical comedy, "Monte Cristo, Jr.," he originated the since-famous term "wisecrack." He has a sister—Virginia Sale—who has furnished the comedy for many pictures. He is married, happily, and believes in keeping that portion of his life to himself. He abhors sophistication, and sophisticated types of entertainment. He goes to sleep during smart society dramas.

He leans back in his chair when he talks, settling it at the same angle his rural friends adjust a cracker box in front of a country store. He puts his thumbs inside his belt, his heels on the rungs, and grins happily.

He has found one real character in Hollywood who delights him, an old clock-maker to whom he took his giant clock, a gift of the Rotary Clubs of America, to have it electrically wired. The old fellow refused the job on the grounds that electricity is just a passing fad—and that he didn't want to ruin "a right prutty clock." Look for an old-time clock-maker in Chic's impersonations someday.



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The Movie Circus

(Continued from page 12)

Gwen McCormack, daughter of Count **John,** is **Maureen's** bosom girl chum. . . . **Elissa Landi** returns from England with her step-father and mother, **Count** and **Countess Zanardi Landi. . . . Ann Harding** has a secretary and fiction aspirations. . . . **Irene Dunne** at Pebble Beach crashes the hole-in-one club, and the golf balls and ginger ale are on the house. **Phillips Holmes** is all bliss and smiles because he is directed by **Ernst Lubitsch.** And **Ernst** (Love Parade) **Lubitsch** has lost twenty-five pounds by diet, which pleases **Ona Munson** who won't admit their engagement—yet. . . . **Oscar** (Composer) **Straus** is not of the Waltz King family, please understand. He spells it with a single "s". . . . **Mrs. Richard Arlen (Joby Ralston)** does her own ironing, sometimes, and wears a nifty suit with yellow shorts in which to do it. . . . When **Ernest Bachrach,** Radio's portrait photographer, yells "Duck the knob!" **Lily Damita, Ivan Lebedeff** and **Dolores Del Rio** lower their heads. They know artists' argot when they hear it. . . . **Pete,** the Roach comedy dog, rides to his studio in a milk-white coupé, **George O'Brien** in an emerald green touring car and **Charlie Farrell** in a buttercup-colored cabriolet. Malibu beach is no longer the exclusive place to tear apart a week-end. Ensenada, five miles north as the gull flies, is smarter. **Charlie Farrell** and now **Janet Gaynor Peck** are building there. . . . **Roscoe Ates** and his stutter entertain the veterans at Sawtelle once a week. . . .

If you don't get an autographed picture immediately from **Jackie Cooper,** there is no need to fret. Your letter has probably been sent to **Jack Cooper,** press-agent, at Warner Brothers-First National, and he's gnashing his teeth about it. Life has been like that for him since the success of "Skippy." Before then he got letters intended for **Jack Cooper,** old-time Sennett comedian. Mornings he hates to open his mail, dreading to read "Please send me your picture." Some day he's going to do it and see what happens.

There were pretty speeches galore by Wampas Baby Stars at the recent Electrical Pageant of the Fiesta de Los Angeles, but **Frances Dee** presented the niftiest. "This is not a Paramount Picture," cooed Paramount's Baby Star (the other is gentle **Judith Wood**), "but it certainly is the best show in town!"

Frances Dee, incidentally, is the laddies' newest rave. She's going to give our other belles a run for their conquests.

The Thalians, a club of acting youngsters, decided to produce six comedies using its entire membership and any other actors who didn't have much to do that day. They had **Ben Turpin** directing traffic at Hollywood's busiest corner and everything got pretty muddled, including a limousine which mixed in with a wandering street-car. "It couldn't have been an Austin!" growled the Thalians checking over the repair bill.

Despite casualties, production goes merrily on with **Bryan Foy** directing.

Universal is in a quandary. It's something like a tandem, only different. They've signed **Tom Mix** for a serial and find they have no story. To date, according to our conscientious scout, no one has thought of filming his life. That includes a dash of the Boxer Rebellion, a pinch of Boer warfare, cowpunching in Colorado, a firing squad in Mexico, interspersed with days in Kansas and Oklahoma as a sheriff, and a period with the Texas Rangers.

Maybe someone thought it would be too tame after all those gangster films.

There is no truth in the report that **Victor McLaglen's** new five-acre estate, boasting a pheasant run, poultry yards, dove cotes, kennels, a green house and kitchen and flower gardens, will be called Villa Sez-You.

That old land urge has seized another Briton, **Ronald Colman.** He has bought acreage in Northern California where he can repair to play country gentleman.

There's something about owning a plot of ground. I'm going out and buy a potted geranium.



"They tell me you're a scream," says Lawrence Tibbett to Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante. "Do I?" asks Jimmy, playing dumb. "Just listen—"

Let's Get It Straight About Janet Gaynor

(*Continued from page 54*)

and women and their problems, ranging from sex to finance. She knows very few motion picture people intimately, but she is interested in all of them. She likes to hear what So-And-So wore to the latest première and the "inside" story of the divorce of the Dots-And-Dashes. Once, when the talk got around to these modern morals of ours, and the question as to whether or not girls should have "experience" before matrimony, Janet surprised everyone by stating it to be an individual problem to be solved by the individual and not by society.

She Has Her Crushes, Too

WITH husband Lydell Peck and her constant companion, her mother, she attends many picture shows and gets typical fan "crushes" on actors. Her favorites are not, as might be supposed, the dramatic Barthelmess or the dreamy Novarro. She likes Robert Montgomery a lot—and the virile Clark Gable even more. (Clark and she used to be extras together.)

As much as she likes parties, Janet does not like to give them. When her obligations have mounted so that she is chiding herself that she owes "ten thousand people," she handles the situation in a way that will give her the least personal trouble. Because she considers her small beach house too informal for parties, she calls the Cocoanut Grove or the Mayfair or Embassy Club and reserves a table for ten—or fifty.

Her guest list is usually the same: Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, (he's the director), Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell (Virginia Valli), Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray), Paul Bern, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage (he directed "Seventh Heaven") and a few others whom she has known intimately for a long time.

Janet never has a particularly good time at her own parties. The duties of hostess—"seeing that everybody is all right" weighs heavily upon her. Too, as most of her parties are given in public places, she feels a sense of obligation to the onlookers, who seem to expect her to behave like a little girl in her first party dress. Janet has a deep sense of obligation to the people who love and admire her on the screen. She wants to be as they expect her to be. Consequently she is repressed and a little to the ingénue in public. She always autographs fan books.

She Dances a Wicked Hula

BUT at private gatherings, say at the home of Tove and Monte Blue or of Nan and Bill Howard, Janet is often the life of the party. During her many vacations in Honolulu she has learned to strum a rather wicked ukulele and to sing a few native songs. When the boys have adjourned for a smoke after dinner, Janet may even give the girls her version of the way the Hula is done. She looks cuter than thunder, demonstrating the sensuous dance of the Islands. She learned it from a native dancer who used to come up to her beach house in the afternoons and give her lessons.

The Janet Gaynor Peck of to-day is interested in many things that the Janet Gaynor of "Seventh Heaven" ignored. Clothes, for instance. Janet used to dress rather dowdily. A sweater and skirt would do her for almost any occasion. But no longer is this true. Her wardrobe would do credit to any of our "best-dressed women." Where she used to dash in and select a garment from a sports department rack, she now has her clothes made to order by Hollywood's leading designers. She has learned that brown is an extremely effective color with her red hair. Most of her street garments are of this color. She likes lounging pajamas of blue, or yellow. White is her favorite color for evening. In her new finery Janet is more than a pretty little girl. She is an exquisite one.

So much for Janet socially. . . .

Why Directors Fight Over Her

AT work she is a curious mixture of the artist and an indifferent, disinterested onlooker. Most of the Fox directors fight for the privilege of directing Janet in a picture. To them she is an instinctive artist. Frank Borzage once said: "She responds to direction as a sensitive violin responds to the fingers of an artist." Nor is Janet afflicted with that disease of stars—the inclination to try to direct while acting.

She is perfectly willing to place herself entirely in the hands of the man with the megaphone. Yet she is almost critically cold of his results. If the picture is good, she is insistent in crediting the director. If it is bad, or indifferent, she views him with the same eyes as the hard-boiled critics.

She has an odd way of referring to herself on the screen merely as "Gaynor." Charlie Farrell is "Farrell." "Gaynor does this," she will say, "Farrell says that. And then we cut."

She argues about her own pictures in a detached way, as she might argue about Greta Garbo's or Joan Crawford's. If a picture is good, she is frank in admitting it without that giggling false modesty that characterizes so many stars. If it is not so good, she is equally frank, without attempting to spare herself. "It's not the world's greatest picture," she may say, "but it's box-office and that's what counts." I believe Janet would rather make a good box-office picture that would bring heavy returns to her employers than the greatest artistic success in the world.

Her Severest Critic

SHE and Lydell Peck were divided in opinion concerning one of her newest films. The picture had received glowing tribute from the press and was scoring at the box-office. Most stars accept this as a badge of glory. The average Hollywood husband would seize such an occasion to laud his wife. But Lydell thought the picture was "bum."

"I don't care what the critics say," he argued one night at dinner. "It isn't a good picture, Janet isn't particularly hot in it, and it is full of hokum." These would be death words between most Hollywood couples. Janet merely giggled. "Well, as long as it holds up at the box office. . . ."

She is one of the few celebrated human beings who will stand for "suggestion."—a little more lip rouge, a dash of a tilt to her hat, a new way to pronounce a word, the right sentiment to put on a gift card.

She wants men to like her not as a "little girl," but as an attractive young woman. When she is in the mood, she flirts a little bit (this usually consists of dancing with some male guest *twice* in the same evening—nothing more devilish than that).

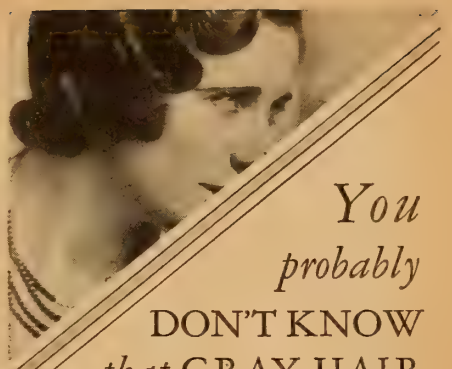
Without knowing anything about it, the world has done considerable gossiping about Janet's marriage—as to whether or not she and Lydell Peck are happy. That is something only Janet and Lydell really know. But to all outward appearances they are contented and deeply companionable.

Lydell does not treat Janet like a spoiled child. He treats her like a human being.

They don't hold hands in public or have themselves photographed kissing.

They *do* respect each other's opinions, their individuality and other important things. When Janet is very, very tired, she crawls into Lydell's lap and goes to sleep. She affectionately calls him "Pecky."

This is Janet . . . to-day.



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Heading for Stardom—for the Second Time

(*Continued from page 27*)

lady in screen history. She was sixteen.

Broadway producers, who know an actress when they see one (which Hollywood producers sometimes don't), flocked to her with stage contracts—and she accepted. From that time until her recent arrival on the Coast, she was continuously on Broadway. She appeared in many plays, some good and some bad, culminating in George Kelly's fine "Philip Goes Forth." In this, M-G-M officials saw her, persuaded her to make a camera test—and here she is.

A new leading lady was wanted for Ramon Novarro, who has enjoyed the cinematic favor of most of the local hired help. Director Feyder saw Madge's test and said, "That's the girl!" But her engagement with "Philip Goes Forth" had two weeks more to run. Nothing daunted, the director started the picture without her, and for two weeks shot scenes in which she did not appear.

Nothing Slow About Madge

WITH her play finished, Madge took a 'plane to Los Angeles. She must have put on her make-up en route, for upon landing she was rushed at once to the studio, equipped with costumes (the wardrobe department had figured her measurements from the screen test!), and hurried to a waiting set. They worked until late that night, and only then was Madge shown to the apartment that the studio had rented for her. Yet at nine o'clock the next morning she was made-up and waiting, with her day's lines learned, when work was resumed! Since then she hasn't had a weekday off.

When critics first glimpsed her in "Son of India," they called her "a sweet young thing, and more believable than most." In "Sporting Blood" she not only took the attention of the male half of the audience away from Clark Gable, but proved she could be a bit worldly. In neither "Guilty Hands" nor "West of Broadway" did she have the leading feminine rôle—after all, a girl mustn't go to the top too fast!—but the critics noticed her just the same. And so did you. And so did rival producers.

Fox borrowed her to play opposite their own Great Lover—Charles Farrell—in "Heartbreak." And immediately after that, United Artists wanted her to substitute for Carole Lombard, who couldn't finish a picture at Paramount in time to be in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." When other studios start to borrow a newcomer from the studio that has her under contract, any bets that she is going to be a winner are perfectly safe.

Like Constance Bennett, Madge is one of those deceptive blondes whose appearance of fragility belies their strength. She drives and rides and swims. Unlike Connie, she is not languorous; she has to be doing something every minute, and there's a breeze when she walks by. Like Garbo, she has eyelashes long enough for a gymnast to do acrobatics on.

Work is nothing new to Madge Evans (which is her real name, by the way). She has worked all her life and thinks that she always will. She doesn't know what she would do with herself otherwise. Yet work, to her, is only a part of life, and not the beginning and end of all things. Her career is important—but so is the prospect of love, marriage, and a home.

She puts it this way: "After all, we all hit a peak in this business, and no matter what we do, there must then be a decline. If we haven't something else to occupy us then, what a dreadful place the world is going to be!

"I haven't any wish for stardom—yet. It's a dreadful battle, and unless one is equipped for it, fatal. At the top, one may hope for five years of favor—and then, if he has been fortunate and worked hard, there may be a successful struggle for another five years. I'm not ready, just yet, for that fight."

To be with her a few hours, however, is to realize how long people *can* last in this picture business. Men constantly are coming up and saying, "You used to ride on my knee back in Fort Lee." (Fort Lee, New Jersey, where most pictures were once made.) "No wonder I like to ride horseback!" she says. "I seem to have spent most of my childhood riding on people's knees!"

Her Accent Bothers Her

SHE has a secret despair—and that is her accent. The daughter of English parents, she happened to be born in America by only a slight margin. Growing up in the United States, she was influenced both by her childhood friends and her parents, until now she speaks with a mixture of English and American accents. "I try continually to sound more American," she says. "I'm tired of having people lift an eyebrow with the implication that I'm trying to put on the Ritz."

Through her conversation runs a continual vein of wit. She always has a fund of remarks like: "If only I'd had the horse's part in 'Sporting Blood,' what a star I'd be!" She's always kidding herself—and you'd never get the idea from her that it's a bit unusual for a young prodigy to turn into a talented adult.

She thinks Garbo is all to the good, but she can't imagine Madge Evans taking herself that seriously. She considers Norma Shearer technically the finest actress on the screen, contending that Norma knows how to manage her hands and voice and body in a manner that most of the screen girls can't even approach.

Madge prefers dark clothes, black and dark blues. (Her eyes are blue.) And these must be either tailored outfits, sports clothes or evening gowns. No afternoon frocks, no trailing chiffons, no feathers or frills for her.

She reads continually, running to books rather than magazines. Among the semi-classics, she leans somewhat to Dickens; and among the moderns, to Ernest Hemingway. But she's broad-minded about them all. This reading habit—which also marks her as a bit unusual in Hollywood—was developed by hundreds of hours of stage waits that she has experienced. And how did she get educated if she has been acting ever since she was six? She had private tutors.

She lives with her mother in a charming house on Fountain Avenue in West Hollywood. She is not married—and to date she has not been a victim of Hollywood romance rumors.

However, she may have reason to expect them—for she says: "There is small sense in trying to keep free from emotional entanglements. Girls are foolish who say that they will keep all the men out of their lives until they get their careers established."

She doesn't think that picture and stage work are to be compared at all. To her, they are entirely different mediums, with entirely different requirements and techniques. Of course, the completeness with which she has succeeded in both ought to prove her wrong. But who's going to argue with a girl who lifts her chin like that when she laughs?

Why I Married Bill Powell

(*Continued from page 59*)

who would prey upon softness. Bill was the first man to penetrate her disguise.

Afraid Bill Would Be Jealous

SHE was afraid at first that she and Bill wouldn't get along. They were too different. She was afraid he would be the jealous type. He sorta acted that way. But he persisted and she surrendered, dear. . . .

They wanted to be married quietly, with just the families. Carole thinks Hollywood weddings are in your eye, with cameras parked among the prayer books and things. And, too, Paramount to whom she was, and is, under contract was acting a bit cantankerous about the marriage—like a disapproving parent. They didn't want to give the girl a honeymoon. They didn't want this ascending and potential star to marry at all. Carole said, "No honeymoon, no work." She honeymooned.

The wedding started out to be private. It also started out to be rather comic. When the ring part of the ceremony arrived, for instance, *Bill couldn't locate the proper finger for the ring.* (No one has ever heard this particular bit of bathos before, so you may consider yourselves in on the nuptials.) After he had tried a couple of thumbs and forefingers, Carole burst right out laughing. She laughed out loud at the very altar. She couldn't help it. She thrust the legal digit in his face and said, between gasps, "*This* finger, dear!"

As you know, Carole didn't wear the bridal white. She wore a blue afternoon gown and Bill's wedding gift—a perfect *platter* of a pin, composed of two star sapphires surrounded by diamonds. It would protect her from a machine gun in a front-line trench in any old war! The sapphires, by the way, are the color of Carole's eyes. Maybe you think that didn't occur to Bill!

How the Wedding Ended

DURING the ceremony, jittery enough for Bill as it was, the Press began to ooze in through the doors and windows and floors, as the Press will. And instantly began to telephone descriptions of the bride and groom to their various sheets before the minister had come to the "I pronounce you man and wife!" In fact, Carole admits now that she isn't quite certain he ever did get to that point, what with her uncontrollable mirth and the assiduities of the Press. She hopes for the best.

Among the Press were some omnipresent photographers. One, a weary, harassed-looking lad was especially insistent that they pose for him. They didn't want to, and said so. The lad finally broke down all over the place and confessed that he had just come from Santa Monica, where he had photographed another bride and groom, *believing them to be Carole and Bill.* If that isn't a laugh I never heard one. Here's a youth who wouldn't know *Garbo* if he stumbled across her taking a sun bath.

After the excitement, the laughs and the surprise party of the Barthelmesses, Brooks, Torrences, et al, they were off for Honolulu. Carole was impressed with the people there. They were so *kind*, she says. She thinks the trouble with most of us is that we never take the time to be kind to people. Even when we have the time, we take it for other purposes. I have a hunch that life has been a little niggardly with Carole so far as kindness goes. There is nothing soft and blahish about the beauty of Carole. She is no Pollyanna.

When the Bill Powells came back, they found that Mother Peters (Carole was born Carol Jane Peters) had rented a house for them in Beverly Hills. And that they were all moved in, including the colored man who has served Bill so expertly and for so long. They love it. They're as happy as two youngsters.

She Likes Her New Rôle

CAROLE is finding out that she is domestically inclined—more so than she ever dreamed she would be. She's glad that Bill persuaded her they should have a house, instead of an apartment. She loves to order meals, to count the laundry, to market, to arrange flowers, most of all to see their friends enjoying themselves in their home. And she is a swell cook, if she does say so, which she does. And Bill is "pathetic." He hasn't had a house of his own for so long that he can't get over it. He goes about patting chairs and lamps and things and saying, "Now, *this* is a cute piece, don't you think?"

As a husband of "many" months, Carole says, he is NOT suave, sophisticated and polished. He is no *Philo Vance* except—*except* when it comes to detecting the things she wants, the things that will make her comfortable and happy, the little tendernesses and considerations precious to all feminine hearts. In all such matters, his wife says, he would put *Philo Vance, Sherlock Holmes* and all of Scotland Yard to shame and confusion. He has second sight where she is concerned. With each week of married life this conjugal clairvoyance deepens and intensifies, rather than abates. He is so thoughtful and unselfish that Carole is "divinely happy. I didn't know there could be such happiness as I am having now. I'll never forget it, not one instant of it, so long as I live on this earth." Mind you, this is the *wife's* story, not the sweetheart's.

Bill as a Real-Life Lover

BILL writes her little notes almost every day of their lives. Tender little notes. Humorous little notes. On her bridal bouquet, for instance, she found this little billet: "Dear Miss Lombard, will you kindly see that these reach the future Mrs. Powell and that she wears them?"

She says, this old, old married woman, "I think he is the handsomest man in the world." And Bill isn't jealous. Not one bit. In fact, they kid about things like that. Bill says, "So-and-so kinda on the make for you to-day, eh, mama?" And Carole retorts in kind.

"The whole explanation of our marriage and our happiness," says Carole, "is that *we understand one another.* We took time to do it—eight months of going together, every available moment. And where there is understanding, there is no possibility of *mis*understanding. How can there be? I can't see the sense in these so-called modern-marriage pacts, talking things over, planning what one will do in this or that emergency, making charts of emotions. After all, emotional matters cannot be charted. If there is perfect understanding between two people, what *is* there to plan about? Bill and I do, and intend to do, what we feel like doing, where and with whom. *But*—we both know what the other feels like doing, and why. That's all there is to it."

Carole loves her young step-son (William Powell, Jr.) and says, happily, that Bill is mad about him. She hopes, some day, to have children of her own. After two or three years more of work, she'll be perfectly content to stop being Carole Lombard in order to be Mrs. William Powell and the mother of Bill's children. She wants two, a boy and a girl.

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Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 84*)

Secrets of a Secretary—Claudette Colbert has some more misadventures on the fringe of society. Besides Claudette, you'll like newcomers Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa (Par.).

Secret Service—As the title would lead you to believe, Richard Dix is again involved in mystery and thrills. And, as usual, he's convincing (RKO).

Shanghaied Love—Love, mutiny and two-fisted battles on a tramp steamer, with Richard Cromwell, Sally Blane and Noah Beery the principals. If you like blood-and-thunder yarns, here's a good one (Col.).

Side Show—Winnie Lightner substitutes for an entire troupe of circus "freaks" and does some real acting, as well as some excellent clowning (W. B.).

The Sidewalks of New York—As a wealthy landlord who attempts to collect his rents, himself, in a tough tenement district, Buster Keaton shows you a riot of slapstick comedy (M-G-M).

Silence—Clive Brook is intensely real in acting out the story of a man who is silently going to the electric chair for another man's crime (Par.).

Smart Woman—With the help of Edward Everett Horton, Mary Astor gets her husband back from a gold-digger. It wouldn't be much without the amusing antics of Horton (RKO).

The Smiling Lieutenant—Maurice Chevalier and director Ernst Lubitsch have turned out another rollicking satire of sex and royalty, with a dash of gay music (Par.).

The Spider—A murder takes place in a theater while magician Edmund Lowe is holding forth on the stage. By some suspenseful tricks, he discovers the murderer (Fox).

The Squaw Man—Cecil de Mille makes a strong talkie of the picture that he twice made in silents. Warner Baxter is excellent as the exiled Englishman who "marries" an Indian girl, and Lupe Velez is even better as the tragic squaw (M-G-M).

The Star Witness—The first film to disclose how gangland might touch you and you and you. A law-abiding family, who witness a gang murder, are all cowed into silence—except Grandpa, played magnificently by Chic Sale (W. B.).

Street Scene—A picture that compresses all life, all types of people, and all types of emotion into a single city block. It will hold you spellbound; it will tear your heart out. And you won't forget Sylvia Sidney (U. A.).

The Struggle—D. W. Griffith has made a simple, powerful picture of life among the downtrodden masses. The excellent cast—headed by Zita Johann of the stage—is all the more believable for being unfamiliar to film fans (U. A.).

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise—A lost lady finally finds herself in a none-too-new story—and Greta Garbo and Clark Gable become the newest great love team (M-G-M).

This Modern Age—Perhaps to prove that she has outgrown this sort of thing, Joan Crawford almost dances her way to destruction just once more (M-G-M).

Transatlantic—Wanted by the police, Edmund Lowe boards an ocean liner—and there's mystery and excitement all the way across. Unusual (Fox).

Traveling Husbands—Evelyn Brent and Constance Cummings more or less have a duel over that much-neglected figure of fiction, the traveling salesman. Slight (RKO).

The Unholy Garden—Heroism and villainy in a bleak North African outpost, with Ronald Colman again treating the fans to a thriller (U. A.).

Waterloo Bridge—A tragic love story, involving a young soldier and a girl of the London streets, beautifully played by Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke. One of the year's best pictures (Univ.).

West of Broadway—John Gilbert returns from the War a disillusioned man, drinks himself into marriage with Lois Moran, and doesn't try to make the best of his bargain. An unsympathetic rôle for our John (M-G-M).

We Three—A moving little story of domestic life, with Ben Lyon and Rose Hobart very real. Juliette Compton assists (F. N.).

Wicked—Elissa Landi has more than her share of sorrow as a young prison mother who has her baby taken from her and, upon her release, kidnaps her child from the foster parents. Very, very heavy (Fox).

Women Go On Forever—Clara Kimball Young, dramatic favorite of silent days, returns to the screen in the surprise rôle of a landlady of a dramatic boarding-house (Tiffany).

It Isn't the Luck of the Irish—
IT'S PAT O'BRIEN

(*Continued from page 70*)

week room on 90th Street. Expenses were shared by Spencer Tracy, a boyhood pal. They tossed a single coin now and then to find out which was the hungrier.

Along Came a Break—and Love

FINALLY, in Atlanta, he got his break—a telegram from producer Jed Harris, asking him to join the "Broadway" company in Chicago. "Broadway" again, by heck. And LOVE . . .

He fell in love with Eloise Taylor the instant he clapped his Irish-blue eyes on her brilliant brown ones. He had never been marriage-minded before. But he had been in love? Don't be funny. He's Irish, isn't he? Eloise also joined the road company of "Broadway" somewhere along the route. It doesn't matter where. Love can happen in Kansas City as passionately as on the beach at Waikiki. She walked onto the stage and—"she was lovely-looking then, as she is now—you will pardon the ravings of a bridegroom," he said.

Pat said to himself, "Well, here she is. *This is it.*" It was. It took him one week to sell himself to her. It took them three years to achieve matrimony. Eloise resembles Evelyn Brent. She's dark and lustrous-skinned. She'd like to work in pictures and is up for two or three parts. I recommend her. But more than anything else, she'd like to have twins. She wants a boy and girl and has the names already picked—Pat and Patricia. Cute? Pat's father was a twin, so they have biology with them.

They were married out here, soon after Pat arrived. Howard Hughes, producer of "The Front Page," paid for the transportation of the bride. They live in a smallish, rented Spanish house on the wrong side of the tracks. They drive a small car. They keep one maid. They save their money. They read good books. They love music and go to the "Symphonies Under The Stars" in the Hollywood Bowl. A season ticket to same has been "our one extravagance."

Inside Dope on "Front Page"

PAT thinks Lewis Milestone, who directed "All Quiet" and "The Front Page," is the Genius of the town. To prove his point, he tells about the engaging of Adolphe Menjou for the part of the editor in "The Front Page." Milestone—or "Milly" as he is called—came to each member of the cast after the tragic death of Louis Wolheim and said, "What do you think of Menjou for Wolheim's part?" "Lousy," said Walter Catlett; "Rotten," said Pat. "Nevertheless," said Milly, "*Menjou plays the part.*"

A few days elapsed. The cast of "The Front Page" was assembled on the floor of the studio, shooting craps. A voice barked over Pat's shoulder. It said, "Hand 'em over, baby, and give me a shot at the beauties," or words to that effect. You know, the way one rough guy talks to another. Pat looked up. It was, to his amazement, the usually elegant Adolphe—his hat tipped over, shirt open at the collar, hands unmanicured. Something happened right then and there. To a man, the cast knew that Milly had been right again. Menjou was their man. Inside dope like that is amusing.

The highest-paid actor in the cast was Edward Everett Horton, who played the part of the natty and somewhat precious reporter who was forever gargling. He worked for five thousand a week. Said Everett: "It's murder—it's thievery—but I get it!"

Something else funny—when Pat was engaged by Howard Hughes to play in "The Front Page," it was believed that he had played the rôle of *Hildy Johnson* in the road company back East. Not so. *He played the part that Menjou played in the picture.* After he'd been asked a hundred times what *Hildy* did here, and here and here, he confessed he'd never played the blighted part.

Milly had seen him as *Curly* in "The Up and Up" on the New York stage and had played a hunch again. Lots of things have happened to Pat between then and now. He's the happeningest Irishman! Anyway, the first big part was *Curly* in "The Up and Up"—and then the part of *Maxim* in William Bolitho's sensitive war play, "Overture." And, finally, a midnight 'phone call from Hollywood—from Howard Hughes, via Lewis Milestone, via Gilbert Miller, to whom Pat was under contract. Howard Hughes had bought "The Front Page" and he wanted Pat O'Brien. That's how it all happened. And that's how Howard Hughes happened to import Eloise Taylor. He couldn't have a drooping lover as *Hildy Johnson.*

His Only Bad Movie Break

PAT has had one real tragedy since he has been in Hollywood. He loves that rôle of *Curly.* Every actor has one part more precious to him than his own heart beats. Chaplin and *Napoleon*, for instance. But Pat had DONE *Curly.* He loved him like a blood brother, longed beyond all other things to play him on the screen. Universal bought "The Up and Up" and Pat was up and up again for the part. He was slated. He got out the old dog-eared script and handled it tenderly. He talked it over with Eloise. They were jubilant. He'd change this a bit here, add something there—but *Curly*, that swell, idealistic mug of a *Curly*, would reach the screen at last.

And Pat would be *Curly.* Junior Laemmle talked to him about it. The director talked to him about it. His agent discussed it with him. It looked all set. And then—came Universal with the condition that he could play *Curly* IF he would sign a five-year contract with them. He turned that down. Within the day Ricardo Cortez was signed for the part and Pat O'Brien's Irish heart has a crack in it as big as the Panama Canal. (The screen version is called "Reckless Living.")

Not Sure He Likes Hollywood

PAT doesn't know whether he likes Hollywood or not. He hasn't been here long enough to decide. He thinks he would rather build his permanent home in Great Neck, Long Island, where most of the stage actors live. He goes to parties at Matt Moore's house. He thinks Clark Gable is a swell actor. "Tremendous," he calls him. But Walter Huston is the finest all-around actor in town, says Pat.

He thinks his part in "Consolation Marriage" is the best thing he has done on the screen so far. He is working at Metro now in a musical comedy called "Flying High." He thinks Jimmy Walker (Manhattan's Mayor) is a swell egg, and that goes for William (Stage) Boyd, too. Pat can talk any dialect you demand. He won seventy-five dollars, shooting craps, the other night—and handed the wad over to the Little Woman for lunch and a new dress. That's Pat. He added, "I'll get it back, though."

There are two important things in Pat O'Brien's life—his wife and his work, in that order. He is a normal mug about them both. You can't call a dark and beautiful lady a mug. But if you could, I'd say that the Pats are the *two normalest mugs* I've ever met in Hollywood.

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Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. To Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon, a 5-pound, 14-ounce baby girl was born on that date. They have named her Barbara Bebe.

2. Beatrice Powers and James Kirkwood, who divorced Lila Lee a year ago, were married in Las Vegas, Nevada, September 23, 1931.

3. Billie Dove is the movie star whose dark hair has turned gray very beautifully, making Billie lovelier than ever.

4. Capt. Ben C. Hershfield, who is a motion picture artists' agent, was married to Rita LaRoy recently.

5. Arline Judge is the member of this year's crop of Baby Stars who became engaged to Wesley Ruggles, well-known motion picture director.

6. Ina Claire and John Gilbert who, up until their divorce on August 4, 1931, were not so friendly, attended a dinner party arm in arm and from all appearances are on the best of terms. However, they both admit there's no chance of a reconciliation.

7. Clara Bow, who had so much unfavorable stuff written about herself and who has temporarily retired from the screen, has decided to write her life story in which she promises to tell everything.

8. Eddie Quillan has been seen with Maureen O'Sullivan with such regularity that Hollywood senses a romance.

9. Irving Weinberg, a wealthy broker, has taken Hugh Trevor's place in Betty's affections.

10. Lola Lane became the bride of Lew Ayres September 15, 1931, and they spent their honeymoon in the Jackson's Hole Country in Wyoming.

11. Reports have it that Gloria Swanson married Michael Farmer recently. Gloria denies this, saying her divorce from the Marquis Henri de la Falaise will not be final until November, making it impossible for her to marry until then. However, the persistent rumors say that she was married in some place in the United States where her divorce is recognized as final.

12. A fire in the Harold Lloyd home did considerable damage and the comedian and his family had a narrow escape from the flames.

13. Because he did not like the treatment accorded him in the movie capital, he has returned to New York and is appearing on the stage. Having his name changed from Douglass Montgomery to Kent Douglass was one of the things he resented. It was necessary to change his name because the studio already had one Montgomery (Robert).

14. The divorced wife of Duncan Renaldo has been destitute and has had to take a job as saleslady to support herself and her five-year old son.

15. Of course, you do. Wong Lu Tsong, which when translated becomes Frosted Yellow Willows, is Anna May Wong's Chinese name.

16. Wallace Beery, in the old Biograph days, was a comic female impersonator. Quite a difference from the rough-and-ready rôles he now portrays!

17. Leo Carillo, who gets his breaks because his ancestors helped found the City of the Angels.

18. Colleen Moore, once the highest-paid star of all, is seriously considering coming back to the screen and is talking terms with a number of producers.

19. Mary Pickford is going to become a newspaper columnist. She will do a weekly feature article for the McNaught Syndicate.

20. The lady who is smiling so sweetly is Jeanette MacDonald with her fiancé, Robert G. Ritchie. They are shown in Paris where they went with the hopes of putting a stop to the false rumors circulated in European circles that Jeanette was dead.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

The Ability to Act Natural

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—How we love an actress who will let us look through her make-up, and see that she, too, understands and may have even lived the rôle she is taking. Audiences soon tire of Barrymore gestures, and long to see how they themselves would look in similar circumstances.

For years we have starved for natural acting, and at last our hunger has been satisfied by none other than the adorable Barbara Stanwyck. We hate to say what will happen, producers, if you cast her in a rôle that will change her simple charm. *M. Lippard.*

The Important Thing

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The producers seem bewildered as to what the public wants—gangster plots, Pollyanna stories, sophistication, kid stories. I am not particular as to the *type* of movie I see. What I desire first of all is entertainment. Certain films are possessed of this vital ingredient—entertainment value, and they are always successful—they carry the audience out of itself, make it forget humdrum everyday life for a while. A picture with ever so clever a plot—with intelligent acting and beautiful scenery—without this necessary vitality, will meet with lukewarm approval.

A pathetic story human enough to make us cry, a comedy that will force us to laugh, a mystery that *is* mysterious, thrills that are thrilling—these are what the movie public wants.

We like to be stirred, to forget we are watching a movie, and have no particular preference who does the "stirring"—whether *Skippy*, or *Scorpio*, *Dracula* or *Trader Horn*, just so it is accomplished. *D. H. Chapman.*

Screen Lacks Variety

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Variety is the spice of life. An old saying, but still true, though the producers forget this at times and all get excited over the same type of story.

Some wish to see their own drab lives glorified, some wish to forget their parts in real life and live in fancy the lives portrayed on the screen, some want a good comedy. Others enjoy the "thrillers" and baffling mysteries. Still others enjoy the historic and religious pictures. But everyone wants a little change in his movie fare as well as in the players. The actors and actresses are too classified—that is, they almost always portray the same type. Can't the heroes be villains once in a while? *Betty Howe.*

Which of These Boys Will Be Big Stars Tomorrow?

(*Continued from page 53*)

when Charlie had money for only one pair of shoes, they were the reason for his journey to Labrador in the cast of "The Viking"—a hazardous and therefore well-paid rôle. Since then he has had leads in "Fast and Loose," "The Age for Love," and "Touchdown." If Charlie becomes a big success, even his worst rivals will be glad. He's that kind of chap.

Allen's Making Them Flutter

ALLEN VINCENT has no twins, and no wife. And so far he has done nothing in Hollywood but dazzle all the girls, whether stars or stenographers, who have crossed his path. He's full of high spirits and wisecracks and democracy, in addition to being about the best-looking of all the new youngsters. He's a star already in studio popularity, and when he does reach the screen there ought to be a panic among the sub-deb fans. Allen has already proved he can act, in the Broadway production of "The Vinegar Tree," and now all he needs is a camera and a microphone.

The stage play, "Young Sinners," was the Alma Mater of Gene Raymond and Hardie Albright. Both these blonds have been widely advertised as the original *Gene* in the New York cast of that play, but Gene Raymond was actually the one, though it was Hardie Albright who got the job in the screen version. Hardie played the rôle for three weeks in a second company in Boston, which was enough to convince the Fox executives that they needed him. "Young Sinners," "Hush Money," "Skyline" and "Heartbreak," cover his screen career to date—and the future looks good.

Gene Raymond even got his name from "Young Sinners." He was known as Raymond Guion—his rightful moniker—on the stage, but after negotiations with Paramount began, he had to change it because it was too complicated for the studio help. The doorman called him Guinan and Grunion, until in self-defense he took his first name for his last, and appropriated the first name he had answered to for two years on the stage.

Thus was evolved Gene Raymond, a very sensible and competent young man with gray eyes and a blond pompadour, who played the lead opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid." He seems to be typed as a rich young wastrel, a sort of disgrace to the old folks but a boon to the girls. Gene is not very advanced in years, but he's a good enough actor to survive the disadvantages of youth, if he gets the breaks.

"Dynamic" is the word RKO hopes you'll remember when you think of John Darrow. Poor Johnny spent the best years of his life making "Hell's Angels," and then nobody noticed him much in the picture. But after that ordeal was over, just as he became a mature man of twenty-one, things began to take a turn for the better. RKO signed him on a long-term contract, gave him the lead opposite Betty Compson in "The Lady Refuses," and the boy must have made good. From now on John is to play nothing but leads, and his sponsors even dare to hope he'll be the Lew Ayres of RKO. He's dark, six feet tall, athletic, and very, very dynamic.

Just for contrast RKO also signed up Eric Linden, who made his big impression in "Are These Our Children?" Eric has wavy hair and a baby face that affects some people the way Jackie Coogan's once did. Though he's only twenty, he has had lots of stage experience, including two years with the New York Theater Guild. But this isn't going to do him any good unless a lot of fat juvenile screen rôles are written in the next few years. For Eric belongs among the adolescents, and no amount of acting ability can help him over that hurdle. A time lapse and a beard would do more for his career than anything else.

Two boys whose Paramount contracts have so far been nothing but vacations with pay are John Breeden and Kent Taylor. Both of them have dark wavy hair and we would never attempt to swear which is which. Young Mr. Breeden came from the stage. Young Mr. Taylor was an extra until he was called in to sit in a camera test with Claire (Follies Girl) Dodd. Executives looked and were impressed. And so they both became members of the Paramount family, and for the past four months they've had a nice rest. But John Breeden's private life has been a little more productive. By the time you read this, according to the latest bulletin, John will at least be a papa, even if he's not a screen star.

Tom Douglas, also of Paramount, is just another blond—at this stage of the game. One wonders if he will ever look any older—and that's what makes it so sad. If you want to do your own wondering about this, see him in "The Road to Reno."

Don't forget about Richard Cromwell, who started out with a burst of glory as *Tol'able David* and then was allowed to sink into obscurity for many months. Dick is taking a new lease on life, however, in "Shanghaied Love" and "Fifty Fathoms Deep." If we must have juveniles, please let them all be as nice as Dick.

It's almost impertinent to mention the illustrious Clark Gable as a newcomer, but the fact is that Clark hasn't been attracting attention much longer than some of these boys. His success is a perfect commentary on the handicap of youth. Clark Gable is a sensation because women can sink back in their chairs and say, "Thank God, here is a Man."

Look over these handsome newcomers and see if you can pick the winners—the sensations of tomorrow, the potential Gables.

Nancy, Greta, Marlene and Jean are also Sirens of the Stove

(*Continued from page 80*)

sprinkle with finely-chopped nuts. With a large pair of scissors cut toward the center of the ring, but not quite to the center, at intervals of two inches, lacing the cut section each time flat on the tin, giving a petal-like appearance. When light, bake in a hot oven.

SWEDISH PANCAKES

¼ pound of flour,
2 eggs
1½ gills of milk
A pinch of salt
Lard or butter for frying.

Sift the flour and salt into a bowl, beat the eggs and stir them gradually into the flour, add half the milk and beat until smooth, add the remainder of the milk and allow to stand. To fry the pancakes place a small piece of butter or lard in an omelet pan. When hot, pour in sufficient batter to cover the bottom of the pan. Fry until one side is colored. Then toss and fry the other side until it is a golden brown. Turn on to a sugared paper, sprinkle with lemon juice, roll and serve. Powdered sugar and jelly may be added if desired.

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Stars Who Are Victims of Their Stardom

(*Continued from page 47*)

an ordinary little chap with ordinary likes and dislikes.

John Gilbert must have sickened of it long ago. Report has it that he separated from Leatrice Joy largely because he was everywhere known as The Great Lover and that tradition did not admit of being the father of a family and a slippered husband.

Gable Leads His Own Life

I HAVE an idea that the newcomers to the screen will scrap this legend of tradition. They will not become human sacrifices. They will do what they choose to do in the way they choose to do it. Clark Gable is happily married so far as I know. He does not talk about it. He keeps his private life quiet, so that if ever he wants to change that life he will not have to smash a tradition in order to do so. He doesn't go to parties. He recently traded his swank car for two Fords so that he and his wife might both have cars. He hates swimming-pools and yachts and all the lavish insignia of the stardom of the old régime. These newcomers are individuals and will remain so.

So many of the old-timers were human sacrifices to the public idea of how-a-star-should-behave! Wallace Reid—his wife told me so—might never have gone the way he did go if he had not felt it necessary to be prodigal in every way. Prodigal with time and money, prodigal of himself and his morale. Barbara La Marr might have been with us to-day if she had not lived the front-page life of a sensationalist. It was expected of her, wasn't it? A new lover a week—quite in the tradition of a siren-star, *n'est pas?* Valentino sighed to me one long-ago day: "If only every woman I meet would not expect me to insult her!"

If they had dared to be tradition-smashers, many of these sad obituaries would never have been written.

Lupe Velez is a tradition-smasher. She will be no human sacrifice. In days of yore, Lupe would have had to stick to Gary until sheer boredom drove one of them to murder. She created her own tradition with her "I lof Gar-ee!"—the tradition of a great, if a spectacular love. The public expected her to Live Up To It. Well, she smashed the tradition. She has announced that she is not a one-man woman. She will not be a sacrifice upon an altar where the fire has grown cold.

Nancy, Leslie and Marlene

NANCY CARROLL is a tradition-smasher. Her place in the movie heavens would once have called for a continuance of her first marriage. She was That Type. But Nancy parted from Jack Kirkland—and, as soon as she had her divorce, married Bolton Mallory. Let the public think what it might!

Leslie Howard dared to laugh a fat contract in the face in order to return to England and the kind of a life he wants. He dared to Say Things about Hollywood—things, you understand, not in the sacred tradition.

Marlene Dietrich is a tradition-smasher. She assured me at the very beginning that she would have none of this nonsense—passing herself off as a young girl of eighteen, denying the existence of her child. She smashed the good old-time hooey of the perpetual virgin, the perpetual siren.

The sirens must grow so tired of sirening. The blissfully married couples must be fed to the teeth with perpetual bliss. Young Robert Montgomery tried to duck that tradition by keeping his marriage a secret—so that he and his wife could be blissful or belligerent as they happened to feel at the moment. The Sweet Young Things of the screen must crave to cut loose and be Awful. Imagine, to-day, an eternal GISH! The big he-men like Noah Beery and Charles Bickford would doubtless like to break down and have a good cry. The gently conservative gentlemen of the school of Brook and Colman would probably relish a horrid little sin, just for a change. The Big Sex-Appeal Men like Clark Gable must long to look a woman in the eye and not be given the high-sign.

Lawrence Tibbett has smashed the tradition of home-and-family-forever. Lupe has squashed the tradition of the Great Lof. Leslie Howard has smashed the tradition that Hollywood is the only place to live.

Will Joan and young Doug be able to defeat the sacred tradition of Pickfair? Or does it still prevail: that what you have once started you cannot stop—no matter what it is?

Waiting for the Breaks as the Telephone Rings

(*Continued from page 57*)

Director So-and-So of Such-and-Such Studio is Interested. Not for what, or why, or anything else. But can the anxious player call and find out? He cannot—for at the bottom of the message is printed: "Interested calls are being sent out with the understanding that neither artist nor agent communicate with the studio regarding the Interested calls."

Just imagine the state some actors get in, sitting around and waiting for the telephone to ring, after receiving one of these mysterious and perhaps intensely important messages! Is it any wonder that the Hollywood bootleggers drive Lincolns?

Because of this hyper-sensitivity with which people await rings, a cruel gag has grown up among the younger screen generation. Practical jokers will ring a player they know to be waiting for a call, and ask him to report immediately to the studio. The happy thespian will get himself cleaned up like a new pin, put on his best suit, and radiating personality like a success ad, barge over to the plant—to discover that no one there has sent for him and, to judge from the annoyed looks of the people whom he has bothered, probably never will.

Then there is the studio friend who calls from the lot. "I got an awful jolt this morning," Walter Rogers told me sadly one afternoon. "The 'phone rang—'M-G-M. calling.' Boy, my heart got so far up in my mouth I could hardly answer—but it was only one of the girls who works there, asking me to go on a yachting party."

Yet it seems necessary for screen success that most of those who click must endure this racking suspense. Plenty of switchboard operators recall with what seemingly hopeless persistence, four years ago, a young man named Clark Gable used to call the studios day after day, saying: "All I want is a chance—I'll take anything—extra work—anything."

A recent Hollywood novel, "Spotlight Madness," bears a line about the switchboard operator at the Athletic Club, to the effect that she is "the repository of half the confidences of Hollywood." But she is more than that to such men as Walter Byron, John Holland, Larry Kent and other actors who reside at the club. She is the deity who presides over the oracle, and who

passes on the hoped-for information that another job is coming up. The boys keep her informed of their whereabouts.

The same is true of the desk-clerk at the Y.M.C.A., who is in daily touch with half of the screen troops, when they are not working. Ben Alexander is typical of many others who patronize the Y gymnasium, exercise-seekers ranging all the way from such portly gentlemen as Sam Hardy to small, active ones like James Cagney.

No mention of switchboards may pass without mention of the most important board in the whole business—one for the rings of which eighteen thousand extra people wait anxiously each afternoon. For it is from the Central Casting Bureau that John Extra and Joan Atmosphere now must look for those occasional calls.

Panic reigned on the studio switchboards every afternoon, with thousands calling to ask if there was work for them. The situation became so cumbersome that the Bureau was established, to handle all extra people. And when this innovation was effected, eighteen thousand more people joined the roster of those who are Waiting For the 'Phone to Ring.

Try to keep track of Hollywood Marriages —It Just Can't Be Done!

(*Continued from page 49*)

the exotic Miss Duncan to a curious world, "because of my work. Marriage so often interferes with a career." (How about it, Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich and you other girls with husbands?) "Besides, my husband's work kept him in the East and mine brought me to Hollywood. We just thought it best to keep it a secret."

Mary may have thought it best—but evidently Mr. Wood didn't. It was the "secret" bridegroom, in fact, who spilled the beans. According to all reports, Mr. Wood stated that he wanted his wife to come East to be with him and he didn't care who heard him.

It was only by accident that an enterprising reporter—who knew his movie stars by their real names—discovered that Ann Veronica La Hiff, housewife, was seeking a divorce from John Kirkland, writer, in Nogales, Mexico. Ann Veronica La Hiff, of course, is our own Nancy Carroll. When cornered, Nancy admitted that the reporter was a good detective, but dismissed rumors that she would soon be marrying Bolton Mallory, New York magazine editor.

It was only by accident that another enterprising reporter—this one stationed in a small town in Connecticut—discovered that Nancy Carroll was being quietly (oh, so quietly!) wed to Mr. Mallory. Nancy's friends complained that she hadn't taken even them into her confidence—so the secrecy couldn't have been just a publicity stunt, as some Eastern writers so unkindly suggested.

Is Mary Astor Mrs. Thorne?

IN view of all these secret marriages, can you blame poor old Hollywood for casting a suspicious eye on every new romance and wondering if all these people who "deny all" might not have taken the big step after all? But Hollywood's newest romances, if you please, are remaining just as "secret" as the newest marriages.

Is Mary Astor secretly married to a young and handsome Dr. Thorne?

The town has been asking itself this question for several months now. Mary, herself, says "No"—but the point is, can you believe Mary, or any other movie star, while this epidemic of secrets is on? "How did such an absurd report get started?" Mary wants to know. (Mary Duncan asked the same thing.) "Dr. Thorne and I are merely good friends."

Such good friends, in fact, that they lunch, dine and drive together almost every day. Now, if it breaks shortly that Mary and the doctor are "secretly married," don't say we didn't warn you.

A New York columnist has it down in black and white that Gloria Swanson is already married to Michael Farmer, the wealthy young Briton who squired her about Paris and followed her back to Hollywood. But you don't get that story from Gloria and Mike.

How Good Is Gloria's Alibi?

"OF course, we aren't married! I don't get my final divorce decree until November," scoffs Gloria.

But, Gloria, we've been fooled so often. And in Paris where you met Mike they don't have such pesky things as interlocutory decrees. Also, remember what Clark Gable did? He married Rita Langham before he was quite sure of his divorce—and then, when the papers finally became final, he married the lady all over again. That's one way of doing it.

Gloria's *Ex*, Henri de la Falaise, is equally scoffing about any secret marriage to Constance Bennett. He reminds curious reporters firmly of that final decree that isn't so final until November 7.

And yet it was none other than Joel McCrea who remarked that he wouldn't be a bit surprised if Connie and Hank had journeyed to Paris to be married. (Joel, you remember, used to be Connie's favorite escort on the nights when Hank was working and couldn't take her out.) But Constance and the Marquis still insist it was just a "coincidence" that they happened to travel on the same train and boat to Paris and on the same boat and train back to Hollywood from Paris.

"It's too ridiculous that we were planning to get married," shrugs Constance—and Constance does shrug so well!

Jeanette's Wedding Postponed?

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Robert Ritchie were supposed to have been married last June. But for some reason or other the marriage was postponed. The waiting world wasn't informed of the details.

Jeanette airily explained: "We just decided to wait a while longer. The engagement isn't broken. I'm still wearing Bob's ring." And Mr. Ritchie heartily seconded Jeanette's story. In fact, he did not appear to be the disappointed suitor in the least. It was his attitude that led suspicious old Hollywood to wonder if that marriage had been "postponed," after all. Young men who might be secretly married are never upset about a "postponed wedding." Remember how casually Nick Stuart behaved when Sue Carol broke her "engagement" to him, two weeks after they had been secretly married?

With all these secrets going on, you aren't going to catch Hollywood surprised about anything.

Have director Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson pulled a fast one and slipped away for one of those Yuma or Las Vegas marriages?

Might not Dorothy Mackaill have married Neil Miller before the boat sailed from Honolulu? Dot and Neil had taken out a marriage license on Dot's previous trip. What could have been simpler than tying a secret knot before leaving the Islands?

If you were betting on whether these couples are married or not—as Hollywood is doing these days—which way would *you* place *your* money?

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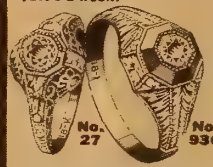
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Only a Bud



I can't see what anyone sees in Buddy Rogers. He's like a fifteen-year-old boy. Tell him to grow a beard so that he will look a bit more grown-up. I do wish he would go home to his mother where he really belongs.

Three cheers for Joe E. Brown.

I. Uggla, London, England

They'll Have Convulsions

That crack about the Marx Brothers roused my ire. What did Melba Markham expect to see—another pie-throwing contest between a bunch of gobs like the one in a late Oakie production? If the new Marx Brothers picture, "Monkey Business," has half as many wisecracks as "Animal Crackers" had, heaven help the audience.

Howard Reed, Long Beach, Cal.

Motion Made and Seconded



I make a motion that Phillips Holmes go jump in a lake and stay there. My mother seconds the motion. This might also go for Helen Chandler and Buster Collier.

Kathryn Sumner, Riverside, Calif.

The New Idol

I took my girl friend to see it, and did she like it? Boy, I'll say she did! Did I have any trouble getting a good-night kiss? Not so you could notice.

The folks went to see it. Dad laughed himself sick and Mom burst a corset cord (I guess that's what you call them).

Who is this new star with his soulful eyes and komical kapers and unique love-making who drives away the blues? One guess! You're right! The new idol of the millions—Mickey Mouse!

F. M., Cleveland, Ohio

Connie Has Wings



I have seen every one of Connie Bennett's pictures, and I admire her acting. I think she is one of the greatest actresses on the screen. Her eyes, hair, and lips are beautiful. Her features are perfect. There isn't any other star like her.

There's only one thing I don't understand.

On the screen, she wears the most extreme dresses on that skinny frame of hers. They are so tight that I sit in fear that she might heave a great sigh, for I know that such a sigh would surely split her dress. Her clothes have no sleeves nor backs. Her arms look like toothpicks; her back has shoulder blades protruding like wings.

I can't understand why—on a mere $30,000 a week—Connie can't get enough square meals to fill up those vacancies she takes pleasure in exposing.

Wauneetha Brummell, Fort Worth, Tex.

Wants a Big Hand for Joan

Say, listen a minute, will you? Who are all of these people who complain about Joan Crawford? All you Crawford fans, why not join me in giving Miss Crawford *such* a big hand that these miserable howlers won't know what it's all about?

Let's have bigger and better Joan Crawford pictures and more of them!

Crawford Fan, Tacoma, Wash.

Give Holmes a Snappy Rôle

I am fed up on seeing Phillips Holmes in such gloomy, morbid pictures as "Confessions of a Co-ed" and "An American Tragedy." I suppose Paramount just had to get the "Tragedy" off its chest, but now that it's over, I would like to suggest that they let Phillips play in something livelier. Another picture like "Her Man" would send Phillips rocketing into stardom. *Ida M. Layne, San Francisco, Cal.*



The Great Garbo Again

Fan conditions have come to a pitiful state when a fan decides to veto the glorious Greta because she wears oxfords and lives alone. My dear B. Brown, what would you have her wear—ice skates? And where live, pray tell—in the M-G-M Commissary? And what, may I ask, has all this got to do with the woman's histrionic rating—than which there is none higher, even if the anti-Garbo crew can't see where we "get that stuff that Greta is great." As philosophers have put it, "All self-evident truths aren't evident to everyone."

What the Garbo private life has to do with her professional existence has always been an unfathomable problem to me. You can't avoid believing in the existence of fans who take more interest in what a player reads and eats than in what she does on the screen, because, unfortunately, there are swarms of them floating about home and theater. Just why they ever go to theaters is another mystery I never hope to see solved. *Richard E. Passmore, Media, Pa.*



A Posy-Picking Cowboy

If there ever was a mechanical cowboy, Tom Tyler takes the cake. The spur-jingling idiot can't ride a mule, let alone a horse. He ought to wear skirts, the old sissy, and go picking posies, too. He should be thrown out of the movies which is what all ham actors deserve. *G. L., Los Angeles, Cal.*

Attaboy!

Give us more pictures like "Cimarron." It was a beauty, a pip, a wow, a—well, you get the idea.

Thea Burke, New York, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jean Capable of Bigger Things



It's beyond me why some studio official doesn't grab Jean Harlow, strip her of a few of her charms, cast her in a play ideally suited for her and for acting, then set her adrift on the screen? She is too individual to be "typed" always as the possessor of ITsky because she also has ACTsky. There must be any number of good, thrilling tales suited for such a personality. Why drown her forever in nude, come-hither rôles when she is perfectly capable of climbing dramatic heights? Does this seep through? We demand immediate action.

Charles Beardsley, Winton, Calif.

Praise for Norma

Isn't Norma Shearer just too grand for words? After seeing her in "A Free Soul" I say she's the most marvelous and alluring actress today. More power to her! *Jean Harmon.*

Enough of It



I wonder if anyone else is as fed-up on the Crawford-Fairbanks Romance as I am? My Goodness! Are they the only happily married people in Hollywood? What of the Richard Barthelmesses, the Conrad Nagels, the Warner Baxters, the Harold Lloyds, the Neil Hamiltons, and the Hoot Gibsons? I'd like to see some other movie couples get a little publicity for a while, wouldn't you?

And if I see just one more fan letter about the Garbo-Dietrich controversy, I'll SCREAM!

Thelma Fisher, New Philadelphia, O.

Nuts About Gable



I think Clark Gable is taking the movie world by storm! He's marvelous! Handsome and everything a movie fan wants!

But—why on earth can't he ever have a likable part in a picture? He was miscast in "Laughing Sinners"; imagine Gable in a Salvation Army garb!!! He was great in the "Secret Six" but he had a dislikable rôle. He was marvelous as the polished gambler in "A Free Soul" but imagine how the feminine hearts sank when he was shot after doing all that marvelous acting.

In the future let us see Clark taking the male lead. Then watch his rise to stardom!!!

Sue, Pomona, Calif.

Praise for Two Comédiennes

I'd like to see Thelma Todd in a *real* picture—she certainly has the makings of a fine actress. Also: I'd like to make my own personal nomination for America's funniest comédienne—Charlotte Greenwood. More power to her!

H. A. S., Fall City, Wash.

Don't Pick on Rudy?

About Rudy Vallee. What do some of you expect him to be? Everything? A man might be good at a few things but even Santa Claus isn't good so far as his figure is concerned. Rudy's okay and possesses more IT in his voice than Clara Bow hopes to claim.

Dolores V., Decker, Ind.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

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If you really want to know how hugely enjoyable a fine cigarette can be, just try Camels in the Humidor Pack!

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It isn't only that these fine tobaccos are cleaned by a special vacuum process that whisks away all the peppery dust.

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Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a **LUCKY** *instead"*

The great Lord Tennyson in a beautiful poem refers to a woman's Adam's Apple as "The warm white apple of her throat." Consider your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—That is your larynx—your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Protect the delicate tissues within your throat. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants! Reach for a LUCKY instead. Here in America LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette which brings you the added benefit of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process, which includes the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays. It is this exclusive process that expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."



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Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

Motion Picture

January

25 cents



GRETA GARBO

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The One Minute Cough Drop

TIME IT! PROVE IT!

TRY these modern cough-breakers. They have the authority! They get results! They'll check a bad coughing spell in one minute by your watch. It isn't just their fascinating flavor alone that won the public to Cough Drop Life Savers. They have a lively, delightful medicating action fully as effective as spraying your throat.

You get some relief from the old-fashioned cough drops. But why not use the kind that brings instant ease to the sorest throat, and actually stops your coughing?

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A soothing blend of menthol, horehound and eucalyptus



MENTHOL **Cough Drop LIFE SAVERS**

IN THE HANDY ROLL PACKAGE

The Family conference—
about the "pink" on Mother's tooth brush!



PEOPLE *used* to be able to enjoy "pink tooth brush" in peace and quiet! But not *today!* Dental science has found out too much about it! And if the new generation doesn't warn you about it, your dentist is *certain* to.

Why is "pink tooth brush" so common an ailment in this day and age? "Because," says modern science, "to remain sound, the gums need the stimulation which only coarse foods can give them. But modern foods are *soft* foods —and, lacking exercise, gums tend to become touchy. Eventually, they become so tender that they bleed."

"Pink tooth brush" may cause the teeth to lose their sparkle. It all too often leads to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. And it *sometimes* endangers apparently sound teeth.

The answer? *Daily massage of the gums.* But even more effective, daily massage of the gums with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then put a little bit more on your brush or fingertip and rub it into your gums. Leave the Ipana there. It contains ziratol, and the ziratol will get results better if left on the gums.



Don't Take Chances

Tooth paste is not costly! Skimping on your tooth paste is decidedly poor economy. For a good dentist and a good dentifrice are the most economical things on earth!

You'll like Ipana, first of all, because it *is* a splendid *tooth* paste. It cleans the teeth *thoroughly* without any possibility of the enamel's becoming marred.

Your teeth begin to look whiter almost at once. And it won't be a month before you'll be able to see a decided improvement in your gums. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and they'll be so firm that you won't be troubled with "pink tooth brush!"

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Charlie Ruggles, Vivienne Osborne, Juliette Compton, Harry Bannister

●

"WORKING GIRLS"



with PAUL LUKAS

Judith Wood, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Dorothy Hall and Stuart Erwin.
Directed by Dorothy Arzner

●

"LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE"



With Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond Wynne Gibson, George Barbier.
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Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.



"THE FALSE MADONNA"

With Kay Francis and William Boyd.
Directed by Stuart Walker

"SOOKY"

With Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan.
Directed by Norman Taurog.
Same cast and director as "Skippy"



Motion Picture

JANUARY
1 9 3 2

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twentieth Year
Volume XLII, No. 6



THIS MAN HAS YOUR NUMBER!

In this issue we present the first of a series of Numberscopes on motion picture stars by Clifford W. Cheasley, world-famous numerologist and author of several volumes on numerology.

He has selected as his first subject Clark Gable, for whom he predicts greater success than ever in the coming year.

Turn to page 42, read this interesting character analysis of America's favorite screen lover . . . and learn how you can obtain a brief general Numberscope of your own, prepared by the foremost authority on the science of numbers.

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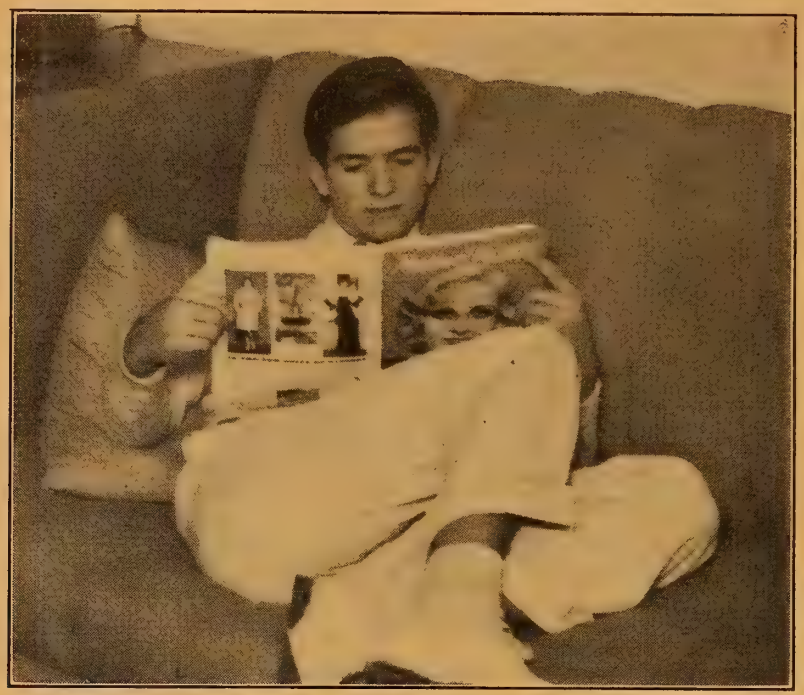
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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS



Hendrickson

Eric Linden, one of the newcomers to the screen, is finding perfect relaxation with a copy of MOTION PICTURE. This young actor was formerly with the New York Theater Guild, but he's now under contract to RKO. You will see him in "Are These Our Children?"

WRITE 'EM AND REAP A MONEY PRIZE

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York.

$20.00 Letter

Clean Romancing Still Favored

W. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Moving Pictures and entertainment are synonymous. They represent one of America's greatest diversions. However, is there any scrap of diversion in sitting for hours reviewing the realism and sensationalism that fills our newspapers, surrounds everyday life—the mundane commonplace? This world reeks with realism, but what of idealism and the long ago splendid romance? After all it's the "unusual" not "usual" that provides diversion.

Producers claim the smutty, suggestive pictures now on the market are what the public itself demanded. But, did the public request such a deluge? Too much of even the best of things soon grows tiresome. Daring, risqué, bedroom paramouring, gangster land, and battlefield scenes; eternal triangle, racketeering, and war themes are foremost today. See one and you've seen them all. They have served their purpose. Fully we realize the wages of adultery, the horrors of war, so why not now give these worn-out scenes and themes a rest? Give us the innocent enjoyment our movies once stood for. Weren't the crowded performances of "Daddy Long Legs" an indication that modern audiences still enjoy clean romancing? Give us more of the pathos and delicacy of "Smilin' Thru," the romance of "Annie Laurie," the picturesqueness of "Evangeline," the appeal of "Skippy," and adventure of "Trader Horn,"—the old-time thrills and mystery. Give us pictures that leave us refreshed, inspired and glad to be alive, instead of our present reactions of boredom, embarrassment and disgust at the tiresome rehashing of everyday sordidness.

Jean Gluckert.

$10.00 Letter

Screen Gangsters Too Smart and Human

INGLEWOOD, CAL.—It's the decisive smartness gangsters evince in crime cinemas that incites patrons to admire them, even though they abhor crime in itself.

The gangster makes no hypocritical "bones" about what he wants and sets about methodically to get it. This practicality appeals to the common sense of the audiences.

Also, there is usually the satisfying human side to the gangster who cares for a crippled brother or pays off the mortgage.

Audiences are not so harsh towards the prohibition gangster, the Eighteenth Amendment being a mooted question.

In "Dance, Fools, Dance," a gangster appeals to a greenhorn entering the "bonded bottle" racket, thusly: "Why not get wise by selling the stuff, rather than break the law drinking it?" excusing the hijacker in this manner: The gang, may we play with the law, but with or against the law, the gang.

Audiences will turn against the more stupid and ugly gangster.

Stanley H. Briggs.

$5.00 Letter

Favors Co-Starring System

JACKSON, MISS.—And now they're talking of starring Joel McCrea . . . can't they ever leave well enough alone? Not that Joel hasn't starring possibilities just as Robert Montgomery or Clark Gable had; but why "star" all the desirable leading men? As a result our greatest feminine luminaries are constantly having to break in new leads; and sometimes these potential male stars are not strong enough to "carry" a picture, whereas they were splendid leading men. For instance: I like Robert Montgomery. But I liked him much better *with* Joan Crawford in "Our Blushing Brides" and *with* Norma Shearer in "Their Own Desire" than Robert Montgomery *in* "The Man In Possession"—I admire Clark Gable too; but Clark Gable *with* Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul" and Clark Gable with Greta Garbo in "Susan Lenox—" were so much greater achievements than Clark Gable in "Sporting Blood." I'm for the co-starring system . . . the theory that one good star deserves another.

Mrs. Jack Hale.

Audiences Now Demand And Get Quality

TULSA, OKLAHOMA—It seems to me, from what I can see and gather, that quality in a picture is the first requisite demanded by the public today. Gone are the days, when a person easily slipped inside a movie

(*Continued on page 87*)

Help this perplexed bride.. *and*

Qualify for the opportunity to

Win $4250.00.....



● Poor Betty. What a perplexed bride she is. She has broken two plates of the expensive antique China set Aunt May gave them for a wedding present ... Now she receives this wire from Aunt May—"Arrive Thursday 9 a.m." —just two days hence... Poor Betty, how she has tried and tried to match the set with no luck... But wait... Maybe here's luck at last!... In the store window shown here, so she's been told, are two IDENTICAL TWIN plates that match Aunt May's antique gift set... Help poor Betty find the Identical Twin Plates... Be careful ...many plates look alike—but ONLY TWO plates are exactly alike in size, shape and design. Can you find them? It will cost you nothing to try for the $10,000.00 worth of prizes to be given in our booster advertising prize distribution. Prizes awarded according to participants' standings upon Judges' final decision. If you can find the twin plates, send the numbers with your name and address. First prize is $4250.00 cash or, if winner prefers, a brand new 100 h. p. airplane, with $750.00 given extra for promptness. Everybody rewarded for productive endeavor. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No prize less than $25.00. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Think what you could do with $4250.00 right now... get the $750.00 Extra Promptness Prize... rush your answer to me NOW...

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THE SALVATION ARMY has over two thousand centers, always open, with a welcome for the poor and distressed. In normal times these outposts of social welfare minister to the limit of their capacity. During the past year the work of helping and healing has increased almost beyond calculation. Men and women who never before knew poverty have been added to the ranks of the hungry. Ashamed, bewildered, they have sought the aid and advice of The Salvation Army. Thousands of homes have been saved from ruin. The unemployed have been fed and clothed, turning a menace to society into an asset.

An Even Larger Program is Demanded This Winter

The contribution of The Salvation Army to the solution of the unemployment problem in national emergency relief, Christmas baskets, family welfare and a dozen other forms of assistance, will cost over $4,000,000.

We Rely on Our Friends to Give Us That Amount

HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE?

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New York, N. Y.

or, if you prefer, to your local resident officer. Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district.

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Broadway—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gleason, James—recently completed *Suicide Fleet*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—latest release *New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Halliday, John—playing in *Hullabaloo*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—latest release *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Prestige*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Blonde Baby*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—recently completed *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Emma*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *Two Kinds of Women*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Yellow*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—recently completed *Law and Order*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Freaks*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hobart, Rose—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—playing in *Justice Rides Again*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—playing in *Her Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kent, Barbara—playing in *Emma*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—latest release *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *No One Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—recently completed *Her Majesty, Love*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Mackaill, Dorothy—recently completed *Safe In Hell*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Manners, David—playing in *Lady With A Past*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Marsh, Marian—recently completed *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank Cal.

McCrea, Joel—playing in *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Disorderly Conduct*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Courage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Cock-o' the Air*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Negri, Pola—recently completed *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—playing in *Devil's Lottery*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Rainbow Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—recently completed *Flying High*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Oland, Warner—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Oliver, Edna May—playing in *Ladies of the Jury*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—playing in *First Cabin*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *Forbidden*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *High Pressure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *Blonde Baby*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—latest release *The Tip-Off*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—recently completed *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rich, Irene—recently completed *The Champ*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Dance Palace*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—recently completed *Ambassador Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—recently completed *Touchdown*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—recently completed *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Ladies of the Big House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Forbidden*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—recently completed *Tonight Or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Her Confession*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Tibbett, Lawrence—recently completed *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—recently completed *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—recently completed *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Sky Devils*—Caddo Productions, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Second Shot*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—recently completed *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *First Cabin*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Watkins, Linda—recently completed *Good Sport*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—recently completed *Law and Order*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Wong, Anna May—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, John—playing in *The Captain's Wife*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

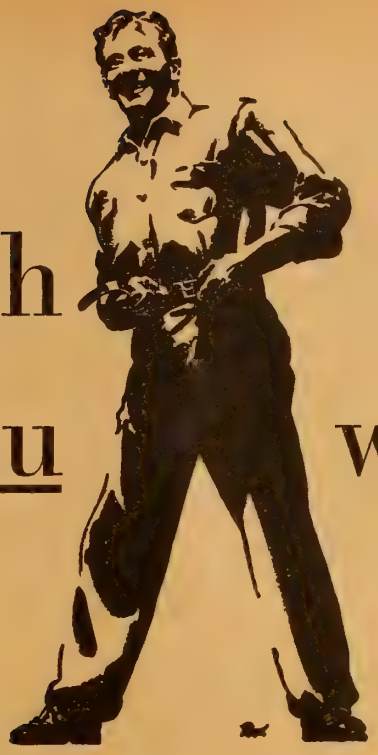
* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Roland—recently completed *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

CONSULT THIS HANDY LIST WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT A PLAYER IS DOING

"I'll see it through if you will!"



"THEY tell me there's five or six million of us—out of jobs.

"I know that's not your fault, any more than it is mine.

"But that doesn't change the fact that some of us right now are in a pretty tough spot—with families to worry about—and a workless winter ahead.

"Understand, we're not begging. We'd rather have a job than anything else you can give us.

"We're not scared, either. If you think the good old U. S. A. is in a bad way more than temporarily, just try to figure out some other place you'd rather be.

"But, until times do loosen up, we've got to have a little help.

"So I'm asking *you* to give us a lift, just as I would give one to you if I stood in your shoes and you in mine.

"Now don't send me any money—that isn't the idea. Don't even send any to the Committee which signs this appeal.

"The best way to help us is to give as generously as you can to your local welfare and charity organizations, your community chest or your emergency relief committee if you have one.

"That's my story, the rest is up to you.

"I'll see it through—if *you* will!"

—Unemployed, 1931

THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

Walter S. Gifford
Director

COMMITTEE ON MOBILIZATION OF RELIEF RESOURCES

Owen D. Young
Chairman

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.



The Movie Circus

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

This department nominates **John Gilbert** to head its committee on international relations. His interest in foreign affairs, principally Swedish (ah **Garbo!**), French (oh **Adorée!**), Hawaiian (o-o-o princess!) and Mexican (ummmmm **Lupe!**) makes him not only an admirable but a logical candidate.

"Fluffs," according to **Director Edmund Goulding,** who knows pretty much about these things, are no longer giddy girls out for a good time. Yesteryears' hey-hey girls are wearing mantles of virtue with halos. The intellectuals, the smart thinkers, those who have been grinding away at books—they are the ones who have gone wild. And this reversal of matters has been taking place in the last ten years. All of which makes us shake a sad head for posterity, but not for "Grand Hotel" which **Mr. Goulding** is to direct with **Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford** and **John Gilbert,** if Messrs. **Mayer, Thalberg** and **Rapf** concur on the cast.

The young screen siren who returned from New York with eighteen new fur coats (all gifts) denies that any are fashioned from Wall Street bears.

Gold may only be good for molar fillings in England, but they still have **Leslie Howard.** Personally we'd swap half of this country's frozen assets and a gross of hand-picked leading men for one **Mr. Howard.** That's the way **Ann Harding, Charles** (Producer) **Rogers** and other R-K-O-Pathé dignitaries felt, and put it into cabled words. **Howard's** answer was to the effect that "the sun shines brightly on the Riviera, too."

What brings us to tears is to think that even our gala and super-gala premières failed to attract him. But then that other Britisher, **Ronald Colman,** never cared much about them, either.

Maybe-she's-right Department

"Oh, I thought he was gr-r-rand, **Miss Dressler,**" pouted the blonde, "but he only took me out once."

"Huh, don't worry, my dear!" answered **Marie,** with a sniff, "he's just a **oncer.**"

(Marie, by the way, is completely recovered from her throat operation and is back at work, making a film called "Emma.")

Vicki Baum, German authoress in town six short weeks, writes scenario for **Chevalier,** adapts novel, visits prison (for future reference), city jail, county hospital, midnight mission, night court, and lunches, informally, with a professional lady whom the papers delicately refer to as "Hollywood's mystery woman."

And some of the natives have yet to see the City Hall.

Rumor, the tattle-tale, has it that **Ina Claire** decided that maybe she, too, needed a boat trip when she heard **John Gilbert** was Europe-bound. And **Jack,** when informed, thought maybe he'd charter a Zeppelin.

There are those who don't need prompting to say that **Ina** nurses other than disinterested thoughts toward her interlocutory husband.

Depression Highlights

In the interests of economy several of the studios are borrowing empty perfume bottles from **Gerly,** the perfumer, for use in dressing boudoir sets. And the perfumer admits with a snicker that he borrows the fancy containers from his bottlemaker.

The winter season may be sneaking up on the East and Middle West; but it isn't worrying the residents of Hollywood. Carole Lombard is telling you that the climate is mild enough for a plunge in the pool—particularly during mid-day. "If it's cool—then it's all the more invigorating, says" Bill Powell's happy bride

And then there is the gentleman-about-town who was forced to sell his valuables. Sale of his private 'phone book refinanced him. It contained some delectable numbers.

(*Continued on page 95*)

Jim's back! with a brand new LINE!



"BLONDE CRAZY"

with James CAGNEY

and JOAN BLONDELL

NOEL FRANCIS

Here's Jimmy, in a red-hot laugh-riot!... He's just crazy about blondes... Tall ones!—short ones!—fat ones!—They go to his head... They go to his heart... The blonder they come the harder he falls ... And what a team Jimmy and Joan make!... Sizzling!... A love team loaded with laughs! Don't miss seeing our red-headed rascal put over his new line in "Blonde Crazy."

RAY MILLAND

Story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright

Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Your Gossip Test

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1. Can you name the movie star who has been keeping her marriage a secret since June, 1931?

2. Who is the girl who went to New York from Hollywood with John Gilbert to see him off to Europe?

3. Why has the former wife of a very popular film lover announced her definite retirement from the screen?

4. Who is the movie hero, often called "Hollywood's most famous bachelor," who was recently married?

5. Do you know the name of the comedian who has been nicknamed "Schnozzle"? How did he get that name?

6. Can you name this couple? The young man was a real friend and very devoted to the girl at a time when she was having a lot of trouble in court, but they are now on the "outs."

7. What was the scandal that touched the name of a famous Oriental screen star?

8. With whom has the comedian who has made the sweat-shirt famous been stepping out of late, according to rumors—and what does the girl say of these rumors?

9. Another movie actor recently became a daddy. Do you know who he is?

10. Who is the screen player who received a $20,000 diamond bracelet from her admirer?

11. Do you know the Hollywood bride who filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy a few weeks after she was married to a popular screen star?

12. Who is the girl who has been in Hollywood less than a year and has already captured a popular director for a husband?

13. Can you name the juvenile film star whose mother is permitted to spend four hundred dollars a week for his maintenance?

14. What two movie stars recently announced their betrothals to two men who work behind the cameras?

15. How did a certain motion picture actress lose her jewels, valued at $10,000?

16. Who is the latest movie star to be granted a divorce and what was the charge she brought against her husband?

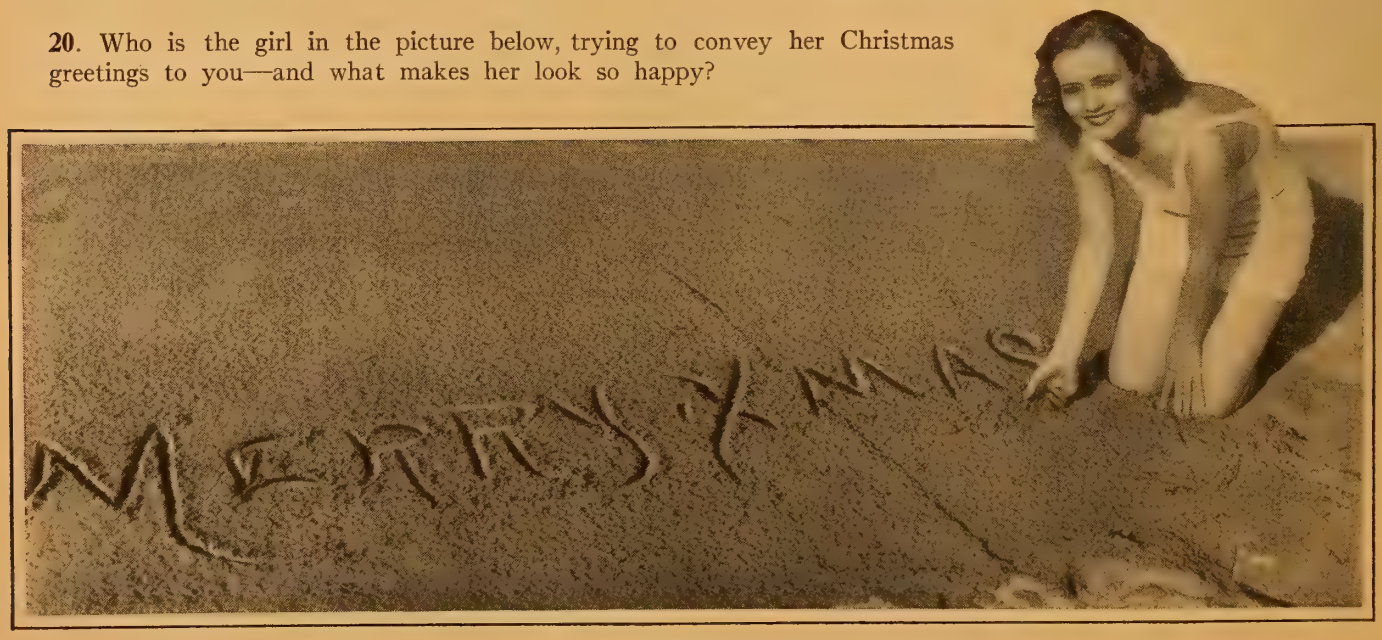
17. Do you know the name of the blonde beauty who has opened a gown shop in Hollywood?

18. Can you name the screen star who was arrested for being a hit-and-run driver?

19. When will the engagement of Roberta Gale, the young motion picture actress, be announced?

(*You will find the answers to these questions on page 101*)

20. Who is the girl in the picture below, trying to convey her Christmas greetings to you—and what makes her look so happy?



Who else wants to learn to play....



at home without a teacher, in ½ the usual time and ⅓ the usual cost?

Over 600,000 men and women have learned to play their favorite instruments the U. S. School of Music way!

That's a record of which we're mighty proud! A record that proves, better than any words, how *thorough*, how *easy*, how *modern* this famous method is.

Just think! You can quickly learn to play any instrument—directly from the notes—and at an average cost of only a few cents a day.

You study in your own home, practice as much or as little as you please. Yet almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies—not dull scales, as with old-fashioned methods.

Like Playing a Game

The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You simply *can't go wrong*. First you are *told* what to do. Then a picture *shows* you how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

As the lessons continue they become easier and easier. For instead of just scales you learn to play by *actual notes* the favorites that formerly you've only listened to. You can't imagine what fun it is, until you've started!

Truly, the U. S. School method has removed all the difficulty, boredom, and extravagance from music lessons.

Fun—Popularity

You'll never know what real fun and good times are until you've learned to play some musical instrument. For music is a joy-building tonic — a sure cure for the "blues." If you can play, you are always in demand, sought after, sure of a good time. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your favorite instrument—without the deadly drudging and prohibitive expense that were such drawbacks before. At last you can start right in and *get somewhere*, quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

Here's Proof

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—*and owe it all to your easy lessons*," writes George C. Lauer of Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces," says Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind. "*I knew nothing about music when I started.*"

"I have completed only 20 lessons and *can play almost any kind of music I wish.* My friends are astonished," writes Turner B. Blake, of Harrisburg, Ill.

And C. C. Mittlestadt, of Mora, Minn., says, "I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your *easy lessons*."

You, too, can learn to master the piano, violin, 'cello, saxophone—any instrument you prefer—this quick, easy way! For every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical*. Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment*. That's why students of the U. S. School course get ahead *twice as fast* as those who study by old-fashioned plodding methods.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
Harmony and Composition
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Juniors' Piano Course

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson—FREE!

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. A booklet has been printed, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," that explains this famous method in detail, and is yours free for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which *proves* how delightfully quick and easy—how *thorough*—this modern method is.

If you really want to learn to play at home—without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson AT ONCE. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 601 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-fourth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
601 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you
.....Instrument?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

That's Hollywood!

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People



High up in the Hollywood hills is the home of Tom Douglas—and Tom is silhouetted in the window where he gets a bird's-eye view

By Mark Dowling And Lynn Norris

MARY ASTOR became the center of gossip recently by refusing to admit her second marriage. She was on the stand in her suit against the company running the airplane in which her first husband was killed. The next day she changed her mind. "I didn't say 'no' when you asked me yesterday," added **Miss Astor**, "I said 'oh'"—and it turns out that she had been married for some months.

Constance Bennett's thirty thousand dollars a week has caught the public's imagination, and everywhere you hear of the big salaries of the stars. No one speaks much about the youngster who makes about eighty dollars a week, and he is a real star whose name you'd know if we were indiscreet enough to mention it.

In some way or other, Hollywood surprises everybody. **Vicki Baum,** the author, says that she expected to find a small town, with **Greta Garbo** shopping in plain sight, **Douglas Fairbanks** striding along the Boulevard, and **Charlie Chaplin** standing on the corner. Of course, it isn't that way at all. Stars may be glimpsed in restaurants certainly, but their movements are guarded by a certain instinct which warns them when their public is watching.

This discretion annoyed a young woman who had been shown celluloid celebrities at premières and studios but had never, as she put it, seen her favorite actor in his bath. On the last evening of her visit she had already gone to bed when the phone rang. "You left word for me to call?" a voice inquired. "This is **Douglas Fairbanks, Junior.**"

She managed to gasp that there must be some mistake. **Young Doug** apologized for bothering her, cursed the operator, and wished her good night. The little incident was immediately forgotten by everybody except the young lady, who knows now that stars get the wrong numbers like everybody else, and that she has really been in Hollywood.

The rôle of the monster in Universal's "Frankenstein" is played by **Boris Karloff,** who went around with forty-eight pounds of make-up on while they were shooting. As a clever publicity stunt no one off the set was allowed a glimpse of him, and he went back and forth to his dressing-room under a miniature tent. Even Hollywood, which has seen everything, found itself anxious to know what he looked like.

Tourists—to return to the young lady of the paragraph before—are apt to regard our city as a place of sweetness and light. They would never have been permitted, for instance, on the lot where a director in search of realism sent a score of extras—it was a war picture—running over a ground mined with bombs. The bombs exploded and many of the extras were hurt. The rest, maddened by the outrage, charged the director with their prop bayonets, and he escaped probable death by jumping into a property car and speeding away.

This is not a pretty story, but it has one humorous aspect. Several critics in reviewing the picture regretted the "unreality" of the war scenes.

Now and then fan magazines publish letters from stars to stars. The other day one appeared—two rival actors who hate each other, corresponding with the utmost graciousness. Nobody could understand it. Then an alert fellow visited a publicity office and saw a stenographer dashing about, trying to find someone whose writing resembled a well-known star's. Well . . .

The general excitement around Christmas is not lessened by the decorations with which the Chamber of Commerce adorns our Boulevard. There are a hundred and ten trees, made of wood or something, shaped like inverted ice cream cones. They are painted in stripes—green, red and silver. Each tree has a hundred lights, and the whole thing costs somebody eleven thousand dollars.

Not even the most alert fan would have seen anything unusual in the dinner a lady newspaper writer was given by a famous playwright. The playwright, however, had been driven insane by the pace of Hollywood and after they had dined he presented her with a hundred or so tubes of toothpaste, purchased for no reason at all from a nearby drugstore. He is in the hospital now, being examined.

And **Cecil Reynolds,** the London brain specialist, pretends to have retired and to be playing bits at Universal purely for the fun of it. But we believe him to be secretly asking stars and directors all sorts of questions, to put them into a book later as Interesting Cases.

To add to the delightful air of complete madness which characterizes our town, **Warner Baxter** predicts that studios will be built in skyscraper form twenty years from now, and instead of big dressing-rooms, stars will have only a small closet with a washstand to change their clothes in. Consider the tooth-and-nail rivalry on the various lots for the biggest and best dressing-rooms, and use your own imagination!

The let's-go-**Garbo** club finds another member in **Lupe Velez,**

(*Continued on page 100*)



the hat the TOOTH PASTE paid for and the teeth it beautified

A hat, a scarf, a good pair of gloves, or several pairs of stockings—these you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

it saves you $3 a year

Judge by results alone

Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice.

Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25¢.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of $3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



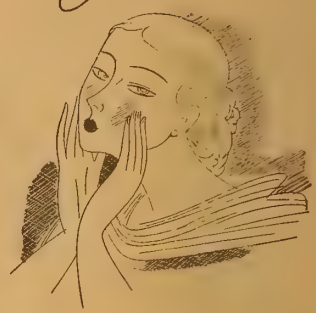
THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

SWIFT — INFALLIBLE —

these 4 famous steps to beauty



1 Immaculate cleansing, to the depths of the pores—that's the first step of the Pond's Method . . . Apply POND'S COLD CREAM generously over face and neck, patting with upward, outward strokes to ward off sagging and wrinkles . . . Let the fine light oils sink into the pores and float every particle of clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface.





2 Now wipe away with POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES—more efficient because so much *softer* and half again more absorbent by laboratory test . . . Society women say these exquisite Tissues are "the best way to remove cold cream," for they absorb the dirt so completely that nothing is left to clog the pores . . . Tissues in white or enchanting peach.



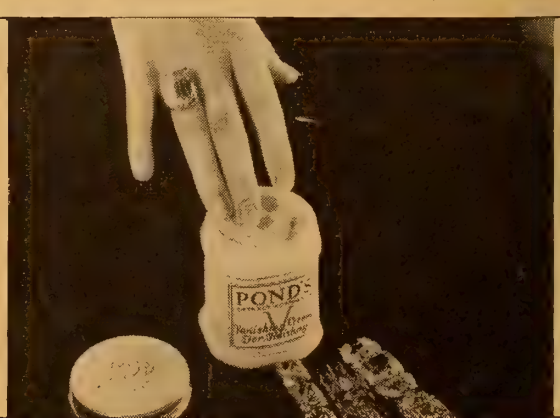


3 Next, POND'S SKIN FRESHENER to tone and firm—you saturate a pad of cotton, then pat briskly over your face and neck till the skin glows . . . This gentle tonic and mild astringent is so carefully formulated it *cannot dry your skin* . . . It is indispensable in home treatment of minor skin ills such as enlarged pores, sallowness, blackheads and blemishes.





4 Smooth on a dainty film of POND'S VANISHING CREAM always before you powder, to make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises little blemishes and gives a lovely velvety finish . . . Use not only on your face, but wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft, smooth and white.



***Send* 10¢** FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS · POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. A, 113 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK

NAME_____ STREET_____ CITY_____ STATE_____

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Tune in on Pond's Friday evenings 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. Network



Kenneth Alexander

MADGE EVANS

The college boys (and their dads) have a new favorite—and here she is, looking as if she didn't know it. She's fondling the "bad dime" that she and Ina Claire and Joan Blondell battle over so amusingly in "The Greeks Had a Word for it." And you'll be dusting off your adjectives to find a word for Madge, when you see her in it!





Dyar

CLIVE BROOK

This bleak weather can't keep Clive Brook indoors—and with that pipe, that scarf, and that cap he's a dead-ringer for Sherlock Holmes. He even played him once, remember? Without resorting to the methods of Holmes, however, Clive should be able to detect that fans are all agog, waiting to see him opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Shanghai Express"



LIL DAGOVER

A newcomer from Germany, Lil Dagover is about to make her début on the American screen with a talent and personality that have endeared her to foreign audiences. Make no mistake about this new star. She has the necessary poise and beauty to build an American public. The line should form quickly to the right to see her in "The Captain's Wife"



FREDRIC MARCH

When an actor can out-Barrymore Barrymore, he is going places. Ever since his take-off of John in "The Royal Family," Fredric has been winning new laurels for himself. No rôle is too difficult—not even the dual rôle of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which he plays in the picture of that title. Barrymore once triumphed in it. So will Fredric March



MARLENE DIETRICH

Marlene has a dozen good reasons for holding up her head, and you don't have to look far to find them. For one thing, she hasn't acted for months—yet the fan letters do not decrease. Also, taking pains to find a strong story, and then taking plenty of time to film it, she is certain "Shanghai Express" will be powerful



Hurrell

MARION DAVIES

Hollywood's best hostess and the screen's leading light comédienne took time out recently to rest from the social whirl and the dizzy demands of the camera. She has but lately returned from a jaunt through Europe—and will shortly resume work on a new comedy, as yet unnamed. If it keeps up the pace set by "It's a Wise Child," it will be all anyone can ask



BEN LYON

Take your Eugenies off to Ben Lyon, ladies, for he has proved that he is an accomplished person. He has mastered the art of wearing evening clothes with all the savoir faire of a man-about-Hollywood. But stiff-bosomed shirts can't erase that good-natured boyish smile of his. You will see him making merry as a Well-Dressed Man in "Her Majesty, Love"



Hal Phyfe

Fully recovered from her accident which incapacitated her for several months, Joan Bennett comes forward now, a changed personality. Her wistful features have taken on a new expression. Henceforth they will reveal her sense of humor. Truly, she emerges a new Joan—one very human and destined to become one of the screen's most popular figures

JOAN BENNETT

Joan Bennett's Well Again And Oh! How Changed!

Three months in a hospital, recovering from a hip fracture, made Joan a new person. The accident gave her a chance to think things over and get a new slant on Hollywood and herself. She fell out of love (for the first time in her life)—and discovered she could laugh. You'll spot the change, yourself—and like it!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

THREE months in the hospital—six weeks in a plaster cast and five weeks in a wheel-chair—worked wonders for Joan Bennett. All Hollywood is beginning to talk about the change this has wrought in her personality. The calmer, less sensational Bennett has reached right out from her hospital room and made friends with people who never thought they'd live to see Joan lower her lorgnettes to look them straight in the eye and chuckle.

Joan, herself, frankly admits the change. But she doesn't attribute it *all* to "that horse" that was responsible for the breaking of her hip-bone on that certain fateful day on location for "She Wanted A Millionaire."

The accident, however, has given her a chance to think, and observe from the side-lines, and mull things over for the first time since she set foot in Hollywood three years ago. In a philosophical way she is almost grateful for the rest, the opportunity of getting her bearings.

"It has given me a new slant on Hollywood," observed the husky-voiced younger Bennett. "My friends have been marvelous. But what really 'got' me was the sweet way just casual acquaintances and people I knew only through studio contact treated me. I had messages, and flowers and telegrams from people I didn't realize were interested in me."

The Bennetts Rally 'Round

HER family, of course, went crazy. Constance ($30,000-a-week) Bennett almost turned back from her vacation in Europe, until Joan wired that it would be silly. Adrienne Morrison, her mother, rushed across the continent with Barbara Bennett Downey (wife of Morton Downey) to be at Joan's bedside. Richard, *père*, was a daily visitor at the hospital.

The Bennetts are that way. They may battle gorgeously when all members of the clan are fit and on their feet, but when one of them is temporarily thrown for a loss, the entire squad is ready to lay down its collective life. Over Joan's hospital bed, Adrienne Morrison, seven years divorced from Richard Bennett, shook hands with her former husband for the first time since their parting.

"It was a grand dramatic scene," chuckled Joan. "My step-mother, Angela,

(*Continued on page 102*)

Some Close-Ups Of The New Joan Bennett

A Bennett may be down—but never out. There's more excitement in a Bennett in a wheel-chair than there is in most of us on a motor-cycle.

Joan Bennett looks about five years older than the picture of her baby. There is nothing at all of the well-known Bennett aloofness in this new Joan.

That tempestuous love affair that has been the dominant factor in her life for two years is over. The Joan Bennett-John Considine, Jr.-Carmen Pantages triangle is no longer a three-cornered proposition. Joan has crossed off her corner.

For the first time in her life Joan is not in love—and admits she doesn't know what to do with herself—with nothing to worry about.

When she was in love she lost her sense of humor and went around in a daze most of the time—forgetting to speak to old friends. They all grew impatient with her.

She has become a very human and very gay Joan. She has had four months and a free heart to think things over.

The accident has given Joan a chance to think and observe from the side-lines—and mull things over for the first time since she set foot in Hollywood three years ago. She is grateful for the opportunity of getting her bearings.



Hal Phyfe

You've been wrong about Garbo—she *has* a sense of humor!

Here is a different Garbo story—one which points out for the first time that she has a sense of humor. For years the Swedish star has been more or less pitied for her solitude and her seriousness, but the world is just finding out that she can be as prankish and hilarious as a schoolgirl, and as free from loneliness. Who said Garbo couldn't laugh?

By JACK GRANT

YOU have heard about Garbo, "the woman who walks alone." You have heard Greta called "the Sphinx of the Screen" and "the Mystery Woman." You know how she evades interviewers and the public, and how she cherishes privacy and solitude. And you have come to think of her as a tragic, lonely figure, off the screen as well as on.

Can you picture Greta playing pranks? Can you imagine her laughing hilariously? Try your best—for Greta does these things. Believe it or not, but she does them. Robert Montgomery, himself, in person, is responsible for this revelation of still another side of the many-sided Garbo. It happened in this fashion:



Robert Montgomery takes the credit for discovering that Garbo has a sense of humor

The boy from Beacon has a new dressing-room suite. In announcing this fact to a waiting world, M-G-M said something about moving Bob to larger quarters because of his new status as a full-fledged star. The truth of the matter is that Bob collects knick-knacks and gewgaws. His dressing-room boasts a large assortment of china cows, silver seals, castiron penguins, wrought-iron rhinos, and other replicas of birds, beasts, reptiles and even fish. His overwhelming collection of zoological specimens so crowded a single room that Bob had about as much space in which to dress as he would have had in an upper Pullman berth. It was a simple case of giving him bigger quarters, or else. Hence the suite.

Upon Montgomery's invitation, we went over to inspect his new rooms. After removing a couple of yaks and a zebra from a chair, we found a place to sit while our host made up for a new scene. With the pardonable pride of a connoisseur, Bob answered our questions regarding this or that object in his collection Many had interesting histories. Then, by chance, our eyes lighted on a tiny chocolate elephant, wrapped in tin-foil and surmounted by a huge bow of pink ribbon.

How Bob Discovered It

"OH, that," said Bob in answer to our query, "that is the only present I ever received from a leading lady. And I'll bet you can't guess who she is."

"Dorothy Jordan?" we ventured. "Norma Shearer? Joan Crawford? Anita Page?"

"Wrong every time. Give up? *Garbo!*"

"Garbo?"

"Yes, and it was the first indication I ever had that the lady was blessed with a sense of humor."

Garbo's sense of humor! We had to have the details.

"I tried to pull a fast one on her while I was playing opposite her in 'Inspiration,'" Bob continued. "She never eats in the studio restaurant, you know—has a tray brought to her at noon. Well, one day I met her maid bringing Garbo's luncheon. I was carrying a long branch of leaves I had picked up somewhere on the back lot. You know how you break off a branch for no reason in particular and idly switch it as you walk along—clip off the tops of weeds and things.

"I don't know what prompted me to stop her maid, but I did. Laying that dirty, dusty branch across the clean linen on her tray, I bowed just as though I were sending an American Beauty rose and said, 'For Miss Garbo, with my compliments.'

"I recall wondering if Greta would be angry with me when we resumed work on the set that afternoon—then forgot all about it as I ordered lunch. But before my order was served, Garbo's maid appeared beside my table in the commissary and laid this chocolate elephant on my plate. 'With Miss Garbo's compliments,' she said and disappeared. I was not only surprised—I was delighted.

"I never found out if Greta personally tied the confection with the ribbon, but I'm willing to bet she did. Anyhow, I'll always treasure it as a memento of her hitherto unexpected sense of humor."

A Brand-New Glimpse of Greta

BOB MONTGOMERY'S story was a revelation to us—an amazing revelation. We had credited Garbo with many things, but never with a sense of humor. The subject bore closer investigation.

And, as we made inquiries among the people who have worked with the Swedish star in one picture or another, we collected other proofs that are worth passing on. Everyone with whom we talked agreed heartily that Garbo possesses the very human trait of humor. Some admitted themselves surprised when they first heard her laughing and joking with those she knows well. Whenever strangers are present, of course, she becomes the elusive, exotic, Sphinx-like creature her reputation paints her to be. For Garbo, with all her poise and serenity on the screen, is innately and apparently incurably shy.

Just what will amuse Garbo, our informants were not always able to define. All agreed that she frequently joked with her co-workers on the set, but not many were able to recall the cause of her laughter. They did not indicate that her sense of humor is particularly subtle. Some, for instance, cited her penchant for dropping her voice a full two octaves to a gruff bass—which she loves to do without warning—and then going off into a fit of mirth at the astonished looks on her auditors' faces. She spends hours teaching her fellow-workers how to have "two voices."

Of the several directors with whom she has worked, Garbo played the most with John Robertson, who did "A Single Standard" with her. From the start, Robertson encouraged horseplay that frequently resulted in a roughhouse. One of the props was a large rubber ball such as is used at the beach and even when they had finished with the ball, Robertson kept it on the set.

He had a habit of tossing it at Garbo when she wasn't looking. And his aim was excellent. But he got as good as he sent. Garbo would wait her turn to catch the director off guard and if she succeeded in hitting him, she would howl with glee.

Her Laughter

WHEN Garbo is amused, by the way, she laughs immoderately, rocking back and forth, throwing both hands over her head. She seldom smiles. A thing is either hilariously funny to her or it isn't funny at all.

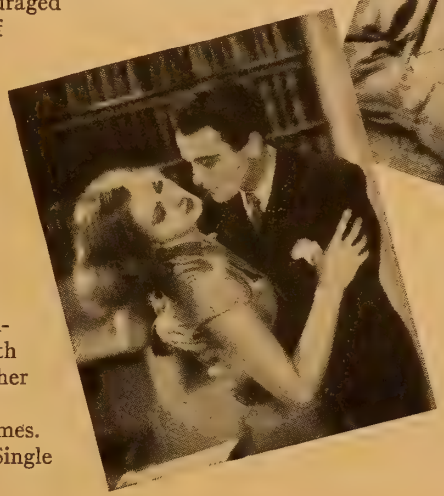
Her humorous moments often come at unexpected times. As for example, on one occasion during the filming of "A Single

(*Continued on page 90*)





Above is the evidence which no one can dispute. It clearly shows that the Garbo features aren't always wrapped in sorrow. Right, is a scene from "The Single Standard," in which Greta had much fun



It isn't generally known but you can rest assured that Garbo's humor finds full expression during the making of a picture. She doesn't stand around and smile at some other player's comedy, but actually cuts up capers herself. Left, is a scene from "The Kiss," in which she had a lot of fun kidding Lew Ayres

THEY STEPPED OUT AND

BY HARRY WILSON

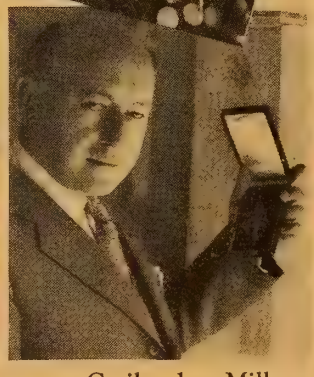


In 1916, Ivan Lebedeff (left) was made a Knight by Czar Nicholas. Marion Davies (below) can wear the uniform of an honorary U. S. colonel

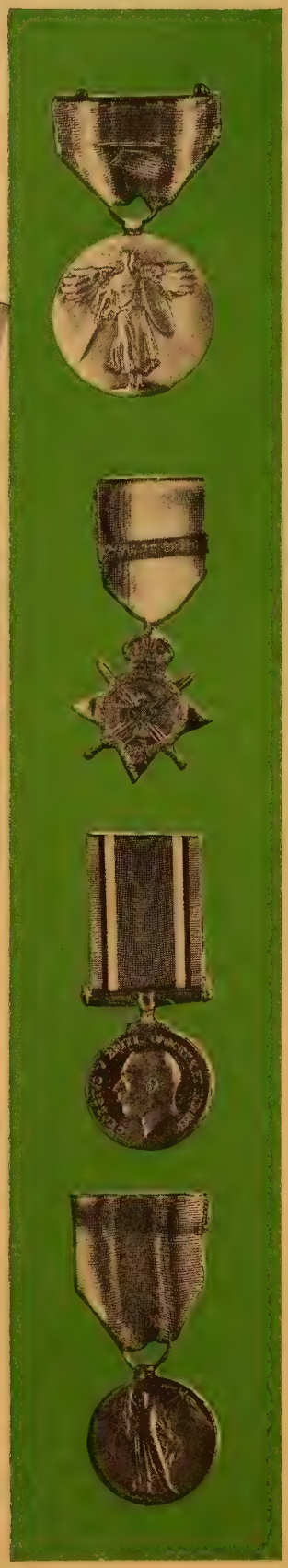




This snapshot of Victor McLaglen was taken when he was a captain. He was later a major



Cecil de Mille (above) cherishes the rare Order of the Holy Sepulchre. Right, top to bottom, four of Victor McLaglen's medals: the American Victory, 1914–15 Star of Britain, General Service and British Victory medals





At Rockwell Field, California, shortly after the est honor ever bestowed on a woman by the U. S. of the Air Service and presented with a sash 75,000 witnessed the

Here is the story of Hollywood's real Coogan, Pickford and Company—who and even knighthoods for exceptional have shown valor in battle, some have contributions to human welfare. Not directors—even extras. But they are your hats

THERE are probably more medal-holders in Hollywood than in any other city five times its size—and Hollywood itself does not know it. Many are stars, some are directors, and still others are writers and extras. They have been honored for valor on bloody battlefronts, for achievements on the screen, for being exceptional in one way or another. But it's like mining for precious stones to get any information from them. They'll talk about everything else in the world—except their decorations.

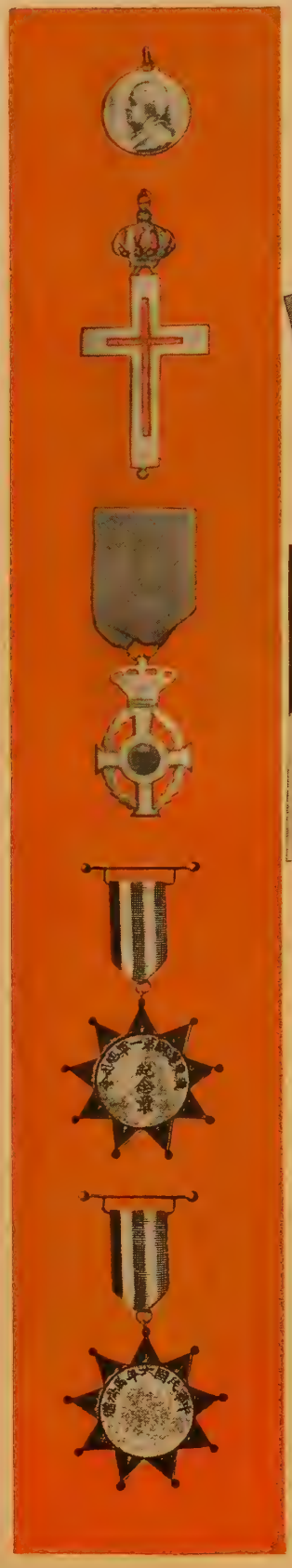
Maurice Chevalier admits he received the Croix de Guerre, but won't elaborate on the subject. We know, however, that a shell pierced his side early in the War, hitting his spine, and that he was picked up on the battlefield by German stretcher-bearers, and fought his way back to health in a German prison camp at Alten Grabow. When he recovered sufficiently, he entertained fellow-prisoners in real Chevalier style—kept up their morale. Their guards had to watch them constantly. Even so, some escaped—and there is reason to suspect that Maurice may have been among them.

After the War, broken in spirit, the actor-soldier returned to Paris music-halls, trying desperately to recover his confidence and poise. It was during this

Won Their Medals
in the Four Corners of the Globe



World War, Mary Pickford was given the high-Army. She was decorated with the silver wings bearing the title of "America's Honorary Ace." impressive ceremony



Jackie Coogan (right), won three medals for helping in Near East Relief. Director Jacques Feyder (below) wears the Legion of Honor ribbon





Director Edward Laemmle (above) risked his life in photographing a Chinese rebellion, and was decorated. Both sides of his medal may be seen at left. The three top medals are Jackie Coogan's: the Pope's Medal, the Golden Cross of the Order of Jerusalem, and the Silver Cross of the Order of George

Bebe Daniels (above) is privileged to wear the uniform of the U. S. Air Corps

life heroes and heroines—Chevalier, have won famous medals, decorations things that they have done. Some faced unusual dangers, others have made all of them are stars. Some are writers, all in the movies and you can take off to them

period of utter despair that he received word that he was to be given the Croix de Guerre. This recognition from his beloved country brought back his lost confidence and the old spirit and sparkle.

Chevalier's rise to fame following his decoration is in sharp contrast to the story of three heroes who won the coveted Congressional Medal of Honor and lately worked as extras in Richard Dix's "Secret Service."

They Had Medals, But No Luck

"I HEARD," says Dix, "that three Congressional Medal-of-Honor men were at their wits' end to find work. They had only their medals to remind them of past glory—medals with the design of the defiant Eagle, symbolizing Liberty. They had no work and little food, and were threatened with eviction—that was all the greatest of American decorations had gained them. Here I was, without any such honors, sitting pretty. The least I could do was to see that those boys were given work at once."

The men befriended by Dix are David E. Hayden, late of the Marine Corps, who won his decoration on the blood-stained fields of Belleau Wood; Robert von Schlick who fought with the Ninth Infantry, U. S. Army, during the Boxer Rebellion and while severely

wounded at Tsin-Tsin, China, successfully held a band of Chinese fanatics at bay for four hours; and Joseph Leonard formerly of the Marine Corps, who won his medal at Vera Cruz, Mexico. Only cogs in the wheel of the picture industry to-day, these men played leading rôles in the great drama of war.

All medals are not won on the battlefield. Many Hollywood stars have been rewarded by various governments for notable peacetime activities.



Dolores Del Rio received the Order of El Merito from her native country —the highest honor any Mexican woman has ever won



This photo shows Edna Mae Cooper's 'plane being refueled during the record endurance flight that won her a decoration from King Carol

Mary, Queen of the Air Corps

PROBABLY the highest military honor ever bestowed on a woman was given to Mary Pickford shortly after the World War. Colonel H. H. Arnold, then commander of Rockwell Field, California, conferred upon "America's sweetheart" the honorary title of Reserve Military Aviator and declared her Queen of the American Air Service. Colonel Arnold pinned the silver wings of the Air Service on Miss Pickford and presented her with a sash of West Point colors bearing the title "America's Honorary Ace." This impressive ceremony took place in the presence of seventy-five thousand persons.

John McCormack, who earned fifty thousand dollars a week—a record Hollywood salary—while filming "Song O' My Heart," received the coveted Legion of Honor medal in 1928 in New York City. There were many reasons for the conferring of this honor by the French government on the silver-voiced John. He not only did splendid work in raising money for the Red Cross during the World War, but he pleased the French tremendously by always including a group of French songs in his programs.

Both McCormack and Madame Schumann-Heink offered to give a series of concerts abroad on behalf of the Red Cross, but President Wilson denied their request. "I cannot conceive," said the late President, "of running the risk of having two such God-given voices blotted out of existence by the activities of a submarine. Far better that they should keep the stream of sweet sentiment flowing here."

King George V of England knighted McCormack in recognition of the service he rendered the British nation during the War in giving to their Red Cross half of the money grossed from his American concerts, the other half going to that organization in the United States. At that time the tenor was

(*Continued on page 88*)



When Gloria Swanson brought "Madame Sans-Gêne," by the French playwright, Sardou, to the screen, she was honored by the French government with the Palme Académique. The presentation was made in Paris in 1924. This decoration was instituted by Napoleon Bonaparte for those who achieved artistic success. For her work on the screen, Marion Davies was also decorated with this medal by the French Consul, M. Didot, at her Santa Monica home; in addition, Marion is an honorary colonel in the Twenty-sixth Infantry, U. S. Army. Another screen star honored by France is Douglas Fairbanks, who is an Officier d'Instruction Publique. This honor was conferred upon him in recognition of the instructive nature of his pictures.



Japanese Consul Toshito Satow (right) bestows Japan's Order of the Red Cross upon W. S. Van Dyke for the difficulties he surmounted in filming "Trader Horn"

Ken Maynard won the gold medal as champion trick rider of the world, when he competed in the World's Championship Cowboy Test in Chicago in 1920



Otto Dyar

A New Screen Idol Finds Her Pedestal

When an idol is placed on a pedestal, the job ahead is to keep her there. No idol wants to do a Humpty-Dumpty and take a big fall—particularly when there's worshiping to be done. But Peggy Shannon, the new screen idol, doesn't have any worries on that score—that's why she's smiling. She's determined to stay on the pedestal and have the whole world worship at her feet. You'll have a chance to idolize her in "Touchdown," though meanwhile, she scores in pajamas. Aren't they nifties?

Can Movie Couples Be Friends

By
Nancy Pryor

One can never tell which way the wind has been divorced. Some are tolerant enough to shake hands when the battle song of hate or register supreme boredom. are thrown together constantly—and

THE famous couples of Hollywood don't always live happily ever after—as you know from reading your newspapers. But what you *want* to know is: Can they still be friends if and when divorce comes? Well, some can—and some can't. It all depends on the marriage, the divorce, the reasons and the people.

It's a funny thing about Hollywood friendship. You never know whether or not it can weather the strain and wear-and-tear of a divorce. The principals of some of the stormiest divorces on record have come out of the Dog House to shake hands on the battlegrounds—while others, who have come to a parting of the ways in a comparative state of calmness, live to snarl or hiss at the very mention of the missing link.



John McCormick and Colleen Moore were nice and chummy immediately after their divorce, but the crashing of John's second marriage seems to have made a serious dent in their friendship

Who ever thought that John Gilbert and Ina Claire would come out of that front-page row with smiles on their faces, a willingness to go to dinner parties together and the general philosophy of "It was all a big mistake by both of us"? Certainly not Hollywood. You could have knocked over the natives with a feather off a Eugenie hat when John and Ina showed up at a beach party arm-in-arm—exactly three weeks and five days after Ina appeared in court for her divorce.

John and Ina were supposed to detest each other cordially. At least, one gathered that idea from the reams of material printed about them. Ina, according to all the stories, had attempted to help John with the cultivation of his microphone voice. John was furious. Ina went East to make "The Royal Family" and John did not meet her at the train when she returned. Ina was furious. Ina was supposed to have classified Gilbert as a heck of a husband. And John totally ignored Ina in a heck of a silence. To Hollywood, it was one grand war while it lasted—which seemed to be just long enough for Ina and John to get a divorce.

Ina Tells How They Feel

WHEN reporters trekked out to Ina's Malibu Beach house to learn the meaning of all this new friendliness after two and a half years of what Hollywood had looked on as a battle-royal, they were met by a smiling and very amused comédienne.

"No," said Ina, "this is not a reconciliation—if you mean by that that we are planning to be remarried. We are just good friends and there is no reason in the world why we shouldn't be, even though we are divorced. Wouldn't it be silly for us to go around not speaking to one another because we made a mutual botch of attempting to live under the same roof? We are two grown, sane, *humorous* people. It would be absurd if our humor failed us at this stage of our lives!"

It is also said that, just before their divorce, John told Ina that the only thing that stood between them, as friends, was their marriage.

Loretta Young and Grant Withers have turned their backs on each other since the divorce—probably because Grant can't be reconciled to a friendly parting. Hollywood rumors have it that he's still very much in love with Loretta



After Divorce?

blows after a movie couple and can keep their balance is over, while others sing a But the majority, however, end up as friendly enemies





When Billie Dove and Irvin Willat were divorced, bitterness cropped up between them. They now believe it was childish to bear grudges toward each other—and are frequently seen together at luncheon



"When all this mess is over," he is quoted as saying, "there is no reason why we shouldn't be friends again." Apparently John was right. At least, ex-husband and ex-wife seem to be having a good chuckle over something.

Dot and Jimmy "Deadly Polite"

ON the other hand, take Dorothy Lee and James Fidler.

There was a calm divorce for you. Nothing sensational. Only the most polite sentiments expressed from both camps. They wished each other well. They were mutually sorry that their brief attempt at matrimony had been so unfortunately brief. It was all so quiet that it barely found its way into the newspapers.

Yet Dot and Jimmy (who's a well-known publicity man) will now walk a couple of blocks out of their way to avoid running into each other on Hollywood Boulevard. Because of the supposed-to-be friendliness of their parting, a misguided Hollywood hostess made the mistake of asking Dorothy and Jimmy to attend a dinner party at her home *together*. (Believe me, no hostess would have dared to believe that John Gilbert and Ina Claire would accept such an invitation!) Because they didn't want to embarrass their well-meaning friend, Dorothy and her latest ex-husband agreed. But it turned out to be one frost of an evening.

"We were deadly polite to each other," Dorothy revealed later. "In fact, we were so formal that everyone, including the butler, was so embarrassed that the gathering broke up about ten o'clock. Jimmy and I couldn't seem to find a thing in the world to talk about—much less chuckle over. After that experience I doubt very much if we will step out together again. It's too much!"

As previously said—some can, and some can't.

Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker *can*. In fact,

(*Continued on page 103*)



Ina Claire and John Gilbert were supposed to detest each other after the divorce—but not so Hollywood could notice it. In fact, each enjoys being in the other's company even though they can't make a go of it together

News *and* Gossip



Dorothy Dix—who is neither the love expert, nor the new English importation—is the comédienne in the Educational-Torchy comedies. This rôle should start her on the high road to fame for it was the stepping stone to success for such favorites as Dorothy Mackaill, Clara Bow and Norma Shearer

SEEN around Hollywood: Joan Bennett, in a costume of Persian green, lunched at the Embassy the other day, having discarded cast and crutches for a simple cane. She looked ready to go back to Fox to finish the picture interrupted several months ago by her accident. And Evalyn Knapp entered the new Warner Brothers Theater under her own motive power on opening night.

Claudette Colbert is here for the first time in two years to visit her husband, Norman Foster. And a certain lovely newcomer to the Paramount lot has taken time out to run back to Chicago to see her husband, playing in musical comedy there—a husband the public doesn't know exists, by the way, though she has had him for five years!

Elissa Landi is still in London, enjoying her vacation with *her* husband. Hollywood is certainly the home of part-time marriages!

JACKIE COOPER'S sudden climb to the rank of celebrities has unveiled the fact that his mother is not a widow as has been printed many times, but has not seen her husband for many years and does not know his whereabouts. Recently she had the courts make her legal guardian of Jackie.

The Coopers have not altered their modest way of living because of Jackie's great good fortune, but are putting his money in the bank against the time when he will be too old for child parts and too young for lovers. And Jackie should rate as a millionaire in a few years, judging from the way he's clicking on the screen.

MARIE DRESSLER has Lady Irene Ravensdale for a house guest. And we hear that our own Corinne Griffith danced with the Prince of Wales a short time ago. There's Charlie Chaplin, who hobnobs with Dukes and Prime Ministers; and Irene Rich entertained the Prince of Siam, during his recent visit on the Coast. Elissa Landi is hoping to bring her mother, Countess Landi, back with her to spend the winter in Hollywood. Who says Hollywood hasn't its society?



The southpaw sling-shot artist emulating David, the boy who floored Goliath with a pebble, is Junior Durkin. The sling-shot came in handy for "Huckleberry Finn," and Junior is practising now for "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

THE romantic bug seems to be biting them all—and it looks like an epidemic. First Mae Clarke gets engaged to Henry Freulich, cameraman, who made her look beautiful. And now Joan Blondell has said "Yes" to George Barnes, head cameraman of "The Greeks Had A Word For It" in which Joan has recently been playing. And if you can believe all you hear, even Ronald Colman is paying attention to Cupid—with Thelma Todd the girl.



WHEN Bert Lahr was the comedy hit of Broadway, a certain motion picture comic was openly accused of stealing Bert's stuff for the movies. But time has passed. The comedy star has made a big hit on the screen, and now Bert Lahr arrives in Holly-

"And in this corner, lade-e-e-s and gen'men, is Batlin' Mackaill, who packs a hefty wallop. Lookit de size of dose gloves! She floors 'em with cross-jabs to de heart!"

of the Studios

wood to make "Flying High." When his first rushes are seen on the screen the movie potentates shake their heads—"Stealing So-and-so's stuff," they sigh—and name the movie comic!

LAST year Robert Ames suddenly remembered that he had a charming flapper daughter whom he had not seen for many years. In an excess of paternal feeling he sent for her to come out to Hollywood for a visit. One thing worried him—after all, his daughter was a young girl, and Hollywood was—well, Hollywood. Perhaps she would be shocked by its parties. But after debating the problem he turned her over to a member of the Younger Set of the screen to be entertained. And the first party at Arthur Lake's house amazed the visitor. They played charades and drank lemonade. "Is this *Hollywood?*" she demanded scornfully. Within a week she knew the liveliest crowd in town. Every evening it was party after party; cars honked in front of the Ames house; movie stars streamed in and out at all hours in his daughter's wake, and the radio made the night musical. At last Robert Ames, haggard and worn, addressed his child. "You will have to go back to New York," he told her, "Hollywood cannot stand the pace! Leave us to our old-fashioned peace and quiet!"

LUPE VELEZ is the true democrat among Hollywood stars. When she drives to and from her home to the studio in her gorgeous limousine, she sits, up in front beside the chauffeur. Which reminds us of the Hollywood hostess who, at a dinner party, refused the potatoes proferred by her butler with the remark, "No thanks, James dear."

PROCESS servers have a hard life in Hollywood. We heard this tale about one who was trying to serve Natalie Moorhead and her husband Alan Crosland for a disputed bill. It was impossible to find them at home or to intercept them at the studio. So he hid in the Crosland yard for two weeks. And that, dear readers, is a lot of hiding. Then one night he recognized Natalie as she drove her car into the driveway. Springing out, he dashed toward her, but she ran to the house. As she entered the door he threw the paper desperately at her, striking her on the neck! Two days later, so the tale goes, he was able to hit Alan on the arm with a summons thrown from ambush. *And they hang pictures!*



There's plenty of *holly*, but nothing *wooden* about Ruth Hall—who wins the wreath for being devilishly cute in a bathing suit. She's a little present to the fans from Warner Brothers



Back from a vacation in noisy New York, Marian Marsh goes riding in the quiet Redwoods with Donald Cook, who appeared with her in "The Mad Genius." It's a setting for romance, but so far as known Marian and Don aren't That Way



Is it "Hands Up" or "Hands Off"? Tallulah Bankhead won't keep you guessing long! You're about to see her like this in "The Cheat"—her most dramatic picture to date

RUTH CHATTERTON is going to live in style on the Warner Brothers' lot, with her own maid hired by the studio. She will have Colleen Moore's luxurious dressing-room bungalow. She and Ralph Forbes seem to have weathered successfully the recent storm of

rumors that they were again at the parting of the ways. "If they ever do separate," says a close friend, "it won't be in the heat of a quarrel, but after a long deliberation." The close friend talks like an attorney.

ONCE every year Lawrence Tibbett sings for an audience which would look odd indeed in the dress circle at the Met. He goes down to the desert where his brother owns a mine and sings grand opera to the desert "rats" and borax miners. But what a setting the Mojave Desert would be for the Tibbett voice! The girls who are made love to by Lawrence with song have to wear ear-plugs, they say.



Is Ginger Rogers shy? Well, just a little gun-shy! The he-man arms, both varieties, belong to Bill Boyd, her hero in "Suicide Fleet"



Well, well, well! If Polly Walters isn't decorating Christmas trees, as well as films! You'll see how she does the latter in the Technicolor picture, "Manhattan Parade"

WILL ROGERS was standing on the sidelines at the Studios *vs.* Army polo game when a news cameraman approached. "Say," said the photographer, "have you happened to see any movie stars around to-day?"

NOW it's Mary Nolan who announces the opening of a Gown Shoppe on Wilshire Boulevard. Perhaps it will be possible to find Mary, hereafter. She has moved so rapidly since her return to Hollywood, and—they say—concealed her blonde beauty under an alias that friends as well as creditors have found it difficult to locate her.

WILSON MIZNER says that the depression has hit the Brown Derby—that the grosses pencilled on the tablecloths have dropped fifty per cent! Wilson should see the Hotel Astor in New York. One dining-room where the moguls figured in millions on the tablecloths is closed for keeps.



Vivienne Osborne gave up stardom on the stage to become a featured player on the screen, and Hollywood swains aren't sorry a bit. They're asking for reserved seats on her divan

"CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Norman Foster are busy denying rumors," said the newspaper woman at the Embassy at lunchtime. "They are seen everywhere together during Claudette's brief vacation on the Coast. But it is useless to think they can persuade Hollywood that they are happy. As soon as Claudette goes back, the whispers will begin again."

THERE are four stories for every Hollywood romance. First the hint of the romance with coy expressions of admiration from



When Rita La Roy became the bride of Capt. Ben Hershfield recently, she had a regular wedding. June Clyde was maid-of-honor

each party, then the marriage with interviews on how to be Happily Married. Then the hint of friction in the family with denials, then the divorce with both saying, "We're still the best of friends."

ONE Hollywood couple, though divorced, are determined to convince the town about their friendship. Kathryn Williams recently disclosed the fact that though she and Charles Eyton had been divorced for some time they had each left the other all their property in their wills.

THE new gang life hereabouts is beginning to interfere with Hollywood social affairs. The other night a movie star residing at Toluca Lake was sitting with his guests on the front porch of his home when two cars, chasing each other, roared by the house. They made the circuit of the block several times at sixty-five miles an hour, until the host led the way indoors. "Maybe," said he, "they've got machine guns." When the chase finally cooled down and the guests had begun to play bridge, the house shook and everybody rushed out onto the porch thinking it was an earthquake. But it was four immense trucks, with lights out, and the tarpaulin drawn over the sides headed for the home of a neighboring gangster!

ONE of our writers recently took her small son to the Beverly Hills Park where he joined a group of children at play. The nursemaids of these kiddies sat nearby, and listening to their conversation she discovered that her child was playing with Johnny Mack Brown's small daughter, the youngest Cantor girl, one-year-old Mary Jane Brown and the two grandchildren of Mary Roberts Rinehart. She also discovered that the nursemaids were extremely proud of their famous charges and talked of the achievements of their employers for all the world like a group of rival stars themselves.

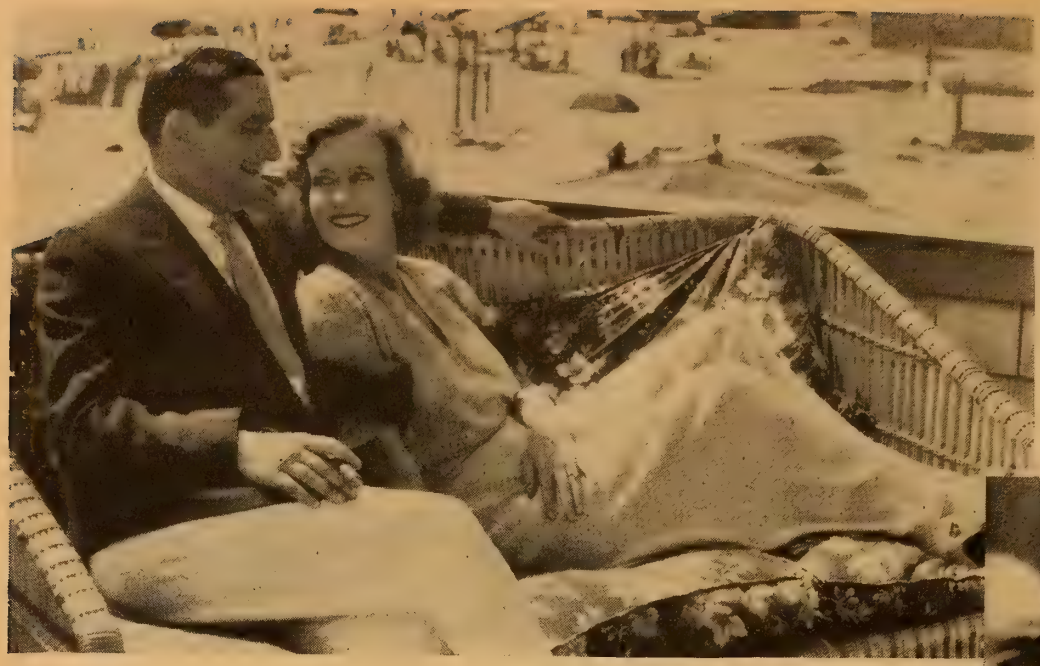
A PICTURE about to be made at one of the big studios is built around the character of an insane director who sacrifices men ruthlessly in order to get the air crashes he wishes for his picture. Though this character has a fictitious name, he is always referred to



There IS a Santa Claus, says Dickie Moore—one child actor who always acts his age. He wants a hobby horse for Christmas, and he ought to get it for being so good in "Husband's Holiday"



You'll see something cute in pajamas by looking right. She's Virginia Brooks, who's making a hit in Educational's comedies about girls who'd like to be movie stars



"Shall we tell them, or shan't we?" That's what Ona Munson and Ernst Lubitsch are looking so mischievous about. The director and his favorite actress always smile—like this—when marriage rumors are mentioned. They don't deny them, and they won't confirm them. But meanwhile they're seen everywhere together

in the story conferences by the name of a certain wealthy young producer who made a picture some time ago in which four flyers lost their lives!

BLACK glasses seem to be the favorite disguise of Hollywood stars. They have the naïve idea that, wearing them, they are invisible. There was pretty Linda Watkins hiding behind a pair of them while dancing at the Cocoanut Grove—and all they did was to attract the eye of everybody in the room to that gorgeous head of hair! And there was Greta Garbo in smoked goggles, and wearing white flannel trousers and going into the Filmart, if my eyes didn't deceive me. . . .

HAROLD LLOYD has taken thousands of feet of film of Harold, Junior. Ben Lyon shoots Barbara Bebe every week with his home movie camera and Papa Reginald Denny takes movies of Reggie, Junior once a day! And what will you bet they are prouder of these pictures than of any they ever were starred in themselves!

WHEN Richard Dix strolled up to the "mike" at the Carthay Circle opening of "Consolation Marriage," the pretty blonde girl with him shrank back from the stares of the crowd. "Will you pose with the lady, Rich?" the cameraman asked, but Richard shook his head decidedly, drawing the unknown blonde away with a proprietary air. A few days later he attended the wedding of Wes Ruggles and Arline Judge. "When are you going to do likewise?" one of the guests kidded him. "Maybe sooner than you think," answered Richard. These were the only warnings Hollywood had of the fact that its famous bachelor was about to become a bridegroom. There hadn't been an engagement rumor about him for months.



Who said they don't have showers in California? Here's a little girl who looks as if she's about to have one! The name is Janet Currie, and she's a dancer from the New York stage. With musicals coming back, there ought to be a niche for Janet in Hollywood



Position is everything in a siren's life. Here's the newest angle that Juliette Compton has perfected. Maybe she'll use it in "No One Man"

AFTER the newspapers published the reports of his engagement to Miss Winifred Coe of San Francisco, her mother telegraphed a denial, upsetting all the press representatives' plans to watch Dix closely. They were caught unprepared when, with a hastily gathered party of relatives and friends, Richard and Miss Coe went to Yuma on the heels of the engagement rumor and were married. These secret weddings are giving newspaper and magazine writers in Hollywood hunted eyes and a wild look.

WE hear—unofficially—that far from deciding on Greta Garbo for "Grand Hotel," Metro has tried to borrow Pola Negri for the chief female rôle and has offered, as an inducement to Pathé, to lend Clark Gable in exchange, for one picture!

LUPE may be confiding to the world that she is in love with John Gilbert—by the time this is printed it will probably be somebody else—but we happen to know that under the noise and the smiles and the Lupishness, the thought of Gary Cooper still lingers. When we were at her house she showed us over it and explained, "I've refurnished it partly. The things Garee used, the chairs he sat on—I couldn't bear to see them—" There were vales of tears in the Velez eyes.

AND Gary? What of his Italian Countess, fifteen years older than Lupe's former boy-friend if we can believe all the rumors? Or his stage actress? Recently word came that Gary had sailed for Europe and that he would not return to the screen for another six months at least. Gary doesn't say much. "I asked Lupe to marry me," he says, "and she wouldn't." That is all—Gary keeps the discreet silence of a gentleman.

LEATRICE JOY, once Mrs. John Gilbert, has at last married again. She gave her age, honestly as thirty-seven. For many years Leatrice has been living quietly in retirement. Once it was rumored that a Chicago multi-millionaire was courting her. Friends whispered that she was still hoping that John would turn back to her some day. Women who have loved Jack Gilbert never quite get over it, it seems.

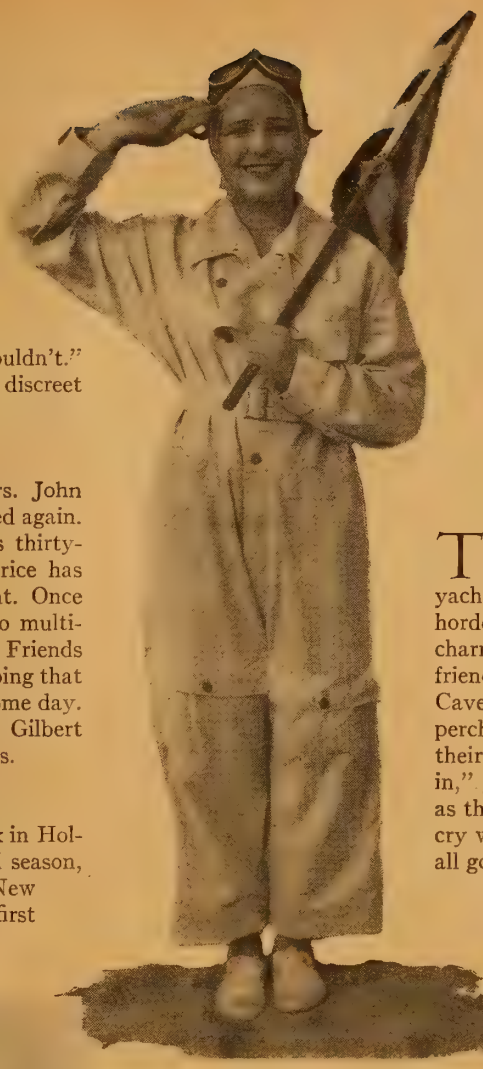
STANLEY SMITH is back in Hollywood after a successful season, playing the romantic lead, in a New York musical show. On his first evening in town he turned up at a party where old friends greeted him hilariously. "Yes," he answered their questions complacently, "I came out to make a picture for Paramount. They wired me." He named the picture. "Why, Stan," said a friend, "haven't you heard? They canceled that picture this afternoon!" And Stanley collapsed.

ZIEGFELD'S pronouncement that curves are coming back gives Hollywood stars struggling with calories a thrill of hope. "If you get a pound more on your hips it's a studio tragedy!" cries Peggy Shannon. Esther Ralston is reducing—at her own beauty parlor, and has lost thirty pounds since her baby's birth. But she has gained sixty, so she still has several pounds to go.

THE Dick Arlens are Hollywood's most hospitable couple. All summer Jobyna—"resting" on the Arlen yacht—cooked three meals a day and made the beds for hordes of friends. When they have help the Arlens give charming dinner parties; when they haven't, they invite their friends to dinner just the same and take them over to "The Cave," a sandwich stand down the road where everyone perches on stools and eats hamburgers. If you get out to their house after they have retired they shout, "Come along in," just the same, and sit up in bed to greet their guests as they troop into the bedroom. It has come to be a battle-cry when the party-hounds want to go somewhere—"Let's all go over to Dick Arlen's!"

THE wedding of Rita La Roy to Ben Hershfield was quite the dampest Hollywood has seen in many a day. The bride began to weep before the ceremony and the bridesmaids, out of sympathy, wept, too. By the time the strains of Mr. Felix Mendelssohn's wedding march had started, and the procession was under way down the aisle, everyone in the party except the groom was in tears. The bride made her responses in a voice choked with

(*Continued on page 92*)



Helen Mann's starting young! She's only seventeen, but already signed up with Educational Comedies



Robert Ames isn't near-sighted—he just likes to risk breaking his neck when he reads. He's resting up from "Rich Man's Folly"



Beautiful, but glum! That describes Madge Evans, Ina Claire and Joan Blondell in a scene or two in their gay comedy, "The Greeks Had a Word for It." They play three Broadway blondes in pursuit of millionaires. And with clothes designed by Chanel, they ought to catch them!

Famous Numerologist Predicts Biggest Success for Clark Gable in 1932



According to Clifford W. Cheasley, the coming year will present Clark Gable with his greatest triumphs. The numbers in the life of the screen's biggest sensation indicate that he has a deep nature—one capable of being moved by passionate impulses and swaying the emotions of others. But his greatest happiness will come to him after his fortieth birthday

CLARK GABLE has a Numberscope that has a background of sensitiveness and reserve, "7," and a foreground of powerful emotion, "9."

His "Ideality" has always given him a passion for adventure, the theater, travel and a preference for his own company. This deeper side of his nature, which makes the real man hard to understand, is hidden from all but his closest friends. He has been guided by human and often violent, passionate impulses—those carrying powerful vibrations and giving him the ability to sway the emotions of others, which he quite frequently does, so that he may observe the result.

Inwardly mysterious, he is outwardly versatile. In his screen career he will win popularity in many different rôles, just so long as there is a red-blooded, physical *motif* in the parts.

Remembering that his "Ideality," 7, gives him a little dislike for public attention in his personal life, should help the fans to appreciate what a good actor he is. His portrayals of passion, hate, violence give little insight into his real nature, which is detached, self-centered—and too indifferent to permit him to enjoy much excitement.

Garbo Has Same Number

GRETA GARBO has the same number for her "Ideality" and the same love for her own company and interest in the quieter recreations of the mind—which makes for indifference, so far as other people and the world in general, are concerned.

The producers hit upon a happy combination in having these

(*Continued on page 98*)

General Forecast For January, 1932

A "7 month," mysterious and outwardly confusing. Representative leaders in financial, political and industrial fields will get together, behind closed doors, and agree on plans which the public will not know until February and which will go into operation in April.

There is an undercurrent of improvement in general business conditions; increased activity in security markets. Fortunate month in Real Estate, Mining, Shipping and Brokerage. Encouraging for those working in Motion Pictures and the Theater. Beware of partnerships and contracts. Read twice and think, before signing.

Cheasley

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN



For your general Numberscope, outlining briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.



Otto Dyar

ALL STEP-CHILLUN GOT WINGS

All step-chillun got wings when they go into a modern veil dance. The veiled sprite suggesting the spirit of Terpsichore is Juliette Compton, who once graced the Follies. Now that she's in Hollywood she's ready to rise to her place in the skies. You may catch up with her by seeing "Husband's Holiday"—in which she catches up with Clive Brook and lends him support

America's New

BY FAITH SERVICE

It is made up of movie stars—most of whom were Track. They have no family trees—and most of them today wield such power or command such loyalty as Even royalty, itself, comes to the doors of the



Aileen Pringle was right when she said, "Stars have become the Upper Layer"



They've Crashed the Guarded Gates

THE screen stars alone have risen from the common herd to open the doors of Buckingham Palace, to add their names to invitational lists where only century-old names appeared before. To the doors of screen stars come princes of the blood and princes of the intellect—scientists, diplomats, presidents, duchesses, lords and ladies. The great and gifted of the earth are pleased—are eager—to be received by our Garbos and Pickfords and Swansons and Chaplins.

It is an astonishing aristocracy, because it has nothing whatever to do with blood or breeding or background—the necessary three B's for a social entrée in our grandmothers' day.

These kings and queens of the screen have no houses of tradition behind them. They are the children of obscure, humble parentage. They were born, almost every one of them, on the Wrong Side of the Track and also grew up there.

YOU—and the rest of the world—have little use for royalty any more. You laugh at those who claim distinction because they can trace their ancestry back to the year 1000. And somehow, you aren't convinced that you owe respect to someone simply because he has a million (inherited, perhaps) when you haven't. But you—and one hundred and fifteen million other people in the world—gladly pay homage to screen stars. The film famous make up the new aristocracy—the *only* aristocracy—in America to-day. And this is the most astonishing thing in modern American life.

It is more than an Aristocracy. It is, also, a Great Leveler. It puts the sons and daughters of oil-drillers and seamstresses on the same plane with the sons and daughters of Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns and Vanderbilts and Astors. It has made the world safer for democracy than all the battles, all the Peace Conferences of the World War.

It is the most amazing phenomenon of an amazing age. It has penetrated not only into the social strongholds of American life, but also into the more unapproachable strongholds of European life. It has reduced all of the Victorian taboos, restrictions and conservatisms to a meaningless pulp. *It is incredible.* The more you think about it, the more incredible it becomes.

Aileen Pringle once said, "Only the people in the Upper Layer are privileged—movie people have become the Upper Layer." When you think it over, Aileen was right. And it's safe to say that Aileen is not the only star to be aware of this fact.

All the most famous doors in Europe have been opened to Charlie Chaplin



Distinguished visitors are glad to pose with Marion Davies

They were cradled, many of them, in the trays of theatrical trunks, with "ten-twent-thirt" troupers for their tutors and governesses. They were born in the slums of cities, here and abroad. Most of them do not know and probably would not

Aristocracy

born on the Wrong Side of the are self-educated. Yet what rulers kings and queens of the screen? Garbos, Dresslers and Chaplins



Prince George of England preferred June Collyer to the local society girls

care to know anything about their grandmothers and grandfathers.

There is no branch of the family tree to which they can point with the pride of descent, or use as legitimate tags of admission. Few of them attended the proper finishing schools. Few can boast a college education. The majority of them made their débuts during the nursery age and to a public never entered in the Social Register. None of them can produce so much as one wealthy forebear who traded for furs or drilled for oil or built Fifth Avenue mansions or hobnobbed with the original Four Hundred.

The Family Tree Is a Palm Tree

THIS *new aristocracy is an aristocracy of the individual.* It is the final flowering of the individualistic code of to-day. It is an aristocracy of personal achievement—in *this*, not any past generation. The only Family Tree is a family tree shared in common—the Palm Tree of Hollywood.



Douglas Fairbanks is now remodeling Pickfair because he and Mary expect some royal guests next year



A German prince proposed to Lily Damita— but Lily turned him down

A college professor of great scholarliness, unimpeachable morals and sensitive breeding might yearn in vain to be presented at the Court of St. James's. His request for such a presentation would be an unthinkable presumption, which he would not think of making. Any timid luncheon invitation he might issue to the Siamese monarch, say, would be totally ignored. *Yet Anna May Wong, movie daughter of a Chinese laundryman,* was mentioned for presentation at the Court of England—and refused. Mary Pickford has but to pick up the telephone and these same majesties of Siam, the princes of England and Germany, royalty of every degree of blood and brain flock to the hearthstone of the little girl who came from the Wrong Side of the Track in a Canadian city.

Isn't it incredible, when you stop to think about it?

Greta Garbo casually disdained the invitation of a prince of her own country to lunch with him and meet him. She said, "He would not have wanted to know me when I was Greta Gustafsson, working in a shop in Stockholm. I do not want to know him now."

A prince of Austria, I think it was, came to Hollywood. He said, "There is only one person in town I really care to see—Marie Dressler." Someone told Marie and Marie gave forth: "If he cares to see me, he will call me up."

This new aristocracy has one point in common with the aristocracies and royalties of another day—*they cannot be flattered, they can only flatter. They cannot be favored, they can only confer favors.*

They Come to Chaplin

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was proposed for knighthood—and intimated he didn't long for it. He was entertained at 10 Downing Street by Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald. He was given the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in France. He broke frugal bread with Mahatma Gandhi. He entertained, and he

(*Continued on page 81*)

No Wonder Their Theme Song Is "Home,



When Dorothy Mackaill gets tired, she gets moody—and just sits and dreams of Hawaii, where she may honeymoon with Neil Miller after finishing "Safe In Hell." At her elbow are some flowers from her own seaside garden



Standing in the doorway of her home (in a modernistic little cocktail jacket), Evalyn Knapp reflects how good it seems to be standing again. An invalid for months, as the result of a fall, the Warner Brothers' starlet is resuming her career in "High Pressure"



Back home after the day's work in "The False Madonna," Kay Francis dons a hostess gown before pulling up the Venetian blinds. Kay—who is Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna in private life—is almost never too tired to entertain

HOLLYWOOD SWEET HOME"



Tallulah Bankhead does like negligées, even off the screen. And she also likes apartment life. But now that she has finished her third picture—"The Cheat"—at Paramount's Eastern studio, she is moving to Hollywood and a house

Joan Crawford finds relaxation in lounging pajamas—and the more individual they are, the better she likes them. Our dancing daughter is a confirmed home girl, even though she doesn't look it in "Possessed"



Dorothy Jordan doesn't live in wild, wild Hollywood. To find Dorothy, you'll have to drive out to Playa Del Rey, by the sea, where the heroine of "The Lost Squadron" has all the privacy her heart desires. While you're there, you want to ask to see her collection of fine glassware





Clark Gable is keeping down the number of divorce rumors by doing no entertaining

These Stars Knew The Scandal of

Hollywood loves to gossip about its for break-ups. It doesn't take much takes plenty to stop them. However, and Mary, the Clark Gables and the ways of giving rumors

By JOAN

THE next-easiest thing to stopping a landslide with a garden shovel is trying to stop gossip after it has started rolling on its merry way. Of course, no one wants to stop legitimate gossip. It has helped make Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, Lupe Velez and company what they are to-day.

But there's another type of gossip that is downright pesky to the people involved—the insinuation, the hint, the whisper-behind-the-hand that is too vague to land in newspaper columns. It is this gossip that Hollywood fears the most, because it is Hollywood's gossip about Hollywood.

If the real truth were known, Hollywood gossips more about Hollywood than the rest of the folks put together—and Hollywood knows it! Stop the home-towners from talking and it is pretty certain that the proverbial ounce of prevention will be working the proverbial pound of cure.

It is not the easiest job in the world to stop—or slow up—the suspicious and talkative natives. But it can be done. And the ways and means are cute, to say the least.

Maybe you think Joan Crawford Fairbanks didn't know her Hollywood when she gave that sensational statement to the press that she and Doug, Jr., were planning to have a baby "soon." Now if Joan had stopped with just a hint, Hollywood would have winked and tagged it a "cover-up" for all the disquieting rumors that all was not well between her and young Doug. But Mrs. Cassin's little girl has never been accused of foolishness. Joan knows that nothing beats good old Hollywood talk like good old-fashioned frankness. In other words, she didn't pretend that she knew nothing about the rumors. She met them squarely face-to-face when she said:

What Joan Announced

"MAYBE a baby born to us will stop all this silly talk that Douglas and I are about to separate. I know what people are saying and there isn't anything much we can do to stop it. If we pose as the happily-married newlyweds, the suspicious-minded will say 'Huh? Just an act to pretend that all is well.' If we act like normal human beings in public, even going so far as to dance with someone else, they will immediately spy us out as growing tired of one another. No matter what we do, there's talk.

"But a baby—there's something real and solid to the home that boasts a nursery. Both Douglas and I have wanted a baby from the start of our marriage. I, particularly, have always adored children. What better time could there be to have one than when gossip and insinuation are striking at the very roots of our happiness? A baby should prove that Douglas and I still care an awful lot about each other. Even gossips can grow sentimental over a baby."



Rumors that Marlene Dietrich was thinking about divorce were smothered when husband Rudolf Sieber arrived on the scene

Whether or not Joan really has a baby immediately remains to be seen. But the very contemplation of the idea for such an honest reason has gone a long way toward slowing up the "trouble-brewing" rumors circulated about Joan and Doug. Clever, these dancing girls!

Clark Plans to Prevent Rumors

CLARK GABLE and his wife are pretty well reconciled to the fact that they are going to have to fight off divorce rumors from here on in. But just by way of keeping down the quantity, Clark has let it be known that Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable "do not do any entertaining."

In other words, there will be no chance for curious "friends" to be present at a party and mistake an innocent little difference of opinion for what would later pass as a "first-hand" report of an argument between the Gables. Social affairs are a hot-bed of Hollywood gossip. You know how the whisper goes: "So-and-So arrived *alone*, my dear . . . ." without taking into consideration that the absent partner may have been detained by work or some other unavoidable circumstance. There isn't going to be any of this free-and-easy reporting in the Gable home—not if Clark has anything to say about it.

How To Stop Divorce Rumors

married stars—and is always looking to start the divorce rumors, but it take it from Doug and Joan, Doug Robert Montgomerys—they found the old run-around



Some gossip hurts stars—but not the kind that has dotted the career of Constance Bennett

STANDISH

Bob Now Seen With Betty

ON the other hand, Robert Montgomery worked Clark's system the other-way-'round in stopping the first breath of gossip to the effect that he never appeared in public with his wife. The truth of the Montgomerys' situation was this: the studio made it plain from the beginning that Bob, as a romantic juvenile, should not overplay the idea of being a married man. Because Bob was a dutiful young fellow who wanted to get along with the Powers That Be, he and Mrs. Montgomery led a very quiet social life. But the seclusion did not bring about the desired effect. Instead, a rush of rumors broke out, the most unfair being that the Montgomerys were on the verge of separation "because he will never take her any place... almost acts ashamed to be seen with her."

Studio or no studio, that made Robert pretty mad. So he and the very attractive Betty Montgomery showed up a couple of times at the Cocoanut Grove, accepted invitations to two big parties given by Marion Davies, had their photographs made together, and danced with one another more than anybody else. What's more, they didn't have to pretend to be enjoying it. They really did. With such disconcerting evidence on hand, what could Hollywood do but drop the charges? There haven't been any rumors about the Montgomerys for a good six months.



Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. think that the arrival of a baby ought to stop all divorce rumors about them

"All's Well at Pickfair"

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks were another couple who lived to learn to their sorrow that absence makes the tongues wag faster. There may have been a time when the Queen and the King of the movies were really contemplating a separation, but their closest friends do not believe that the idea was ever so definite as the gossip made out. Doug and Mary may have reached a state of restlessness—but not of divorce.

The bonfire of gossip that went up made Mary desperate. In an effort to check the talk before it could cause a serious breach between them through misquotations, she rushed across a continent and an ocean to join Doug in London. Upon their return to this country, they actually solicited newspaper reporters and photographers for the first time in their professional careers. With every weapon at their command, they combated the whispers that had grown into a shout. But even more convincing than their words were their actions.

Mary and Doug returned to Hollywood and Pickfair and life went on there pretty much as it had always done. At first the reporters refused to relax their vigilance, but when Mary and Doug began their day with a round of golf and finished it with a few friends in for dinner, as they had always done, the brethren began to be discouraged, and talk was abated.

Fairbanks is once more starting off on a travel jaunt alone—but have you noticed that divorce rumors between Mary and Doug are 'way below par this trip? They seem to have beaten them by living their old, quiet "normal" life for six months—and repainting and remodeling Pickfair.

Marlene Keeps Them Guessing

GOSSIP concerning Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg still rages on the Western front. But even the gossips can't get away from the fact that it took an awful slump when Herr Rudolf Sieber, husband of Marlene, arrived in this country just as Riza von Sternberg's suit against Marlene for alienation of affections hit the headlines. The fact that Joe and Marlene and Rudy were seen many places in Hollywood, seemingly on the best of terms, also took considerable blaze out of the fire.

When Marlene's husband returned to France (to direct pictures at Paramount's foreign studio), the old gossip might have sprung up again—but lately there is a new complication for the chatterers to mull over. Marlene has been stepping out con-

(*Continued on page 100*)



Richee

PAJAMAS, YOU KNOW, ARE AN OLD CHINESE COSTUME

Who started this pajama fad, anyway? Some of Anna May Wong's ancestors, or their relatives or their friends—thousands of years ago. Anna May, however, is of the opinion that they should have made them bigger and roomier—like these. They're the kind she wears in real life. She wishes she could wear them on the screen in "Shanghai Express"—and startle the natives

Should Wear

are best suited to such widely are like either of these, or if you best set off your complexion, eyes the right colors to be attractive!

colors can set off and enhance that lovely complexion.

The Ann Harding type will look well in dark green, provided it is not the stuffy olive shade; dark blue, too, of course, and black. But these dark colors will be too harsh in glossy silks unless they are of rather indefinite shade. Black satin, especially, is bold and daring. Velvet and crepe are more modest and retiring.

Garbo Should Wear Pale Colors

GRETA GARBO'S hair is of deepergold and frames a paler, more sensitive face, which, with the aid of make-up, could easily be made into almost any complexion type its owner might desire. But the incomparable Garbo wisely disdains artificiality and sticks to the exotic personality so truly hers.

Sharp greens and blues and the clear tints prescribed for Ann Harding will not do for this lady. Only the most elusive blends of blue-green and green-blue, very much veiled or grayed so as to defy your naming them—pastels as hazy as the faded colorings we find on fragments of ancient statuary—would be at all in keeping with the mystery and remoteness of Garbo.



If you thrive on mystery, like the blonde Greta Garbo, you should wear cool colors



While Norma Shearer looks exotic, her peaches-and-cream complexion does not permit her to wear exotic colors



And only these indeterminate, evanescent shades would be friendly to her own transparent coloring. Anything more decided would be destructive. The cool colors naturally will best set off Greta's hair and enhance her blue eyes, but since there is no decided color in her cheeks, she can also wear grayed tones of warm colors. The exotic orchid is her personality color, but a slightly pink make-up is required with this. Black, the shade of the greatest of mysteries, suits her to perfection; and it should be velvet, the shadowy texture.



If you have a sun-tan complexion to match Kay Francis', warm "outdoor" colors—especially green—are best suited to you

No Reds for Nancy

AND now for the piquant, glowing redheads. Nancy Carroll's complexion is described as rosy by most people. At any rate, you may be sure that there is enough red in the picture already, and that the safest colors for her to wear would be the cool, clean blues and greens, violet, white, and ivory. The only difficulty in dressing the pink-cheeked, auburn-haired girl is that the colors which are flattering to her hair are not always friendly to her complexion, since the two are conflicting tones of red in the first place.

Platinum-blonde hair like Jean Harlow's demands certain colors to set it off. Crimson, purple, black, ivory and silver are particularly effective

Brown is the auburn type's own color, but

(*Continued on page 99*)

SMART WINTER STYLES IN
AS WORN BY THAT SCREEN



Whether you are a movie star or not, your wardrobe is not complete unless it can boast of at least one evening gown of black transparent velvet. Miss Marsh's choice is this Sally Milgrim gown with jeweled shoulder straps and jeweled clasp at the waist. Don't you agree that Marian looks stunning in it?



It isn't everyone's good fortune to own a long beautiful Jay-Thorpe evening wrap of snowy white Russian ermine with a luxurious crushed collar. White wraps are very effective and smart when worn with black, as Marian proves in picture above. She has on a black gown, black slippers and long black suede gloves

This suit (below), which at a glance looks like a dress, is a Milgrim creation of red velvet which goes 'most anywhere. The short jacket is made with a somewhat high waistline, closing at one side and fastening with three large white buttons. The skirt has moderate flares. A tipped black velvet hat adds the correct finishing touch



the NEW YORK MANNER
"DEB," MARIAN MARSH



You would have no fear of those bleak wintry days either, if you were fortunate enough to be decked out in this green Scotch plaid coat with the immense beaver collar tucked under your chin. Marian is especially keen about the clever diagonal treatment of the waist and sleeves featured in this coat from Saks-Fifth Avenue



Patterns for fur coats have undergone a change in the last year or two. They can no longer be just fur coats, but must be smartly fitted to you along the newest lines, the same as your cloth coats are. Above, Miss Marsh is wearing a magnificent Jay-Thorpe afternoon coat of natural gray broadtail trimmed with silver fox



Can't you just picture Marian Marsh being the center of attraction at any evening affair with this ruby-red gown of silk and wool lace with ruby and rhinestone buckle and satin slippers to match? There is always something very rich-looking about a gown made of lace and this one created by Hickson is no exception

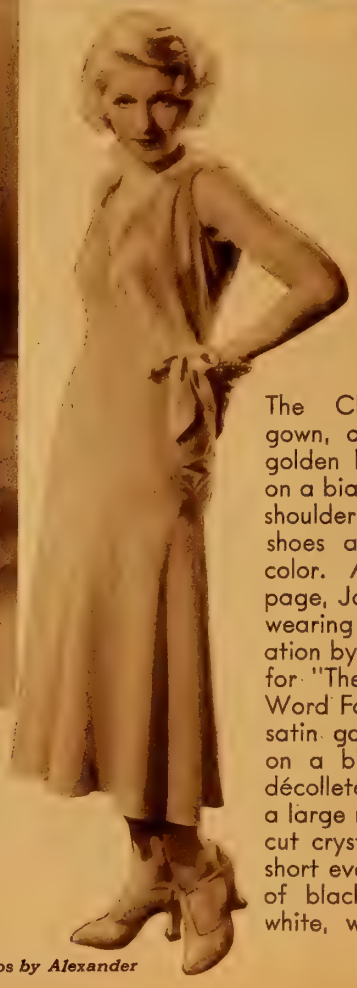
Photos by Elmer Fryer

HERE'S HOW CHANEL OF PARIS DRESSES INA AND JOAN





To be able to wear this luxurious $40,000 chinchilla coat as nonchalantly as Ina Claire is an art in itself. It has the new elbow-muff sleeve and a semi-fitted back and was designed by the world-famous Gabriele Chanel for Miss Claire to wear in "The Greeks Had A Word For It." The plume-trimmed hat, also by Chanel, shows a strong Empress Eugenie influence



The Chanel afternoon gown, at the left, is of golden beige velvet, cut on a bias with tie bows at shoulder and side. The shoes are of the same color. At the top of the page, Joan Blondell is also wearing an exclusive creation by Chanel designed for "The Greeks Had A Word For It." The black satin gown is simply cut on a bias with extreme décolleté in back and has a large necklace collar of cut crystal and jet. The short evening coat is also of black satin, lined in white, with a fox collar

Photos by Alexander

FRAGILE and FEMININE STYLES for GENEVIEVE







The blonde and beautiful Genevieve Tobin carries off this evening gown of black chantilly lace to perfection. It is made unusually striking by means of a cape of cream lace, attached to the décolleté and draped over the arms. It is form-fitting and has dainty straps of rhinestones which glisten under the lace cape and it features a demi-train. The evening wrap she wears with this gown is of white ermine made into a cape with a vest. The coat Miss Tobin is wearing in the oval picture is a three-quarter length belted model, Russian in style and with turned-up collar held in place with a short scarf. The small muff is extremely chic

Photos by Ray Jones



It may look like the beginning of a new romance between Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez, but don't let your eyes deceive you or believe all you read in the papers. The happy get-together of Lawrence and Lupe has no significance—it is only a scene from the new Tibbett picture, "The Cuban Love Song." There is no love affair between them and the famous baritone spikes the rumors, as you will discover upon reading the story on the opposite page

Lawrence Tibbett Tells His Own Story About His Divorce

Here for the first time is revealed Lawrence Tibbett's side of his divorce. The Metropolitan baritone and screen star gives his former wife full credit for making him the success he is to-day. He doesn't blame Hollywood or too much prosperity for causing his divorce. Rather does he claim that it's impossible for two incompatible people to live happily together. And so Lawrence and Grace Tibbett have gone their separate ways

BY GLADYS HALL

THE November issue of MOTION PICTURE carried a story "Did Hollywood Wreck The Tibbett Romance?" Now you have the answer as told in this exclusive interview by Gladys Hall. In Lawrence Tibbett's own words he says that Hollywood did not precipitate their divorce, but that it was brought about through an incompatibility which had been developing for years. It was a little over a year ago that Mr. Tibbett said to Miss Hall that no artist should be married. To-day, now that he is free, he says something entirely different. Read and see what he has to say.—Editor.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT didn't want to talk about his divorce. He said that he would not talk about it. He felt that he *shouldn't* talk about it. But other people were talking about it, as other people will—including friends, enemies, gossips and guessers.

His friends said, "I don't see how he stood it as long as he did. He was hen-pecked and *managed* to death. He deserves a lot of credit for his good humor and long forbearance." One of his most intimate friends said just that to me. His enemies said, "He'll begin to slip, now that Grace is no longer there to protect him and advise him. He'll never keep the grade alone."

And Lawrence, himself, finally said to me: "I read that I threw my wife—and the children, presumably—out of the house; that I was abusive to them and that Hollywood and money have gone to my head."

And *I* replied, "Well, I can see no reason why you shouldn't say *something* about it all. Any individual has a right to some rebuttal." Lawrence looked dubious, considered the idea and seemed to feel that I was, at least, partially right.

He said: "There isn't anything *to* say excepting—'Rot!' You might suppose that Grace and I were the only two persons, with children, ever to get a divorce. So far as I know, people all over the country are getting divorces, to-day and every day. But most of them escape this silly backwash. *Why can people be so adult about so many things and so ridiculous when it comes to divorce?* Why are they so particularly ridiculous when it comes to Hollywood divorces? There are a great many people among divorcées who have never been to Hollywood nor anywhere near it.

"I have read, among other things, that I am having an affair with Lupe Velez. We are playing in the same picture—the best, I believe, that I have ever made. Lupe has recently split with Gary. I have recently been divorced from Grace.

HOW LAWRENCE TIBBETT SIZES UP HIS DIVORCE

If it had not been for this early marriage of mine I would not be where I am today.

It was certainly *not* Hollywood that precipitated our divorce.

We were just two incompatible people who gave up trying to get along together.

I feel no different now than I did before the divorce. I have never lived the life of the average husband. I have been away on tour, for stretches of five months at a time.

The theory that money and success cause marital trouble is the bunk. It should work the other way around.

The hardest thing for me, and I should think for any man, or any woman, is the mechanics of getting out of the house we lived in. I have had to do that, and it hurt.

There is a kind of death in divorce—it is far harder than any emotional wrench preceding the divorce.

I shall probably marry again some day. I know I shall—I'm just the type.

Whatever I am or have become, I most assuredly owe to Grace and to our marriage.

Two and two, in this case, make forty-nine or fifty. We are perfect targets for scandalous shrapnel. *I'm afraid it does us more good than harm.* It goes that way. The old glamour, you know. As a matter of fact, that rumor is as wrong as possible. I like Lupe. I admire her. I have a profound respect for her, both as an actress and as a woman. I think she has one of the keenest, most natural minds I have ever encountered in a woman, but she has no personal

(Continued on Page 104)



The Tibbett family, happy together, before Grace sued Lawrence for divorce and won the custody of their twin boys, Lawrence, Jr., and Richard

Hollywood Stars Get Their Greatest

By
J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Movie players are no different from other groups of people—murder trials. The Hollywood stars are usually found in court Compson, go out of curiosity. Some, like Jean Hersholt, go to spectacle. But few, if



Here are Mrs. Erich von Stroheim (extreme left) and a friend watching proceedings at the Clark trial, while Erich (in rear) discusses the case with newspaper photographers

THE Los Angeles Homicide Court is about the last place you'd expect to find a quiet, home-loving chap like John Boles, even as a spectator. But that's the first place you had better look for him—and any other movie stars you want to meet—when you come to Hollywood. They're the greatest murder-trial fans on earth.

Hollywood likes its pleasures. It enjoys its wild parties, its dinner dances at the Embassy and the Brown Derby, its week-end flights to Agua Caliente, its premières, its Friday night prize-fights—but for a real, honest-to-goodness thrill, just give Hollywood a spicy murder trial!

When David Clark, former assistant district attorney, was placed on trial for his life recently in a Los Angeles courtroom, accused of the double killing of a politician and a newspaper reporter, was it the underworld that made the greatest scramble for ringside seats? Not much! It was from Beverly Hills mansions, exclusive residential hotels and Brentwood estates that the rush came. On a single day, you would have seen John Boles, Mary Brian, Russell Gleason, Jean Hersholt, Erich von Stroheim, Don Alvarado and Carmel Myers in the van of the crowd. And it wasn't a very good trial, at that!

During the famous murder trial in which Madalene Obenchain and her romances played so prominent a part, none other than demure little Mary Pickford, golden curls and all, occupied a seat of honor near the bench.

When Hickman, "The Fox," was on trial for the brutal murder and dissection of a twelve-year-old-girl—when Northcott was haled before the bar of justice to answer the charge of killing and burying several young boys—when Paul Kelly and Dorothy Mackaye were on trial, following the death of her husband in a fight—and when "Kid" McCoy and Leo Kelly, "the butcher boy," stood trial for their lives, it was the élite of the movie colony who thronged the courtrooms and drank in the harrowing details.

Always at the Trials

NO murder trial of any consequence in Los Angeles or environs is complete without an audience of the movie great and near-great. And the more spicy the testimony, the more vivid the revelations and the more gruesome the exhibits, the better they seem to like it. There in the stuffy, fetid air of the courtroom, they will cheerfully rub elbows with the Great Unwashed, endure the hard, uncomfortable



Jetta Goudal, a bit of a mystery woman herself, is a follower of real-life murder mysteries. This shows her in attendance at the Clark trial

Thrill In Attending Murder Trials

professional or otherwise—when it comes to finding thrills in when there's a sensational case being tried. Some, like Betty observe human nature. Others, like Ricardo Cortez, go for the any, go to attract attention

chairs, and forget their own importance as they revel in the spectacle of a human life placed in jeopardy.

"Whether we admit it to ourselves or not," says Betty Compson, "there is a morbid fascination for us in the very word 'murder.' I spent a half-day at the Hickman trial and, although I certainly didn't see anything heroic about Hickman, it fascinated me to realize that here was a boy who had actually and deliberately taken human life. I think most people have that feeling. They wonder if those who have killed are different in any way from themselves in appearance and action."

Less frank than Betty Compson, most stars who have been interested



Director Edwin Carewe waits in the rear of the courtroom for seats at the Clark murder trial. At his left is Olga Baclanova, and back of Carewe (looking up) is her husband, Nicholas Soussenin



You wouldn't expect to find quiet, home-loving John Boles attending murder trials—but here he is, following the Clark case with rapt interest

spectators at murder trials assign purely professional reasons for their interest. But what, one wonders, actually lies behind this desire on the part of these famous actors and actresses to attend these morbid spectacles? Is it because they are weary of the spurious emotions of the screen and find relief in reality, even if it's gruesome reality? Is it because they have drunk so deeply of conventional pleasures that nothing less than the shadow of the noose can stir their jaded appetites?

Hersholt Studies Human Nature

ARE they mere thrill-seekers or *is* there a professional interest? Do they go to witness the soul of a fellow creature laid bare in order that they may more convincingly portray those emotions for their own audiences? Jean Hersholt, for one, finds in the courtroom much material for his vivid character portrayals on the screen.

"I never miss a good murder trial," admits Hersholt. "The courtroom is the greatest laboratory of human emotions in the world—and as an actor, naturally I am interested in emotions. Time after time, I have found material there for my work. Some years ago, I attended the rather obscure trial of an old German grocer named Hoeffler. All through his trial he sat listless, dazed, like a man whose every faculty has been paralyzed. He showed no reaction, no resentment—but sat staring straight ahead into nothingness. Recently, in 'Transatlantic,' I was called upon to play such a character. Instantly, the picture of Hoeffler came to

(*Continued on page 96*)

The PICTURE

REVIEWS OF THE



AMBASSADOR BILL

Single Track Story—It's All Will Rogers: Something will have to be done to get Will Rogers back to America. Here he is again poking around an European kingdom, this time as an ambassador from the U. S. The result is like all the preceding Rogers films—a one-man show.

Ambassador Rogers is called upon to repeat a score of stock situations—including the one in which a vampire (Greta Nissen) compromises him. He is in his element teaching the boy king how to play baseball and in the satire with the visiting senator from home. Outside of these highlights, the picture has but few outstanding moments.

Marguerite Churchill plays the queen in her usual capable manner, though her casting as the mother of a nine-year-old stretches credibility. As the boy king, young Tad Alexander looks like another juvenile find.



SECRET SERVICE

Great Hero Stuff—Plenty of Action: This old-time melodrama of Civil War days has plenty of life left in it, as RKO proves. The rôle of the dashing and apparently bullet-proof Yankee spy, who ventures into enemy territory, fits Richard Dix like a glove. He really seems to have a wonderful time sliding down porch columns, riding a white horse through the night and being dauntless and noble in the most trying situations.

Fine photography, handsome settings and pretty Shirley Grey as the crinolined heroine who finds love stronger than loyalty, all add to the enjoyment. But the chief virtue of "Secret Service" is a hero what *am* a hero, as the old Southern retainer would say, the kind of hero we have missed lately from the screen, one who strides and swaggers—a hero in boots and brass buttons, handsome and noble and brave. Let Dix give us some more.



THE CHAMP

Great Picture—Great Acting. See It: Was there, by any slightest chance, the tiniest bit of doubt in your mind when you heard that Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper were to be co-starred, that the picture would be a wow?

Here are two masters of high emotionalism who are human and natural. Picture Beery in the rôle of the ex-heavyweight-champ gone bum, and little Jackie as his son who still worships him far beyond all human reason, and you've got the makings of a great picture.

"The Champ" is a picture that's good for the soul—but don't let that scare you away. Because, at the same time, it's as grand entertainment as the screen can know—and you'll laugh like a fool, cry like a baby, thrill like a kid and maybe go home and write a letter to the editor asking why they don't make more pictures like this—without a pistol or a gangster or a murder in it.



TOUCHDOWN

Good Football Story—Really Convincing: This seems to us the best football, and perhaps the best collegiate picture made to date. It is not only good local color to the general public but it is good local color even to those who have been to universities.

An All-American end—played by Richard Arlen—consents to coach a run-down university team on condition that he shall have a free hand in picking his men. He goes out into the highways and byways and by offering different inducements gathers the raw material for a winning team. His ruthlessness leads to his sacrificing his men for victories until—but we will not spoil your surprise at a distinctly different outcome. J. Farrel MacDonald, again a coach, gives a touching performance. None of the usual last-minute-run-that-wins-the-day hokum is relied on for the drama of this honest story.

PARADE

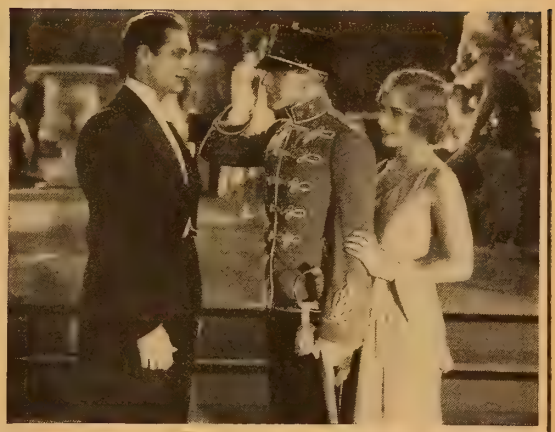
NEWEST PICTURES



POSSESSED

Fine Picture—Gable at His Best: The sheer simplicity of the plot of this picture is its greatest strength. No unnecessary scenes distract your attention from the story of the box-factory girl (Joan Crawford)—and the story of the two men in her life, the one the common coarse-grained lover of her own station, the other the millionaire who loved her too well to marry her.

Clark Gable does the best work of his short and sensational career as the latter, showing himself capable of tenderness and passion as well as of wearing tailored clothes and flashing a dimple. The political speech-making sequence is a severe test of an actor's abilities and here Gable is dignified and convincing and the final scene—the best ending of any picture we have seen recently—gives him unquestioned right to his much ballyhooed title of Great Lover. Joan is also fine.



HEARTBREAK

Madge and Charlie Make It Worth Seeing: Charles Farrell, in a rôle far removed from the Charles Farrell of the Farrell-Gaynor team, nevertheless manages to retain a warm measure of that same wistful charm in this love story of what war does to young sweethearts. It's a story of a young American embassy attaché in Vienna when America enters the war—and he is in love with a beautiful Viennese countess—and by war's mad eventualities, he kills her brother in an airplane duel.

Charles is hard put to it to match the superb work of Madge Evans, in the rôle of the countess. And Madge's lovely, throaty voice is Farrell's particular handicap, for in their dialogue scenes, the contrast between their voices isn't kind to Farrell. But even so, Charles comes through well enough, and between them, and the story, and the splendid supporting cast, there's plenty of heart-throbs.



THE CUBAN LOVE SONG

Tibbett's Voice and Lupe's Appeal Put It Over: Perfectly fitted to Tibbett's capabilities—and limitations—this romantic idyl of a gallant singing gob will please you whoever you are and whatever you like in the way of entertainment. There is the golden Tibbett voice, which glorifies cheap popular music into Art; there is the swash-buckling Tibbett personality; there is adventure and gaiety and youth, and plenty of laughs. There is Lupe Velez, too, more restrained and yet more passionate than we have ever seen her, and Jimmy Durante, the new comedian who is a little disappointing here.

The Cuban background with its color and noise makes a perfect setting for the naïve and touching romance of the little peanut vendor and the laughing American sailor. See "The Cuban Love Song" by all means—if you were ever young.



RICH MAN'S FOLLY

Story Unconvincing, But Acting Is Good: When you try to modernize Dickens you face some curious problems. Victorian motives and emotions seem a bit out of place in our hard-boiled modern era. However, without the credit line it is probable that no one would have recognized the cold, proud, austere *Dombey* of "Dombey and Son" in round-faced *Brock Trumbull*, who wanted a son to continue his ship-building business.

Except for a few close-ups of George Bancroft it will be seen that he gives a very human and—for Bancroft—restrained performance. Yet despite Bancroft's superb work in the final scenes, the acting of Frances Dee as the unwanted daughter, and the ornamental presence of Juliette Compton as the second wife, the picture somehow fails to convince or to win sympathy for the characters. The moral seems to be "Leave Dickens lay!"

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

Rather Preachy, But Worth Seeing: Pretentious, at times, genuinely touching, at other times skilfully dramatic, but more often than either, preachy and priggish—such is this picture of what happens to modern youth. When Wesley Ruggles tells his story simply he approaches greatness, but every now and then he interrupts himself to draw a moral and his characters stop acting like human beings and become symbols.

Eric Linden does a fine piece of work as the boy who gets in with wild companions, commits a useless murder, and enjoys his moment of notoriety at the trial. Even at the end when he is left, babbling warnings to the next generation and repeating the Lord's Prayer in the condemned cell, while a hidden church choir sings a hymn he manages to seem fairly convincing. Arline Judge (since become Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) is likewise splendid as the hard-boiled girl friend. The trial scenes are the best of the recent crop.



GIRLS ABOUT TOWN

Smart Comedy, But Don't Take the Kiddies: With two such colorful and striking ladies as LilyanTashman and Kay Francis it is not to be wondered that the male element of the picture seems a trifle shadowy. They are two shameless, but unashamed ladies of leisure who must have been good at their profession of "entertainers" for mercantile firms to earn five hundred an evening.

So much of the picture is devoted to lively samples of their conversation, gowns and parties that the plot is a bit crowded, but Kay Francis and Joel McCrea make up for lost time by rushing into a romance aboard the yacht of a wealthy manufacturer, Eugene Pallette.

The spice of the picture is provided by Lilyan Tashman who is on the point of capturing the fat manufacturer and a life annuity when her heart defeats her head and she teaches his plain and dowdy wife how to win him back! It is a smart comedy, smartly done, though not exactly meant for the little ones.



CORSAIR

Old-Fashioned Villainy Running Wild: This is a tale of modern swashbuckling—or hijacking, if you prefer—on the high seas. Although authored by a former prohibition agent who is said to have based his plot on real happenings, "Corsair" is seldom believable. Much of this fault must be borne by overemphasizing its villains' villainies. It's no place for a chap like Chester Morris.

Not that Chester isn't as villainous as the rest. He plays a young man about town, disillusioned by the knowledge his girl's father is a Wall Street shark. So he turns pirate and goes into hijacking liquor shipments consigned to the old man.

Morris does well enough with his assignment and Thelma Todd, masqueraded by the name of "Alison Loyd," is, likewise, unfortunately cast. There are the expected heavies led by Fred Kohler, and the usual drunken comics headed by Frank McHugh. Altogether "Corsair" should not be taken seriously.



'WAY BACK HOME

Seth Parker's Rural Drama—Sure to Please: As old-fashioned and sentimental as the songs they sing at *Seth Parker's* house, as quaint as a Currier and Ives print, this picture from its first scene to its final fadeout on a note of universal rejoicing and neighborliness is a refreshing novelty in this age of picture-sophistication. The mere fact that there are no such country people as these, no such stern fathers, and timid lovers and gentle gossips and homespun sinners and saints is no criticism. They are as we would like to believe innocent country folks to be.

When Phillips Lord, as the lovable old farmer—a remarkable example of make-up—wipes his eyes, our own grow moist, when he makes benevolent platitudes about human nature a warm glow fills our hearts. All the old tried situations of all the rural dramas ever written are here, and they work as well as ever. The buggy race between the villain and the old farmer is really thrilling, and the most sophisticated will suppress a cheer with an effort.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



FLYING HIGH

Entertaining Musical—With Fine Cast and Girls: Devotees of the musical comedies are not very choosey about the freshness of the jokes or the propriety of the gags as long as the chorus girls are pretty and plentiful and the songs are tuneful. We cannot remember ever seeing more really lovely girls together in a scene than in these chorus numbers, and Kathryn Crawford—looking younger and slimmer—sings two numbers which everyone will be humming this fall.

Having said this, and adding that Pat O'Brien is a likeable chap whether he acts or just saunters amiably through the scenes, there is nothing more we can do for "Flying High." Even the reliable and agile Charlotte Greenwood fails to earn a laugh. Bert Lahr's comedy doesn't translate into celluloid very well. The pansy jokes and the sequence in the doctor's office will probably amuse the portion of the audience who are amused by such things.



PLATINUM BLONDE

Fine Pace Throughout—Well Done: This has that quality all too rare in light screen comedies—tempo. It starts fast and keeps up a break-neck pace throughout. Splendidly acted, directed and produced, "Platinum Blonde" deserves your attention.

The picture belongs to the late Robert Williams, playing a reporter loved by Loretta Young, a sobbie on the same paper. He regards her as a pal rather than a girl and falls for Jean Harlow, a society deb. They elope and start married life in Jean's town house. Society bores Williams, and he turns to his old friends. It is not until his wife becomes jealous of Loretta that he sees how things should have been.

The piece has a zestful and charming spontaneity. It showed that young Williams was on the road to greatness. His was a sure comedy sense and he scored with every line. Loretta Young does extremely well with a negative rôle. Jean Harlow, on the other hand is badly miscast.



ONCE A LADY

Star Has Had Better Pictures—Only Fair: We did not blame Ruth Chatterton, as *Anna*, one-time artist's model, for being bored by her aristocratic husband's English family. We were bored by them ourselves. The sets are magnificent, the accents too extraordinary, the conversation is rude and dull. Yet *Anna* did her best to make her gay Latin-Quarter self over into a Fenwick and failed—when she allowed herself one innocent holiday into the Past. The first half of this slow-moving picture provides chances for the Chatterton comedy, the latter half, where she has become a demi-mondaine in Paris, provides opportunities for the Chatterton tragedy.

One is haunted by a sense of having seen Miss Chatterton do these things, and heard her say these things before, which becomes almost an obsession, when her long-lost daughter appears suddenly and has to be saved from such a life as hers. Jill Esmond, as the rebellious daughter, by the way, looks like a find.



THE BELOVED BACHELOR

You'll Enjoy It—Neat Little Picture: Stripped to its essentials, this is merely the Cinderella theme again. But who cares about essentials? Sufficient unto itself is the entertainment thereof. And don't allow any blasé critic to tell you differently.

Paul Lukas adopts the child of an old friend. He saves her from an orphanage by claiming to be her real father. The deception leads to an estrangement with the woman he is to marry and, in pique, she elopes with another man. But the little girl grows up and becomes Dorothy Jordan. She is deeply attached to her foster father but does not realize the extent of her love until she becomes jealous of the return of the other woman. How to make him realize she is no longer a child is a problem, the solution of which is cleverly achieved.

Lukas has seldom had a more delightful rôle and Dorothy Jordan is a charming minx. Vivienne Osborne is the other woman and Charlie Ruggles does his drunken best.

She looks like a Vamp—but has the Soul of a Gypsy





Joan Blondell doesn't like dresses (even if she does have a figure that's right out of the Follies), wears a pair of breeches and a sweat-shirt whenever possible, drives a car that's falling apart, prefers tourist camps to hotels, and can't keep her hair down. But don't get the idea she's rough. It's just Blondie's way of staying her own sweet self

JOAN Blondell may have the appearance of a very hot mama, indeed. But she has the soul of a gypsy. She has just returned from a two weeks' holiday, which was certainly different from most movie blondes' vacations. For one thing, she traveled exclusively in an outrageous wreck of a car which she affectionately calls "The Empress."

"I'll say I had a good time!" she exulted. "I just took along a pair of breeches and a sweat-shirt and not another stitch. That's the only way to travel!

"Of course, there were a few delays. For instance, on the way from Beverly Hills to Hollywood the Empress kicked off a wheel and I had to have it fastened on again. Then when we got on Santa Monica Boulevard somebody cracked into us and the Empress turned a complete side-ways somersault, landing on her wheels. So I had to drive in a garage and have the remainder of the top removed and the front axle straightened. But finally I got started and enjoyed two weeks of tourist camps and hot springs.

"No, I didn't dance much," she continued with shocking ingenuousness, as if she had never been in the Follies. "Frankly, I'd rather shoot craps." (And if you doubt her ability at this game, you're either silly or a millionaire!) "I looked like such a tramp when I started out, that for a while I was scared they wouldn't even let me in a tourist camp. However, they did, and I had a *real holiday*—the only unpleasant incident occurring in a tourist camp out in the San Fernando Valley. That camp sure got me down! By four A.M. it began to dawn on me that I was being eaten alive. So what did I do? I just pulled on my breeches and sweat shirt and beat it!"

She Doesn't Like Dresses

JOAN spurns artificiality. She's much too busy living to emulate anyone but herself. She hates feminine frivols such as dresses, sheer-silk stockings and those funny little lace things that ladies usually wear—her idea of Heaven being a pair of breeches and a sweat shirt.

While she smokes like a tramp steamer, she has no use for bridge teas, cocktails or gossip; and she never swears, disdaining even the socially accredited cuss-words. Her hair always looks like a shock of wind-blown wheat. She snorts at swanky hotels. "Who," she inquires, "wouldn't prefer to sleep in a tourist camp?" Furthermore, Joan is one Hollywood hoyden who is morally straight as a die—although physically she's a menace that would strain the morals of a Galahad. You can believe those rumors that four-and-twenty bad boids already have retired in confusion after barking their shins on the armor of this Blondell girl's impregnable virtue.

By this time, you've probably guessed that while Joan's a gaminesque sort of pet, she is, by no stretch of the imagination, a rough-neck. It's a wise movie twinkler that knows its own Hollywood, but Joan not only knows her Hollywood but all points North, East, South and West. She has trouped in just about every country in the world, since making her stage début at the age of four months. She has been an actress continually, all over the world, and her life has been a series of adventures extraordinary enough to make the average girl run from the stage in horror. To touch a few high spots:

Marooned in China

AT the age of sixteen she found herself alone in the hospital at Peking, China, having been left behind by her troupe. She recovered from a month's illness just in time to watch the conflagration of the Peking railway station—her interest in the fire being augmented by the fact that with it went her trunk, clothes and money. So she washed dishes for a bevy of coolies until she had earned steamship fare.

A year later, while playing in Australia, she went "Boo!" to the proposals of a passionate, but slightly greasy South American rancher. As a reward for Goodness, she was kidnaped by eight *caballeros* and dragged to her unwelcome suitor's lair, from which she was rescued by the sheriff and a battalion of Fords bursting with deputies. During the rescue two men were killed.

"Ordinarily, Miss," the sheriff afterwards explained, "I wouldn't have bothered about this kidnapin' case, but since you gave my little girl a dress, I kinda hated to see you harmed."

So Joan gave the youngster another dress and sailed back to the States. Eventually she found herself in Dallas, where, in the dead of night, a

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By HALE HORTON



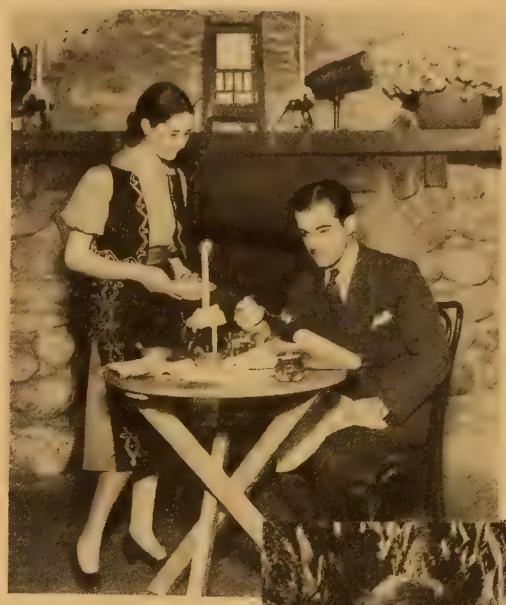
Joan Blondell is something new in screen stars. She'd rather be comfortable than startle the world with her clothes. When she has a vacation (which isn't often), she'd rather see America from a dilapidated touring-car than ride around Europe in a Rolls-Royce. And besides always being herself, she's one of the stand-out comédiennes of the talkies. The story opposite tells you all about this phenomenon

Greta, Ramon and Sessue Go Native When They Eat

IN Hollywood, whether one hails from the steppes of Russia, the land of the midnight sun, gay Paree or the slopes of Mt. Lebanon, there's no need for homesickness, for here are many restaurants where the foreign stars who have been lured by the films can eat their native dishes and speak in their native tongue.

These restaurants are a godsend to those stars who, surfeited with American food, have a desire to taste their own homeland dishes—prepared in the homeland manner. American stars also frequent them whenever they become fed up with American recipes. At the same time, the general public adores to ferret out unusual places where there's the slightest chance of seeing some glamorous picture celebrity. And they do see "across-the-table-close-ups" of foreign stars if they know where to shop for foreign food.

The elusive Garbo refuses to face a dinner party in the home of another star, but will brave the gaze of every Tom, Dick and Harry at her favorite eating-place, "A Bit of Sweden," for one of her favorite Swedish dishes,—*Kottbullar och bruna bonor*, (Swedish meat balls with brown beans).



When Ramon Novarro wants Mexican food he steps into the Casa La Golandrina in Los Angeles. He lingers for hours over his food, studying lines



Mona Maris, the Argentine actress, chooses La Maria's Garden in Hollywood when she wants some *chili con carne* or dishes equally as hot

This restaurant serves Swedish food exclusively. It is here that Americans come to sample the unusual dishes. Most of them are intrigued by the "Smorgasbord" which in French, means *hors-d'oeuvres*. These are tastily arranged on a long table outside the dining-room proper and the guests help themselves before being seated. And they always come back for more, for the Swedes make *mean* appetizers. Girls in Swedish costumes serve such dishes as *Kroppkakor* (potato dumplings with bacon and onion in the center), *Artsoppa och pannkakor*, *Lingon* (pea soup and pancake with Swedish cranberries) and of course, the famous *Fiskbullesoppa*, a glorified form of fish balls.

With much pride, the proprietress' daughter, Christine Rudolph, tells that Greta, on her first visit, she wasn't dieting, either, ordered a second portion of meat balls.

"That made mother very happy. We are always proud to serve our distinguished countrywoman," she beamed.

Other Swedish members of the film colony, like Anna Q. Nilsson, visit this restaurant and declare it truly a bit of Sweden when it comes to food, and so economical when it comes to price, for dinner is eighty-five cents. And there's always the chance of seeing Greta Garbo, for good measure.

Bela Lugosi, whose portrayal of *Count Dracula* stamped him an actor of the first rank, hails from Hungary. When he gets lonesome for the sound of the Magyar speech or develops an appetite for stuffed cabbage (a memory of his boyhood days), he drives out to Figueroa and 44th Street to the Hungarian Athletic Club.

Not Hungarian Goulash

"I KNOW exactly how to prepare this dish," he said, "and when I'm in the mood I make it myself and ask some of my cronies to come along and help eat it. Want to know how it's made? Well, you just take a plain head of cabbage and some sauerkraut, wash the cabbage, pick off the large leaves and put them aside. Then chop the smaller leaves finely and mix with the sauerkraut. Grind some young pork and mix it with cooked rice, using an egg to bind it. The amount of pork used is judged by the size of the cabbage. Place this mixture in the large cabbage leaves and tie in bundles. Put in an iron pan on a layer of chopped cabbage and sauerkraut and cover with a good stock. Be sure to season well with pepper, salt and any herbs for which you have a taste. Cover the pot and cook slowly for three quarters of an hour. When ready to serve, place sour cream on it. There! You have my favorite Hungarian dish."

Sometimes Bela drops in at "The Crow's Nest," another Hungarian restaurant nearer Hollywood, which specializes in Magyar dishes. But the club is his first choice because there he meets many of his countrymen and forgets, for the time being, the stress of the studios.

On North San Pedro Street, in the heart of the industrial section of Los Angeles, lies the Japanese colony. This quaint

Foreign restaurants have sprung up in Los Angeles and Hollywood—and they cater to the foreign stars. When the Garbos, Lebedeffs, Stroheims and Novarros become "fed up" with American food, they journey to these native eating-places, where they can eat their native dishes and speak in their native tongue

By Ivy Wilson

little village of the Nipponese is dotted with shops operated by the Japanese merchants. In a bright green two-story building, the stairway of which is bordered by a pool hall on one side and a barber shop on the other, one ascends to the second floor. Here, with no outward sign of what is to be found within, is the Hamanoya Café where the élite of the Japanese colony and many Americans who like Japanese dishes, dine each evening.

Sukiyaki for Sessue

LUXURIOUS carpets are on the floors. On one side is a reception room exquisitely furnished in American-Japanese style, where the guests assemble before or after dinner to sip their tea and chat, and it was here we discovered Sessue Hayakawa and his charming wife, Tsuri Aoki, about to enter one of the private dining-rooms for *Sukiyaki*. There's a dish for you!

"You know," explained Mrs. Hayakawa, "it is an informal dish, but very interesting because it is usually cooked by those wishing to eat it. The uncooked ingredients are placed on a table in attractive dishes and whoever is playing host cooks the dinner on a little stove brought in for that purpose. Long ago, the Japanese used charcoal stoves, but now, like everybody else, we use gas and electric stoves," she laughed.

"A skillet that holds enough *Sukiyaki* for two or three persons is placed on the stove and then—but better than that, come in and watch Sessue cook it—then you will see just how it's done."

Two little Japanese girls handed Sessue trays on which were finely-shaved choice beef; small lumps of beef suet; bean curd; shredded celery-cabbage; spring onions in little bundles; baby carrots; watercress and other green vegetables.

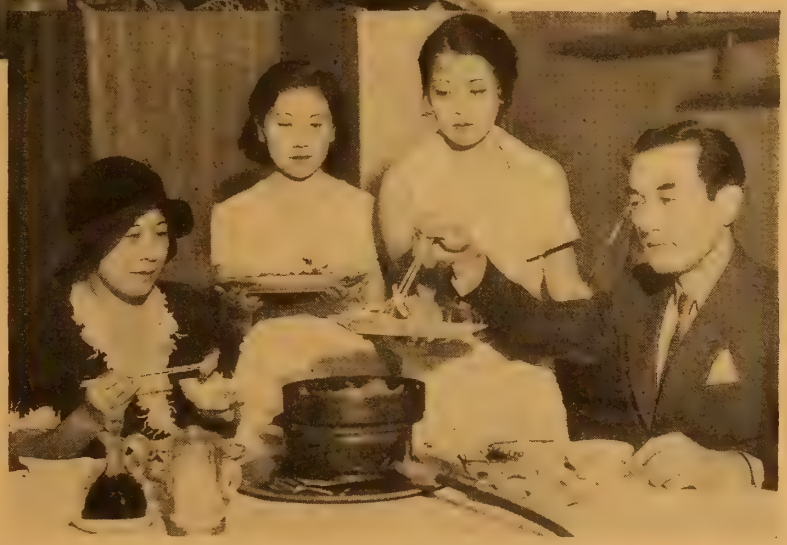
The Japanese star (he can cook as well as act), first placed the suet in the skillet and let it cook until there was sufficient fat in the pan, then in went the

(*Continued on page 93*)



Ivan Lebedeff and the Marquis de la Falaise are steady patrons of the Franco-Russe Café in Hollywood—the kitchen of which is presided over by two chefs, a Russian and a Frenchman. Ivan and Hank are always sure of getting their favorite dishes





In the center, Rochelle Hudson, Lita Chevret and Roberta Gale enjoy eating at Debe Trad's Arabian Club. She serves delicious food and tells fortunes, for good measure. Immediately above, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuri Aoki, have a dinner of *Sukiyaki* at the Hamanoya Restaurant in the Japanese section of Los Angeles

Broadway Couldn't Hold Her When Movie Stardom Beckoned

Linda Watkins is the latest New York actress to hop aboard the movie band-wagon for a swift ride to success. While she prefers the stage to the screen, it is doubtful if Hollywood will give her back to Broadway—especially after her fine acting in "Sob Sister." Linda knows her job—and is doing it very well

By TERRY COSTELLO

LINDA WATKINS was born in Boston on the 23rd day of May, 1909, and now here she is in Hollywood twenty-two years later, five feet five inches tall, weighing 108 pounds, with taffy-like hair and a record won on the New York stage of being one of the best young actresses of the day.

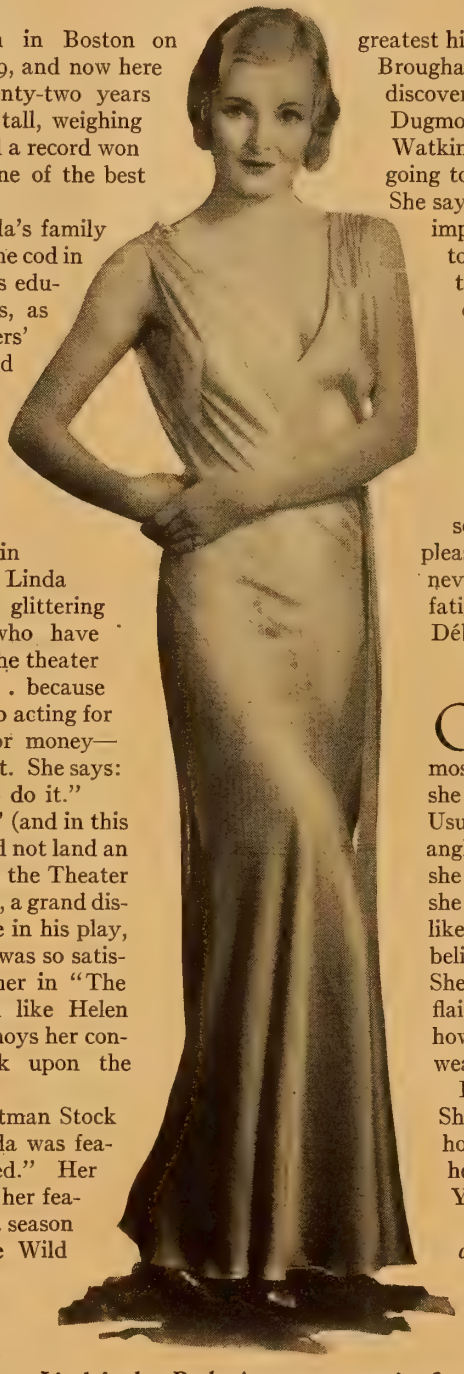
Four weeks after her birth, Linda's family deserted the home of the bean and the cod in favor of New York. There she was educated in a private school for girls, as well as the Lincoln School, Teachers' College, and the Theater Guild School.

She made her theatrical début in the Theater Guild's production of "Prunella," under the direction of Winthrop Ames. Sylvia Sidney was *Prunella*, and Marguerite Churchill also was in the cast. Sylvia, Marguerite and Linda are the only ones out of all that glittering array of promising youngsters who have achieved recognition. Linda liked the theater in those days. She doesn't now . . . because when her father died she had to stop acting for the fun of it and begin acting for money—which puts the shoe on the other foot. She says: "Nothing is fun when you *have* to do it."

Despite her success in "Prunella" (and in this she was like Sylvia Sidney) she could not land an engagement for a year after leaving the Theater Guild School. Then Arthur Hopkins, a grand discoverer of talent, gave her a chance in his play, "The Devil and the Cheese." She was so satisfactory in this he later featured her in "The Ivory Door." She looks enough like Helen Chandler to be her twin—but it annoys her considerably to have people remark upon the resemblance.

Following a season with the Hartman Stock Company in Columbus, Ohio, Linda was featured by the Shuberts in "Trapped." Her work in this piece led them to give her featured rôles with Blanche Yurka in a season of Ibsen revivals, including "The Wild Duck," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Lady from the Sea."

After leaving the Shuberts, she did "Sweet Stranger" at the Erlanger Theater in New York, and the lead also in "Midnight" for the Theater Guild. Then she went into "June Moon," in which she scored her greatest hit. She has an elegant list of relatives, including Lord Brougham of England, an uncle, Professor Michelson, who discovered the philosophy of light, Major Arthur Radcliffe Dugmore, the famous painter and explorer, and William Watkins, inventor of the automatic fire alarm. She isn't going to marry—well, not now.



Linda's the Park Avenue type—in figure, clothes, habits and outlook. She misses the town she left behind her, even though Hollywood and the movies have been more than kind

She says about the institution of matrimony: "It is utterly impossible to have a career and a successful marriage, too. Marriage requires a whole lot of unselfishness that I'm not prepared to give it. I think it a greatly overrated arrangement, and that it's not for Linda Watkins."

After "June Moon" she ran over to Europe for a visit. She adores London and the south of France. Returning home she did a couple of shows—flops—and then Fox signed her. Theatrical times in New York were trying, and she was interested in pictures. She still is interested, but working in "Sob Sister" soon cured her of any romantic notions concerning the pleasure of working in them. She says flatly: "I've never worked so hard in all my life." She fell asleep with fatigue at the banquet given by Fox in honor of its Débutante Stars.

Loves Her New York

OF this trio, the other members of which are Conchita Montenegro and Helen Mack, Linda is by far the most promising. She gets awfully sad when she plays, and she imagines that those who listen to her get sad, too. Usually she looks upon the bright side, the humorous angle, of things. But when she is sad she is so sad that she might have invented the word. She smokes a lot, but she does not drink. She is afraid of liquor: she doesn't like the kind of stimulation she gets from it. Yet she believes speakeasies are a great aid to philosophers. She does not care much for clothes, albeit she has a flair for achieving grand effects with them. She is, however, much intrigued by jewelry, although she wears very little of it.

Linda says that she hasn't a friend in all Hollywood. She doesn't like it or anything about it—and she is so homesick for New York that she will drop anything to hear Jimmy Dunn talk. Jimmy talks straight New Yorkese.

Speaking of dropping, Linda is probably the *droppingest* person in the world. Due to her intense absent-mindedness it is unsafe for her to attempt to carry anything in her hands. I have seen her calmly open her fingers and drop a whole handful of currency, and walk away, blythe as an April breeze. How she ever remembers her lines is just one of those mysteries. She certainly is terrible about addresses and telephone numbers.

(*Continued on page 105*)



Hal Phyfe

It looks like the beginning of another romantic team with James Dunn and Linda Watkins much in love in "Sob Sister." If Br'er Fox is wise he will keep the youngsters together, for, like the Farrell-Gaynor combination, they have youth and looks and talent. James is from New York and so is Linda. When she feels homesick for the big town it is Jimmy who, talking a typical New Yorkese, makes her feel at home. But where Linda would like to escape from Hollywood, Jimmy is strong for it. With stardom just ahead, New York is only a memory out of the past



Ruth Hall



Hope Williams



Ruth Weston

Is Carole Lombard Really A Society Deb?

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

HOLLYWOOD has a brand-new, hand-picked crop of society girls, headed by the svelte Carole Lombard, and all decidedly decorative, as well as useful when a scenario calls for a bit of good breeding. And even in their off-screen moments, they add swank to their respective studios—the swank that only society girls *can* add.

Moreover, these are not the old-type society girls of a few years ago whose backgrounds were vaguely expensive, and whose family trees and actual connections were even vaguer. These are "real" society girls, as the press-agents will tell you with a swelling of the chest. At first glance, you may not be able to tell the difference. Or even at second glance. But let's look them over and *try* to find out just Who's Who—and Who's Not.

Ruth Hall, from Miami, says it was a mistake when she was ballyhooed as "the only girl in Hollywood who was a member of the Junior League."

Hope Williams grew up among Manhattan's Four Hundred, went to the best schools, and actually became one of the Best People. And doesn't act it!

Ruth Weston says she didn't make a society début in New York because she didn't want to go on the auction block. She made a movie début, instead.

The first battalion of social lights to descend on simple, wholesome Hollywood was composed of June Collyer, Sue Carol, Jean Harlow, Natalie Moorhead, and Virginia Cherrill, with Larry Gray representing the male sex. Maybe I've omitted a few, but you get the idea. They were a flock of nice youngsters who came from New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, had never done a lick of work, or used a single cussword. They talked with a bit of an accent about their protected lives, and let Hollywood, always anxious to be impressed, draw its own conclusions.

For years June Collyer, *née* Dorothea Heermance, impressed the natives because she knew which fork to use and could meet people without making any blunders. For these accomplishments, she was selected to go to all the swankiest parties and to meet the visiting princes who came to Hollywood. Because she managed to suggest Society, and because her parents were said to live on Park Avenue, she was made much of by women and treated with the utmost delicacy and respect by men.

Larry Gray, scion of an old San Francisco family, made people feel they were lucky to have him in their set. He was given to remarking that his friends at home "hadn't let it make any difference" when he became an actor. The result was that he was a very popular young man, and little actresses swooned with pride when he introduced them to his mother.

Virginia and Sue and Jean were taken up and given a whirl on account of their ritzy pasts. Everyone was eager to believe in their pedigrees, because everyone wanted to have some real, live society girls at his parties.

Then after due homage had been paid, the society bubble burst. Investigation proved that they were just awfully nice youngsters whose relatives had more money than most of the movie Cinderellas. Everyone stopped being awed, and life went back to its normal unmannerly tenor.

But Hollywood just has to have "class." So up sprang the second crop of so-called débutantes—the "*real*" society girls—to satisfy this appetite for swank.

"No kidding," the press-agents tell you, "*this* girl is the genuine article."

And the girls they are talking about are Carole Lombard, Ruth Weston, Florence Britton, Adrienne Ames and Ruth Hall.

But the odd thing about it is that there isn't a début or a Junior League membership among them. Bigger and better bracelets seem to be their chief credentials—and diplomas from private schools. And some have butlers.

Carole Looks the Part

IF they were all lined up and told to give an impersonation of a débutante, Carole Lombard ought to come nearest to everyone's idea of one. Carole very nearly was one. She was brought up in the so-called smart set of Los Angeles. She went to Marlborough School, the most fashionable on the Pacific Coast. As Carol Jane Peters, she went through the required motions of a sub-deb career. Then, at eighteen, when she was ready for her début, she suddenly grew tired of it all. She felt she must have something else in her life, something with more meaning. So, instead of "coming out," she went over to Mack Sennett's and be-



Carole Lombard | Adrienne Ames | Florence Britton

Carole probably looks the part more than any other member of the younger set on the screen—but officially she isn't one. She had the chance, and became a bathing-girl instead! And what about the rest of the new crop of society girls in the movies? Here are the answers to all those questions in your mind!

came a bathing-girl. And no one has ever heard her say she's sorry!

Carole has the good looks, the smartness, the throaty voice and breezy, self-confident manner that everyone likes to think a society girl has. But the catch is that she acquired these after she entered pictures, within the refining walls of the Sennett studio. Nevertheless, Mrs. William Powell has everything a society girl should have.

And then there is Florence Britton, turned out by Miss Ransom's School in Berkeley, California, which is her native city—or, in the vernacular of the middle classes, her home-town. Miss Britton went to the University of California, and college dramatics gave her the inspiration to come to Hollywood on her own and break into pictures.

Carole Lombard was brought up in the Los Angeles smart set, but became a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, instead of a débutante. And look at her now!

Adrienne Ames is a Texas girl who married into New York society—and soon tired of the life. That's why she's now in the movies.

Florence Britton, who now is spreading culture and wisecracks about Hollywood, got her start in the best circles of Berkeley, Cal. And doesn't she look collegiate?

Florence Carries Culture

FLORENCE unquestionably has an air. She goes in for Culture, and thereby maintains her distinction in Hollywood. Her comments on Art and Life, uttered with an accent unfamiliar to Hollywood's gross ears, are becoming famous. She's invited to all the best parties—and usually goes.

It was she who dumbfounded Ernest Schoedsack, who had been talking about the filthy, wretched, starving nomads he filmed in "Grass," by asking, "But what of their culture? Have they no art, no literature?"

Books are Florence's mark of superiority. She always carries a few, to confuse her less intellectual friends. One day when she was packing a volume of Marcel Proust under her arm, someone asked, "Do you read him?"

"No," replied Florence serenely, "I just carry him."

Florence's first break in pictures proved that being swell is an asset in Hollywood. Director George Fitzmaurice was searching rather desperately for a girl of good breeding to play Ronald Colman's sister in "The Devil to Pay," when his eye fell on Florence, who was sitting in Sam Goldwyn's waiting-room, quietly emanating an air of refinement. It took effect immediately. She got the part, and her obvious gentility eclipsed even Loretta Young, who had all the advantages of a convent upbringing.

Ruth Weston, official society girl of the RKO studio, acts as if she might have been brought up by Ina Claire. Ruth has a personality that is felt with her first word. Frank and daring, she delivers her verbal darts with a sparkle worthy of high comedy. That is because Ruth, according to her own testimony, was brought up in the smart set of New York. Her father is William Shillaber, once owner of the New York Globe.

Ruth Has Bracelets

SHE belongs to the bracelet brigade—those whose families are not only well-bred, but wealthy. She never seems to wear fewer than five bangles, all on the same wrist.

Ruth somehow went to Horace Mann, which doesn't come under the head of exclusive schools. She wasn't a member of the Junior League, though she appeared in some of their plays. She made the conventional yearly trips to Europe, but no début. That was because of her parents, who, Ruth thinks, had the right idea.

"I come from a family that believes a début is like putting your daughter on the auction block and saying, 'Here, men, form to the right, and we'll take our pick,'" says Ruth. "And if you're not married three years later, you're in disgrace. It's a horrible custom. I was engaged for seven years, but I went to Africa for six months and then broke it off, and felt very much relieved."

Ruth's father came out and installed her in a huge house in Beverly Hills. But he and Hollywood didn't talk the same language, and he went right home again. Now Ruth wants to move into a charming little bungalow, but she can't because it's too small for her butler.

"My father likes a girl who can earn her own living," she says, "and my friends think it's grand that I'm in pictures. The only person who resents my career is my married brother, because I

(*Continued on page 90*)



Hurrell

NOW YOU KNOW HOW GABLE DOES HIS HEAVY LOVING

There's technique and technique—and there's Clark Gable's *technique*. And, oh boy! Is he demonstrating? It's a gift, girls. Which is why he has become the great lover of the screen. When the Gable arms enfold a feminine waist—they satisfy. And does Joan Crawford like it? Well, she's showing no resistance. The Gable cheek is pressed ever so snugly so that the Gable kiss may linger longer. Clark's technique is demonstrated at its best with Joan in "Possessed," his first starring picture. After you see it, you'll be more cuh-razy about him than ever

Doug Carves a New Career for Himself

Ever since Doug Fairbanks made a travelogue in India and other Oriental countries he has changed his line of screen activity. Hereafter, the star who gave the world such masterpieces as "Robin Hood" and "The Thief of Bagdad," will make adventure films in the far-off places of the globe. He intends to pack them with all the drama of his earlier pictures, except they'll be more genuine and thrilling

IF YOU'VE been hearing rumors, gossip and whispers from behind the hand that Douglas Fairbanks, the original (in person—not a motion picture), is retiring from the screen, just pass them up as so much apple sauce or boloney. The "Doug"—not to be confused with his son, who's young enough to stick around in these movies for a long, long time—is not through by any means. And don't let anyone tell you a different story.

Mary Pickford's husband, and the pride of Pickfair, is not even giving this retirement business a second thought. If he has lost interest in the movies, well, so have Garbo and all the other popular favorites—not forgetting your Aunt Minnie, who wouldn't miss a picture even if she had to be carried to a theater in a wheel chair. No, sirree, Douglas Fairbanks, the original, has not lost interest in the movies. He'll tell you it's untrue if gossip has it that he contemplates a life of travel and rest.

Yes, indeed, Doug denies, emphatically, that he is "through." He so declared himself from his old stronghold, his elaborate office on the United Artists lot—just before he set out for New York and way stations in Europe. He intends to be away until Christmas—and maybe until after the holidays. Then when he returns he intends to set out for South America and take some more travel pictures of himself in the wilds of the jungles or the out-of-the-way places of the continent which lies to the south of us.



Doug dressed in the garb of a big-game hunter when he made his travelogue in the Orient

Doug's denials are intended to give a definite answer to the frequently circulated report that he has kissed the movies goodby.

"Nonsense" he scoffed, when confronted with the rumors, "to the contrary, I am starting on a new career."

Certainly, the athletic Fairbanks, tanned by the wind and the sun, did not look like a gentleman on the verge of retirement. Yes, sirree, there's life in the old boy yet. Indeed, he looks younger and healthier than ever.

When I saw him the other day, there was the same bustle and clamor in that office suite as in the old days when Doug was in preparation for his athletic films. Altogether, there were a trainer, two directors and an assistant, a publicity man, a business manager, his brother, his secretary and a couple of stenographers who were taking turns milling in and out of the office during our twenty-minute talk. And all of them were in a frenzy of excitement—and rushing about like a flock of brokers, "bulling" or "bearing" the market. The telephone rang insistently. It surely was a busy day in the Fairbanks office—just as it is usually a busy day with anything concerned with Doug. You can't get away from it—Doug, himself, is still, most emphatically, Doug—with the same old dynamic pep and enthusiasm.

Will Make Adventure Films

"IT'S TRUE," he admitted, "that I have switched my *line* of screen activity. I doubt if I shall ever make another purely fiction play such as 'Robin Hood,' 'The Mark of Zorro,' 'The Three Musketeers' and 'The Thief of Bagdad.' I have found a new medium that is far more enthralling, interesting and exciting to me. From now on my films will be based on *natural adventure*—all of them 'shot' in a real locale with real people in real adventures in real countries. I am quoting when I say this, but: *the new fiction is fact!* The most entertaining books nowadays are those that are concerned with adventure in some remote country—those that exploit the thrills of some explorer or adventurer finding some new continent or river or race."

Doug wants it distinctly understood that his so-called travelogue taken in the Orient is not merely a "scenic." "Not by a long shot or a close-up," he said. "We have adventure, humor, pathos and thrills taken right out of the life in those countries. Personally, I think it is the most thrilling movie I have ever made. The thrills I got were genuine and not make-believe.

"The early part of 1932 I am planning an expedition of a similar nature that will cover the countries of South America. We are making an outline of the trip now—that's what all this bustle is about. Naturally, we do not work from any scenario—but the trip is planned almost like a scenario. In other words, the idea of the picture is that I invite the world and his wife to be my guests along with me while we hunt adventures in South America.

"Victor Fleming (and how that man likes to travel!) or Howar
Hawks will probably accompany me—and be in charge of t
actual shooting of the films. Our present
is to charter two airplanes—with one, pla
ch

By MARY WEBSTER

(*Continued on page 87*)

Not The Type To Stick To Typing



Dorothy Hall would rather play types than type plays (or anything else for that matter). On Broadway she was definitely typed as an actress whose appeal made the Tired Business Man give up yawn-ing for yearning. So sure was her acting in the stage version of "The Greeks Had a Word for It" that ramount, as helpless as the T. B. M., signed her to one of those long-term contracts which has "star-" written into it. You'll see her soon in "Working Girls" in which she vamps Buddy Rogers

No lost pay days FOR HER!



SHE ESCAPES COLDS by gargling twice a day with LISTERINE



Reduces number 66%—effective because SAFE

Don't let a cold rob you of part of your pay. In these days it is important to be on the job all the time. Every penny counts.

There is an easy, pleasant, and safe way of helping to prevent colds and to check their severity once they have started.

Gargle with Listerine Twice a Day

It is the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine. Year in, year out, millions have proved that it keeps them in better health. Builds up resistance to colds and other infections in the mouth.

And now, clinical tests show that those who employed Listerine as a mouth wash, had only ½ as many colds, and sometimes only ⅓ as many, as those who did not gargle at all. These tests, conducted over a period of 75 days, under medical supervision, also showed that even when colds were contracted, they lasted ⅓ as long and were only ¼ as severe.

Germ-killing with Safety

Why does Listerine accomplish such amazing results when ordinary mouth washes fail?

First, because used full strength just as it comes from the bottle, it kills germs associated with colds, in the fastest time. As a gargle, it reduces the number of surface germs 98%. And maintains substantial reduction for hours.

Healing in Effect

Second, because Listerine is safe and non-poisonous. Unlike mouth washes so harsh they must be diluted, Listerine's action is always healing. Therefore, while it kills germs, it at the same time relieves inflammation.

Because of its safety, and its soothing and healing action, Listerine has always been favored by physicians, nurses, and laymen, over poisonous mouth washes dangerous if not diluted exactly.

Ends Bad Breath

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it with you when you travel. It is your protection against infection and is also your assurance that your breath will be pleasant, sweet, and not offensive to others. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Choose Mouth Wash Carefully
Some watered—others dangerous

Of 203 mouth washes which were analyzed, 94 were non-antiseptic, 107 could not kill germs in 3 minutes, and 143 were unable to kill germs in 1 minute. Some used with water were useless. Others were so harsh they irritated mouth tissue and were therefore dangerous.

How Would You Like A Dish Of Jambalaya?

The name, alone, makes this Mexican concoction worth looking over; and Dolores Del Rio is the bride who cooks it so well that her husband always cries for a second helping. June Collyer, Carole Lombard and Bebe Daniels are other brides who are parking in the kitchen these days and making bigger and better biscuits for their husbands

By Dorothy Calhoun

THE desire to cook seems to go with newly married happiness—even in Hollywood. Movie brides are not so very different from other brides who don't have to run away to Yuma to be married secretly to avoid publicity. Stars, vamps, and beautiful leading ladies come back from their honeymoons and immediately tie an apron around their famous waistlines and ruin their manicures by mixing up a batch of biscuits. Take Dolores Del Rio, for example. She is still considered a bride, even though the nuptial knot was tied several months ago. Maybe you think those long beautiful helpless-looking hands of hers don't know how to cook! You are wrong. She is a Mexican matron, remember, and girls in her country, whether rich or poor, are taught cooking as naturally as they are taught to read and write and embroider vestments for the figures of the saints. And though husband Cedric Gibbons designed the most wonderful modernistic house as a setting for his bride, all silver and black lacquer and cool greys and greens, he didn't forget to put in a most workmanlike kitchen where Dolores makes the Spanish foods which you never can buy in so-called Spanish restaurants. Dolores, like wives the world over, has learned that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.



There's nothing cool about the Mexican *Jambalaya* Dolores Del Rio makes for husband Cedric Gibbons—except when it's on ice

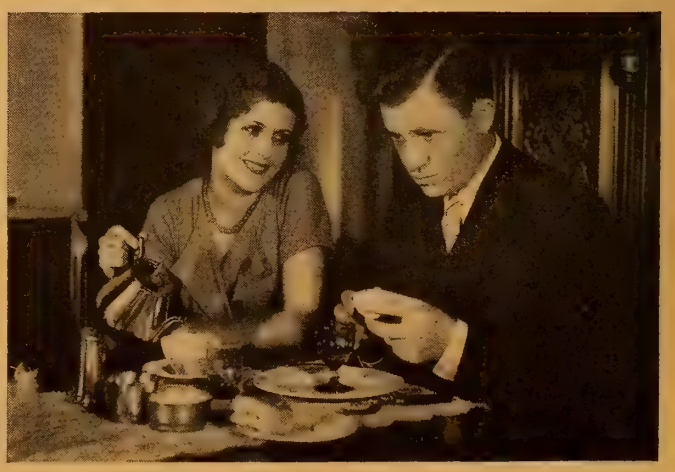
One dish that Cedric likes especially is this. The name alone makes it worth while serving some night and the recipe is so appetizing it makes one's mouth water.

JAMBALAYA. Cut a pound of fresh pork into inch-square pieces, add two or three onions, chopped fine. Put large tablespoonfuls of sweet lard into deep saucepan. When hot, add pork and onions, let brown, stirring for five minutes; then add a pound of chopped ham and a quarter-pound chopped Vienna sausage. Next add a bay leaf, a little parsley, two cloves, a sprinkle of salt, and brown a few minutes longer. When nicely browned, add two quarts of hot

(*Continued on page 80*)



Irene Dunne has been hiding not only the fact that she is Mrs. F. D. Griffin, but that she's a fruit-salad specialist



You couldn't crack an egg with June Collyer's biscuits, they're that light. Stuart Erwin also gets veal-and-kidney pie

Million Dollar Complexions

need the same care as *Yours*



CONSTANCE BENNETT has a splendid complexion of the youthful type.



IRENE RICH carefully guards her youthful skin against dryness that ages.

Woodbury's Creams will safeguard *your* skin as they do the priceless complexions entrusted to Hollywood's leading dermatologists. Begin today to use them . . . Woodbury's *Cold* Cream for softening and smoothing your skin . . . Woodbury's *Facial* Cream for make-up base. You can buy them, with other Woodbury Scientific Aids to Loveliness, at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.



JEAN HARLOW's lovely blonde skin is extremely fine and sensitive.

JANET PARKER
writer on beauty subjects, interviews

DR. (_____)
(Name withheld out of deference to the medical profession)

"The loveliest skin in the world, if uncared for, is just as subject to wrinkles as plain Mary Jane's. The most fabulous star of the screen, if neglectful, is just as likely to find blackheads on her nose some morning as you . . . or you . . . or you. So the advice I give my famous patients from the movie studios is the same advice I would give to other women. Keep your skin smooth and soft . . . lubricated against wear and weather . . . by the regular use of Woodbury's Creams.

"Emotional strain . . . whether on the stage or in real life . . . etches lines on a dry, inelastic skin. But a skin kept supple with Woodbury's Creams has resilience to *resist* wrinkles.

"Squinting . . . whether from studio lights or home-town sunshine . . . causes fine lines in a stiffly parched skin. But if the skin is kept soft and sapful, as it is with Woodbury's Creams, the lines of squinting do not become permanent.

"I don't write secret magical prescriptions for my screen star patients, as so many people think. I have found from analysis and from years of practice, that Woodbury's Creams are, and do, all I could ask. I recommend them for the most precious skins in my care, and I would recommend them to *any* woman who seeks my advice about keeping young.

"Let us see just what they do. Woodbury's *Cold* Cream replenishes the natural oils which give the skin its youthful bloom and flexibility. The natural oils *must* be supplemented, because wind, sun, artificially heated houses and diet deficiencies all combine to dry the skin tissues and make the skin harsh, rough, and wrinkled. Woodbury's *Cold* Cream *puts back* into the skin the oils which keep it smooth and soft. It is quick-melting and deeply penetrating, an ideal means of 'quenching' the skin's thirst.

"Woodbury's *Facial* Cream protects the skin against exposure, against the drying effect of the sun and wind, and against the impurities of dust and grime. It is itself so light and pure, it is a filmy armor, but an effective one, nevertheless. I advise its regular use as a powder foundation."

Woodbury's
COLD CREAM • FACIAL CREAM



AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 6313 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.

Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

(*Continued from page 78*)

soup-stock, for which any canned soup, such as beef or ox-tail, is excellent. Let cook ten minutes, when boiling nicely, add cup of rice, washed and dried. Let boil until rice is tender, stirring frequently. Season with salt, cayenne, and tabasco or chile sauce. Serve very hot in bowls or plates.

Beans and Salads for Charlie

MRS. CHARLIE FARRELL (Virginia Valli to you), says with a shrug of her slim shoulders that she is not much of a cook. But she is interested in seeing that Charlie gets what he likes to eat, cooked the way mother used to make it—for Charlie was spoiled by having an indulgent mother to take care of him through his first years as a movie star. The only things Virginia Valli-Farrell cooks with her own hands are chops and steaks with baked potatoes in the kitchen of their beach bungalow, and Boston baked beans (remember Charlie hails from Cape Cod) in the galley of their yacht. She admits, though, that she cooks baked beans with the help of a can opener!

"But it's very silly to go to all the trouble of home-baked beans when you can get exactly the same result without any loss of time," says Virginia. "Take several cans of baked beans, put them in a shallow baking dish, scatter pieces of salt pork through them at intervals, sprinkle with molasses and cover with strips of bacon. Then bake slowly in the oven till the pork is done—and even a Bostonian couldn't tell them from the home-baked article!"

She can also toss together a mean salad—Charlie being one of the few men who like salads—and always mixes her own French dressing with olive oil, tarragon vinegar, salt, paprika and—sh—a dash of garlic.

Here is one they serve on their yacht frequently. It is called Bohemian Salad.

On a bed of lettuce or romaine place a small, red-ripe, peeled tomato. Quarter it and sprinle over with chopped red and green peppers and the white and yolks of hard-boiled eggs. Alternate the color in each section—that is, red, green, white and yellow. Then pour on the French dressing.

Another favorite in the Valli-Farrell ménage is Pear Salad.

On a bed of lettuce cut fresh pears, lengthwise of the fruit, into very thin slices. Then a sprinkling of seeded muscat grapes, a bit of pimiento, chopped fine and scattered, and over all a dressing of Roquefort cheese.

Of course, fish chowder belongs on the menu of any New Englander. Here is the way Virginia has her cook prepare it for Charlie.

Cut salt pork and onions into tiny bits and fry in butter till brown. Add these to the milk in which squares of haddock, cod, or other fish are cooking. Cover and simmer till the fish is tender. Add potato which has been cooked separately, more milk, salt, pepper and if preferred (Charlie doesn't like this) add a can of tomatoes which have been heated separately. Serve with the thick round chowder crackers added the last moment and allowed to soften in the chowder.



The Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Sandwich

YOUNG Doug's bride doesn't happen to be mentioned in this story—but Joan Crawford is another young Hollywood wife who knows her kitchen utensils and how to use them. Not that Joan cooks much any more, but she does arrange all the menus in the manse of the younger Fairbankses. And when Doug has to work at night and arrives home too late to rouse up the cook, what he usually asks Joan to fix for him is the sandwich illustrated here. It's filling and yet it's the kind of sandwich that can be eaten with impunity just before bedtime. It might solve your own question of: What to have after the evening bridge party?

The sandwich is a double-decker on toasted white bread.

The ingredients are:

One layer of cream cheese, prepared with paprika and chopped green peppers.

One layer of fresh pineapple, sliced very thin.

Decorate with a prune stuffed with the same cheese.

NEXT MONTH — THE JOE E. BROWN SANDWICH

Fruit Salads for Irene

IRENE DUNNE might be called a perpetual bride. She has been married three years to Dr. F. D. Griffin, but has seen her husband so seldom that each reunion is a honeymoon. Wouldn't you know a dainty creature like Irene would give as her favorite recipe a fruit salad? Here is the way Irene prepares it.

Mix two oranges and three bananas finely cut up, one half pound malaga grapes halved and four slices cubed pineapples, with mayonnaise mixed half and half with whipped cream and serve in orange cups. Garnish with walnut meats and dates cut in thin strips.

Carole Feeds Bill Roast Beef

AND make no mistake that Carole Lombard doesn't know her recipes—particularly those that are favorites with her husband, Bill Powell. She may have talent for acting and dancing—but she also has a gift for concocting appetizing dishes. Carole feeds Bill roast beef and makes out he doesn't like it except when it's prepared with Yorkshire pudding.

ROAST BEEF WITH YORKSHIRE PUDDING. The beef is roasted in the usual manner, but the Yorkshire Pudding is as follows:

1 cup milk	2 eggs
½ cup flour	¼ teaspoon salt

(*Continued on page 98*)

America's New Aristocracy

(*Continued from page 45*)

was entertained by, the eminent Einstein. There is no portal so fastidious, so formal, but what he could enter it, receiving salaams and salutations. There is no personage so exalted that he would not be proud to shake the hand of the little Englishman who has made the whole world merry. What is a Rockefeller, a Stuyvesant-Fish, or a Hapsburg compared with the Lord of Laughter?

On his various trips abroad, Douglas Fairbanks has been entertained by every crowned head for whom he could spare the time. The Kings of Sweden, the then-King Alphonso of Spain, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—each and every one of these unapproachables sought to tender him their hospitality. Not, mind you, the distant hospitality of the club or the hotel—the intimate hospitality of their *homes*.

The outcasts of yesterday, the strolling troubadours who were segregated on the outskirts of law-abiding towns, have become the law-makers and the royal dispensers.

When ex-President and Mrs. Coolidge were in Hollywood, they were the guests of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio one day. They stood patiently on the outer edge of the Ramon Novarro set, subservient spectators, while the young Rajah of Romance did his daily stint. The President was photographed, smiling to the best of his capacity, *with Marion Davies at his side.*

The Prince Preferred June

WHEN Prince George of England was in Hollywood he did not send his card and his orchids to the socially-registered sub-debs of Los Angeles—but to June Collyer, a featured player of the screen.

Ferdinand von Hohenzollern, son of the former Crown Prince of Germany, followed Lily Damita about and even proposed—*and Lily turned him down.*

Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri have worn titled names with their wedding rings and have removed them with little more than a shrug.

This new aristocracy has gone a point beyond the aristocracies of old. *This aristocracy can do no wrong.* In days gone by, if a lady of the old régime committed an indiscretion and committed it indiscreetly, she was penalized. Certain doors were closed to her. Certain people didn't know her any more. The word "declassée" was brought forth and put into use. She found a blue pencil run through her name on certain very exclusive lists. If the royalty of a passing age erred too flagrantly, they were dethroned—or beheaded.

There are no such taboos on the new aristocracy. They are a Law unto themselves. They can do as they please and the world is pleased with them. Errors of deportment, lapses of morals, unspeakable breaches of breeding are not forgiven because there is nothing to forgive. They are simply non-existent. The Divine Rights of Kings are sliding into the discard. The Divine Rights of Stars are in the ascendant.

You may say, "Oh, well, it's just curiosity. It's curiosity that makes princes and lords and scientists and social lions and lionesses seek these people out."

But what of that? *What does it matter what name the card of admission bears?* Charm—culture—or curiosity—what is the difference so long as the guarded doors are opened and the eagerness to receive is there? Any more than it makes any difference what name and face are on a passport, so long as the passport admits the individual bearing it to the country of his dreams.

This is the new, the only Aristocracy remaining in America. It may be, soon, the only aristocracy remaining on the earth.

LET'S TALK TRUTH!

Women out of sorts often need Sal Hepatica



The Greeks reverenced the body as a temple. A temple must, above all, be clean. So naturally, among the Greek ideals of beauty for the body, was the ideal of cleanliness.

Bodies, today as then, must be clean. And they must be clean internally as well as externally. For only then comes the full radiance of natural beauty. Only then the full joy of health, and powers of mind.

Neglect of this internal care keeps many women "out of sorts." Not well—yet not ill—they fail to discover what their difficulty is.

They need to practice intestinal cleanliness with the simple aid of a saline, with Sal Hepatica. Promptly, indeed, Sal Hepatica flushes poisons and wastes from the system.



To drink salines for health's and beauty's sake, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica provides you with equivalent saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other digestive ills.

Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean one whole week. See how much better you feel, how much younger you look!

Sal Hepatica *Sal Hepatica never has the tendency to make its takers stout.*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. T-12
71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

© 1931, B.



Grandfather's clock isn't used to these modern girls —which explains why it stopped when Astrid Allwyn stepped into the room. And right now, having its hand held by Astrid, it's probably being electri-ed. For she's an electric person—direct from the roadway stage, and of Swedish descent (ah there, bo!). You'll see her first in "West of Broadway"

IT'S TIME YOU KNEW ASTRID ALLWYN

"What! Can such Skin Loveliness be had for less than a

PENNY A DAY!"

THE HALF FACE TEST

amazes fifteen famous physicians. And thrills the women of fourteen cities!

●

Maybe you've already read about the Nation-wide Beauty Clinic. How 15 dermatologists, in 14 cities, tested the leading soaps, creams and lotions on the faces of their women patients.

But do you know the two vital facts this clinic disclosed?

[1] That Woodbury's Facial Soap secured a higher scientific rating than any other beauty aid?

[2] That Woodbury's proved the least expensive of all accepted complexion treatments?

For a whole month, 612 women cleansed the left side of their faces with *any* soap, cream or liquid of their choice. But on the right side of the face they used only the creamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

While most of the physicians have recommended it for years as the finest of all daily skin cleansers . . . for both the normal and the supersensitive skin . . . even *they* were surprised at the magnitude of Woodbury's victory! Even they marveled that in over 79% of the cases, the Woodbury-treated skin showed a marked improvement over the skin treated with other and costlier preparations!

Some women are either foolishly frugal or wantonly extravagant in the prices they pay for complexion aids. Either they buy ordinary toilet soaps of no dermatological value; or expensive creams and liquids, whose chief recommendation is a nice odor.

Woodbury's cannot be judged merely as a toilet soap. For it is really a scientific beauty formula in cake form. At 25¢, it affords you 35 complete daily facial treatments. No other beauty method is so economical . . . or so effective.

With these findings of Science before you . . . won't you at least try the "Woodbury Way to Skin Loveliness" on *your* face? Woodbury's Facial Soap may be obtained at all drug stores and toilet goods counters.





NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 913 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Ir

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



BATTLING WITH BUFFALO BILL

The Indians are on the warpath again—and the youngsters won't mind a bit. In fact, you may not mind, yourself. Here is a serial that's packed with good, old-fashioned action—detailing some of the thrills of life in the Old West in the days of Col. William F. Cody. You don't have to believe everything you see, but even so you're likely to get excited as the Indians attack, and as *Buffalo Bill* and the hero find ways to save their own skins, as well as that of the heroine. Each episode ends with one of the trio in danger. Tom Tyler is *Buffalo Bill*, Rex Bell is the hero, and Lucille Browne is the girl. And the Indians are real. (Universal)



QUEENIE OF HOLLYWOOD

As the title would lead you to suspect, this little offering is laid in Hollywood. But what the title doesn't lead you to suspect is that it is about three times as intelligent as the usual comedy, has about five times more plot, and twice as many laughs. It is the latest in Educational's comic series about would-be screen stars. A trio of good-looking girls—Virginia Brooks, Rita Flynn and Jeanne Farrin—are in the movie capital without work and without funds. Desperate, they become chambermaids at a big hotel. Receiving a telegram about Queenie, their dog, they are suspected of being royalty in disguise. You'll be surprised and amused by the ending. (Educational)



THE GREAT JUNCTION HOTEL

Ever since hotels first were invented, they have been a fertile field for comedy—and this latest effort of the Hollywood Masquers Club (the film actors' fraternity) keeps up the good old traditions. That's the only trouble with it—the situations show signs of age, and the proceedings are a bit noisier than necessary. The excellent cast, however, squeeze many a laugh out of them. Edward Everett Horton marries Patsy Ruth Miller without knowing that she's a sleepwalker, and on the first night of their honeymoon she disappears. The search takes the house detective (Harry Gribbon) in and out of bedrooms—and embarrassing situations. (RKO-Pathé)



TAXI TROUBLES

If you haven't already discovered that Andy Clyde is one of the cleverest comedians alive, here is your chance to do so. He's more than a clown; he's an actor. You may burst your buttons, laughing at his ridiculous adventures, but you'll have to admit that he's absolutely real. This time he's driving a taxi and, good-hearted as usual, tries to help out the wife of a neighbor, who happens to be a gangster. The hard boy misunderstands, as does Andy's wife—not to mention his mother-in-law. Finally, even the police suspect him. Driving his taxi at a mad clip, Andy manages to elude his mother-in-law and the gunman—in a chase that is insanely funny. (Educational)



PEARLS AND DEVILFISH

Looking for thrills? Watch for this little number—which shows you some deep-sea monsters you never saw like this before, and the danger of going after them. You find yourself on a yacht off the coast of Mexico, looking for devilfish. One is spotted. A large rowboat, with a harpooning crew, is sent after it. And gets it—but not until the harpooned giant (weighing two thousand pounds) has dragged the boatload of men through the water at a terrific clip, frantically trying to escape. A descriptive talk—humorous at times—accompanies the action. At the left natives show how the giant sea bat can fold up its wings like fins. (M-G-M)



LUCKY THIRTEEN

Back in the old days, they used to make feature pictures about coast-to-coast auto races; now they make comedies about them. The latest—and one of the best—is this refreshing little opus, which shows, for something new, a housemobile race across this continent of ours. Your principal interest in the contest is centered in the amusing mishaps of Fanny Watson (who's plump) and Thelma White (who's slender). Finally the girls have to admit that they're beaten. And just then an escaped lunatic gets behind the wheel, taking them for a wild ride, but bringing them in first. (Vitaphone Varieties)



SHIVER MY TIMBERS

With this newest Our Gang comedy, Hal Roach tries an experiment—giving the youngsters a story that requires the presence of numerous adults. And the grown-ups seem to retard things, though the youngsters are as cutely comic as ever. Fascinated by the far-fetched pirate tales of an old sea captain, the Gang skips school to seek adventure. Determined to cure them, their teacher plots with the captain to give them such a scare that they'll gladly return. The captain signs them all as members of his crew, and then, with the help of some hard-looking seamen, stages some gruesome episodes that turn the "pirates" into good little boys. (M-G-M)



THE GREAT PIE MYSTERY

Tired of seeing mystery pictures? Then you're in just the mood for seeing Mack Sennett's little satire of them. It's a regular orgy of nonsense, from beginning to end, with occasional time out for you to get your breath. Harry Gribbon, who possesses one of the funniest voices in Hollywood and a face that he can do tricks with, is our hero—a country oaf who goes to the big city and doesn't make good. Instead, he becomes the central figure in a mystery about a disappearing garter. Reporters appear, as well as a would-be detective in the shape of Harry Myers. It doesn't prove a thing, except that mysteries can be ridiculous. (Educational)

Colds and Coughs spoil "Talkie" Films

.. so Stars End Colds Quickly Pleasant Way Doctors Advise

THE quickest way to get rid of a cold is no longer mere guesswork in Hollywood! For colds not only make stars feel miserable, but there's still another risk. Expensive sound films may be spoiled by hoarseness or an untimely cough or sneeze.

At the first sign of a cold, leading stars are now given a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral. It has been certified by leading doctors as the best of different remedies tested. Such stars as Betty Compson, Marian Nixon, June Collyer, Glenn Tryon, Alec Francis, Robert Armstrong, Roland Drew, Alice White, James Gleason and scores of others have found how pleasant Pectoral is to take—how quickly it ends a miserable cold.



ROBT. ARMSTRONG
Featured in
"Iron Man"
"Ex-Bad Boy"
"The Tip-Off"
"Suicide Fleet"

Robert Armstrong Finds Quickest Way to End Colds

ROBERT ARMSTRONG for example, had a severe cough caused by neglecting a chest cold. Examination showed that his breathing passages were congested, his throat was inflamed by constant coughing and his voice was hoarse.

Then he was given double strength doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral every 15 minutes, until congestion started clearing up, then a spoonful every two hours.

In just an hour or so the medication began to relieve the congestion. Breathing became easier; the spasmodic attacks of coughing ceased and by dinner time he was feeling like a different person. When friends arrived for bridge that evening his hoarseness had almost entirely disappeared. The next day he was delighted to find that Cherry Pectoral had cleared up the cold so that his voice was in condition to go ahead with the picture.



BETTY COMPSON
Featured in
"The Lady Refuses"
"The Virtuous Husband"
"Three Who Loved"
"The Gay Diplomat"



GLENN TRYON
Featured in
"The College Racket"
"The Midnight Special"
"Daybreak"
"Neck and Neck"



MARIAN NIXON
Featured in "The Lash," "College Lovers," "The Pay-Off," "Ex-Flame," "Sweepstakes," "Women Go On Forever," "A Private Scandal"

Marian Nixon Avoids Spoiling Sound Film by Ending Her Cold Almost Overnight

MARIAN NIXON is still another who has taken the advice of physicians and found how quickly colds are ended by a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral.

"My director was frantic," says Miss Nixon, "when I arrived at the studio with a terrible cold, which had started in my head and spread down into my chest. I was simply too hoarse to work. It was very clear that unless I could end the cold quickly there would either be expensive delay or the risk of coughing or sneezing while the photoplay was being recorded.

"Within a few minutes after I was given a pleasant spoonful of Ayer's Pectoral, I was relieved by its comforting, healing warmth. That night, I was able to enjoy refreshing sleep, which had been impossible the night before. The next morning I felt a great deal better and by afternoon my voice cleared up so that I could continue making the picture. In just a day or so, all the disagreeable symptoms of my cold had disappeared entirely."



JUNE COLLYER
Featured in
"Kiss Me Again"
"The Drums of Jeopardy"
"Dude Ranch"
"Damaged Love"
"Alexander Hamilton"
"Honeymoon Lane"
"The Brat"

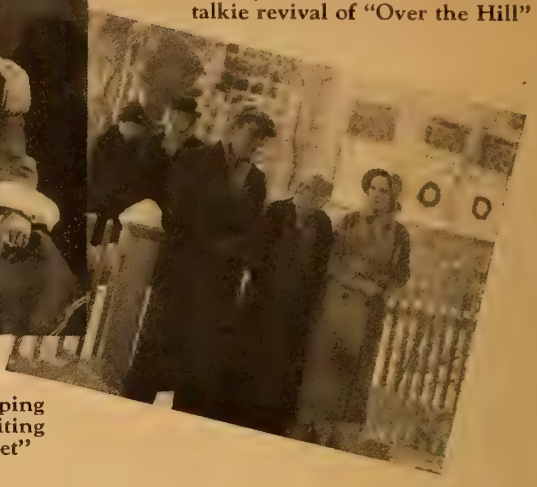
Ayer's Pectoral was certified by a group of hospital physicians as the best of different widely used methods tested for head colds, coughs and chest colds. It is pleasant to take and gives the quickest, surest relief—with absolute safety, even when given to children. Pectoral is now featured by all leading druggists.

Below: a scene from "The Cheat," in which Tallulah Bankhead is likely to thrill the customers



With Lionel Barrymore the grasping villain, Elissa Landi has some exciting adventures in "The Yellow Ticket"

Below: James Dunn, Mae Marsh and Sally Eilers in the excellent talkie revival of "Over the Hill"



TABLOID REVIEWS

The Age for Love—Billie Dove returns to the screen after a year's absence, more glamourous than ever and a much better actress. She surprises in a smooth story about a woman who wants to have both a career and a home-life (U. A.).

Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks—Here is revealed what Doug Fairbanks was doing on those visits to far-off lands—shooting one of the best travelogues you're ever likely to see (U. A.).

Bad Company—Helen Twelvetrees' brother is murdered by gangsters, and she sets out single-handed to avenge his death. It's a thriller, even if it is another gangland opus (RKO-Pathé).

Blonde Crazy—You'll like the team of James Cagney and Joan Blondell as a pair of clever crooks, who are finally parted by an unusual ending (W. B.).

Branded—Buck Jones has his troubles evading a lynching party and quarrels almost constantly with the heroine, which is something new in a Western. Amusing and speedy (Col.).

Business and Pleasure—Again Will Rogers is a Yankee who goes abroad, to the Near East this time. Will's bright sayings are, unfortunately, counteracted by some dull situations (Fox).

The Cheat—A talkie revival of one of the big pictures of silent days, about a lady who is not lucky in love. Tallulah Bankhead is intense in her most dramatic picture to date (Par.).

The Cisco Kid—Warner Baxter returns to his old rôle of the gay Mexican bandit, with Sergeant Edmund Lowe hot on his trail. The two of them are a diverting pair (Fox).

Compromised—A human little drama about a girl whose husband felt that he had to marry her, ably interpreted by Rose Hobart and Ben Lyon, with Juliette Compton an ever-present and lovely menace (F. N.).

Consolation Marriage—Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien marry one another to forget former loves and learn that they did wisely. It has suspense and sparkling dialogue (RKO).

Convicted—An unusual and convincing thriller, about a murder mystery on a steamship. Those featured are Aileen Pringle and Jameson Thomas, an English newcomer you're going to like (Artclass).

A Dangerous Affair—As a police lieutenant and a reporter, Jack Holt and Ralph Graves solve an entertaining mystery, and turn out a picture that has everything from comedy to thrills (Col.).

Devotion—A sentimental comedy about a girl who wearies of drudging for her family, and finds romance by becoming a nursemaid. Ann Harding and Leslie Howard make the slight story amusing (RKO-Pathé).

Expensive Women—In a brief return to the screen, Dolores Costello surprises and delights the customers by acting the part of a woman of the world (W. B.).

Fanny Foley, Herself—Edna Mae Oliver gets both laughs and tears from her rôle of the vaudeville actress whose daughters are half-ashamed of her. In color throughout and sentimental throughout (RKO).

Five-Star Final—You won't forget Edward G. Robinson as a tabloid editor who smothers his conscience and wrecks the lives of an entire family to give his paper some sensational headlines. Powerful drama (F. N.).

Friends and Lovers—The question this little opus asks and seeks to answer is: Are men truer to men friends than to the women they love? It's a bit confused, despite the acting of Adolphe Menjou, Laurence Olivier (a talented newcomer), Lily Damita and Eric von Stroheim (RKO).

Graft—Another cub reporter solves another murder mystery and ends another political scandal, but Regis Toomey makes it exciting and plausible (Univ.).

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

The Guardsman—A jealous husband disguises as a Russian guardsman and makes love to his wife—and she responds. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, of stage fame, make it the year's gayest comedy (M-G-M).

Headin' for Trouble—Cowboy Bob Custer rides in pursuit of a murderer in a Western that has everything a Western should have, including a last-minute rescue (Big Four).

Heaven on Earth—Life and love among the poor-whites in the Mississippi flood region, with Lew Ayres and Anita Louise a memorable pair of young lovers (Univ.).

Homicide Squad—For once, a gangland film that sets out to glorify the police—but Leo Carillo wins your sympathies as the gang leader (Univ.).

The Honor of the Family—A modernization of a Balzac story, in which Bebe Daniels plays a bold, bad adventuress—and proves anew that she is a clever comédienne (F. N.).

Lasca of the Rio Grande—A triangle story laid on the Mexican border, and involving a pretty Mexican dancer, a Texas ranger, and a hard hombre. Dorothy Burgess is the only one who seems real in the much-too-stagy settings (Univ.).

Leftover Ladies—The ladies are none other than divorcées, and the story is intended to influence you against divorce. With Claudia Dell as the principal divorcée, it's fairly successful (Tiffany).

Local Boy Makes Good—Joe E. Brown, in an amazing make-up, plays a college grind whose longing for romance is both pathetic and humorous. Some of the comedy isn't comic, but most of it should satisfy (F. N.).

The Mad Genius—Again hiding that romantic profile under make-up, John Barrymore again plays a hypnotist—this time, a crippled dancing master who wrecks the lives of two young lovers to realize his own dreams. Likely to hypnotize you, too (W. B.).

The Man I Killed—The title prepares you for some suspenseful melodrama—and you get it, with Lionel Barrymore at the top of the cast, supported by Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes (Par.).

Monkey Business—The mad, mad Marxes on and off a steamship (mostly on), pursuing—and being pursued by—blondes and racketeers. You'll laugh at their nonsense, in spite of yourself (Par.).

New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford—As a smooth salesman of bogus stock, William Haines has his best rôle in years—and makes the most of it. However, a new and insane comic named Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante steals the picture (M-G-M).

Over the Hill—A talkie revival of the mother-love epic that made history in silent days, with Mae Marsh returning to the screen as the mother who went to the poorhouse. James Dunn and Sally Eilers are also very much present (Fox).

Palmy Days—Eddie Cantor kids the palm-reading industry, glorifies the great American doughnut, puts over some ridiculously funny comedy with Charlotte Greenwood, and proves that musical pictures (with plenty of girls) can be entertaining (U. A.).

Penrod and Sam—Booth Tarkington's famous and very human boys come to life again in the persons of Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan. Something that ought to appeal to the whole family (F. N.).

The Phantom of Paris—Wearing a Van Dyke beard and getting himself involved in all sorts of mystery, John Gilbert proves that he has found himself again. His best talkie to date (M-G-M).

Range Law—Ken Maynard and his trusty horse are accused of a stage coach robbery, but Ken, of course, proves that they aren't guilty—after several reels of snappy episodes (Tiffany).

Rebound—On the "rebound" from unhappy love affairs, Ina Claire and Robert Ames marry in haste and repent with pleasure. Sophisticated and witty, along the lines of "Holiday." Not for eight-year-olds (RKO-Pathé).

Reckless Living—This proves, rather conclusively, that you can't win—if you bet on horse races with professional gamblers. A racket picture that moves at a speedy tempo and boasts a cast that includes Mae Clarke, Ricardo Cortez and Norman Foster (Univ.).

The Road to Reno—It doesn't always lead to happiness, if you want to believe that what happens to Lilyan Tashman is typical. It succeeds as entertainment, but not as propaganda (Par.).

(*Continued on page 95*)

Doug Carves a New Career for Himself

(*Continued from page 75*)

voted exclusively to the use of cameras and cameramen, while the other will be used for our personal travel. You know, I've been trying to persuade Mary to come with me—but then Mary won't travel by 'plane—and we have to travel that way.

If you didn't believe that the Fairbanks expedition has aroused adventurers the world over, all you would have to do is look over the four thousand letters which have poured into the Fairbanks company following Doug's announcement of his second adventure film. These letters have come from every quarter of the globe—and written by people in every walk of life. Airplane pilots, scientists, explorers, cameramen, botanists, journalists, actors—these have all put in their plea to be allowed to accompany Doug.

"I appreciate every one of those offers," said Doug, "but it would be impossible to take more than a handful of men—from seven to ten of them—on such a trip."

According to Doug's present plan he may begin his expedition from London.

Another rumor crops up about this London jaunt. It involves Charlie Chaplin. The whole world knows that Doug and Charlie are bosom pals—and it has been several long months since Doug has seen Charlie.

The picture-going public will be sorry to learn that Fairbanks is through with making those lavish spectacles which marked the silent era. In the place of the usual Fairbanks picture the public will see something which Doug considers infinitely superior—something genuinely thrilling.

Fairbanks is not the type to remain idle—He must be doing things. As for Mary she intends to continue her picture career. As soon as she returns from Europe.

Meanwhile, we wish a *bon voyage* to Doug on his new venture. He has started something—and being Fairbanks, he's bound to finish it.

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 6*)

theater for no reason at all, except to relax.

During these days of low ebb, we want something for our money, and circumstances have whetted our sense of values until we are capable of "thumbs down" on many of the thin flimsy presentations which are being handed out to us, but we will stand in a line a mile long and wait our turn to see such worthy performances as "An American Tragedy," "Bad Girl" and "Street Scene."

Try giving us the best and watch the box office receipts. *Mary Hampton.*

Lamenting Kent's Departure from Screen

AUBURN PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.—In appreciation of a memorable performance by Kent Douglass (Montgomery) in "Waterloo Bridge" and with feelings of real regret at his departure from the screen, I write . . .

He brought spontaneous sincerity, a rare understanding and a gentle kindliness to the character of *Roy*, that was genuine and made one forget it was play-acting.

Because the Talkies offered so many more opportunities to attend his plays, and because the legitimate stage limits this, I hope he will re-consider and return to pictures. His gift of artistry would reach vast world audiences and so bring entertainment of merit to many more. For the fact is, Kent Douglass has won audience favor.

I am truly sorry that he was so unnecessarily antagonized. *B. Mueller.*



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Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

They Stepped Out And Won Their Medals

(*Continued from page 32*)

a British subject. He has since become an American citizen, with a home in California. In addition to his other honors, McCormack was created a Papal Count by Pope Pius XI.

Out at Universal City, a writer holding down the seat of editor-in-chief of the Universal scenario department is one of the few Americans—if not the only American—ever given the Mons Star. He is Richard Schayer, who served under the flag of England as one of the two hundred thousand soldiers known as the Army of Contemptibles, of whom hardly twenty thousand are still living, so great was the slaughter in their sector.

After three years of intensive fighting, Schayer was wounded and sent "back to blighty" in the shape of a London hospital. There his brother located him and identified him as an American citizen. This resulted in his honorable discharge. Later he was given the famous Mons Star, a special medal given by the British government to those who showed exceptional bravery in the riddled Mons sector of the French front.

No Mexican woman has received greater honor from her country than Dolores Del Rio, who was given the medal El Merito by the Mexican government in October, 1927, in recognition of her screen work. Her countrymen considered her a glorifier of Mexican womanhood.

Edna Mae Cooper deliberately abandoned a promising screen career to take up flying and was the first motion picture actress to pilot a 'plane solo. For capturing the world's refueling and endurance record for women, remaining aloft 122 hours and 50 minutes, King Carol of Roumania awarded her the Mérite Aeronautique.

"I did not want to receive the medal here," says Edna Mae, "because it would be much more thrilling to fly to Roumania and receive it from the King personally. I'm planning to make a flight around the world, with Roumania as the most important stop."

It is said that only six other persons in the world have been decorated by King Carol with this Order. They are: Commander Hugo Eckener of the *Graf Zeppelin;* Colonel Charles Lindbergh; Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd; Dieudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte (who flew non-stop from Paris to New York), and Italo Balbo, the Italian Air Minister.

Director Edward Laemmle, nephew of producer Carl Laemmle, risked his life in China in the service of General Mah Jai Jung, in charge of the Sixth Expeditionary Forces in rebellion against Northern China.

"I photographed a great deal of the campaign—also military executions of prisoners," Laemmle relates. "I had plenty of excitement and some narrow escapes. At the end of two months, the General presented me with a medal of esteem."

The Japanese government, ever alert to recognize artistic achievement, presented that daredevil director, W. S. Van Dyke, who laughed in the face of jungle horrors in filming "Trader Horn," with its beautiful medal of the Red Cross. France also honored Van Dyke with decorations from the Société Académique, the Académie Latine and the D'Histoire Internationale for his "White Shadows of the South Seas," filmed in French Tahiti.

In the drawing-room, Ivan Lebedeff is the cynosure of feminine eyes. Immaculate, poised and charming, this Russian actor has seen a phase of life far-removed from the soft lights of the drawing-room. In 1916, he was made a Knight of the Cross of St. George by Czar Nicholas—for capturing, at Nevel, the only German General taken by the Russians in the War.

This Order was never conferred except for an act of heroism that affected the situation of a whole sector. When Lebedeff took one hundred and twenty men six miles behind an entire German Army division and brought his captives alive to the Russian lines, it so heartened the Russians that they swept the Germans back from that particular section. Lebedeff possesses twelve other decorations for his War activities.



Hendrickson

All three men in front—David E. Hayden, Robert von Schlick, and Joseph Leonard—have won the Congressional Medal of Honor. Richard Dix and Director J. Walter Ruben (in rear) heard that the trio were out of work, gave them parts in "Secret Service."

Jackie Coogan, when he made that famous food drive for the Near East Relief, received from the Greek government the Order of George. The presentation was made dramatically in the historic Parthenon at Athens. "Now that I know more history, the decoration gives me a big thrill," says Jackie. "It's beautiful—a silver cross on a red ribbon."

Jackie's mother tells of another decoration her famous son received—the Cross of Jerusalem, an honor conferred upon him by the Greek Orthodox Church. "I'll never forget the morning the Metropolitan and his attendants arrived at our hotel in Athens," she says. "Jackie was impressed by the robes and long beards of the priests and realized that some very special honor was being paid him. He received the Cross with all the poise he could muster for a little chap his age.

"When we were in Rome," adds Mrs. Coogan, "Pope Pius XI presented him with a medal in behalf of the Roman Catholic children in the Far East who had shared in the two boat-loads of food Jackie had collected. His Holiness also sent Jackie a beautiful etching of himself with a special blessing written at the bottom."

John Peere Miles sits in an obscure corner of the publicity division at Radio Pictures Studios, yet there are only ten or twelve men who saw service in the World War holding as many medals as this unassuming writer. Among these honors are the Médaille Militaire; the Croix de Guerre—one star and one palm; the Green and Red Fouragerre; the Croix de Guerre de Belge; and citations for bravery at Belleau Wood, Soissons, Champagne, the Vosges, Verdun and the Argonne.

Here is a real hero who spends his days exploiting chocolate soldiers who fight make-believe battles on a silver screen!

Cecil B. De Mille cherishes an honor usually reserved for royalty—the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, to which he was admitted for making "The King of Kings." The membership of this order, founded by Constantine the Great, in 326 A.D., is limited to three hundred and fifty persons. Only two other Americans have been so honored, Bishop Manning of New York and the late President Harding.

Victor McLaglen has the 1914–15 Star of Britain medal, the General Service Medal and the British and American Victory Medals. Vic, who became a major, saw plenty of action, particularly in the Near East campaign, and his decorations were well-earned.

For her screen work, as well as her interest in aviation, Bebe Daniels is privileged to wear the Victory Medal on her swanky uniform as Honorary Colonel of the 322nd Pursuit Squadron of the United States Air Corps. And her husband, Ben Lyon, an experienced pilot, is a full-fledged officer in the Air Reserve Corps.

Ken Maynard won his honors on the back of the wildest bronco known to the cowboy world when he was named the greatest trick rider at the World's Championship Cowboy Test in Chicago in 1920, and received a silver belt buckle and a gold medal for his daring stunts.

Among those in Hollywood who are entitled to wear the Legion of Honor ribbon of France are Charles Chaplin, Robert Florey, Jacques Feyder, the French director, and Baron Valentin Mandenstamm, well-known European producer now allied with the film colony.

Mention must also be made of Jack Votion, well-known casting director who fooled officers about his age and enlisted in a Surrey regiment when he was thirteen years old—the youngest boy to see service in the British forces. At fifteen he switched from the British forces to join the Belgian Fourth Lancers, and was made Aide-de-Camp to King Albert of Belgium. Although Votion has been decorated with many medals and citations, he will speak of only two—the Knighthood of Leopold II and the Croix de Guerre. The Knighthood of Leopold II has been awarded to only seven people.

Many in the colony have awards and ribbons for civil accomplishments, but, somehow, romance hangs heaviest around the decorations to which the battle smoke still clings. Doubtless there are others who should have been included in this parade of the decorated. The modesty of the honored defeated our purpose somewhat, for via a grapevine telegraph, word went around that Hollywood's medal-owners were being rounded up and several evaded all questioning.

VILO-RAY Now Astounds the World's Beauty Authorities

- *The Famous Lucille Young Again Gives Women Amazing New Beauty. Results that Seem Utterly Beyond Belief*
- *Until Seen. Startling, Mysterious Rejuvenation.*

By Jas. C. Staunton

I HAVE SEEN a 68 year old woman made to look 20 years younger. I have watched while sallow skins came to a glow of marvelous natural color. I have seen blackheads disappear as though by magic. I have witnessed the almost instantaneous banishment of lines and wrinkles. Muddy, blemished complexions have been given marvelous transparency before my very eyes.

All this in the famous laboratories and Salon of that amazing woman, Lucille Young, scientific magician of beauty, advisor to millions, famed in a dozen countries for original discoveries without equal.

And now a discovery to make all others seem insignificant—the sheer, stark, seeming miracle of VILO-RAY. This incredible, youth-giving, breath-taking result of years of research is a *fifteen minute treatment.* Just fifteen minutes to give results that heretofore have taken months.

I'll tell you how I have *seen the treatment given* — a way *you yourself may easily follow* — a way that brings VILO-RAY to you *in your home* . . . at a few cents for a treatment, instead of the Salon cost of $10.00. Until recently, fabulous sums had to be spent to produce the VILO-RAY treatment. Now, a new marvelous process has brought the treatment within the reach of all. And, according to her custom of over 20 years' standing, Lucille Young is giving her GREATEST DISCOVERY to the whole world of women for a sum *anyone* can afford.



The Method is EXACT, yet easy when Lucille Young explains it . . . as she does to all taking the treatment . . . as she will to you in her Method Directions sent with the ready prepared ingredients. I, myself, have applied the VILO-RAY Treatment, with the same utterly astounding results that Lucille Young achieves.

feet. Think of it! VILO-RAY energizes the capillaries, creating a health influence upon the skin that is marvelous. You can *feel* VILO-RAY "picking up drooping muscles," ironing out lines, firming contours. After a single treatment, you can actually *see* the wonderful natural glow in your skin, the erasure of lines, the firming of sagging chins, the smoothing out of contours.

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VILO-RAY is entirely too scientific, too magical, too marvelous, too APPARENT in the results YOU ACTUALLY SEE, to need subterfuge. It doesn't have to hide behind ambiguous promises. In fact it really doesn't have to MAKE ANY PROMISES AT ALL.

Therefore you may buy VILO-RAY with the unconditional guarantee that the entire purchase price will be REFUNDED WITHOUT A WORD OF ARGUMENT if you, yourself, simply write in and say "I want my money back." You do not have to explain, give details, or anything else. Lucille Young offers you VILO-RAY as the most marvelous beauty discovery of the age. If YOU do not enthusiastically agree, if you are not so wild about the new beauty you achieve that you want to praise VILO-RAY to the skies, then Lucille Young DOESN'T WANT TO KEEP YOUR MONEY.

You Do Not Have To Send Money with Order

You are cordially welcome to send for VILO-RAY c. o. d., sending no money whatsoever. Then, when VILO-RAY, arrives, simply pay postman $1.95 (the Special Introductory Price), plus the few cents postage. If you prefer to save the postage, send remittance with order. My Guarantee insures your satisfaction or return of $1.95 on your "say so."

WHAT VILO-RAY IS —HOW TO USE IT

Here is the treatment. First the face and neck are thoroughly cleansed. Lucille Young uses a special cleansing cream. But other good cleansing creams will do *almost* as well. Next Lucille Young shows you two mysterious containers. Through the crystal glass of one, you see a fascinating, violet hued liquid. And you learn part of the startling secret. This liquid has been *irradiated* by the marvelous Ultra Violet Ray. Special electrical apparatus is required to create this ray . . . in which the liquid is bathed . . . and later given its mysterious violet hue. In a second container a pale yellow semi-solid, a secret formula that Lucille Young alone knows . . . . one that other chemists have so far been unable to analyze . . . one that energizes skin and muscle structure as has never been done before.

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As nearly every woman knows, Lucille Young serves scores of thousands of patrons all over the world — women who could never come to the Salon. Thousands of these women have been personally advised of the new VILO-RAY treatment by Lucille Young. They have eagerly sent for, and tried, the supreme achievement of their beloved and trusted beauty authority . . . and their expressions of delight, of amazement, of joy are so extravagant that had I not seen equally amazing things, I could not believe such incredible praise.

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Unlike all other beauty creams, lotions, and specifics, Lucille Young's VILO-RAY Treatment is for both *young and old*, for those who desire to correct beauty defects; for those who simply wish to become *more beautiful.*

VILO-RAY has the property of energizing, of waking up skin tissues and muscle structure beneath the skin. It makes use of the astounding discoveries of the world famous University of Copenhagen regarding the myriad of tiny blood tubes of the skin called capillaries. The average person has enough of these to equal 60,000 square

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Send me your famous VILO-RAY Treatment, complete with instructions and everything to use just as in your Beauty Salon. I understand that if I am not delighted with results, I shall have the full purchase price $1.95 returned to me by notifying you within ten days and returning any unused VILO-RAY, or even the empty containers.

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NOTE: My guarantee makes it convenient to send cash with order, and you then save the postage. If you desire, enclose Special Introductory Price of $1.95

You've Been Wrong About Garbo—She *Has* A Sense Of Humor!

(*Continued from page 29*)

Standard," difficulty was encountered in obtaining the desired set-up of a certain scene. One thing after another went wrong mechanically and everyone was out of patience with the delay. Finally, all in readiness, Robertson instructed Garbo to make her entrance. She was to come through a door in center stage and pause by the portiere, while she registered grief.

Garbo took her place behind the set and Robertson called "Camera." Then, instead of the star appearing at the doorway, in sailed that rubber ball, catching the director a neat clip on the ear. Garbo's hearty, deep-throated laugh signaled her knowledge of the success of her shot.

Humor that has its point in some twist in phraseology is seldom enjoyed by Garbo. Possibly her limited familiarity with the English language prevents this. But what she does enjoy is the ribald comedy of the funny papers. She follows the daily adventures of several comic-strip characters.

Once when a new restaurant opened near the studio, Garbo heard some of the fellows talking about the "spaghetti joint" and asked to be taken there at noon. The waitress who served the party must have recognized the star. At any rate, the girl was unduly nervous and dropped a tray of food on Garbo. To everyone's amazement, Garbo thought the incident funny and though her dress was covered with a mess of spaghetti, she enjoyed a good laugh at her own expense.

Lew Ayres played his first important dramatic part with Garbo in "The Kiss." Their initial scenes together called for Lew to make ardent love to the lady. At their conclusion, Garbo turned casually to the director and said, "Would you mind introducing me to this boy?"

By some oversight, Lew had not been presented. It became Garbo's delight during the rest of the picture to ask Lew after every love scene, "Have we met?"

Hilda Vaughn, the character actress, had a rôle in Garbo's latest, "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." The Scandinavian name of Hilda intrigued Garbo and when they were introduced, she inquired, "Swedish?"

"Jewish," replied Miss Vaughn.

Garbo roared. Thereafter she never addressed the player by any name other than "Jewish Hilda."

Members of her supporting casts frequently attempt to establish the identity of some possible mutual friend in Sweden. They seem to feel that if they know someone who is also known to Garbo, an easier acquaintance will result. But Garbo has a ready answer to the question, "Do you know an Ole Olson in Stockholm?"

She invariably queries in turn, "Do you know a John Smith in New York?" And the matter generally ends there.

She also has a stock expression for anyone whose witticism or prank has made her laugh. "Fool," she will say, her eyes dancing.

Someone once told Garbo of a physical reaction which interested her. The theory is that when a man lays his hand on the back of another man's neck, the fellow will squirm under the touch and move his head away. That is, if he is a real man.

Garbo framed with one of the men on her set to try the experiment. She sat nearby to watch him make the rounds, touching one male neck after another. Whenever a chap failed to avoid the touch, Garbo would rock in merriment. But it wasn't until the end of the day that she would reveal the cause of her sudden outbursts of laughter.

Though Garbo likes to listen to funny stories, she, herself, has only one, which she repeats on all occasions. It has to do with a fisherman and it takes a long time to tell, but Greta seems to enjoy it—and so do any lucky listeners. She likes to hear dialect yarns, including the Scandinavian. Scotch humor she does not understand.

Animals on the set are always welcomed. The monkey she carried in "Romance" was a particular delight. She would watch it by the hour and when it ran away to play hooky in the rafters, Garbo was the only person who could coax it down.

There is no denying that Garbo is a trouper. Everyone who has ever worked with her, whether liking her or not, admits the fact. Knowing this, it's difficult to understand her so-called excursions into temperament when she "tanks she go home."

I, for one, believe this "going home" business is a gag that Garbo's sense of humor causes her to perpetrate and enjoy.

During the making of "Susan Lenox," the recording of one scene was spoiled by the yowling of a cat. The animal was discovered to be a tiny kitten and Garbo demanded it be given her to hold.

She played with it all afternoon and when the day's work was finished, Garbo was heard to say, as she picked up the kitten, "I tank we go home now."

It takes a rare sense of humor to kid one's self.

Is Carole Lombard Really A Society Deb?

(*Continued from page 73*)

make more money than he does. I get a grand salary. I told the studio I wasn't being supported by my father now, and demanded enough money to live as I would at home. I told them I had never lived in one room, and didn't see why I should do it now. And I got it."

The candid Ruth denies her press-agent's tale that she got her chance in pictures when she met the "Trader Horn" company in Africa, showed them the movies her party had taken, and Director W. S. Van Dyke insisted that she must have a picture career.

"All bologney," says Miss Weston crisply. "I never saw the 'Trader Horn' company. I speak French and German, as well as English, and I had a test made in New York when I heard they were looking for girls to make foreign versions. That's all there was to it."

Adrienne Ames, Paramount's newest aristocrat, seems to belong to the swankiest family of all. At least, they tell you that here is a girl who is absolutely from the inside, most ultra-exclusive circle of New York society.

Adrienne has bracelets, but she hasn't the breezy, self-assured manner of the others. Probably that's because Miss Ames, while a lady by birth, is a society girl by marriage. She spent a sequestered girlhood in Fort Worth, Texas, until at seventeen she left for New York to study fashion-designing. Almost immediately she met Stephen Ames, scion of a wealthy New York family, and underwent the transformation into a society girl. They were married within a year. She wearied of a life which became one eternal bridge game, and began to listen to her friends, who said, "Adrienne, you ought to go into the movies."

She had never thought seriously of the screen or stage, but she photographed well and had a passion for having her pictures taken. So it happened that, due to a sort of presentiment, she thought it wiser to go to Hollywood this year, instead of Europe. And once there, her first act was to have her pictures taken by a professional who photographs movie stars, and knew her stuff.

The results achieved by photographer Ruth Harriet Louise were so beautiful and arresting that Ruth felt it her duty to the movie moguls to peddle them around at the studios. There were plenty of takers, but Paramount won out with a contract with options—the only thing that would tempt Miss Ames, or Mrs. Ames, to give up all the good things waiting for her in New York. Her first appearance was in "24 Hours."

"My friends think picture stars are very glamourous," Adrienne says, "and they're thrilled over my contract, though they think I'm slightly mad to leave a wonderful husband and luxury and leisure. Sometimes I think so, too. I may fail at this, but at least I will get it out of my system."

So she sits, remote and perfectly groomed, in the Paramount lunchroom, among people who aren't even in society by marriage. Her jewels, her taste in clothes, her town-car, chauffeur, butler, big house in Beverly, and swimming-pool all testify that Adrienne, who is still just a bit player, has what is modestly called background. If Carole Lombard wins on the ground of personal qualifications, Adrienne certainly gets the decision for worldly goods. That puts Paramount at the head of the class.

There are two other girls who must be touched upon here. One is Ruth Hall, Warner Brothers' starlet, who was ballyhooed at first as "positively the only girl in Hollywood who was a member of the Junior League." But Ruth, herself, insists that it was all a mistake, and that she just happened to have a speaking acquaintance with a Junior Leaguer down in Miami, Florida. So, though Ruth is a lovely child, when the whole thing is sifted down and analyzed, it looks as if she thinks she really shouldn't be classed as a débutante.

The other lady is Hope Williams, well-known stage star and a recent arrival at RKO. Any Hollywoodian who wishes to see a society girl in the flesh is invited to inspect Miss Williams. She was brought up in New York's Four Hundred, went to Brearly and to Farmington, schools which need no introduction, and she made her début, and married within the proper time limit. Miss Williams belongs to everything she should belong to, and her qualifications as a New York society girl are beyond question.

But poor Hope. She displays no bracelets, and no butler. She never talks about culture, and she has freckles. So her chances of being rated as a "*real*" society girl in Hollywood are very slim.



The Priceless Idol

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Unknown to the owner of the quaint curio shop pictured above there is among a number of idols he purchased an ancient and authentic idol worth thousands of dollars. The rest are merely imitations with imperfections, duplicated in other idols on the shelves.

Each of the 12 idols in the tier of shelves is fully visible. The imperfections are in the head dress, eyes or teeth, each imitation idol having one or more idol which is exactly like it. There is one and only one which is actually different from all the others. That is the priceless idol. Can you find it? It will take the keenest of observation!

60 Grand Prizes including prizes of $2600.00, $1300.00, $850.00, $700.00 and $600.00 in value will be given in our newest advertising offer. First prize will be $1600.00 cash or a Chrysler De Luxe eight-cylinder Sedan and $1000.00 will be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness, making a total of $2600.00. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. You get $2600.00 if you are prompt and win first prize so be extremely careful in your answer for this opportunity.

Look carefully. If you can find the different idol lose no time, but send me the number under it in a letter or on a post card together with your name and address. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes are all to be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation BUT IF YOU CAN FIND THE PRICELESS IDOL RUSH YOUR SOLUTION TODAY TO

H. W. THOMSON, Advertising Director,
Dept. 90 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 41*)

emotion and the audience caught the contagion and shed tears into their handkerchiefs. An emotional time was had by all.

HOLLYWOOD has been cheated out of romance lately, what with everybody running off to Yuma or Las Vegas to get married. It was a distinct relief when Wes Ruggles and Arline Judge announced their coming marriage in time to squeeze in a hasty shower or two for the bride and a bachelor dinner for the groom. And what a dinner that one turned out to be! Yes, indeedy, Wes is a grand host, according to all the boys.

WHEN Charlie Rogers starts off to New York to play for Ziegfeld and lead a band at a hotel and broadcast over the radio, he is starting on an entirely new career with limitless opportunities. After New York, there is all of Europe for him to conquer. And never think that Buddy isn't still popular with the public. Among all the glittering stream of stars at the opening of the new Warner Brothers theater recently, he received the biggest hand.

IVAN LEBEDEFF, Russian film idol and hand-kissing expert, is extremely popular, curiously enough, among the grips, electricians, and prop-boys on the lot. "I do not care for your bourgeois," says Ivan, seriously,"but your peasants are fine men! If it were a question of introducing one or the other to royalty, I would present an American working man, rather than a small-town banker. The banker would be flustered, effusive, but the carpenter would wipe his hand on his overalls and shake a king's hand without apology and with real dignity." Well, that's how Ivan sees us, anyhow.

SAYS Barbara Stanwyck, boiling, "I read interviews with myself by people I've never heard of! They say things I never even thought of! They blame my husband for my faults. He's the sweetest, mildest man in the world, and not a slave driver. I'd cut off both legs for him! I'm going to give one more interview and tell the world what I think of interviewers and then I'm going to refuse to speak to another writer as long as I live!" All we hope is we get the interview!

IT was at Lawrence Tibbett's tea that women crowded about the host, finding some excuse to lay hands on him, now that he is single again. Marriage was a protection, after all. Our guess is that Larry will marry again as soon as possible—perhaps the blonde society woman that rumor mentions. But at present he seems to be enjoying his freedom. "Come," one woman writer said to another who was talking to Tibbett, "we've got to go home. Remember! We've got families!" Lawrence flung his arms exultantly wide. "*Well, I haven't!*" he boomed on a great note that was like music.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT can hold, without effort or strain, a single note for a minute and a half by the watch! At his tea he sang "The Glory Road" as if he enjoyed singing in an atmosphere most singers would find horrifying. The room was saturated with cigarette smoke, stale air, the smell of coffee and food, perfume and furs.



Here are Hollywood's once most famous bachelors, the first of whom to become an ex-batch was director Wesley Ruggles, who married Arline Judge on October 10. They are flanked by Irene Dunne and Richard Dix, whom Wes directed in "Cimarron"

INCIDENTALLY, at the tea, Cornelius Vanderbilt appeared all rigged up in riding breeches and a grubby black sweater. Said Lawrence to Vanderbilt when they were introduced, "Pleased to meet you. I read about my wife's being at a party at your house." For thirteen years Mrs. Tibbett, as his wife, kept out of the headlines. A month or so after she goes to Reno the newspaper drag her name into a murder story, as "one of the guests at the party." Yes, marriage was a protection to both the Tibbetts.

THERE was Louise Fazenda at Evelyn Brent's birthday party at the Embassy. She was carrying a piece of birthday cake home to her mother in a pasteboard box. "Not because Mother likes cake," explained Louise, comically, "but because she likes to think I go places!"

CLARK GABLE smokes a pipe. "Which," he grins, "means I'm not invited around socially! And that's what I want." He likes to take mountain hikes with his step-children and fool around his Ford car in old clothes.

DOES Bill Haines like the center of the stage, now and then? Listen to what happened. At a recent opening they lined him up between Joan Crawford and Anita Page for a picture. What chance had Bill of a break with Joan's famous orbs staring into the lens, and Anita's famous lips smiling? But, nevertheless, when the picture was printed there was Bill beaming straight into the camera while his two companions were looking down and hardly showed who they were. He now confesses how he stole the scene. At the crucial moment when the shutter was about to be snapped, Bill whispered in an agonized undertone, "Gosh, my pants are slipping!" Horrified, the girls looked down—and Bill grinned at the camera, alone.

GUESTS at the Embassy stare curiously at John McCormick's buttonhole these days, wondering what the bit of green ribbon in it means. Intimate friends whisper that it is there as the result of a promise John has made to Colleen Moore, and shows the promise is being kept. One wonders whether after all, some fine day these two might not find the way back to each other again.

IT seems that Garbo does not speak to her fellow players on the Metro lot, according to Bill Haines. But this doesn't daunt him. When he meets her he says cheerily, "Hullo, Gret!" and when she turns her head disdainfully away he continues, *sotto voce*, "Oh 'Ello, Billee! How are you, Billee? You look fine thees morning!" In this way he manages to hold long conversations with the elusive Garbo, to her secret annoyance, no doubt.

NOW they whisper that Lupe's newest and—according to her ecstatic remarks—hottest romance with John Gilbert is an invention to cover up the interest taken in the small Mexican by a certain famous film executive. But we have long since given up trying to keep up with Lupe's romances. "I lofe everybody!" she screamed once, flinging her arms wide. And we don't doubt it.

HOBART BOSWORTH, dwelling in patriarchal peace in Beverly Hills, was good and mad recently in being awakened by a rooster crowing at an early hour. Investigation discovered that it was a prize-winning game-cock owned by a neighbor. But a rooster in exclusive Beverly Hills! He complained to the city and an ordinance was passed promptly. Now no resident of

(*Continued on page 94*)

Greta, Ramon and Sessue Go Native When They Eat

(*Continued from page 69*)

slices of meat followed by the vegetables placed neatly in little heaps. On top of this was poured fish stock. Then a dash of soy sauce and a good sprinkling of sugar.

Sessue let this cook gently for thirty minutes, being careful to lift it with chopsticks from the bottom of the pan to prevent sticking. Large lacquer boxes of cooked rice were placed on the table to be eaten either separately or in the same bowl with the *Sukiyaki*.

Americans are becoming *Sukiyaki* fans. This is evidenced by some of the names Mrs. Hayakawa pointed out to us in the handsomely-bound autograph book in the reception room. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Buddy Rogers and Charlie Chaplin are some of Hollywood's representatives who visit this Japanese café.

Anna May Goes to Chinatown

RIGHT around the corner on East First Street is the Peking Low where Anna May Wong enjoys her Chinese food when she visits Los Angeles' Chinatown, her birthplace.

Anna May is a "Haii foo yung" enthusiast. This is one of the Peking Low specialties. The little star graciously obtained the recipe to pass on to anyone who would like to serve a real Chinese dish.

For six persons, prepare it as follows:—Take one large can or four fresh crabs. Mince the crab meat and add one small onion chopped fine; one small can of bamboo shoots, six medium-sized black mushrooms, eight water chestnuts, all chopped finely. Then season with salt to taste and a teaspoon of soy sauce. Take a quarter of a pound of diced pork and fry in its own fat. Add the aforementioned ingredients and cook seven minutes, then add six well-beaten eggs and cook until the eggs are set.

The gravy to go with it is made from a teaspoonful of soy sauce, a pinch of salt, three quarters of a cup of cold water, three tablespoonfuls of flour or corn starch. Stir the flour with the soy sauce and enough water to make a smooth paste, then stir in the salt and cook until thick with the balance of the water.

The Peking Low serves many Europeans as well as Orientals. "So many Americans," said Anna May, "think of Chinese food in the terms of *Chop Suey*. That's a mistake, for *Chop Suey* is really not a Chinese dish. Next time you go to a Chinese café, ask the manager to see that you get a real Chinese dinner. I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

For Russians and Frenchmen

IVAN LEBEDEFF, the suave Russian star who makes hand-kissing an art, discovered the recently-opened Franco-Russe Café at Beverly and Fuller Street. Always on the look-out for good Russian restaurants, he dropped in to discover that the proprietress, Mrs. Blanche Ness, was specializing in French as well as Russian food. Two chefs rule the kitchen, a Russian, George Stronin, and a Frenchman, Francois Rostaing.

When the Marquis de la Falaise suggested a bite together, Lebedeff knew exactly where to go so both could enjoy their favorite native dishes. Chef George Stronin was called in at Lebedeff's request for suggestions. The Marquis decided to go Russian for the luncheon, when *Blini* with caviar was suggested as one of the dishes. Incidentally, *Blini* is to the Russians what pancakes are to the Americans, excepting that sour cream or caviar takes the place of maple syrup or honey.

Olga Baclanova, Prince and Princess Serge M'divani, Constantine Bakalinakoff and his wife, Fritzi Ridgeway, Lewis Milestone and others of the Russian colony are frequent guests.

Into the Mexican Colony

RAMON NOVARRO and Dolores Del Rio consider themselves the Godparents of La Golandrina Café on the quaint Olvera Street in the center of the Mexican colony of Los Angeles. Ramon is seen many nights dining alone at the Casa Golandrina.

Dolores, too, enjoys her *tostados* and *enchiladas* in the quaint atmosphere of this Mexican café and delights to boast that she can cook her native dishes as well as anybody. This urges the chef to greater efforts.

In Hollywood, Mona Maris, while an Argentinian, finds dishes to her taste in another Mexican café on La Brea near Sunset, known as La Maria's Garden. Here Mona takes her friends for *chili con carne* and other typical Mexican dishes which resemble the dishes of the Argentine. The tables in the garden bear the autographs of many well-known movie-ites.

Among those whose names are seen on the tables of La Maria's are Lawrence Tibbett, William Desmond, Grant Withers, Daphne Pollard, Don Alvarado, Jose Mojica, Vera and Ralph Lewis and many more.

Americans Going Arabian

DOWN the street from La Maria's Garden is "The Arabian Club" where Debe Trab serves Arabian dinners with native music to her countrymen—and any Americans who know and enjoy Arabian dishes. The exotic Debe tells fortunes to those who are not afraid to hear their future. It is this added attraction that draws many from the film colony. The other afternoon Lita Chevret, Rochelle Hudson and Roberta Gale were found sitting on the cushions, sipping Arabian coffee and nibbling on tiny Arabian cakes while Debe, unfolded to them their futures.

When Britishers in the movie colony get hungry for beefsteak-and-kidney pie, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, plum pudding, lemon cheese tarts and trifle, they visit Fred Esmelton in his little English cottage at 9131 Sunset Boulevard.

Among his customers are the Clive Brooks, who go in for beefsteak-and-kidney pie; the Ernest Torrences who always order trifle (sponge cake soaked in sherry and spread with raspberry jam stuck with blanched almonds and covered with a delicious custard); Ronald Colman, who never refuses roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and Charlie Chaplin, who dotes on Fred's cheese soufflé.

While the British favor Esmelton's cottage, the Germans swear by Sam Holland's corner, where the tables are covered with red-checkered cloths and there's sawdust on the floor and wisecracks written all over the walls. Here, Ernst Lubitsch calls for German pot roast with potato pancakes and Eric von Stroheim orders ham hocks and cabbage.

None of these cafés has sought star patronage. It is the other way about. The stars discover them for themselves. All have moderate prices. When Garbo faces the public stare to eat her favorite Swedish dishes, you can gamble that they must be pretty good. A dollar is top price at "A Bit of Sweden," and prices at most of the others range from fifty cents to not more than a dollar fifty for their full-course dinners. It's the food, not the price that lures the stars—not forgetting the fact that they can speak their own language with their own kind and forget for awhile, that they *are* stars.



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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 92*)

Beverly may own a rooster more than four weeks old. At which age it seems they begin to crow.

ANN HARDING is one star who seems perfectly unconscious of the eyes of the multitude. She arrived at the première of her own picture "Devotion" in a simple lace dinner gown of nile green, and wearing dark goggles!

JOHNNY WEISMULLER, now a movie star with his new contract in his pocket and his elegant new nose, has become a familiar figure on Hollywood's Rialto, with his tiny wife, Bobbe Arnst. Johnny has the distinction of being the only well-built man apparently that Metro has been able to find in a month's search for their hero, *Tarzan*.

PICKFAIR is undergoing elaborate repairs, Hollywood gossip says, in preparation for an influx of titled visitors this winter. Whenever Doug and Mary go abroad their calls on aristocracy are returned promptly. There will be new guest rooms added and new game rooms. Originally one of the show-places of Beverly Hills, Mary told me several years ago that it was much too small for their present necessities.

ONE of the household expenses and it adds to the overhead for Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, are two guards who patrol their hillside house and grounds all hours of the day and night. This has gone on for a year now—ever since a wounded taxi-driver staggered up to their hilltop to tell them of a plot to kidnap their baby.

THIS picture built around Tarzan, will probably have some of its scenes made in Yucatan jungles, much to Director Van Dyke's sorrow. "You think there's romance in these jungle pictures!" he sniffs. "Most of a director's romance is finding out who is sore at whom each morning, and prescribing doses for fevers and tummy aches. I wouldn't stir away from the lot if I had my way. But after 'Trader Horn' the scenario writers spend their time thinking up trips for me."

A SPRINKLE of white hairs are appearing in the crisp black curls of Buddy Rogers—still he's not exactly senile yet! And with the prospect of thirty-five hundred a week coming to him after he leaves the pictures for the stage and radio, he doesn't need to worry over financial problems.

LIL DAGOVER made a cross-country trip by airplane, carrying for wardrobe one large suitcase. She flew in twenty-five planes, over a three weeks' trip. By some miracle she always managed to appear smartly dressed in spotless white, and to have a gown suitable for the occasion! "I like middle-aged American men like Governor Rolph," says Lil, "and very young American men who can blush." Could she be thinking of Hubert Voight, the publicity expert who ballyhooed her airplane trip?

"ARRIVING with Captain as Crew" was the puzzling message from Robert Ritchie, Jeanette MacDonald's manager and fiancé, to friends. But it means that Jeanette is bringing an English sheep dog, named *Captain*, with her. *Captain* is enormous and so covered with hair that "you can't tell his front end from his back end till he walks," Jeanette claims. He was presented by Ye Old English Society of Sheep Dogs or something else, By Permission of His Majesty the King, after she was aboard the boat and there was nothing to do with him but bring him along.



After seeing Wesley Ruggles safely married, Richard Dix ended all engagement rumors about him by eloping on October 20 to Yuma with Winifred Coe, San Francisco society girl. They're Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Brimmer in private life

JOEL McCREA, while recovering from whatever heart trouble Connie Bennett caused him by her somewhat patronizing declaration that she had never been serious about "that boy" is seen beauing sister, Joan Bennett, about. Joel has discovered that frankness is the one unforgivable sin in Hollywood. A recent interview in which he found fault with Hollywood parties, has, they say, caused his name to be stricken off the lists of several hosts and hostesses.

JACK OAKIE, who seemed on the verge of one of those Yuma-Las Vegas weddings with Mary Brian six months ago, is now seen places with blonde Joan Marsh. Mary has dropped from the Hollywood scene since leaving Paramount, owing, close friends say, to the advice of a business associate who has fixed her salary at such a high figure that no company wants to bid for her services. Which is a pity, considering Mary's enormous fan public.

WHILE Molly O'Day and Jimmy Dunn continue to answer evasively all inquiries as to their romance, they also continue to go everywhere together. And Ivan Lebedeff and Thelma Todd once more lunch together, very much tête-à-tête at the Brown Derby, now that Ronald Colman has gone vacationing abroad. Hollywood wouldn't be surprised to hear of other stolen weddings any day.

"VALENTINO dressed up in Jack Dempsey's body"—thus John Barrymore characterizes the newest screen sheik, Clark Gable.

CLARA BOW is again in a state of siege from newspaper reporters—this time, it is whispered, because there are almost thirty pounds more of Clara than formerly. She wants to lose these before the wisecrackers interview her. Clara's comeback picture, by the way, may be a Western—she came to like ranch life so much while rebuilding her health at Rex Bell's hacienda.

THIS is the newest story going the rounds. It seems that an independent film company wanted Edwina Booth for a Western. They called her up, offering her seven hundred dollars for a week's work. "All right," said Edwina, according to the story, "but on two conditions—one that I have to work only eight hours a day, and the other that Duncan Renaldo never gets a part on your lot!" Which would seem to indicate that their African romance, if it ever existed, has gone on the rocks.

ANN HARDING, at the opening of "Devotion," was besieged by a throng of admirers begging for her autograph. Good-humoredly, Ann signed and signed the programmes, envelopes, cards and ticket stubs handed her until she turned to husband Harry for help. But he was merciless. "Please, Miss Harding," he mimicked, handing her his programme, "please give me your autograph—"and perforce Ann signed the family programme, to Harry Bannister's delight!

THROUGH the epidemic of rumors and gossip that Connie Bennett has survived she has worn a wedding ring. She wore it when she came to Hollywood, and she still wears it while everyone waits breathlessly to see whether she and the Marquis are to be married November 22, as the prophets prophesy. "I shall never take off my ring," she said once, "till I marry again . . ."

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

Small dogs, too, are now popular—Dachshunds, wire-haired terriers and Scotties. Big dogs, like St. Bernards, wolfhounds, police and German shepherds, are pre-depression luxuries. They eat too much.

Not long ago Radio Pictures let out a mournful cheep for a slogan for **Irene Dunne.** Something neat and nifty like **Corinne Griffith's** "orchid lady of the screen"—full of class and what-what. **Irene's** fans cogitated (try it sometime for fun) and here are a few of the results: "She satisfies," "Sugar, doubly sweet and refined," "She has ruined me," "Yesterday's violet, to-day's rose," "Amazing angelic woman, supernal grace," "A virgin within and without," "God's gift to a hungry public," "Modern Venus."

Our timid suggestion, after thinking long about "Cimarron," would be "Well Dunne."

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 86*)

Shanghaied Love—Like blood-and-thunder yarns? Here's a good one—all about love, mutiny and two-fisted battles on a tramp steamer. Richard Cromwell, Sally Blane and Noah Beery are the principals (Col.).

The Sidewalks of New York—A riot of slapstick comedy, with Buster Keaton a silk-hatted landlord who tries to collect his rents, himself, in a tough tenement area (M-G-M).

The Sin of Madelon Claudet—Helen Hayes, famous young stage star, makes an impressive screen début in a tragedy of mother-love. Here is some real acting. Previewed as "Lullaby" (M-G-M).

Skyline—Thomas Meighan helps young Hardie Albright to rise from his lowly beginnings on the New York waterfront—and, incidentally, helps him to steal the picture. Interesting, but slow (Fox).

Sob Sister—Introducing another young and talented newcomer from the stage—Linda Watkins, who shows you what a girl reporter on a scandal sheet is expected to do, even when in love with such a chap as James Dunn. Exciting and diverting (Fox).

The Spider—While magician Edmund Lowe is holding forth on the stage, a murder takes place in the audience. He detects the murderer by performing some suspenseful tricks (Fox).

The Spirit of Notre Dame—Here's a football picture that is a football picture, showing you many a real-life Notre Dame star. Lew Ayres is the hero of the story (which doesn't matter particularly) and J. Farrell MacDonald is an amazing double for the late Knute Rockne (Univ.).

The Struggle—D. W. Griffith's version of life among the downtrodden masses. He has made it all the more powerful by using faces unfamiliar to film fans—faces known only on Broadway. You're likely to remember Zita Johann (U. A.).

Sundown Trail—In this day of two-gun Westerners and machine-gun gangsters, it's refreshing to see a cowboy get somewhere by using his fists. And Tom Keene does just that (RKO-Pathé).

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise—Greta Garbo has an unfortunate life, even becoming a lost lady, until she meets Clark Gable. Their love-making is something you don't want to miss (M-G-M).

The Tip-Off—Eddie Quillan gets mixed up with some racketeers, but outwits them. If you can stand just one more gangster picture, this is a breezy one, mostly because of Robert Armstrong as a dopey prize-fighter (RKO-Pathé).

The Unholy Garden—In an African setting that will remind you of "Beau Geste," Ronald Colman plays a character that will remind you of *Raffles.* It's a thriller, with Ronald as smooth and real as always (U. A.).

West of Broadway—John Gilbert drinks himself into marriage with Lois Moran, takes her with him out to the great open spaces, and doesn't realize that he has made a good bargain—until she leaves him. Maybe you'll like it, and maybe you won't (M-G-M).

Wicked—Elissa Landi has more than her share of sorrow as a young prison mother who has her baby taken from her and, upon her release, has to kidnap her own child. Take your hankies (Fox).

The Yellow Ticket—To get to St. Petersburg, Elissa Landi has to carry a ticket which identifies her as a street-girl, and on the way she runs into Lionel Barrymore, head of the Russian secret police. Good, old-fashioned melodrama (Fox).

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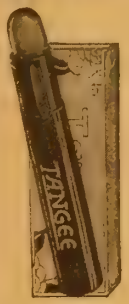
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Hollywood Stars Get Their Greatest Thrill In Attending Murder Trials

(Continued from page 61)

my mind. On the screen I put that old German grocer, as true to life as I could recall and I believe the portrayal was highly effective. At least it was true to life.

"Actors live by counterfeiting, for an audience, the actions of human beings under emotional stress. How can they expect to succeed unless they study people who are actually undergoing such emotional experiences? Every person in a courtroom is touched in some way by the grim undercurrent of a murder trial and there the actor who goes to learn and to observe finds a wealth of material to be had nowhere else. I am quite a 'murder-trial fan,' as you call it."

His Murderer's True to Life

ANOTHER instance where the actual reactions of a man on trial for his life have been transferred to the talking screen is in the recent RKO picture, "Are These Our Children?" In this picture the character of *Eddie Brand*, played by Eric Linden, young newcomer from the New York stage, is molded by Wesley Ruggles' impressions of Hickman, while the murderer was on trial.

"Long before the Hickman case came up," says the director, "I had written this story of modern youth. I felt that I knew the attitude and the emotional reactions of my principal character, but when the Hickman trial came up, there was a splendid opportunity to check up. My boy, *Eddie Brand*, had become enmeshed in a situation that ultimately led to murder. Arrested and placed on trial, he actually forgot the fact that he was on trial for his life, thrilling to his own importance as a figure of the front pages.

"During his trial, Hickman was motivated by the same identical ego. He became, in his own eyes, an important figure, the cynosure of all eyes, guarded, interviewed and publicized. I arranged for seats and sat through the entire trial. When it was over, I knew that my fiction character was true to life. And when the opportunity came to put him on the talking screen, I knew because of my observation of Hickman that *Eddie Brand* would be absolutely true to life—and he is."

Too Dull for Russ and Mary

DIFFERENT from the attitude of these serious students is that of the younger set who attend trials. Russell Gleason and Mary Brian for instance, failed to be duly impressed with the majesty of the law during their most recent visit to the courtroom.

"It seemed more like a scene in a picture than the real thing," grinned Russell, "and I didn't get much of a kick out of it. The defendant didn't act like a man in danger of being hung. In fact, it all looked so stagy that Mary and I began to refer to the judge as 'the director,' the prosecuting attorney as the 'assistant director,' the clerk of the court the 'script girl' and so on. Personally, I could have had more fun at home in the pool."

Murder trials are, according to law, open to the public but the movie stars, with their many influential connections, manage to make a farce of this ruling. Scarcely is the ink dry on a murder extra before judges, prominent attorneys and politicians begin to hear from Beverly Hills.

"But, Judge, even if you don't know who will try the case, you can see that I get tickets. And listen, Judge, the last trial I attended was terrible. I was so far back that I couldn't even see the bloodstains on the nightgown. See if you can't get me something close down this time and on the aisle, too, if you don't mind."

At the sensational Northcott trial where the details were spicy and the testimony lurid, the demand for seats was so great that in order for various attorneys and office-holders to take care of their constituents, it was necessary to clear the court at noon recess and permit an entirely new batch to attend the afternoon session. Among these were many of our best-known stars.

Stars Don't Go to Be Seen

WHATEVER their motives, the stars cannot be accused of going to murder trials to be seen. Accustomed as they are to the curious stares of the populace and the adulation of the multitude, their vanity suffers whenever they appear in a murder court. For once a more compelling interest holds public attention and with the exception of an occasional glance or whispered word, even the most glamourous of the stars receive little notice in the courtroom.

"An actual murder trial would be a dull affair, if carried with fidelity to the screen," says Erich von Stroheim, companion of Jean Hersholt at many of Los Angeles' sensational trials. "To present a dramatic trial on the screen we must carry only the high spots, the color. Too much of a real trial is devoted to routine, uninteresting technical discussions, *et al*, to be highly dramatic. One selects bits here, characterizations there, and stores them away for use, that is all."

But whatever their motives, Hollywood movie stars continue to be murder fans. Ricardo Cortez no doubt sums it up more accurately than most.

"Sure, I like to see a good murder trial. I get a kick out of it and that's what most people go for. People go to them for the same reason they go to bull fights, wrestling matches and prize-fights. It's an age-old instinct, the craving for excitement. Perhaps I should say I go for my art's sake but, after all, I'm human and few people will miss a chance to see a good murder trial."

And so, next time you come to Hollywood to see the stars, don't look for them at the Brown Derby or the Cocoanut Grove. Buy a paper and see if there's a good murder trial on. If there is (and you can get a seat), you'll find them there. For with all their wealth and fame, their ornate swimming-pools and their yachts, there's nothing they won't drop in order to be present when the accused is led to the dock to fight for life and liberty.

Have You Heard That--

Neil Miller, with whom Dorothy Mackaill eloped on November 3, has been singing at the Embassy, swanky Hollywood restaurant?

The Dance of the Seven Veils in "Mata Hari" is not likely to be danced by Greta Garbo—but by a stage dancer named Dorothy Wagner?

The first "Miss America" to make good in the movies is Adrienne Dore of Seattle, crowned in 1925, who now has a contract with Warner Brothers after several years of "extra" work?

She Looks Like a Vamp—But Has the Soul of a Gypsy

(*Continued from page 66*)

real, live maniac sneaked into her bedroom and chopped the bed to bits with the business end of an ax. The chances are it would have been Bye-Bye for Blondie, had she not stolen a march on her bloodthirsty friend. When she heard him fumbling at the lock, Joan crawled out of bed, clutched an old-fashioned brass oil lamp, and leaped up on the dresser beside the door. There she remained hidden by the darkness until the murderer had completed his work and, with a satisfied sigh for a job well-done, started to pad on out again.

Joan Fixed the Lunatic

IT was at this point that Joan bent the lamp over his skull. And it was only after ascertaining that he had been knocked cold and clammy that she suddenly remembered she was a lady and swooned. She must have recovered because she made fifty-six trips across the American continent before she finally decided upon Hollywood, where I found her—and noticed that the tone of her voice gives a note of pathos to her lightest remarks so that they never smack of conscious humor.

We were in the Green Room of the studio café, ordering a tremendous luncheon—which included, among other items, a couple of T-bone steaks—when she recalled that she was on a diet. "Oh, well," said Joan, with the look of a martyr, "I'll have some pineapple salad and thin, dry toast. I've got to take off ten pounds before they start shooting my new picture," she explained. "And that's a real job, if you should ask me!"

And if *you* should ask *me*, I couldn't tell you just where she could lose ten pounds without nicking one of the world's neatest figures. Perhaps you've seen it in some of Joan's dozen pictures—and no doubt you've recognized the fact that she adds up to one of our most proficient comédiennes. As a reward for her work, the studio co-starred her with James Cagney in "Blonde Crazy," and she would have been with him in "Taxi" if she had finished "The Greeks Had a Word for It" in time.

Her Secret Ambition

"I'M hoping they'll buy 'Maggie, the Magnificent' for Jim and me," she confided. "We did it in New York, you know. And although it was the best show I've ever been in, the stock-market crash caused it to flop. The lines," she enthused, "are grand. . . ."

Whereupon she rattled off a few of the choice speeches belonging to *Maggie's* all-wise, but slightly moronic daughter, the humor in which made me kneel right down on the floor in front of my steak and pray that First National would do just as she asked.

"If only I could do more reading!" she next remarked, apropos of nothing. "But by the time I reach home I'm so nervous I can't do anything but pace the floor. It's the glare of the studio lights that gets me. Many nights I'm so nervous and tired that I can't even sleep! But sometimes I work it by pulling the mattress off the bed and sleeping on the floor. I like it better anyway. Not so soft."

For one whole month, Joan lived with her family—and what a month it was! Five, fiery, highstrung, relations all under one roof.

"Of course, we don't live together now," she remarked rather wistfully. "I wish we could, but it's simply impossible. We're too much alike. We act all over the place. So I live out in Beverly, Dad lives in Ocean Park, my brother in Santa Monica, and Mother and Sis in Hollywood. That's what you might call spreading *temperament*, as temper is known on the studio lot."

Press-Agents Wrong About Her

AND when I inquired if she supported her family, she burst out vehemently with "No!" but, after a querulous glance, added: "What if I do? I make plenty, don't I? And Mother and Dad have given me more joy and things than I can ever possibly repay. They deserve a vacation. Outside of that one experience in China I've never been in want. Press-agent stories to the contrary are all the bunk!"

Just then an important-looking oaf barged over to our table and whispered in Joan's ear until he finally was waved away. "All right," she agreed. "All right. *All right*! It's funny they can't leave me alone. It's about my hair," she complained bitterly. "They say it always looks like a cyclone had struck it—and why not? It's *my* hair, isn't it? And if they didn't like it, why did they give me a contract? It's my hair," she pointed out desperately, "but if they want it to be softened, I suppose *it will have to be softened!*

"What's that? Of course, I like animals! I like dogs, but I don't like them when they're too finely-bred any more than I like perfect people. Awfully uninteresting. My next dog is going to be a hundred-dollar affair—a dollar for each breed. I like to mother them," she sighed, casting a speculative eye on the remainder of my steak.

"It's a funny thing, you know, but even though I like to mother people, I doubt very much if I'll ever be married. Not to an actor, anyway. I'm much too jealous. I'd hate to think what I might do to my husband if ever I thought he was untrue to me! And I don't see how one can *help* but think that in Hollywood! But even so, I *do* like to mother things—people and pets and the Empress and things like that. Yeah," she suggested as I carefully drew my steak out of her reach, "just call me Mother Blondell!"

But don't you agree that Mother Blondell is one perfect specimen of an all-wise, unaffected, and untarnished hoyden in Hollywood? She's a natural! The most delightfully wholehearted gypsy in pictures—and Joan doesn't give a darn who knows it!

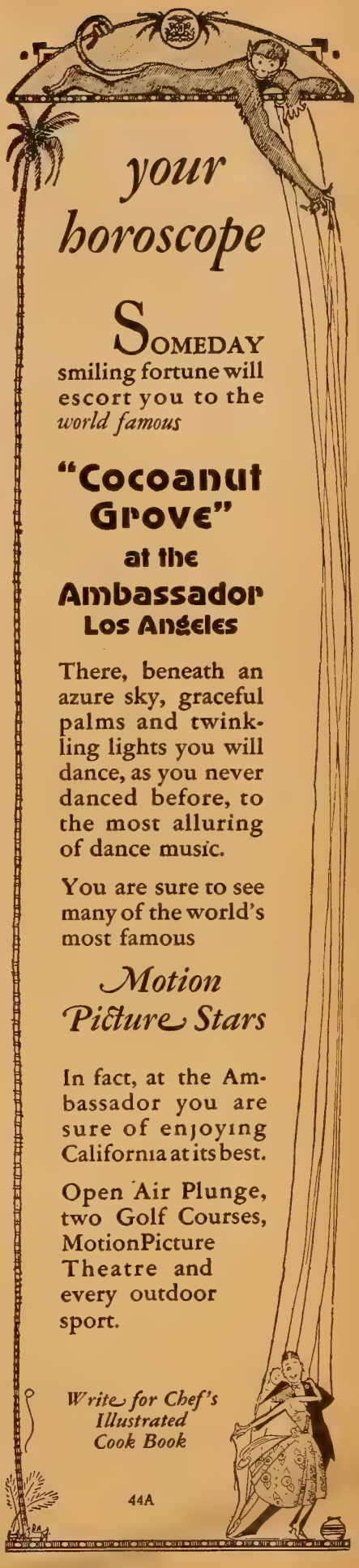
Did You Know That--

Ronald Colman's estranged wife, the former Thelma Raye, is reported to have divorced Ronnie recently in France—which, if true, makes him an eligible bachelor after all these years?

Barbara Stanwyck's home was destroyed in the latest fire at Malibu Beach, where Warner Baxter is fire chief?

While Wallace Beery was flying East November 4, his Beverly Hills home was totally destroyed by fire "of undetermined origin"?

Noah Beery is starting Noah, Jr. in pictures—financing him as star in a series of Westerns?



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How Would You Like a Dish of Jambalaya?

(*Continued from page 80*)

Mix salt and flour, and add milk gradually to form a smooth paste. Add eggs beaten two minutes, using an egg-beater. Cover bottom of two hot bread pans with some of beef fat tried out from roast, and pour mixture in pan one-half-inch deep. Put in a hot oven and bake twenty minutes, decreasing the heat as the baking is accomplished. Cut in squares for serving. Bake, if preferred, in greased, hissing-hot iron gem pans.

COLD PINEAPPLE SOUFFLÉ

Yolks 3 eggs
Grated rind 1 lemon
Juice 1 lemon
½ cup sugar
Few grains salt
⅔ cup canned sliced pineapple
½ cup pineapple syrup
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
⅓ cup cold water
½ cup cream
Whites 3 eggs

Beat egg yolks slightly and add grated rind, lemon juice, sugar and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from range and add gelatine, which has soaked in water five minutes, and pineapple. When mixture begins to thicken, add cream, beaten until stiff, and egg whites, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mould, garnished with pieces of canned sliced pineapple and candied cherries, and chill thoroughly. Remove from mould to chilled serving-dish.

Bebe Daniels was seen the other day, rapturously bargaining for carrots and rib roasts, which she triumphantly carried home to Ben Lyon in a market basket on her own arm. True, this marketing didn't continue, for Bebe soon discovered that the grocer was selling her his woodiest vegetables, and the butcher was palming off his toughest steaks on her. And Bebe's one attempt to cook dinner taught her that, as a chef, she was a grand little movie star, for though everything was cooked by rule, it just "didn't come out right," Bebe wailed. The steak was ready before the soup and the vegetables were cold. But Ben was chivalrous enough to eat it and like it.

One of the newlyweds who is seen marketing, and buying a pound of this, and a dozen of that, like the other housewives is June Collyer. She gets up early just to chauffeur "Stew" Erwin to the studio and do her morning's shopping on the way home before, she, too, rushes off to be on the set at ten. And she doesn't mind carrying bundles either—she's proud of it, in fact! To such lengths does love carry the girl who was brought up on Park Avenue!

She is learning to cook, too, and has invented a way to scramble eggs which "Stew" likes so much that he asks for it every morning.

"You take four eggs and a half-cup of milk," says June, "and beat them with salt and pepper in a bowl. Then you melt plenty of butter in a frying pan and pour in the egg mixture. Now here is the secret. Turn the flame down to a pin point and leave the egg mixture alone to cook very slowly, until it is like a hot custard, instead of broken up like ordinary scrambled eggs. Then serve on a platter of buttered, stewed tomatoes, or on slices of tomato alternated with slices of bran toast." It's elegant eating, even if you are not movie stars on a honeymoon!

"Stew" Erwin comes from a California ranch, and he likes he-man food. No soufflés or creamed chicken tidbits for his dinner! So June has learned to make a veal-and-kidney pie which was his favorite dish back home.

12 veal kidneys
1½ lbs. lean veal
Salt
Sliced onion
Bay leaf
Pepper

Cut kidneys in half, and the veal in inch pieces. Simmer with the sliced onion and bayleaf for two hours. Add salt, pepper and thicken the mixture with a little flour.

Make flaky biscuit dough. Put meat into buttered baking dish; cut the dough as you would for biscuits and put them over top of the baking dish. Bake until done.

Famous Numerologist Predicts Biggest Success for Clark Gable in 1932

(*Continued from page 42*)

two play opposite each other in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." The result was good and the combination should be tried again. People similar in motives always bring out the best in each other, and, in this instance, the association encouraged the expression of a more human side of Garbo than the public had seen before.

Clark Gable has had, and will have, a somewhat adventurous life and plenty of opportunity to deal with emergencies. The best things will come his way in the most unexpected manner. He has learned to take life as it comes and not borrow trouble by looking too far ahead. There was a time when he would make extensive plans, and these had an uncanny way of going wrong and causing him considerable unhappiness. But those days are over since he has become more balanced.

The early influences in his life forced him to try to forget the natural inclination of the 7 "Ideality" to stay alone, to hide away from the public. They placed him in line for personal experience of all kinds, which is how he proved himself a "jack of all trades" before the movies found him and gave him his proper sphere in life.

He would like to write and has talent for it, but here also, life will give him no chance until after his fortieth birthday. He has ten more years to go on increasing his own success in the social, professional and public life. He is subject to moods, however, and so he may take a notion to quit the screen.

He would not be likely to do this insofar as his screen work is concerned, until 1933, but if he did quit before next year, he would be missing the greatest success of his life, which is before him in 1932. This year, he brings to a harvest all his ideas, efforts and experience in motion pictures since he first became interested in them in 1923, although at that time he had no idea how far he would go as a screen actor.

Greater Happiness After Forty

GABLE has the right temperament for emotional love experiences, but not of the very prolonged or serious kind. His life numbers show the greatest happiness in settling down and in marriage of the domestic kind, after his fortieth birthday. His experiences in love and marriage, which have been varied already, should interest him in this indication.

Until forty years of age, Clark Gable should make his public expression and personal success, his chief and serious interest, for if he will make up his mind to this, he will prove himself a chap who does not let much stand in his way.

Yes! We shall see a great deal of Clark Gable in 1932 and early 1933.

The Color Combinations You Should Wear

(*Continued from page 53*)

Nancy must avoid those intense russet and henna shades that steal the glory from her cheeks. Only the most subdued, dusky browns are of use to her, for they do not rival her hair. Tans and orange tones should not be brought near the face. Dark blue, dark green of emerald clearness, and black (although a bit sombre for so vivacious a personality) will be flattering, however. Nancy's luckiest colors are the delicate greens of sea spray.

Janet Gaynor's creamy complexion in its auburn frame gives her a more fragile, dreamy air than Nancy. Because there are no rosy cheeks to be mindful of, Janet can choose all those luscious coral, apricot, flame and russet tones that are taboo with Nancy, with the provision that they are of extremely delicate, subdued shades. Any intense or loud colors will overwhelm and destroy her dainty charm—the keynote of her personality. Turquoise pastels or aquamarine tints in the shiny silks, and black in dull textures, are best-suited to Janet. Also, she can wear violet and dark blue with impunity, but crimson or rose tones will clash with her hair and so will not do.

Gloria Can Be Provocative

THEN we have the warm, vibrant personality which you recognize in the brown hair and olive skin of Gloria Swanson. Those contemplative blue eyes are a contradictory note that only heightens one's interest. Her personality is at once dynamic and glamourous and she can therefore wear intense, provocative colors—not the obvious blues, reds, etc., but the in-between mixtures.

The sunny browns and golds; dark blues that are not on the purple cast; and greens that are free of olive tinge belong to her. Black lustrous silks are distinctively hers if they are relieved by a touch of jade or coral. The key color of her scintillating personality is turquoise, and Gloria can wear it admirably. It makes her eyes even more eloquent.

White is not becoming to the olive skin for dress-up occasions; after all, one does not feature sunburn in formal attire. Ivory and light beige are suitable; likewise pastels —not too grayed, however—of the colors already prescribed. Tints—which are really washed-out colors—will appear insipid on her. Gloria is one of the few stars who can wear striking colors. The olive-skinned woman should never allow purple, magenta, orchid or old rose tones near her face—for very good reasons.

Norma Must Be Restrained

NORMA SHEARER is another brown-haired type, but her complexion is a bit fairer—of the peaches-and-cream variety. She also will look well in brown and golden colors, but they must be far more subdued than those recommended for Gloria. As Norma's warmth is of a more restrained quality, and the personality she depicts is reserved and sophisticated, she will be more at home—more herself—in the subtlest of pastels. She should never attempt to wear the vivid colors that Gloria is privileged to wear.

The blue-green blends will be especially flattering on her, and black velvet charmingly mysterious. Soft textures, rather than glossy, are preferable; but delicate colors can never be harsh, regardless of the material.

In Kay Francis we have a wholesome, arresting picture—black hair framing the sunburned face and a pair of clear blue eyes. The range of colors becoming to the sun-tan complexion is not so wide as for the fair-skinned type, but Kay has made a decided success of her outdoor personality. Her best colors are those of the sun, the earth and trees and the ocean wave. This gives us sunset gold, browns and Indian reds, clean deep blues and crisp greens—the last-named being her key-color.

Ivory or biscuit for evening wear, as well as black in satin, are good neutrals for this vivid brunette. Coral, flame, apricot, maize, mustard and love-bird green in any material will be stunning on her, but she will be wise to avoid orchid. Also crimson—which is really American Beauty rose—and other rose tones. Pink and baby blue are banned.

It's Flame for Lupe

LUPE VELEZ is a more decided brunette by reason of her dark brown eyes. She is vitality and warmth incarnate, and the color corresponding to her youth and ardor is flame, but with it, for contrast, she should always wear a touch of that blue-green, which is the color of Southern seas. When Lupe grows weary of rich, glowing colors she can refresh her spirits in cool greens and green-blues, in navy blue and old ivory lace or satin. Like Kay, she should avoid any red not found on the tangerine side of that difficult color. Gray is never good for the olive complexion. Beige is always becoming.

As fascinating as it is daring, the platinum-blonde type demands certain colors to set it off to advantage. There is a faint geranium glow to Jean Harlow's creamy complexion, which is fortunate, since white or gray hair cannot lend color to the picture, although it makes the most of what is there. As Jean's natural coloring can hold its own, we would like to see this svelte creature arrayed in scarlet—not an entire ensemble, mind you, but one of those daring evening gowns, such as only she can wear and get away with. Why? Because white or silver hair is so very dignified and aristocratic that its possessor can never appear otherwise, somehow, regardless of the clothes she may wear.

Black velvet is the next-best foil for this type, although satin is more in keeping with the characters portrayed by Jean on the screen. She can successfully wear white—because her skin is fair. Ivory, pearl gray or silver would be even better. Any of these will make the most of her complexion. But yellow and gold will not do.

What Jean Should Attempt

IN her more serious moments, she can, by using a light enough make-up, wear the romantic and regal crimson and purple shades which are the most trying of all to any but the fair-skinned woman. They are so perfectly suited to silver hair it would be a pity for Jean not to attempt them.

It should not be necessary to warn the platinum- or silver-haired woman against wearing any but subtly-blended colors. Ordinary pale blues or pinks become shallow and puerile when associated with the type of hair symbolic of sophistication and experience. Remember, it is only the ingenuous, guileless personality that can look right in the clear light tints.

Most of the stars mentioned here are little over five feet, yet you may have noticed that they appear larger on the screen in light apparel. To make the most of her height a girl's hat and shoes should be no lighter or darker than her dress; when these contrast, they seem to lop off that much height. Stressing the length of the figure by long strands of beads or by a jacket has a slenderizing effect, while contrasting colors running crosswise make one appear more stocky. Study yourself and take advantage of the fascinating art of Color Expression.



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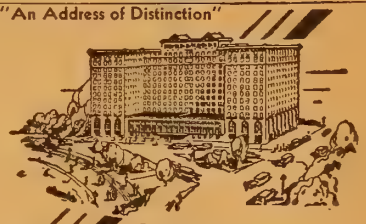


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That's Hollywood

(*Continued from page 16*)

who pays a clipping bureau something like a hundred dollars a year to send her articles about the mystery star. **Lupe's** name is being linked with **John Gilbert's,** by the way, which makes over a dozen "engagements" for him so far this year. She is reported to have said, "I followed him to New York and I will follow him to Europe!" which may not be true, but which sounds typical of our frank and fiery **Lupe.**

Stray facts: **Buster Keaton** rides a bicycle now, instead of his Austin . . . **Joan Crawford** has a pair of old slippers she wears on the set every minute except when they're making a full length shot. She believes they're lucky and wouldn't consider a new pair.

And **Dorothy Jordan,** every time she sees publicity photographs of **Garbo,** makes off with armfuls . . . **Clark Gable** cannot pass a necktie counter without buying one or two.

Reginald Denny has a home movie camera and takes a picture of his son every day in the week. **William Haines** has rented his Hollywood house to **Tallulah Bankhead,** and is moving to an apartment in Westwood, half-way to the beach. **Ramon Novarro** cannot drive an automobile and refuses to learn.

These Stars Knew How To Stop Divorce Rumors

(*Continued from page 49*)

siderably with her former leading man from Germany, a blond gentleman named Hans von Twardowski. Not so dumb, what? How can the whisperers get all hot and bothered about Marlene and her director, when she is dividing her social engagements with the handsome boy from Germany?

Janet Gaynor and husband Lydell Peck and Charles and Virginia Valli Farrell haven't been so dumb about slowing down talk themselves. Janet and Charlie—how the gossips did hate to relinquish these two! Yet when Charlie and Virginia and Janet and Lydell step out on "foursomes" together and Janet dances with Charlie, and Virginia and Lydell don't seem to mind a bit—what can the poor spies do in the face of such good friendship? And the large framed picture of Janet in the Farrell living-room is nothing short of a masterpiece, while we are on the subject of masterly strokes.

The Tibbett's Break Was News

PERHAPS the greatest smoke-screen ever put up to protect a Hollywood marriage from gossip was the one that surrounded the Lawrence Tibbetts before their divorce. Seven months before the actual break, both Lawrence and Grace Tibbett knew that their marriage was over. Yet for several reasons—Larry's first talking pictures, for one—they did not wish the fact to become common knowledge.

So Mrs. Tibbett gave many interviews on "How It Feels to Be the Wife of a Great Lover," "The True Romance of Lawrence and Grace Tibett" and so forth. They were photographed greeting and speeding one another on their way at railroad stations. Hollywood *knew* that all was not well in the Tibbett home, yet there was not one actual fact in what either of them said or did that could be used as a basis for gossip. The Tibbetts protected themselves carefully and cleverly until they were ready to announce the break themselves.

Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Mary Astor was married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, a Hollywood surgeon, June 29, at Yuma, Arizona. The romance started when Dr. Thorpe treated Mary when she became ill after the death of her husband, Kenneth Hawks, killed in a 'plane crash while filming a picture.

2. Lupe Velez, who was seen regularly with Winfield Sheehan, Fox executive, after her break with Gary Cooper, seems to have found a new love. She came from Hollywood to New York with John Gilbert to see him off on a boat bound for Europe. Lupe was very sad when the boat sailed, but neither she nor John would admit an engagement, saying they were just friends. A week later, she sailed, too—and so did Gary Cooper. Now, it remains to be seen whether this means a reconciliation with her Garee or whether she has gone to Europe to be with Gilbert. Isn't this just like Lupe, keeping us guessing and living up to the statement she once made that she "loffs everybody"?

3. The marriage of Leatrice Joy, who was divorced from John Gilbert back in 1926, to William Spencer Hook, a Los Angeles wholesale grocer, marks the end of Miss Joy's movie career and seems to put an end to Hollywood's hopes of a reconciliation between John Gilbert and his former wife.

4. Richard Dix was the famous Hollywood bachelor whose name was often linked with that of many movie stars, but he chose to marry a young San Francisco society girl named Winifred Coe, October 20, 1931.

5. Jimmy Durante, the Broadway comedian who is now in Hollywood making pictures, has been nicknamed "Schnozzle." The name is partly due to his large nose and also because it was the name of the rôle he played in the picture, "New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

6. The Rex Bell and Clara Bow romance, which seemed to be the real thing during the Clara Bow-Daisy DeVoe case, seems to be at an end. Remember how Rex stood by Clara and helped her through her court battle with her ex-secretary?

7. Ruth Noble, vaudeville actress, started suit against Sessue Hayakawa and his wife to regain custody of her three-year-old son, the child recently adopted by the Hayakawas. Miss Noble charges Sessue with being the boy's father and says she consented to his adoption because she was in desperate circumstances.

8. Jack Oakie is the comedian of sweatshirt fame who has been reported going places with Marian Marsh. However, Marian has issued a statement denying a romance between Oakie and herself, saying they are just friends.

9. Reginald Denny is the latest actor to join the Hollywood fatherhood. His wife, who was "Bubbles" Steifel, screen and stage actress, presented him with a son recently—named Reginald, Jr.

10. Raquel Torres is the lucky girl and William B. Leeds, Jr., the multi-millionaire, was the donor. Although they have been seen together a good deal, both deny there is a romance between them and insist the bracelet was just a friendly gift.

11. Lola Lane, who was recently married to Lew Ayres, was forced to file a petition in bankruptcy to stop any further attachments on her husband's salary. One of her creditors attached Lew's salary for a claim against Lola prior to her marriage.

12. Arline Judge, who came from the New York stage and who is still considered a newcomer to the film city, walked off with one of its best romantic catches when she and Wesley Ruggles were married. No wonder the Hollywood girls are all burned up!

13. By a court ruling, Jackie Cooper's mother, his legal guardian, is allowed to spend four hundred dollars a week of Jackie's salary for his maintenance and education.

14. Joan Blondell was recently engaged to George Barnes, cameraman, and Mae Clarke also picked a cameraman when she became engaged to Henry Freulich.

15. Ten thousand dollars' worth of jewels, belonging to Dorothy Burgess, were stolen from her Malibu Beach home recently.

16. Irene Rich won her divorce from David Blankenhorn, wealthy San Francisco business man, on a charge of cruelty.

17. Mary Nolan recently launched a gown shop and the event was typical of all Hollywood openings, with the usual battery of arc-lights and the rest of the excitement that go with openings in the film city.

18. Maureen O'Sullivan was arrested after a chase of many blocks because she failed to stop after her car sideswiped a police car.

19. Roberta Gale's engagement to Major Roy W. Ammel, Chicago aviator, is to be Ammel's reward upon his return from his attempted non-stop-around-the-world flight.

20. It's Ona Munson wishing you a Merry Xmas. And if you happen to be one of the few who don't already know the name of Ona's best beau, we might as well tell you now that he is Ernst Lubitsch, the director. Both are waiting for final decrees.



Mervyn LeRoy, Eddie Cantor, Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons enjoyed a barbecue at the Santa Barbara Biltmore Beach prior to Eddie's departure for New York

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Joan Bennett's Well Again And Oh! How Changed!

(Continued from page 27)

who was there, too, said it looked just like the death-bed act to her."

Didn't Have Time to Brood

EVERYTHING considered, Joan's illness has been almost a gay affair. The Cedars of Lebanon Hospital became a headquarters for magazine and newspaper columnists, movie stars, directors, producers and press-agents, who dropped in to give Joan the latest low-down on the Hollywood goings-on. As soon as she was able to be out of the plaster cast, the Fox company sent down their latest movies with a projection machine and an operator, and Joan and the nurses saw a new movie almost every night. When she was able to be lifted out of bed onto a stretcher, the undaunted Bennett rode to the tennis matches in an ambulance; and a week later, when Constance entertained with a party for the tennis champs, Joan attended in a wheel-chair—attired in a stunning blue satin negligée with a ribbon in her hair.

A Bennett may be down—but never out. There's more excitement in a Bennett in a wheel-chair than there is in most of us on a motorcycle hell-bent for the primrose path.

You sense this the moment you step into Joan's apartment at the Town House, where she has been living since getting out of the hospital. There is the soft-footed scurrying of a white-capped nurse; the insistent jingling of a telephone bell, softly answered by Joan's secretary; the arrival of great bunches of flowers with joking cards attached. There is a cute plaster doll, all done up in a hair-ribbon and a satin negligée like Joan's—sent by a friend for a laugh. There are large boxes of flowers and even larger baskets of fruit.

Looks Younger Than Ever

A PICTURE of Adrienne Bennett Fox, Joan's three-year-old daughter, is faced so that it smiles chubbily out at the hospital bed that has been installed in the living-room. In the midst of this sits Joan in a wheel-chair, reading the day's newest wisecracking telegrams.

She looks ridiculously small in the folds of the large blankets wrapped about her. A saucy satin hair-ribbon with a bow holds her famous blonde hair in place. She looks about five years older than the picture of her baby. There is nothing at all of the well-known Bennett aloofness in this new Joan.

She has changed. Give the accident one-half the credit for Joan's new sense of humor, her new gayety. But something more subtle than a hip fracture has happened to her.

That tempestuous, off-again-on-again love affair that has been the dominant factor in her life for two years is over—definitely over. The Joan Bennett-John Considine, Jr.—Carmen Pantages triangle is no longer a three-cornered proposition. Joan has crossed off her corner.

She has done it before, of course. "Say not so" was never yelled more often or enthusiastically than it was in this gossip-inspiring romance that linked the names of the younger Bennett, the younger studio executive and the pretty daughter of Alexander Pantages. It's true that Joan has called everything "off" before—but she has never done it with her sense of humor intact and a merry laugh about the entire proceeding.

Out of Love, for First Time

SHE says: "For the first time in my life I'm not in love. I don't know what to do with myself with nothing to worry about."

When Joan was in love with the handsome Mr. Considine, she had plenty to worry about. For one thing, gossip—which continually kept another girl's name in the romance even when wedding bells were being anticipated for Joan and John. Gossip, that was vastly intrigued about Joan's sudden airplane trip to Palm Springs last year and the subsequent confusion, when the three principals met face to face in the resort dining-room. For two years such upheavals as this have kept the gossips amused and Joan and Considine and Carmen probably bitterly unhappy. Joan has very little to say about the entire affair, except that it is really over this time. She does say this:

"I was so much in love, I lost my sense of humor. I went around in a daze most of the time, even forgetting to speak to old friends. For days and weeks at a time I would keep away from people who were genuinely fond of me, because I didn't want to hear their advice. No wonder no one could understand me! Half of the time I was up in the clouds—and the rest of the time I was in the dumps. If I have been accused of being disinterested and aloof . . . it's true.

Unhappy for a Year

"ONE by one, my friends grew impatient with me. A great many of them drifted away, with only a few loyal ones remaining to see me through my brainstorm. Frankly, I don't see how they put up with me. I would break engagements, both professional and social, at the last minute. Most of the time I wouldn't answer the telephone. I even grew indifferent about my work. For a solid year I was the most miserable, unhappy girl in the world. When the final break came—when I realized that it was all over so far as I was concerned—well, I've been trying to gain a lot of my friends back, for one thing."

I don't know how true is the gossip-story of the actual break between Joan and Considine. But the story goes that Joan suddenly recovered her sense of humor—that she called Carmen Pantages on the telephone, told her everything was all over, and that she (Joan) was stepping out of the picture "for good." Considine heard about that telephone call and didn't think it so humorous. That's the story—you can take it or leave it.

This much *is* certain: Joan has acquired a new and very flattering sense of what is humorous. It should reflect in her work—and probably will. A scattered few who may have considered Joan a little cold and aloof before the camera may be surprised by the appearance of an entirely different Bennett when she returns to work this winter.

A warm, very human and very gay Joan has had four months—and a free heart—to think things over.

Did You Know That--

Friends of John Gilbert, who has been in the movies seventeen years, say that he would like to retire after fulfilling his present M-G-M contract, which calls for two more pictures? Maybe John needs to be convinced you want him to continue! Why not tell John and the world what you think—through MOTION PICTURE?

Broadway Couldn't Hold Her When Movie Stardom Beckoned

(*Continued from page 70*)

Which, in Hollywood as elsewhere, is a sort of convenient habit to have—and may give you the entirely correct idea that this young lady is far, far from dumb.

Although she confesses that she always had a yen to become a motion picture actress, Linda isn't so thrilled by it now. And this despite the fact that she has clicked as Fox haven't had a girl click in many moons. She says: "Screen acting isn't acting, as I've come to look upon acting through my stage experience. The breaking up of scenes, the continual repetition, the separation of natural sequences—all combine to take away emotional feeling. One simply has to go on and try to give something—cold—with no emotional build-up whatsoever."

Linda has no hobbies, fetiches, or great enthusiasms. True, she loves to eat, and to stay out late at night. "I love to be up until dawn, and then sleep all day—but how are you going to do that out here? The night-clubs are terrible, and while the country down around the border is lovely, I don't see anything greatly amusing about Caliente." She wants a Scotch terrier and a parrot that can talk fluently—in any language.

Linda is distinctly of that edifying type of young woman allowed the screen by Broadway for the necessities of the talking screen. She is smart and witty and extremely well-dressed. She wears blues to match the shade of her eyes; her hats are those simple little things that cost their weight in gold dust; and sheathed in a satin evening gown, she is a sight to make a native New Yorker remember how far away is the Central Park Casino. She thinks the local night places pretty dull.

Has Climbed Fast But Is Easily Bored

AND so she goes out little, if at all. In fact, so swift was her success in "Sob Sister" that Fox immediately raised her to virtual stardom in "Good Sport." She has been as busy as the proverbial tinker, working night and day—studying lines, having fittings, taking publicity pictures, interviews . . . all the multitudinous details which go to make up the trying and extraordinary life of an overnight success in pictures. She has no superstitions.

She plays the piano—no concertizing, but just for her own amusement. She has an unquestioned musical talent, an inheritance from her mother, but she never has developed it. She lives with her mother and brother in Beverly Hills. They have a nice house with trees and flowers and things—but Linda is, after all, an apartment-house dweller. More, particularly, a Park Avenue apartment-house dweller. And she feels that on the West Coast she merely is marking time until she can return to her beloved Manhattan.

She loves to eat and to wear evening clothes and to sit in restaurants and watch people—all of which fortunately can be done at one and the same time—and it won't be long before the world in general will be seconding Gotham's approval of this slim, blue-eyed girl. For Linda has that ineffable something which old-line horsemen call the Look of Eagles. Or, in the terminology of our day, Class with a capital C.

A faint air of tragedy, and a strange one of unhappiness, hangs about Linda. And this in spite of the determined cheeriness of her manner. She admits that she doesn't know what she wants from life: there isn't anything in particular that she cares greatly to do or to have. She is supremely bored with the existence that she knows, and in this she is greatly reminiscent of Constance Bennett when she was Linda's age.

Money enough for travel, to get away forever from the smell of greasepaint, is her one clearly defined wish. But because the possession of a talent is at once a fine and a dread business, it seems that she will go on creating her stage and screen characters for some time to come—to the further delight of us all, with the possible exception of Linda, herself.

Has a Sense of Humor

LINDA is a grand comédienne. She has a natural aptitude for comedy, and prefers romantic rôles with a touch of it. When she is not in the doldrums her conversation sparkles with humor, and her friends all are cognizant of her gift for fun. She has a very heavy laugh. She makes friends quickly and holds their affections. There is little of the grand manner about Linda. She is no more high-hat than your old Aunt Emma, although probably somewhat slimmer.

Like so many of these modern successful girls, her work is a severe impost upon her health and she guards it carefully. She goes in for a great deal of outdoor sport—horseback riding, tennis, swimming and golf. And at these activities she is no dub. She has the sort of figure now so popular—a bosom, slim ankles, and no hips. She walks with a brisk stride, and at all times she is as self-possessed as if she owned the Chrysler Building. Few girls in pictures are as appreciative of favors rendered as is she, and few as responsive to considerate treatment. She hates to be yelled at, and will not tolerate rough orders. That is why she is so pleased to be under the direction of Kenneth McKenna. The husband of Kay Francis scarcely ever raises his voice beyond a polite murmur, except when he can't find his pipe.

"There is very little of the feminine girl, as we used to understand the term, about Linda," one of her friends once summed her up. "She's a good, hard-hitting, square-shooting kid with her feet on the ground and her shoulder to the wheel. She knows her job and she is doing it."

And doing it, he might well have added, very, very well!

Have You Heard That--

A certain United States Senator is supposed to be very much interested in Estelle Taylor, the former Mrs. Jack Dempsey?

Edmund Lowe, who has been making one picture right after another, was ordered abroad for a four months' rest by his doctor?

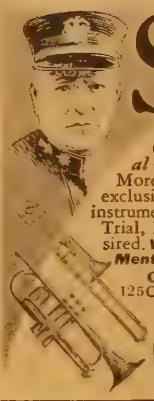
M-G-M has been looking for a French prototype of Clark Gable for the French versions of Gable films and doesn't seem able to find one?

Bessie Love (Mrs. William B. Hawks in private life) is expecting a Blessed Event?



Some Women Always Attract

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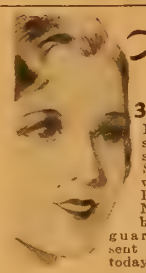
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Woolen Undies for Jean



If I were an authority in Hollywood, I would see that:

Jean Harlow was put in woolen underwear, displaying only her acting ability.

Marlene Dietrich was sent back to Germany.

Motion Picture Magazine was made a weekly instead of coming out only once a month.

Lew Ayres was given a chance to play the part of a good boy because that is exactly what he looks like.

Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Ruth Chatterton and Lilyan Tashman were given all the choice rôles because they deserve them.

People who wrote letters like this one were ostracized. *A Chicago Fan.*

For Shame, Jackie

What's this I hear about Jackie Cooper's hair being blondined for a picture? Heaven help us, is he going to be another Garbo rival? I suppose they'll make him wear false eyelashes and a long Garbo bob, too, soon.



A Chicago Fan.

The Great Swanson

To those incoherent but clamorous souls who gasp, splutter and feverishly intone the names Garbo, Dietrich, and Bankhead, may I be permitted to shout—SWANSON!

Why must these people continue to work themselves into a lather over stars who substitute an over-publicized sex-appeal for acting?

Miss Swanson won her place on the screen through hard work, charm, and finished acting. She did not trade wholly on her beauty, nor did she confine her emoting to portraying well-furnished courtesans, characterizations which the public digests so easily.

I also admire her because she has never found it necessary to express herself by undulating toward her leading men with the octopus-like glide of the heavy-lidded ladies now gracing our screen.

Her lasting popularity is proof of her greatness.

William M. Clay

We'll Be Waiting, Kent



I have just received the distressing news from Mr. Laemmle, to the effect that Kent Douglass has returned to his first love—the stage.

Oh, Kent, how could you? Or should we call you Douglas Montgomery?

Well, go then, and may the many feminine hearts broken by you and strewn along the roads and pavements between the theaters showing "Waterloo Bridge" and their homes haunt you every night in your dreams.

The blonde with the hurt blue eyes will be me and I will do my very best to disturb your probably well-earned slumber. *Janet Coats, Santa Monica, Cal.*

P. S. Please, Kent, come back soon and all will be forgiven!

Give Buddy a Chance To Prove Ability

We are at a loss to understand why Buddy Rogers is the target for so many unkind remarks. Some of the writers must be heartless creatures, out to down a decent clean chap. All Buddy needs is a chance to show he can act—a picture in which he is given the opportunity to do something worthwhile, and he will then be able to stand with the best of them.

Timmermann Sisters, Geronimo, Tex.



They Expose Too Much Anatomy

I'm glad of a chance to spend
Four bits for a movie . . .
But . . .
I do wish
That . . .
The wimmen wouldn't
Be forever
Changing the color of
Their tresses . . .
And . . .
That they'd wear underclothes
When necessary . . .
And not . . .
Expose so much of their
Anatomy . . .
In their photographs
And certain scenes . . .
Free though my
Translation of life is
I blush . . .
At the scantiness of
Their attire . . .

Kay Matthews.



Those Awful Premières

While in Los Angeles, I witnessed one of those messes known as a Hollywood "première."

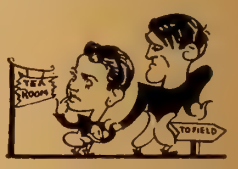
The tremendous glaring lights, the yelling, sweating, cursing mobs, which lined Hollywood Boulevard for blocks, that they might get a brief glimpse of their favorite tin-god, all this "blah" left me with an unmistakable stench in my nostrils, and firmly convinced me that when it comes to cheap vulgarity, the artificial dolls of the film-capital take first honors with not a competitor in sight.

Erich L. Schuessler, Franklin, Pa.

Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Ayres No Football Hero

Whose bright idea was it to star the handsome Lew Ayres in "The Spirit of Notre Dame"? He certainly isn't the type to play a football hero. He should stick to the rôle of a young screen lover. I am not finding fault with the picture itself, because as a whole it was very good, but Lew did look out of place next to the husky Frank Carideo and the other football players. *C. R., New York., N. Y.*



Everybody's Got The "Gable" Fever

"Clark Gable! Clark Gable! Clark this—and Gable that!"

I got tired of hearing my friends rave about him and went to find out what it was all about. I expected to see just another "great lover." Wow! That guy just about knocked me out of my seat! A wonderful personality, marvelous actor and the most "exciting" person on the screen! That Gable will be as great as Valentino if given half a chance and the others had better look out for their laurels.

No fooling! He's a one hundred per cent man. Now I've got the "Gables," too! Everybody's got the Gable fever! *Mary O., Los Angeles, Cal.*

They Tamed "Huck Finn"



If anybody felt a trembling of the earth when "Huckleberry Finn" was released—that was Mark Twain turning over in his grave. His masterpiece was so tamed down, weakened and sentimentalized that it even insulted the intelligence of the children, who aren't half so dumb as the producers think.

John Cromwell directed "Tom Sawyer" in perfect harmony with the spirit of Twain's book and "Huck Finn" might have also been universally appealing and worthy of the talents of a Lewis Milestone if they had followed Twain's idea of what Huck was like. *J. Graves, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Ann Did More Than Her Duties



I looked forward so eagerly to seeing Ann Harding's new picture "Devotion." But in spite of her beauty and wonderful acting, I am inclined to think that someone has erred in the portrayal of an English nursery governess. Who ever heard of a nursery governess speaking poor English? They are chosen for their correct speech and mannerisms, as these are counted great factors, in a young child's education.

Also, who ever heard of a nursery governess doing the housework and cooking, besides serving refreshments to the master of the house?

Maybe I'm funny, but I think that director's ideas of the requirements and duties of a nursery governess, in an English home, are a whole lot funnier. *Maryann Stevenson, Cleveland, O.*

On Behalf of Jean

Several months ago in Motion Picture I read the letter some Girls' Latin Club wrote. I, for one, think Jean Harlow is one of the best-looking actresses on the screen, both in face and figure. Her hair is a good color and it wasn't made with peroxide either like some of the other screen blondes. All I can say is, if you don't like it, don't look! *R. A. Williams, River Forest, Ill.*

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If you could just glance inside several thousand other Greyhound buses, traveling the highways of nearly every State in the Union, as Christmas draws near, you'd find scenes of similar warmth* and good cheer.

Deep-cushioned individual chairs recline to any desired angle, for complete relaxation. Bright Christmas wrappings gleam in the upholstered luggage racks overhead.

Many people are thrilled to save travel dollars this way, for further Christmas spending, but all go by Greyhound because it is the enjoyable, convenient way. Hours are saved by frequent and well arranged schedules . . . terminals are right downtown.

Do as many thousands will do this year-end. Buy a *Greyhound* ticket and be assured of a prompt and pleasant holiday trip.

GREYHOUND *Lines*

* Fresh, clean air is warmed to just the right temperature by Tropic-Aire hot water heaters.

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World's Largest Bus System

CENTRAL-GREYHOUND
E. 11 St. & Walnut Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
PENNSYLVANIA-GREYHOUND
Broad St. Station, Philadelphia, Pa.
PACIFIC-GREYHOUND
9 Main St., San Francisco, Calif.
PICKWICK-GREYHOUND
917 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.
NORTHLAND-GREYHOUND
509 6th Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
SOUTHLAND-GREYHOUND
Pecan & Navarro Sts., San Antonio, Tex.
ATLANTIC-GREYHOUND
601 Virginia St., Charleston, W. Va.
EASTERN-GREYHOUND
Nelson Tower, New York City
SOUTHEASTERN-GREYHOUND
Lexington, Kentucky
CAPITOL-GREYHOUND
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This year you can give

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cigarettes

NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year—because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

That means you can give the unmatched flavor of fine, clean, dust-free, fragrant tobacco—in cigarettes which *stay fresh* till the last Camel in the last package has been enjoyed.

Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome gift.

No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too—the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the *moisture-proof* wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy — and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday

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● *Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*



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Mild . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

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